

UNCUT GEMS

by

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IN HOWARD WE TRUST

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EXT. THE WELO MINE - ETHIOPIAN, AFRICA- DAY

Supertitle: **WELO MINES, ETHIOPIA, FALL 2010**

An injured minor is dragged to a clearing. He looks to be in agonizing pain. Blood spews from a compound fracture which has forced a bone from his leg clear out his skin.

Miners congregate around the injured miner and rally against Chinese foremen who try to mediate the growing mob. Miners push and curse the Chinese management who argue via translators. The miners are upset, yelling and pointing to machinery in disgust, clearly this injury is proof of an ongoing argument. Tensions escalate between Chinese workers and miners and it turns to chaos.

Two ETHIOPIAN MEN, MINER 1 and MINER 2 break away and sneak inside the mine behind them.

INT. ETHIOPIAN HIGHLANDS - OPAL MINE - CONTINUOUS

The MINERS don head lamps and plunge into the darkness of the mine. They crawl up into a small cave and marvel at a tunnel above them. They search the area with their flashlights and stop at a ragged fluorescent orange T-shirt stuck in a crevice in a wall.

MINER 2 keeps look-out as MINER 1 uses a hammer and chisel to dislodge a large clump from the crevice.

A large rock falls to the ground beneath them as they fumble to remove the dirt away. The MINERS caress the rock.

With a chisel, MINER 1 hammers across a protruding nub. The nub breaks loose and exposes a small window down the center of the crack. MINER 1 and 2 exchange glances then stare at the colorful opening.

The camera moves into the gem. Light and color engulf the frame in a shifting melange of abstract shapes and patterns as we dive deeper into the opal. In a tunnel filled with stalactites and shafts of fluorescent colored lights, the title emerges:

### **UNCUT GEMS**

The journey carries on past the title deeper through the interior caves. Iridescent shafts of light stretch out across the cavernous tunnels as we float through them. It's eerie, yet beautiful. In macro, the walls begin to slowly throb and glisten, transforming into something seemingly alive.

The camera trains backwards to reveal the edges of a monitor that displays patient information: HOWARD RATNER, 48 years old, the date 05/03/2012.

INT. DR. BLAUMAN'S OFFICE - PROCEDURE ROOM - DAYTIME

The zoom reveals DR. BLAUMAN, a gastroenterologist, an ANESTHESIOLOGIST and a NURSE perform a colonoscopy on an unconscious HOWARD RATNER, a paunchy Jew in his late 40's. They quietly do their work, occasionally commenting on what they see on the monitor. HOWARD's cell phone vibrates then stops.

DR. BLAUMAN  
Popular guy.

Supertitle: **NEW YORK CITY, SPRING 2012**

The phone rings again.

EXT. 46TH STREET BETWEEN 5TH AND 6TH AVENUE - MORNING

Amidst morning pedestrian traffic, HOWARD walks with his phone to his ear.

HOWARD  
(answering phone)  
Yussi, I'm a block away

YUSSI (O.S.)  
Howard, where're you????

HOWARD  
I told you I'm walking already...

YUSSI (O.S.)  
(with attitude)  
I got two guys here saying they're gonna be watching over the space today! What the fuck!?

HOWARD  
Hey man, who the fuck you think you're talking to?!!

YUSSI (O.S.)  
I got a client here Howard, what the fuck is going on??? They keep saying their friends of Arno's

HOWARD  
Arno?! Oh, for crying out- Tell 'em  
I'm coming up now.

HOWARD enters a storefront.

INT. 46-47TH STREET JEWELRY ARCADE - CONTINUOUS

HOWARD centers a congested jewelry exchange. An UNKEMPT JEWELER hands HOWARD an envelope and apologizes for the delay. HOWARD continues on, cutting diagonally across the space.

INT. KMH GEMS AND JEWELRY OFFICE - SHOWROOM

BUZZ! HOWARD appears on a security monitor. JOANI buzzes him in. He passes through a first set of doors, entering into a small vestibule. HOWARD waits for the door behind him to close and is then buzzed through a second door into the showroom, a gaudy relic from the late nineties.

The receptionist, JOANI [40's, Long-Island] sits at a desk behind a showcase. Across from her sits errand boy ELAN [20, beefy], checking his phone. Two thuggish men, PHIL and NICO, stand over the showcase looking at the merchandise. PHIL rears his head to glare at HOWARD.

YUSSI, a salesman, [dark curly hair, mid 30's] is in the middle of showing DEMANY [30, braided hair, flashy] and CASH-OUT [24, also with braided hair] some blinged-out merchandise.

DEMANY  
Hey, yo, Howard, this is my boy Cash-  
Out I was telling you about-

CASH-OUT  
We're here to *cash out* now!

HOWARD  
What's up, gimme a minute Demany.

HOWARD snakes behind the showcase past JOANI.

JOANI  
How was the procedure?

HOWARD  
I don't know. They're calling me with  
the results...

DEMANY  
Hey, give him some face time.

HOWARD  
(to CASH-OUT)  
Hi, how are you? Congratulations.

CASH-OUT  
Honor.

HOWARD  
Respect.

CASH-OUT  
He took from Flawless to come spend  
some money with you. He says you got  
the best prices.

HOWARD  
He's doing you a favor, that guy's a  
fuckin' moron.

HOWARD (CONT'D)  
You guys must be Arno's friends! Yussi  
told me you were waiting. Sorry about  
that. Howard.

HOWARD extends his hand. PHIL shakes it.

PHIL  
Phil.

HOWARD  
(yelling off to JOANI)  
You didn't bring them any water?!

PHIL  
I'm good on the water.

HOWARD walks away towards a small fridge in the corner of the  
showroom.

PHIL (CONT'D)  
Thank you anyway.

HOWARD  
This is our own spring water. We're  
the first on the block to have that.

HOWARD grabs two KMH JEWELRY STORE branded bottles from the  
fridge. On his way back to PHIL and NICO he leans in to CASH-  
OUT.

HOWARD (CONT'D)  
Your parents happy for ya?

CASH-OUT

Yeah, yeah.

HOWARD opens the bottles for PHIL as he returns to him.

HOWARD

Phil, I just need to tell you right off the bat I'm in a bit of a rush. I don't have much time. I gotta get to Adley's-

PHIL slaps HOWARD across the face, stunning him. The bottles of water spill all over the showcase. JOANI and the Showroom yell out in protest.

PHIL

I said no water!

HOWARD looks around, makes awkward eye-contact with YUSSI who doesn't know what to do.

PHIL (CONT'D)

Didn't I tell you no waters?!

HOWARD

(mumbling)

Yeah, yeah...

PHIL

I think it's in your best interest that you find some time to talk with us privately, no more bullshit.

HOWARD

Ok, just gimme a second.

PHIL

We're on the same page right?

HOWARD begins to walk to the backroom.

DEMAN

You alright Howard?

HOWARD

100% fine.

DEMAN is on guard, eyes PHIL up and down. HOWARD enters the backroom.

INT. KMH GEMS AND JEWELRY OFFICE - BACKROOM - CONTINUOUS

The cluttered backroom contains a large desk with a safe behind it, a handful of television screens and a fish tank. In a penned-in area in the far corner, ROMAN, a Russian jewel setter, is working on a diamond encrusted belt buckle.

HOWARD dials "Arno" on his cell phone. PHIL and NICO enter the backroom and close the door behind them. ROMAN averts his eyes.

The phone call goes to voice mail. HOWARD turns around.

HOWARD  
He's not answering...

PHIL  
He's not looking to talk with you anymore. From now on, you'll be talking with us.

HOWARD  
Hang on a second.  
(into intercom)  
Joani have you heard from-

PHIL pulls HOWARD away from the intercom and desk.

PHIL  
Enough! It's not a soap opera!

HOWARD  
Soap opera?!

PHIL  
We're not here for the drama. Arno is under the impression you're living a very rich life.

HOWARD  
I'm glad to hear that. It's part of my job to make it look that way.

PHIL  
(TO NICO)  
This guy doesn't get it... lemme back up a second for you... I'm the kind of guy who likes to get a little creative. You know what I mean by creative?  
(beat)  
Let's take, for instance, you look like a family man. You got a dog?

HOWARD darts a look to NICO.

PHIL (CONT'D)  
Let's start with the dog. Ok? I will  
sit you down while I literally torture  
that animal... Right in front of you.

HOWARD's listening.

PHIL (CONT'D)  
Paint him and douse him with the  
slowest burning chemical I can find.  
Every hair... The whole thing... Then  
I'll light him on fire, ok?

HOWARD  
Look, this is-

PHIL  
Hold on- *then* I'm gonna get creative.  
You understand that?

NICO approaches Howard.

NICO  
Don't move.

HOWARD  
Why? What're you doing?

NICO starts to pat him down, removes the envelope from the  
Bazaar from his inside pocket.

NICO  
What's this?

HOWARD  
That's \$1200 That's literally all the  
cash I have.

PHIL notices HOWARD's Audemars Piguet watch.

PHIL  
What about this?

HOWARD  
What about it? It's not mine.

PHIL lets out a loud laugh.

PHIL  
Take the watch.



HOWARD

It's not mine! I went halves on this with Avi down the block. We haven't even blinged it out yet.

PHIL

Take it off.

HOWARD removes the watch and hands it over.

HOWARD

Ok, happy? We done?

PHIL

No. We're gonna be hanging around here today.

HOWARD

Doing what?

PHIL

Observing. We wanna see for ourselves just how 'barely you're staying afloat'.

(beat)

You got a problem with that?

HOWARD

No, what do I care? You're gonna see the exact same thing I've been telling Arno for months.

PHIL

Go talk to your staff. Make sure everyone's on the same page.

HOWARD stares at the two of them for a beat then walks out.

EXT. EAST 38TH STREET - 30 MINS LATER

HOWARD walks down the street, dialing a number into this phone.

HOWARD

-Arno, what the fuck are you doing?? You're sending *collectors* to fuck with me? Are you out of your fuckin' mind???... I'm literally minutes away from closing the biggest deal of my goddamn life, and with that fuckin' money I'm gonna be paying you back you moron...

(remembering)

(MORE)

HOWARD (CONT'D)  
 Oh and by the way that watch they took  
 from me is worth 20 thousand dollars.  
 I want that deducted from the hundred  
 grand, you understand?!?!... Call me  
 back!

HOWARD walks into a doorman'd building.

INT. HOWARD'S APT BUILDING - 37TH FL - HALLWAY - AFTER

HOWARD steps out of the elevator. Two young women quietly exit  
 an apartment at the far end of the hall. HOWARD approaches  
 them.

HOWARD  
 What's up ladies?

One of the women, LEXUS, quietly 'shhhh's' him.

HOWARD (CONT'D)  
 What's going on???

LEXUS  
 She's sleeping...

HOWARD  
 (smiling, repeating)  
 She's sleeping...

INT. HOWARD'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

HOWARD enters. The place is a mess from hard partying. HOWARD  
 hears JULIA from the bedroom and angrily approaches.

JULIA (O.S.)  
 Wait, wait, go back.  
 (a beat)  
 No the other one, send me that one.

INT. HOWARD'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

HOWARD enters into darkness. JULIA (28, New York native] lies  
 in bed next to KAT [Dominican, mid 20s]. They scroll through  
 pictures on a DSLR camera.

HOWARD  
 This is bullshit!

JULIA  
 Hey Howie.

HOWARD  
People comin' in and out of the  
apartment... Show up to work anytime  
you damn please?

JULIA  
Howard, I was working all night.

HOWARD  
I'm sick of this shit. You're taking  
advantage of me.

HOWARD presses a button on a remote, opening the automatic  
blackout shades. Harsh invasive light floods the room.

JULIA  
NOOOO!

HOWARD  
It's 10:30. It's time to wake up!

JULIA  
God, you're so extra.

HOWARD  
You don't even ask me about my  
procedure? I could have colon cancer  
for all you know.

JULIA  
You don't have cancer, Howard, you're  
in perfect health. I don't know about  
your mental health but-

HOWARD  
You had a party last night?

JULIA  
We did not have a party! We did a  
shoot and it turned into a whole thing-

HOWARD  
Why didn't you call me?

JULIA  
Um, excuse me, I did call you, at  
around 9:30, and you said you'd call  
me back in 5 and I waited for hours-

HOWARD  
That's cause I fell asleep! I was  
putting Beni to sleep-

JULIA  
Oh, here we go with the lies.

HOWARD  
(yelling)  
I'M NOT LYING! I HAD TO FALL ASLEEP ON  
THE FLOOR AGAIN! I'M EXHAUSTED!

JULIA  
Well, I didn't tell you to have kids.  
It's not my fault you have kids!

HOWARD  
Oh shut the fuck up with that.

JULIA  
Look... Do you want to stay mad or do  
you wanna get in bed and cuddle?

HOWARD sulks.

JULIA (CONT'D)  
I know you wanna cuddle, Howard. Just  
come here... Come here, baby.

A pause. HOWARD reluctantly lays down on the bed.

HOWARD  
I'm so goddamn stressed out.

JULIA  
I know you can't resist me.

JULIA smothers his face with kisses.

HOWARD  
Stop... You can't just do that.

JULIA  
Don't you want to see the photos I  
took?

HOWARD  
Sure.

JULIA brandishes her camera.

JULIA  
Wait til you see... I think I really  
have a future in this.

HOWARD  
How much did you get?

JULIA  
Thirty five hundred.

JULIA scrolls through the photos of the Weeknd decked out in a array of jewelry. One has him wearing a blinged-out crucifix with a diamond encrusted Michael Jackson standing in for Jesus.

HOWARD  
Who's this clown?

JULIA  
That's the Weeknd-

HOWARD  
What the fuck is a "weekend"?

JULIA  
Oh, he's gonna be major. Even though he's from Canada.

HOWARD  
Look at those pants, who wears jeans like that?

JULIA  
Howard, you wouldn't know. This is what's trending right now.

HOWARD  
He looks stupid.

EXT. CANAL STREET - SOON AFTER

HOWARD walks through a crowded Chinatown street and enters Popular Jewelry's dingy storefront.

INT. POPULAR JEWELRY - CHINATOWN, NYC - CONTINUOUS

A low-rent jewelry shop off Canal street. EVA SAM and her son WILLIAM WONG stand behind a showcase surrounded by 24k gold chains and modest bejeweled pendants. HOWARD sells the Michael Jackson pendant to EVA SAM for \$23,500 in cash.

INT. NINO'S RESTAURANT - UPPER EAST SIDE - SOON AFTER

HOWARD enters the restaurant. The place is't open for lunch yet. Waiters are setting up the tables. HOWARD approaches GARY's table. Gary notices.

GARY

Oh no! Turn around! Don't even step in my place!

HOWARD

(waving a manilla envelope)

I got some bets! I got cash!

GARY

You're not placing a bet with me.

HOWARD sits down.

HOWARD

24 grand. You'll take the 5 I owe you off the top.

GARY

Where the fuck would you get 24 g's?

HOWARD

Let's see. I want the OKC/Lakers. I want the fucking over, alright? With the under on Kobe-

GARY

(writing down the bet)

Kobe under.... He can't even throw it in the ocean.

HOWARD

Yeah, he's not scoring tonight, his knees are shot. I want the Heat money-line. The over on LeBron's points and rebounds. Sixers to cover, what's that at?

GARY

Plus one.

HOWARD

Should be even-

GARY

That's where I have it. You want it or not?

HOWARD gets an incoming call from "Demany".

HOWARD

Hang on.

GARY  
One thing at a time now!

HOWARD  
(into phone)  
Demany, fast, I'm in the middle of something.

DEMANY (O.S.)  
Yo. KG just hit me, he said he's coming up right now, where are you?

HOWARD  
Ok, ok, if he gets to the store before I do, you just fucking keep him there.  
(beat, DEMANY talks)  
Promise me!?!?

HOWARD hangs up.

HOWARD (CONT'D)  
(elated)  
Kevin Garnett is coming to my fucking show room right now. RIGHT NOW!

INT. KMH GEMS AND JEWELRY OFFICE - HALLWAY - AFTER

DING! The elevator doors open. HOWARD steps out. At the end of the hallway, he sees two large black BODYGUARDS fighting with PHIL and NICO. NICO steps to BODYGUARD 1 and he flinches. Instantly, BODYGUARD 2 knocks NICO to the floor with one punch. PHIL immediately runs at the two BODYGUARDS.

HOWARD  
Whoah, whoah, whoah!

HOWARD runs over, helps NICO up.

NICO  
Get the fuck off of me.

HOWARD  
What? What did I do??

BODYGUARD 1  
(to NICO/PHIL)  
What're you gonna do bout that?!!

DAVID, a jeweler, pops his head from a neighboring door.

DAVID  
What the fuck is going on out here!?!?

PHIL gets tangled up with BODYGUARD 1, who throws him into HOWARD, who tries to catch him. PHIL instinctively pushes HOWARD away from him.

PHIL  
You, you asshole!

HOWARD  
What!??!  
(motioning to bodyguards)  
I don't even know these guys!

PHIL, with NICO behind him, heads towards the elevators.

PHIL  
You think I'm playing games!?!

HOWARD  
I didn't do nothing!

PHIL  
Get your laughs off now, asshole.

HOWARD  
Does it look like I'm laughing?!

The elevators open behind PHIL and NICO. They get onto it.

PHIL  
When I'm shoveling the dirt over your  
fucking head, we'll see how funny it  
is then!

The elevator doors close. HOWARD pauses, collects himself and walks back to the BODYGUARDS.

DAVID  
I have clients in the office, Howard.  
This is crazy!

HOWARD  
David, go back inside, everything's  
fine.

BODYGUARD 1  
(to HOWARD)  
Turn around and walk away!

HOWARD  
Uh, excuse me. I'm the owner. This is  
my shop.  
(waving at the security  
camera)  
HELLO! OPEN THE DOOR!



HOWARD presses the buzzer.

HOWARD (CONT'D)  
It's me, let me in.

INT. KMH GEMS AND JEWELRY OFFICE - SHOWROOM - CONTINUOUS

HOWARD is buzzed into the vestibule. He realizes that the BODYGUARD 1 is lingering in the doorway.

HOWARD  
(to BODYGUARD, now  
friendly)  
You coming in? If you are, we gotta  
shut this door, otherwise I can't  
enter.

BODYGUARD 1 enters the vestibule. HOWARD eyes KEVIN GARNETT, aka KG, [6'11" tall, star basketball player] is on the other side of the glass door staring at him blankly. With KG are DEMANY [30, black, flashy], plus a small entourage.

HOWARD (CONT'D)  
(to himself, with wonder)  
KG...

The second door is buzzed and HOWARD and BODYGUARD 1 are buzzed into the showroom. He puts on a good face, makes his way towards KG but is interrupted by DEMANY.

DEMANY  
What the fuck is going on, man?

HOWARD  
What? That? That was nothing.

DEMANY  
Those guys tried to fuck Yussi up.  
Look at his shirt!

YUSSI scowls from behind the counter. His shirt is ripped at the neck. JULIA (now dressed and made-up for work) looks on concerned from behind the showcase.

HOWARD  
Ok...ok...  
(to KG and his posse)  
Thanks for the security by the way.  
Send those bitches back to Paramus or  
Bay Ridge.

HOWARD heads hands his phone to Joani.

HOWARD (CONT'D)  
(to JOANI)  
Take that and charge it up for me.  
(to KG and his posse)  
All I got is Yussi over here to  
protect me.

YUSSI scowls. HOWARD approaches KG, who chats with JULIA.

HOWARD (CONT'D)  
(making light, to KG)  
What's up, what's up?

KG  
What's goin' on?

HOWARD  
The Big Ticket! My son despises you!

KG  
Haha. What'd I do?

HOWARD  
What'd you do?? Every time you come to  
the garden. The way you walked over to  
half court and called off Amare's  
shot.

KG  
Oh, you're one of those fucked up  
Knicks fans.

JULIA  
Oh you don't even know!

HOWARD flashes JULIA a quick glance. He clearly doesn't want  
to be interrupted.

HOWARD  
Ok... so... Did Amare have time on the  
clock? or what?

KG  
(dismissive)  
There wasn't time on the clock.

HOWARD  
Aw, come on. You were waving him off  
like he was-

KG  
(to DEMANY)  
What is this guy, a referee?

HOWARD  
Hey! I like the earrings.

KG  
Ha, you like these?

HOWARD  
Those are great. When was the last  
time you cleaned em?

KG  
What're you talking about?

HOWARD  
Lemme throw them in the ultrasonics  
for you, steam 'em for you...

KG  
I'm good.

HOWARD  
C'mon, I'll make them shine.

KG  
How much this gonna cost me?

HOWARD  
For free!

DEMANLY  
(laughing)  
It ain't gonna cost you anything!

KG  
You heard that everyone, he said free.

KG takes off his earrings, placing them onto a jewelry tray.  
Right away, he notices a series of blinged-out **Furby pendants**  
displayed on a shelf under the glass countertop.

KG (CONT'D)  
What is that? Haha. Is that a  
gremlin!??!

Everyone in the entourage bursts out laughing.

KG (CONT'D)  
Looks like an iced-out gremlin!

HOWARD  
What? You don't remember the Furby?

KG  
Nah.

DEMANY  
(pointing to HOWARD)  
This motherfucker right here. He'll  
take an animal or a toy or some shit  
and he'll just bling the bitch out!

KG  
They look freaky.

DEMANY  
He used to work with niggas on music  
videos, all that shit. He started  
that, he was the first to do that,  
first to work with niggas like that.

HOWARD takes ones of the Furby's out of the case and holds it  
up proudly.

HOWARD  
I started this! I started this shit.

DEMANY  
Show him the eyes.

HOWARD  
Oh! Ok, so I did this.

HOWARD pulls a lever on the back of the Furby making its  
eyeballs shift from side to side.

HOWARD (CONT'D)  
So it fucks with you!

Everyone bursts into hysterics. HOWARD lets the excitement  
play out and then puts the Furby away.

HOWARD (CONT'D)  
This shit was slammin' man! Slammin!

He picks up the tray containing KG's earrings and heads  
towards the backroom.

HOWARD (CONT'D)  
KG, Doc know you're here by the way?

KG  
No! He doesn't. And let's keep it that  
way.

HOWARD  
It's game night. You should be  
stretching out!

HOWARD enters the backroom.

KG  
(laughing)  
What is he, a coach?

DEMANY  
Nah, he's just a crazy ass jew.

INT. KMH GEMS AND JEWELRY OFFICE - BACKROOM - CONTINUOUS

HOWARD hands the tray to ROMAN.

HOWARD  
Throw these in the ultrasonic.

ROMAN  
Yes, as soon as the other stuff is done.

HOWARD  
No. Now!

HOWARD heads back out to the showroom.

INT. KMH GEMS AND JEWELRY OFFICE - SHOWROOM - CONTINUOUS

HOWARD reenters. DEMANY is waiting for him. KG is next to him, leaning on the display case.

HOWARD  
KG, I wouldn't lean on that.

DEMANY  
Yo, yo, yo, Kevin was just saying he's into watches.

HOWARD  
Ok, let's go to the wall of watches.

DEMANY  
I was telling him about the Presi you hooked me up with at that crazy ass deal.

KG  
Yeah, he said 16. That sounds fake.

DEMANY  
Fake!?!

DEMANY takes the watch off his wrist.

DEMANY (CONT'D)  
Here, look at this. Boom!

KG inspects it.

HOWARD  
That's a small watch for a big man, I  
don't know.

KG  
You got papers for this?

DEMANY  
Of course-

HOWARD  
No, I don't have box and papers. I  
don't have either one. What are you  
talking about?

DEMANY  
Of course you do. You sold me this  
shit, dummy.

KG  
FakeWatchBusta callin out a lot of  
niggas right now.

DEMANY  
Name one nigga with a KMH Roley that's  
been called out? Name one, I'll wait..

HOWARD  
Fellas, it's a moot point cause I  
don't have them.

DEMANY flashes HOWARD a sharp look.

HOWARD (CONT'D)  
So how bout we move onto the diamonds  
here?

HOWARD opens a display case containing diamond necklaces and  
earrings.

HOWARD (CONT'D)  
You got a girl? How 'bout we get your  
girl a treat.

JULIA interrupts from several feet away.

JULIA  
He doesn't have a girlfriend!

KG  
Says who?

JULIA  
Says you!

KG walks over to her.

KG  
(flirting)  
How do you know if I got a girlfriend  
or not?

HOWARD closes the display case. DEMANY leans in close.

DEMANY  
(in hushed tones)  
Yo, why didn't you go grab my watches?

HOWARD  
Get outta here.

DEMANY  
Nigga would have bought one!

HOWARD  
Look, I told you. You can keep 'em in  
my safe but I'm not selling them in my  
showroom.

DEMANY  
Well I can't sell 'em on the damn  
street!

HOWARD  
That's your problem.

DEMANY  
That's my problem? That's my  
problem!?! Fuck you! I'm taking his  
ass to Flawless.

HOWARD  
Flawless!?! You're not-

DEMANY  
Look, I brought KG like I said I  
would.

HOWARD  
I know, it's incredible, I-

DEMANY

Except it's not. I can feel it, he's not into what you got.

HOWARD

What? He's having an absolute ball here.

DEMANY

Oh yeah? And what the fuck is he gonna buy, a goddamn Furby, nigga!?!?

A pause. HOWARD notices KG leaning on the showcase again.

HOWARD

Uh, Kevin, do me a favor? Don't lean on that please.

BUZZZZZ! A DELIVERY MAN carrying an over-wrapped styrofoam crate over his shoulder appears on the security monitor talking to the BODYGUARDS.

HOWARD (CONT'D)

Oh my g-d oh my g-D! Buzz him in! Buzz him in now!

BUZZZ! The DELIVERY MAN enters the vestibule, along with the two BODYGUARDS. HOWARD is jumping up and down with excitement.

HOWARD (CONT'D)

OH MY G-D! IS THIS... THIS IS IT!

JOANI buzzes the DELIVERY MAN through the second door.

DELIVERY MAN

I got a package from Fishtonic. Where you want this?

HOWARD

(beyond excited)

Back there. Bring it into my office...

The DELIVERY MAN enters the backroom.

HOWARD (CONT'D)

KG! Don't you dare leave! What's in this package is going to blow your mind!

HOWARD hurries into the back room.



INT. KMH GEMS AND JEWELRY OFFICE - BACKROOM - CONTINUOUS

HOWARD  
Is it heavy?

DELIVERY MAN  
Yes.

HOWARD  
YES!!!!

The DELIVERY MAN puts the crate down on the desk.

HOWARD (CONT'D)  
Shit.. Uhhhh, here. That's for you.

HOWARD gives THE DELIVERY MAN a rogue gold chain sitting on his desk as a tip. The DELIVERY MAN exits the room. HOWARD grabs a utility blade and violently slices open the exterior packaging, clumsily and manically ripping it from the crate. Inside the crate are a few layers of cooling packets, which HOWARD throws aside, revealing 4 large fish each wrapped in vacuum sealed bags. YUSSI comes to the doorway.

YUSSI  
(angrily)  
Man, I can't do this anymore. I can't work like this!

HOWARD  
(disinterested)  
Why, what happened?

YUSSI  
Those animals attacked me!

HOWARD  
Well you must have done something to piss them off.

YUSSI  
Me!?! KG's people came in and wanted to know who worked here and who didn't, and all I did was say 'those guys don't work here.'

HOWARD feels each fish up and down, clearly looking for something.

HOWARD  
Yeah, you shouldn't have done that.

YUSSI

They DON'T work here! Look at this,  
they ripped my fuckin' shirt!

HOWARD pulls a shirt from a pile of designer clothes on a nearby chair. He throws it to YUSSI.

HOWARD

Take that. It's a Gucci shirt. \$500.  
Brand new.

HOWARD returns to feeling another fish.

YUSSI

Are you serious???

HOWARD

The tags still on it.

YUSSI

It aint about the fucking shirt I've  
given you eight years of my life and  
look how you're fucking treating me,  
man?

HOWARD is totally preoccupied with the fish. In the last fish of the batch, HOWARD feels a large lump within it. He grows excited.

YUSSI (CONT'D)

Listen, there's a lot of people on  
this block who would love to do  
business with me, Howard. When you see  
me out there, working with them,  
guess what? You're not gonna like it.  
You're gonna be jealous!

HOWARD slices open the sealed bag, rolls up his sleeves and removes his watch. He digs his hand into the fish and pulls out a lump wrapped in blue plastic.

YUSSI (CONT'D)

Hello?... I'm standing here, man!

HOWARD manically unwraps the item and discovers an uncut 600 carat **BLACK OPAL**. He grabs a loupe and looks into an opening in the gem. HOWARD whips his head around towards YUSSI. He looks possessed.

HOWARD

OH MY GOD! I'M GONNA CUM!

YUSSI  
 Fuck you, man. I'm finished with this  
 shithole.

YUSSI exits the room. HOWARD doesn't even look up. He's  
 completely transfixed by the opal.

INT. KMH GEMS AND JEWELRY OFFICE - SHOWROOM - SOON

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

HOWARD  
 KG! KG! Come here! I gotta show you  
 something.  
 (to JOANI)  
 Lemme get my phone.

JOANI  
 Yussi is gone... he stormed out...

HOWARD  
 I don't care about that.

JOANI  
 He's gone for good.

HOWARD  
 Great... KG! Come.

KG  
 I gotta leave soon.

KG, DEMANY and few of KG's friends meet HOWARD at a showcase.

HOWARD  
 Ok, so I'm watching tv about a year  
 ago. I'm watching one of those History  
 Channel shows, trying to learn shit-

DEMANY laughs as HOWARD excitedly opens up a video on his  
 phone and shows it to KG: a '60 Minutes'-style profile on Beta  
 Israel Ethiopian Jews.

HOWARD (CONT'D)  
 You ever hear about African Jews?

KG  
 (laughing)  
 African jews?

HOWARD  
 No, right?

DEMANY

Haha. This nigga wants everyone to be a Jew!

HOWARD

Nah, nah. Check this out.

KG leans over and watches the screen: a tribe of modern day Ethiopians shows off their community Torah.

HOWARD (CONT'D)

All these black Jews just stranded in the middle of Ethiopia. I couldn't believe it. It's deep shit!

HOWARD pauses the image and holds the screen up.

HOWARD (CONT'D)

See anything weird here?

KG examines the image.

HOWARD (CONT'D)

Look closely at what they're wearing.

All of the tribesman are wearing exquisite hand-carved opals.

HOWARD (CONT'D)

I'm like "what the fuck!?! " How the hell did *these* guys get precious black opals? That's what those are.

HOWARD points to a Torah on screen, which is encrusted with opal.

HOWARD (CONT'D)

See- Sure enough I do some research and they live near the Welo mines, which is known primarily for red opals, which aren't worth shit... but these...

(pointing to his phone)

...these are black opals, which are very *VERY* valuable, and impossible to get your hands on. So, I manage to get in touch with these guys through the producers of the show, cause I'm *that* guy, and arrange to buy one direct from them.

HOWARD swipes over to a new video and plays it: An Ethiopian man stands in a darkly-lit kitchen displaying the a large uncut opal [the same opal that HOWARD has just removed from the fish crate].

KG  
What's that?

HOWARD  
That's this!

HOWARD presents the opal to KG.

HOWARD (CONT'D)  
That's the rock.

DEMANY crowds over KG's shoulder as he handles the gem with wonder.

HOWARD (CONT'D)  
I've been working on this for  
seventeen months now, nearly  
impossible to get out of the  
country... Here, go through my loupe.  
Be careful, that's my best loupe.

HOWARD pulls the loupe off his neck and hands it to KG. KG  
closely inspects the gem.

HOWARD (CONT'D)  
That's a million dollar opal you're  
holding right there, straight from the  
Ethiopian Jewish tribe.

KG  
Holy snap- What... Why-How's it got so  
many colors in it? What is this!?!

HOWARD  
They say you can see the whole  
universe in opals... That thing's a  
hundred and ten million years old, at  
the least.

DEMANY  
(laughing)  
Howard's got a motherfuckin' dinosaur  
gem!

HOWARD  
That's right. The dinosaurs were  
fuckin' staring at this thing.

INT. INSIDE THE GEMSTONE - CONTINUOUS

The camera dives into the **OPAL**. HOWARD's voice fades to the background as we journey through a melange of color, light and swirling abstract shapes [akin to the opening credit sequence except much faster, with hairpin turns, and broken up by flashes of single-frame images from Kevin's past].

INT. KMH GEMS AND JEWELRY OFFICE - SHOWROOM - CONTINUOUS

**CRAAAASH!** KG's elbows break through the glass showcase beneath him. Chaos erupts. The entire entourage rallies around KG with great concern. KG is dazed from being knocked out of his reverie.

HOWARD

I told him not to lean! You all heard me!

DEMANY

Get him a fucking towel or something!

KG

(to himself)

That's a sign.

JULIA runs over with some paper towels.

JULIA

Are you ok?

HOWARD

It's glass, he knew that. It's not meant to support all that weight.

KG

Look, that's a sign. That's a sign that's telling me that I need this.

HOWARD

Fuck... I'm sorry, it's not for sale.

KG

What do you mean it's not for sale?

HOWARD

I can't do it. It's set for auction next week... I'm already late for appraisal...

KG

(angrily)

Why the fuck would you show this to me if I can't have it? Why even bring it out!?!

HOWARD

I'm sorry, I was just excited- I wanted to share it with you.

KG

Fine. Lemme borrow it for the night then. I wanna wear it to the game tonight.

HOWARD

I can't.

KG

I'm really connecting with this, man. All of a sudden I feel like I'm gonna drop 40 or 50 tonight. You understand that!??!

HOWARD

Wow. It's like that, huh?

(pause)

But I can't, I'm sorry, I just can't-

KG

What's one night? I'll return it tomorrow.

(to DEMANY)

Tell him.

JULIA

Just let him borrow it for ONE NIGHT, Howard. It's one night.

HOWARD

I can't. Adley's is already threatening to pull it if I don't bring it today.

DEMANY

It's cool, Howard. I'm going to the game tonight. I'll grab it from him after and I'll meet you at Adley's first thing in the morning. Easy.

KG

I'll tweet and gram 3 pictures of you and me together right now. And I'll post a pic of the stone afterwards.

HOWARD

Ah shit.

HOWARD is lost in thought as the entourage chime in with persuasions, creating a choir of pleading.

HOWARD (CONT'D)

You're gonna "@ me" in the comments?

KG

Yes.

HOWARD

Follow me and 'like' 30 pictures?

KG

I'll do it right now.

HOWARD

Let's get a shot. Let's go.

DEAMNY

Get me in that shit.

They take a picture together. KG starts to admire the stone again. HOWARD eyes KG's NBA championship ring.

HOWARD

Gimme the ring as collateral.

DEAMNY

Come on, Howard. KG's good money.

HOWARD

I know he's good for it. I wanna make sure-

KG

No, no, no, that's fine. He's right.  
That's fair.

KG takes the ring off and gives it to HOWARD. He places it on his thumb on the same hand as a **KNICKS 1973 championship ring**.

HOWARD

I'll keep it right next to my Knicks  
'73 championship ring.

HOWARD brandishes it proudly. Some people laugh.

KG

I like that.



HOWARD  
(to DEMANY, commanding)  
Ok, so you're gonna meet me at Adley's  
at 9am tomorrow-

DEMANY  
I will meet your happy ass, yes.

HOWARD  
I'm serious. No dicking around.

DEMANY  
Chill Howard. I'll be there.

KG and his excited entourage head for the exit. KG holds the opal up to the light proudly.

HOWARD  
Buzz 'em out!

ROMAN enters from the backroom with KG's cleaned earrings.

ROMAN  
Mr. Howard. I got his earrings.

HOWARD  
KG! Your earrings.

KG has just been buzzed into the vestibule. He doesn't even turn around.

KG  
Keep 'em, I'll get 'em later.

As the whole crew exits the showroom, HOWARD turns his attention to the broken display case.

HOWARD  
Now who's gonna clean this fucking  
shit up!?!

EXT. 47TH ST BETWEEN 6TH & 5TH AVE - AFTERNOON

HOWARD busts out his offie building and races down the street, FaceTiming his son "EDDIE". EDDIE appears on screen [14, looks like a mini-Howard].

HOWARD  
Eddie boy! What are you doing?

EDDIE  
What do you want, Dad?

HOWARD

Hang on! You gotta check this out.  
You're gonna love this.

HOWARD reverses the camera and shows off KG's championship ring.

EDDIE

What is that?

A street peddler interrupts the call wanting HOWARD's attention.

HOWARD

Will you leave me alone.  
(to EDDIE)  
It's Kevin Garnett's 2008 NBA  
championship ring! I knew you'd freak  
out.

EDDIE

What!?!? That's fucking sick.

HOWARD

Alright, I love you, m'boy.

HOWARD hangs up and enters into a crowded jewelry bazaar.

INT. 66 WEST 47TH STREET JEWELRY BAZAAR - CONTINUOUS

HOWARD snakes past a corridor of vendors, each working in their own small cramped stall. He approaches Damien Jewelry, a small booth run by RODNEY and STEVE BRONSTEIN that specializes in vintage sports memorabilia.

HOWARD

Bronsteins!

STEVE

Hey Howie.

HOWARD

Break out your tray.

STEVE places a clothed tray on top of his display case and HOWARD immediately slams KG's ring on it.

HOWARD (CONT'D)

That's Kevin Garnett's 2008  
championship ring.

STEVE  
Championship ring, huh? You want to  
pawn it or you want to sell it?

HOWARD  
I want to pawn it. I'll be coming back  
for it on Friday.

STEVE picks it up and studies it under his loupe.

HOWARD (CONT'D)  
I don't know what you're looking for.  
The thing was just on his fuckin'  
finger.

STEVE  
(skeptical)  
It's single cut, ya know.

HOWARD  
Go complain to the league about the  
way they cut their shit.

RODNEY  
Let me see it.

STEVE hands it to RODNEY who also examines it under the loupe.  
HOWARD meanwhile takes out his phone and brings up his  
Instagram account, showing off the picture of him and KG.

HOWARD  
See? It's from his Instagram, it's  
blowing up.

STEVE  
Ok, it's his ring, I understand.  
You're selling it for him?

HOWARD  
No, it's mine. We did a trade.

STEVE  
So what do you want for it?

HOWARD  
Hmmm. I figure the thing is worth 80  
grand minimum.

RODNEY looks up from his loupe incredulously.

RODNEY  
Look, we both know what we're dealing  
with here. We both know the value is  
only because it's memorabilia-

HOWARD

But it *is* a memorabilia piece. That's why you'd be able to sell it.... Ok, give me 50 g's. Just float it for me-

RODNEY

I'll give you twenty five thousand dollars, but I want an 8% vig on the ring.

HOWARD

8%?! I'm coming back Friday!

STEVE

Last time you left something here for six months so-

HOWARD

Last time wasn't my fault, we fucking went over that.

RODNEY

Ok, let's make it quick. Twenty one thousand dollars, 7% vig. And I want you to know, if you're not back by Friday it's my ring.

HOWARD

If I don't bring it back by Friday I'm a dead man.

While they're finalizing the deal, camera zooms across the arcade to reveal PHIL and NICO peering in through a storefront window.

INT. PHIL'S CAR - FIRST AVENUE - CONTINUOUS

PHIL and NICO, eye swollen from the punch earlier, drive at a walker's pace, trailing HOWARD from 100 yards distance. HOWARD walks at a steady clip up 1st Ave. The voice of ARNO is audible via speakerphone.

ARNO (O.S.)

70th and 1st? What's he doing there?

PHIL

Walking.... Now he's stopping he's slowing down.

PHIL and NICO watch HOWARD stop dead in his tracks on the sidewalk.

PHIL  
Ok, yeah he's stopping. He's playing  
with his phone maybe?

NICO  
He's hunched over. You can't see.

They watch HOWARD put his phone back in his pocket and then  
continue down the street.

PHIL  
Ok, he's going again.

ARNO (O.S.)  
Wait. I just got a text from him.

PHIL  
What's it say?

ARNO (O.S.)  
He sent me a picture. It's a picture  
of money.

PHIL  
The little prick has money.

ARNO  
He says 'Arno, look! I have your money  
right here!'

HOWARD trots into a restaurant, a spring in his step.

PHIL  
He's turning into somewhere.

NICO  
A restaurant, Nino's.

INT. NINO'S RESTAURANT - UPPER EAST SIDE - AFTER

HOWARD enters NINO's. Customers now dine at tables. HOWARD  
looks around for GARY but doesn't spy him.

HOWARD  
(to a WAITER)  
Hey handsome, is Gary in?

WAITER  
He's in the kitchen.

HOWARD walks to the back of the restaurant and into the  
kitchen.

INT. NINO'S RESTAURANT - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

HOWARD finds GARY in the middle of viciously reprimanding a Mexican line-cook for putting carrots in a caesar salad.

HOWARD

Gary!

GARY

What!?!

HOWARD

Sorry. I want to make a quick change to my bet.

GARY

I'm busy.

HOWARD takes out a Damien Jewelry envelope.

HOWARD

I got twenty one thousand dollars here, you add that onto the other nineteen-

GARY

What's the change?

HOWARD

Scrap the whole bet. I want to do a parlay instead. 6 ways all in one game. What's the spread for tonight's Celtics Sixers?

GARY

Still plus one.

HOWARD

Great.

(reading off his envelope)

I wanna celtics' moneyline, I want the over on Garnett's points and rebounds, the over on Garnett's blocked shots, the over on Rondo's assists, I want the Celtics opening tip, you take lightening bets?

GARY

Yeah, but you don't want any part of lightning bets.

HOWARD

That's fine. I want a thousand dollars a point...

A pause. GARY does the numbers in his head. HOWARD takes out a Rolex watch, still in it's casing, from his inside pocket.

HOWARD (CONT'D)

And take this, just for tolerating me  
for all these years. It's a  
Submariner. 10 thousand brand new.

GARY looks at the watch and immediately hands it back.

GARY

I already got a Rolex. It probably  
fell off a truck anyway. But listen,  
what do you know? Garnett this,  
Garnett that, what do you know?

HOWARD

I don't know, I just know.

GARY

Well, I'll tell you what I know.  
That's the dumbest fuckin' bet I ever  
heard.

HOWARD

(smiling widely)

I disagree.... I disagree, Gary.

EXT. HOWARD'S HOUSE - OLD BROOKEVILLE, L.I. NY - NIGHT

The windows of a 90s modern garish home glow with light as the sounds of the Celtics/Sixers game is heard.

INT. HOWARD'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - FOREST HILLS, NY - NIGHT

On large flatscreen tv in a gaudy, nouveau riche living room, HOWARD watches game 3 of the Celtics vs Sixers game with great intensity.

HOWARD

Get it to KG.. Dump it to KG!

COMMENTATOR

-Rondo to Garnett down low...

HOWARD

That's it... That's it...

GARNETT spins into the paint and sinks a contested shot.  
HOWARD pumps his fist.

HOWARD (CONT'D)  
BOOM! FUCK YOU!

KG strides back on defense as the camera focuses on him in a close up.

HOWARD (CONT'D)  
That's my man....

DINAH appears in the door frame.

DINAH  
Howard! What are you doing!? Beni is waiting for you!

HOWARD  
Ok, ok, one sec, coming up.

DINAH  
It's twenty five minutes past his bedtime. Go.

HOWARD  
Did he brush his teeth yet?

DINAH  
Brush his teeth!?! I sent you seven texts in the dark.

HOWARD  
That guy was in my shop earlier today.

DINAH looks at the screen. She doesn't care. HOWARD remains focused on the game.

DINAH  
Howard, go say goodnight to your son.

HOWARD  
Of course, lemme just wait for a time out. One second.

A long pause. HOWARD watches the screen. DINAH watches him.

DINAH  
(losing it)  
NOW!

INT. HOWARD'S HOUSE - BENI'S BEDROOM - SOON AFTER

HOWARD lays on the floor of a lavishly designed children's bedroom, listening to the game at low volume on headphones. The lights are off.



BENI is tucked under the covers in the his race-car bed, eyes closed.. It's the 2nd Quarter, the Celtics are up by 4. HOWARD watches the small screen intensely.

COMMENTATOR

Rondo with 7 on the shot clock, will pass it to Garnett at the top of the key. Now with 4, Garnett from deep.

KG hits a midrange jumper at the top of the key. HOWARD pumps his fist excitedly. The celtics are up by 49 to 43.

HOWARD

(whisper-yell)

YES!!!!

COMMENTATOR (O.S.)

Garnett! Vintage game for sure, 15 points on 7 for 8 from the field.

KG looks fired up on screen. A call is made. HOWARD protests.

HOWARD

Oh gimme a fuckin' break.

BENI wakes up and cranes his neck over the side of his bed. He sees HOWARD in a contorted position giving the finger to the screen.

HOWARD (CONT'D)

(in hushed tones, at the game)

Fuck you Callahan! You cocksucker.

BENI just stares.

INT. HOWARD'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - SOON AFTER

HOWARD shuts the door to BENI's room and quietly walks down a carpeted hallway. He raps on another door and opens it.

HOWARD

Can you believe this!

EDDIE slam dunks a nerf basketball into a full size basketball hoop installed on his bedroom wall.

INT. EDDIE'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

EDDIE watches the game on a big wall mounted flatscreen surrounded by toys and collectibles.

EDDIE  
KG's fuckin' killing them!

HOWARD  
Shhh! Keep it down. Your brother's sleeping.

EDDIE  
I know, I'm sorry, I'm just so hyped.

HOWARD  
The NBA is always the last three minutes, so let's calm down... Hit that, KG! BOOM!

EDDIE  
Jason bet me twenty five bucks for the first half. Double that up for the second, that's fifty bucks!

HOWARD  
(proudly)  
Your father bet a lot of money on this game.

EDDIE  
Really???! How much?

HOWARD  
You don't want to know.

EDDIE  
It's a lot though, right?

HOWARD  
You don't wanna know...  
(at the TV)  
PUT THAT SHIT IN THE HOLE!  
(to EDDIE)  
Ok, you can dunk it again.

EDDIE performs another nerf slam dunk. HOWARD puts his around him, keeping his eyes on the game.

INT. HOWARD'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - SOON AFTER

HOWARD rushes back into the living room. DINAH is seated on the couch watching a dating show.

HOWARD  
Ok, he's down.

HOWARD lingers in the doorframe. He enters the room, bends down and starts putting on his shoes.

EDDIE (O.S.)  
YESSSSSS! DAD YOU SEE THAT!?!?

HOWARD  
Uh, would you mind jumping to ESPN for a second?

DINAH  
God, it's so boring.

HOWARD  
Trust me, this game is anything but boring. What this guy is doing is legendary.

DINAH  
I'm not talking about the game.

A pause. HOWARD stares at the tv, a guilty look on his face.

DINAH (CONT'D)  
Ya know, I'm tempted to just wrangle the kids downstairs right now and get it over with.

HOWARD  
You really want to do that? The night before Marcel's play? That doesn't sound very sensitive.

DINAH  
Oh, you're calling me insensitive?

HOWARD  
We both agreed to wait til after Passover.

DINAH  
Right. And next you'll be saying we don't want to ruin their summer vacation.

HOWARD  
I'm not opposed to waiting 'til after summer....

HOWARD notices her show has cut to a commercial break.

HOWARD (CONT'D)  
It's a commercial, will you change  
the channel now? Just for a second...  
'Til my car gets here?

DINAH reluctantly throws the remote at him. HOWARD quickly  
flips the channel back to the game. With 7 minutes left in the  
3rd quarter, the Celtics are now up 71 to 51!

EXT. L.I.E. - NIGHT

A livery cab drives on a desolate and dark L.I.E.

INT. LIVERY CAB - NIGHT - SOON AFTER

HOWARD slouches in the backseat as he continues to watch the  
game on his phone.

BROADCASTER 2 (O.S.)  
Here is KG hitting the shot from  
outside. He'll be 36 on Saturday.

At the drop of the bucket, HOWARD's face goes white in a state  
of ecstatic shock. He fumbles with his phone to refresh a  
statistics site on his phone.

BROADCASTER 2 (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
And he'll put the Celtics over the  
century mark, 101 to 76!

HOWARD zooms into KG's stat line: 27pts and 13rbs! HOWARD's  
erupts in celebration.

HOWARD  
OH.... YESSSSSS!

HOWARD celebrates, pumping his fist wildly.

HOWARD (CONT'D)  
Oh my god yes. Oh my god... Oh fuck,  
oh My GOD.

HOWARD tries to bring himself to reality.

HOWARD (CONT'D)  
(to DRIVER)  
Change of plans...

DRIVER (O.S.)  
What's up?

HOWARD

Take the exit, 49th street and 3rd  
avenue, Smith and Wollensky.

DRIVER

We're not going to 31st?

HOWARD

I just hit very big... Very big... My  
God!

The DRIVER celebrates with HOWARD. On screen KG victoriously  
slams an alley-oop in slow motion as the score appears Celtics  
101, Sixers 76. A blow out.

BROADCASTER 2

KG havin' fun...

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

HOWARD enters the apartment with takeout bags from Smith and  
Wollenky's Steakhouse. He flips the lights on.

HOWARD

Jules?

No answer. HOWARD pops his head into the bedroom.

HOWARD (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Julia?

HOWARD re-enters the living room and puts the bags down in the  
kitchen. He pulls his phone out and dials Julia. He paces  
throughout the apartment as the phone rings. JULIA picks up.

HOWARD (CONT'D)

Hey, where're you at?

JULIA (O.S.)

I'm just coming back, in the elevator.  
Why, where're you?

HOWARD

Eh, I'm just on my way back now. Got  
held up. Dinah was on a fucking tear  
tonight.

JULIA (O.S.)

That sucks. How far away are you?

HOWARD

Let's see. I just got in the tunnel.

JULIA (O.S.)  
Oh so you're very close. Lemme go.

HOWARD  
Yeah, I can't wait to see you. I'm in  
an incredible mood.

JULIA (O.S.)  
I gotta go.

HOWARD quickly grabs the Smith and Wollensky bags from the kitchen and turns all the lights out in the apartment and hides himself in a closet and peers out through a crack. After a beat, JULIA's voice is heard entering the apartment. HOWARD watches her enter the apartment carrying her own SMITH and Wollensky's bag. She rushes in and throws her stuff down on the couch.

JULIA (CONT'D)  
(into phone)  
I gotta go... Stop, he's gonna be here  
any minute.... Yeah, I told you, his  
gem arrived today, it's a big fuckin'  
deal... I got him Smith and  
Wollensky's, got a a whole thing  
planned out... I got the one with the  
green and black lace.

HOWARD watches JULIA rush into the bedroom, phone cradled to her ear.

JULIA (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Shit I have to go... I said let me  
go!... Ok bye.

HOWARD stares at the Smith and Wollensky bag sitting next to the couch. He can no longer hear JULIA on the phone. He waits a beat. JULIA returns to the living room in a rush, now wearing extravagant, clearly planned, lingerie. She hurriedly unpacks the take out from the bags and begins setting up a romantic dinner on the coffee table.

HOWARD takes out his phone and sends her a text message: "*What are you wearing right now?*"

He watches JULIA receive the incoming text, pause and then send a reply. HOWARD receives it: "*If I told you you'd start jacking off in the cab*" HOWARD replies: "*I'm already doing that. Send pic.*" JULIA receives the text. HOWARD watches her as she takes a filthy picture of herself and sends it back to him. HOWARD receives it and replies: "*Are you wet?*" A pause. She replies: "*I'm so fucking wet*". He replies: "*Start without me. I'm coming up.*" Her legs start to shift and gyrate.

HOWARD pops out of the closet.

HOWARD  
*I'm gonna cum!*

JULIA screams in fear, her phone flies to the ground.

JULIA  
OH MY GOD!

She springs up from the sofa and slams into HOWARD hitting his chest.

JULIA (CONT'D)  
Howard! You little shit.

HOWARD embraces her. She quickly calms.

HOWARD  
You know how sweet you looked?

HOWARD kisses her.

HOWARD (CONT'D)  
You look so gorgeous... is this for me?

JULIA  
Yeah.

HOWARD  
I hit so goddamn big tonight... I hit so big.

JULIA  
How big??

JULIA takes his hand.

JULIA (CONT'D)  
Feel how wet I am.

They kiss. HOWARD starts to undress. JULIA picks up the remote for the curtains.

HOWARD  
No, no, wait, leave 'em open. I want people to watch.

They fall to the couch behind them. JULIA atop of HOWARD.

EXT. ADLEY'S AUCTION HOUSE - MORNING

HOWARD looks east and west on 49th St, talking into his phone to DEMANY.

DEMANY (O.S.)  
I'm almost there, I'm almost there-

HOWARD  
Yeah, you told me that already. It's 9:43, where the fuck are you?

DEMANY (O.S.)  
I'm in mad traffic-

HOWARD  
Well you should have planned for that.

DEMANY (O.S.)  
The whole city is blocked up. What do you want me to do about it!?!

HOWARD  
We said 9 o'clock! Not everybody is on 'Demany-time', man!

HOWARD abruptly hangs up and enters Adley's.

INT. ADLEY'S AUCTION HOUSE - PROCESSING - CONTINUOUS

HOWARD rushes up to a reception desk.

HOWARD  
Ok... You can you let Anne know we're here?

RECEPTIONIST  
(into phone)  
Hold on.  
(to HOWARD)  
Yes?

HOWARD  
I said you can let Anne know that Howard Ratner and his partner are here. I'm just waiting for my partner. But we're all ready to go.

RECEPTIONIST  
Well, when your partner arrives I'll let her know. Please take a seat.

HOWARD's phone rings. It's Demany. He answers.



HOWARD

I told you I'm inside. Come in.

DEMANY (O.S.)

Nah, I'm not gonna find parking-

HOWARD

So double-park it!

DEMANY (O.S.)

I'm not getting a ticket for you or  
nobody else. Meet me outside, I need  
to talk with you-

HOWARD

Are you fucking kidding me!?!

DEMANY (O.S.)

I'm pulling up right-

HOWARD hangs up.

HOWARD

(to RECEPTIONIST, smiling)

I'll be right back.

(to himself)

Fuck!

EXT. ADLEY'S AUCTION HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

HOWARD heads back outside looking for DEMANY's car. It's not there. He takes his phone out but is intercepted by LARRY [mid 40's, scrawny, frizzy hair, cast on his right arm], who is accompanied by his brother STEWART [mid 40's, near-identical looking, frizzy hair, etc.]

LARRY

Howard! Howard!

HOWARD

Oh Jesus Christ. How'd you find me?

LARRY

You're office told me you were here. I  
need my-

HOWARD

Bullshit. My office would never tell  
you where I was-

LARRY

This is the last straw.

HOWARD  
Get out of here.

LARRY  
You haven't returned any of my calls  
or texts. You can't take ten minutes  
out of your day to-

HOWARD notices STEWART, who glares back at him.

HOWARD  
What'd you do, you brought your heavy  
with you?

LARRY  
Yeah.

HOWARD sees DEMANY's car approaching.

LARRY (CONT'D)  
You owe me thirty two grand!

HOWARD  
Money? You want money? Fine... Here.

HOWARD reaches into his pocket, pulls one of DEMANY's **Rolex watches** wrapped in cellophane and hands it to LARRY.

LARRY  
What the hell is this-

HOWARD  
That's 28 grand brand new.

LARRY  
What? Where am I gonna sell it?

HOWARD  
Anywhere. Go to Wempe's, 55th and 5th  
avenue. He'll give you fifteen g's for  
it-

DEMANY's pulls up alongside then and rolls down the window.

HOWARD (CONT'D)  
Now go, Put that away quick. In your  
pocket!

DEMANY  
Yo.

HOWARD  
Gimme the opal. I'll run it in.

DEMANY  
Just get in the car.

HOWARD  
Hand it to me. They're waiting.

DEMANY  
We need to talk.

LARRY interrupts.

LARRY  
I don't know anything about selling watches.

HOWARD  
Hey, get the fuck away from me! I don't want a watch!

LARRY  
You just gave it to me-

HOWARD  
I told you, I'm not fucking buying watches right now. Get lost.  
(to DEMANY)  
Demany, they are waiting on us!

DEMANY  
Just get in the fucking car!

HOWARD walks around to the front seat.

HOWARD  
(yelling to LARRY)  
GET OUT OF HERE WITH THAT FUGAZI SHIT!

HOWARD gets in the car and slams the door.

INT. DEMANY'S LEXUS - CONTINUOUS

HOWARD  
Why am I in your car right now?

DEMANY  
Alright, alright, listen-

HOWARD  
Where's the opal?

DEMANY

So, we're all at the hotel after the game, waiting to go party, and KG leaves his ID upstairs, so-

HOWARD

We don't have time for this. Where is my fucking opal!?!

DEMANY

(upset)

Garnett's got it.

LARRY and STEWART linger outside the car, then head around to the back to write down the license plate number.

HOWARD

Garnett's got it!?! He fucked us... They're threatening to pull it from auction-

DEMANY

What do you want me to do about it? You're the one who gave it to him.

HOWARD

Call KG right now!

DEMANY

He's at practice. He's not gonna pick up his phone for me, God or anybody else.

HOWARD

Call him and tell him I'll give him another opal, for free, to wear as long as he likes-

DEMANY

Howard, you're not listening to me. He... is... at... PRACTICE!

HOWARD

Okay, fine, then we're going to practice.

DEMANY

In Philly???

HOWARD

He's in Philly. Then we're going to Philly.

DEMAN Y

I just got back from Philly. I ain't-

HOWARD

It's 2 fucking hours. This is a million dollar gem. You want that chain, don't you?

DEMAN Y

You owe me that chain for bringing you KG in the first place.

INT. 76ERS PRACTICE FACILITY - GARAGE - AFTERNOON

DEMAN Y leads HOWARD through a long corridor. They pass team personnel. DEMAN Y looks nervous, unsure.

HOWARD

We gotta be in and out. In and out.  
Ok? I got my kid's play tonight.

DEMAN Y's phone 'dings'.

HOWARD (CONT'D)

That KG? Tell him we're here. Tell him we're walking in now.

DEMAN Y

Chill.

HOWARD

Is he gonna meet us outside or do we get to go into the facility?

DEMAN Y looks at his phone, distracted.

DEMAN Y

I don't know yet.

HOWARD

Cause if we're going in, I'd love an intro to Rondo or Pierce or Allen.

DEMAN Y

These guys are busy.

HOWARD

I just wanna thank them for last night.

DEMANY

(annoyed)

You think they care how much money you made?

HOWARD

(laughing)

It's not about the money, it's about the 14 fuckin' dimes Rondo dropped. That's what.

DEMANY

Why're you jews so obsessed with basketball anyway?

HOWARD

I'll have you know the first two points ever scored for the NBA was scored by a Jew!

DEMANY

Yeah? Who's that... Fred Flinstein?

HOWARD

(proudly)

Ozzie Sheckman. 1946. Played for the Knicks.

HOWARD sees into an empty Philly arena. He's in awe.

HOWARD (CONT'D)

Wow, so this is where the big boys play?

INT. SIXERS PRACTICE FACILITY - PHILADELPHIA, PA - AFTER

HOWARD and DEMANY enter into side building full of practice courts. Again, HOWARD can't believe his eyes. He sees some players playing on a court. He can't help himself.

HOWARD

(to DEMANY)

Check this out!

HOWARD runs out onto the court and playfully pokes the ball out from underneath a TRAINER's arms. HOWARD chases it down and dribbles full-court for a 'fast-break' layup. Narrating his play as if a color commentator on TV. DEMANY, annoyed, uses this moment to break free from HOWARD and rushes towards the locker-room entrance.

HOWARD, proud of his layup skills, looks to DEMANY for approbation but instead sees him greeting a SECURITY GUARD at the entrance to the locker room. HOWARD races over as DEMANY enters.

HOWARD (CONT'D)  
Yo! Demany!

DEMANY is let through the threshold. HOWARD picks up his pace.

HOWARD (CONT'D)  
(to SECURITY)  
Wait, I'm with him.

HOWARD is stopped at the barrier.

SECURITY GUARD  
Back up a bit.

HOWARD  
I'm telling you I'm with him.

SECURITY GUARD  
HEY! HE WITH YOU?

DEMANY continues walking without looking back.

HOWARD  
He's joking...

DEMANY disappears.

HOWARD (CONT'D)  
DEMANY! YO!  
(beat)  
Ohhhh you piece of shit! Fuckin' cocksucker.  
(to SECURITY GUARD)  
Lemme go grab him. I'll be right back.

SECURITY GUARD  
I don't think so. What's your name?

HOWARD  
No, I won't be on the list. I came with him. But you saw us arrive together.

SECURITY GUARD  
I didn't see you arrive.

HOWARD  
This is crazy. The guy works for me!

HOWARD hammers away at text on his phone. Mumbling to himself in shock. He's furious.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - AUDITORIUM - EVENING

In a crowded auditorium filled with Long Island Families, HOWARD stares at his phone. A string of hostile texts to DEMANY have all gone unanswered. The one-sided exchange shows his anger escalating.

HOWARD is seated between his sons BENI and EDDIE. EDDIE is watching a stuttering live-stream of the Heat vs Indiana game on his phone. DINAH sits on the other side of EDDIE, talking with AMY and ERIC GOLDFARB in the row in front of them.

AMY  
Is Marcel excited?

DINAH  
Yeah, she's nervous but she'll do great. Danny has a part too, right?

AMY  
Just a small one. Nothing phases him.  
(beat)  
So what are you guys doing for the break?

DINAH  
Uh... We're not really doing anything this year.

ERIC  
Wow.

AMY  
That's not like you guys.

ERIC  
Howard, how come?

HOWARD is in the middle of forming another text to DEMANY.

DINAH  
Howard.

HOWARD  
(looking up)  
Oh, uh...

ERIC  
No vacation?



HOWARD

Yeah, we're saving up for a big trip next winter. Want to take the kids to Europe, do a little culture. My kids are becoming morons.

AMY

Well, we're gonna be morons in Cancun.

ERIC

Especially on the trapeze.

HOWARD

Danny in the show?

DINAH

(annoyed)

We just talked about Danny.

HOWARD looks over at BENI. He leans forward and taps the man sitting in front of him on the shoulder. When the man turns around HOWARD acts like he had nothing to do with it. BENI finds this hysterical.

HOWARD

(to EDDIE)

Who do you got?

EDDIE

I told you, it doesn't work like that. Right now I have seven players playing in six games.

HOWARD

How do you keep track?

EDDIE

I can't when I'm in a stupid auditorium with no reception.

HOWARD

We're all making sacrifices to be here.

Jokingly, BENI leans back and over and taps HOWARD on the shoulder. In jest, HOWARD turns around, looks for who tapped him, he looks over one shoulder.

HOWARD (CONT'D)

Who was it? Who tapped me?

Then he turns over his other shoulder. Entertaining Beni.

When he glances over the second time, keeping the joke alive, he notices PHIL and another guy, BUDDY [40's, degenerate, sunken face], sitting by the aisle some 10 rows back. HOWARD looks away, waits a few seconds, and looks back. The two men are still staring at him. HOWARD turns back in his seat. He's in shock, he can't believe it. Fed up at the mere notion, he stands up.

DINAH  
Where you going?

HOWARD  
Daddy's gotta use the bathroom.

DINAH  
Marcel is about to get on stage-

HOWARD  
I'll be right back.

HOWARD moves up to the aisle.

INT. SCHOOL AUDITORIUM - 10 ROWS BACK - CONTINUOUS

HOWARD approaches PHIL and BUDDY.

HOWARD  
(quietly)  
This is fucked up.

PHIL  
What's so fucked up about it?

A pause.

HOWARD  
Would you guys mind coming out to the  
hall for a second?

PHIL  
You sure you wanna do that?

PHIL and BUDDY get up and follow HOWARD out of the auditorium.

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

HOWARD calmly walks down the hallway. The two men follow.

PHIL  
What're we gonna do about this?

HOWARD fumes ahead of them.

BUDDY

Hey, yo.

PHIL

Howard-

Suddenly, HOWARD spins around and bodyslams PHIL into a locker.

HOWARD

This is my family!

BUDDY grabs for him. HOWARD bites BUDDY's arm as hard as he can. BUDDY lets out a loud scream and HOWARD throws him into PHIL and takes off down the hall at full sprint turning into the first hallway he comes upon.

INT. SCHOOL AUDITORIUM - BACK STAGE - CONTINUOUS

Costumed teenagers wait by the side of the stage. HOWARD crosses through the space. A female DRAMA TEACHER reprimands him for intruding.

HOWARD

Wow! Everything looks fantastic!

His daughter MARCEL, 16, notices him.

MARCEL

Dad! What the hell are you doing!?!

HOWARD

Marcel! Break a leg, we're all here for you!

HOWARD exits. MARCEL is embarrassed and confused.

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

HOWARD races like a rat through a maze of hallways till he reaches a set of double doors and slams them open.

EXT. SCHOOL SIDE ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

HOWARD rushes down a path to the sidewalk. A big black SUV races towards him. HOWARD locks eyes with ARNO [mid 50s, Armenian, curly hair] who is seated in the front passenger seat. ARNO points at HOWARD and inaudibly yells to the driver.

HOWARD takes off in the opposite direction towards the parking lot. The SUV makes a violent U-turn over a concrete median.

PHIL exits the school and runs after HOWARD. HOWARD pulls his car keys out and repeatedly presses the unlock button. He can see his car blinking in response in the nearby lot. BUDDY is now visible too, sprinting towards him from across the way.

The SUV closes in and screeches to a halt. MICHAEL (The Driver) comes running out of it and whacks HOWARD in the back with a mini souvenir baseball bat. HOWARD falls to the ground. BUDDY, PHIL and MICHAEL carry HOWARD to the SUV.

INT. SUV - CONTINUOUS

They all pile into the SUV. HOWARD is flanked by PHIL and BUDDY. NICO Sits in the back row. ARNO sits in the front passenger seat. MICHAEL jumps back behind the wheel.

ARNO  
Go, drive, NOW!

HOWARD  
What the fuck are you doing, Arno?!!  
This is fucking outrageous!  
OUTRAGEOUS!

PHIL  
Gimme the keys to your car.

BUDDY  
The fucking Jew bit me!

HOWARD  
ARNO!

ARNO turns around. His eyes are red, bloodshot.

ARNO  
Don't "Arno" me! I tried to tell you  
how things were gonna go if you didn't  
start to behave.

HOWARD  
How have I not behaved!?!

ARNO  
I thought I was perfectly clear on the  
phone with you, but apparently I  
wasn't! Now do you get it????

HOWARD  
Arno, wait-

PHIL  
Give me the fucking keys before I  
strip off all of your clothing and  
send you back into the school.

HOWARD  
What? You're gonna have him steal my  
Mercedes? Seriously? What the hell is  
wrong with you?

PHIL  
(to ARNO)  
Don't listen to him, Arno.

BUDDY shows HOWARD his arm and smacks him.

BUDDY  
You broke fucking skin, asshole.

HOWARD hands the keys to PHIL.

HOWARD  
Arno, please. Can we just talk alone  
for a little bit?

PHIL  
You had six months to talk to him.

HOWARD  
Arno, please, listen to me, I have  
every intention of paying you back.  
I've been totally broke, I-

PHIL holds up his phone and displays the picture of the cash  
that HOWARD had sent ARNO the day before.

PHIL  
You wanna explain this? Huh?

HOWARD  
What? That money wasn't mine. I sent  
you that pic cause I knew you were  
upset and I wanted to calm you down!

ARNO's face grows red.

ARNO  
We know for a fact you placed a bet  
with that money.

HOWARD  
What are you talking about?! I never  
placed any bet-

ARNO

(exploding)

I heard Eddie and Beni are going to Timberlake this summer, huh? I heard you just resurfaced your swimming pool!!!

HOWARD

What? I never resurfaced anything! I don't know who said that-

ARNO

You think your life is more important than mine!?! Huh!?!?

HOWARD

Ok, ok, fine, I'm sorry, I admit it, ok, I did place a bet. But, hang on, the good news is that the bet HIT, you hear me??? IT HIT BIG!!!! So we're good. I'll collect next week and we'll be all squared away.

A pause.

HOWARD (CONT'D)

I'm telling you the truth, I'll call my book right now!

PHIL

Who? Gary? Yeah, we spoke with him yesterday.

HOWARD

I don't understand. You talked to Gary? About what?

PHIL

About You. And how you're playing around with my fucking money. Do you realize how offensive that is to me???

HOWARD

Wait, you stopped the bet?

BUDDY smacks HOWARD on the head.

BUDDY

Shut the fuck up.

HOWARD

(exploding)

Well, congrats, Arno!

(MORE)

HOWARD (CONT'D)  
You just fucked yourself out of six  
hundred thousand dollars! Happy?!?!  
This one's on you! It's now your fault  
that I can't pay you back! In fact, as  
far as I'm concerned, you now owe ME  
money!

NICO leans over and puts HOWARD in a choke hold. They all  
start pummeling him.

HOWARD (CONT'D)  
(struggling)  
STOP! STOP! ARNO TELL THEM TO STOP!

ARNO  
Take his clothes off!

HOWARD  
(struggling)  
No! No! No! Arno!

ARNO  
Stop saying my fucking name!

BUDDY and PHIL rip his clothing off, while NICO continues to  
restrain him. PHIL notices his watch and starts to unbuckle  
it.

PHIL  
Oh... What's this???

HOWARD  
It's not mine! Stop! Stop!

PHIL  
This is worth more than my fucking  
car.

The SUV pulls up in front of HOWARD's black Mercedes S-class  
sedan.

PHIL (CONT'D)  
No more fucking games. You have until  
Monday to get Arno everything you owe  
him. That's it. After that, it won't  
be about the money anymore.

PHIL uses the keys to pop the trunk on the Mercedes.

HOWARD  
ARNO! STOP! WAIT! MY BIG GEM! IT'S  
HERE! IT GOES TO AUCTION NEXT WEEK!

ARNO  
Get him out of the fucking car!

HOWARD  
I'M TELLING YOU! IT FINALLY ARRIVED. I  
CAN PAY YOU BACK!

PHIL and BUDDY whip HOWARD out of the car. HOWARD continues to rant about his gem as they pull him out of the car and carry him to his Mercedes.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

PHIL and BUDDY escort HOWARD to his now open trunk. He pleases with ARNO as they force him into it.

HOWARD  
Please, TAKE THE OPAL!

ARNO  
(from inside the car)  
No, no, I WANT THE UNDERWEAR!!

PHIL  
Oh, he wants the underwear.

BUDDY holds HOWARD down while PHIL rips HOWARD'S underwear clean off his buddy. HOWARD makes eye contact with ARNO as the trunk slams shut.

INT. MERCEDES TRUNK - CONTINUOUS

HOWARD  
FUCK YOU ARNO!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

HOWARD listens to ARNO's car take off down the street. He presses the blinking green emergency release button several times. It doesn't work. He starts pounding on the hood.

HOWARD (CONT'D)  
HELP! HELLLLLP! SOMEBODY!  
(a beat)  
Fuck.

HOWARD, out of breath, shifts his body and kicks at the hood. He uses the light on his phone to look around the trunk. He starts call-bombing DINAH. Finally, she answers.

DINAH (O.S.)  
(whispering, harshly)  
Marcel is about to go on stage. What do you want?!?



HOWARD

I'm sorry. I had a little accident.  
Can you come outside for a second?

DINAH (O.S.)

I'm hanging up!

HOWARD

Please, no, no, this is a medical  
emergency!... I locked my keys in the  
trunk of the car... Just come out  
please... You can do it from the  
doorway, just stick your head out and  
pop the trunk.... It'll take five  
seconds.

EXT. SCHOOL PARKING LOT- SOON AFTER

An angry DINAH rushes out of the school and runs across the parking lot muttering to herself along the way. When she arrives close enough, she furiously pushes the trunk open button on the key. The trunk pops open and she can immediately see two naked legs kicking about inside. She confused. She takes a step closer when HOWARD springs up.

HOWARD (O.S.)

Ok. Thanks. I'm fine. You can go back  
in now.

DINAH approaches and sees that HOWARD is naked. HOWARD locks eyes with DINAH who stares in disgust. She's had enough.

HOWARD (CONT'D)

Honestly, it's all good. Go back  
inside. I'll be in a minute.

(beat)

Sorry.

DINAH pauses doesn't even know what to say. After a beat, she shakes her head and turns around and runs back into the school. HOWARD gets out and rifles through the trunk for something to clothe himself with.

INT. SCHOOL AUDITORIUM - SOON AFTER

HOWARD re-enters the auditorium wearing a KMH branded sweatsuit and worn basketball sneakers. He makes his way to his seat. EDDIE stares at him.

EDDIE

Dad, what the fuck??

HOWARD

Pay attention to your sister.

On stage: the setting is the black forest, dead of winter. THE MAIDEN [played by HOWARD's daughter MARCEL] is carrying a wicker basket and shivering from the cold.

She is talking to three ugly DWARVES [played by three teenage boys, one wearing a yarmulke, all smothered in latex and make-up, perched on their knees like 'Dorf on Golf'].

DWARF 3

What could you possibly be looking for  
in the forest dressed in such paper  
thin rags?

THE MAIDEN

My wicked stepmother has condemned me  
to die lest I fill this basket with  
roses before the coming of the dawn.

DWARF 2

Behind our cottage you'll find our  
magic garden. It protects our roses  
from the snow. Go now and fill your  
basket to your heart's content.

THE MAIDEN

Oh thank you! Thank you!

She gives each of them a kiss, curtsies, and heads down stage to a painted backdrop of a stone cottage. She begins to pick the flowers.

DWARF 1

(stroking his cheek)

No lips have ever graced this cheek  
before. I believe I might faint.

DWARF 3

We must bestow a gift upon her!

DWARF 2

I know! Every time she speaks, gold  
coins will spill forth from her mouth.  
This will be our gift!

DWARF 1

And I have another gift in mind.  
Quick! He's approaching now.

The lights on their side of the stage go completely black as THE WOODSMAN enters from the opposite side.

THE WOODSMAN

Hark! Who goes there?

THE MAIDEN turns and opens her mouth to respond. Gold coins shoot out of her mouth, splaying onto the stage. She looks like a human slot machine.

HOWARD watches intently. Is genuinely moved by this.

HOWARD

Wow.

INT. HOWARD'S HOUSE - LONG ISLAND - MASTER BATHROOM - AFTER

A phone rings on speaker as HOWARD inspects a bruise on his back in the mirror. The bruise looks nasty.

DEMAN (O.S.)

Hello?

HOWARD

You answer when I block the number but not when you see that it's me, what's that about?

DEMAN (O.S.)

Nah, I knew it was you, that's why I picked up.

HOWARD

Where's my fucking gem?!?!

DEMAN (O.S.)

You need to calm down, nothing's happening with you acting like this.

HOWARD

Acting like what? I want my fucking property.

HOWARD makes his way into a walk in closet attached to the master-bathroom. He flips through clothing.

DEMAN (O.S.)

Watch your mouth. You're not dealing with some broke ass niggas.

HOWARD

I had to take the Chinatown bus back to New York. That bus was fucking disgusting!

DEMANY (O.S.)

What'd you want me to do? I go into the locker-room with you, it makes it seem really sus. I'm trying to help you, not fuck everything up.

HOWARD

Where's my gem?

DEMANY (O.S.)

I have it on me, right now. I'm bout to be back in the city.

HOWARD

Are you going to this Weeknd show tonight?

DEMANY (O.S.)

I wasn't planning on it, but I could.

HOWARD

It's not you could, it's you will. You're gonna meet me there.

DEMANY

Fine.

HOWARD

Fine.

HOWARD finds the perfect shirt for the evening. A bright salmon silk shirt.

INT. HOWARD'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - SOON AFTER

HOWARD, dressed in clubbing attire, enters the kitchen. DINAH, dressed comfortably and ready for bed, is waiting at the microwave. HOWARD pauses waiting to be acknowledged. She never looks up.

HOWARD

Smells good. What's that, barbecue chicken?

DINAH

(coldly)

It's just chicken.

A pause.

HOWARD

I think we should talk about the trunk scenario.

MARCEL enters and makes a beeline for the fridge while Facetiming a friend. HOWARD makes himself a Nespresso.

MARCEL  
(into phone)  
Hang on.  
(to HOWARD)  
Where you going?

HOWARD  
Got a big event in the city tonight,  
annoying, it doesn't start till late.  
I'm gonna be so tired tomorrow.

MARCEL  
(super sarcastic)  
Uh.... Right.

MARCEL and DINAH exchange glances. It's a tense moment. HOWARD notices the exchange. The microwave timer goes off. DINAH takes her plate out, gives HOWARD a curt, fake smile and exits the room.

MARCEL has removed a half-eaten cake (decorated in honor of tonight's play) from the fridge and is cutting herself a slice.

HOWARD  
Who're you talking to?

MARCEL  
Jessica.

HOWARD  
Hi Jessica. Wasn't our girl great tonight?

MARCEL  
She can't hear you.

HOWARD  
Uh, would you mind hanging up for a second. I want to talk to you.

MARCEL  
Uchhh, call you right back.  
(ends the call)  
What?

HOWARD  
Oh... I just wanted to tell you how proud I was of you tonight. You were beyond incredible.

MARCEL

Yeah, I know. You said that fives time already.

HOWARD

Yeah. Haha. I just really want you to know I guess.

MARCEL

Well... I do.

A pause.

HOWARD

So everything is cool, right?

MARCEL

What do you mean?

HOWARD

You know, I'm just checking to make sure that everything is ok.

MARCEL

Why wouldn't it be?

HOWARD

I don't know. I just thought maybe I should check in.

MARCEL

I literally have no idea what you're talking about.

HOWARD

Haha. Right. Cause I'm just an idiot.... Ok, you love me. Gonna head in. See you tomorrow.

MARCEL

(indifferently)

Have fun.

MARCEL takes her plate and exits the room while redialing.  
HOWARD stands lost in thought.

MARCEL (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Where were we?... Oh, right! So you know how I have that, like, total resting bitch face, well he came up to me afterwards and was like "what did you think of my performance?" and I was like-

INT. 1 OAK NIGHT CLUB - LATER

The place is pumping, it's a madhouse. HOWARD snakes his way around the packed room looking this way and that for DEMANY. He dials DEMANY, gets his voicemail.

HOWARD

(shouting into phone)

DEMANY DAMMIT! ARE YOU HERE??? I'm here, pick up your phone!! I didn't see you outside! I don't see you inside, Why am I looking for you?!?!

HOWARD stops and looks around. Hostesses pass HOWARD carrying champagne bottles with lit sparklers in them.

He spies JULIA at a booth on the other side of the room, near the stage. She's talking to the WEEKND, aka ABEL, in his 2012 signature hairstyle, her head is tossed back in laughter as they huddle over a cell phone... Suddenly the music cuts out and ABEL'S is passed a microphone. The instrumental to "The Morning," kicks off. ABEL looks upset.

ABEL

Yo! Where's the blacklight? I'm not performing til I get some fucking black light on this stage. That's what I said and that's what we're doing..

(beat)

I'm not fuckin' around. I want the blacklight.

ABEL shakes his head in defiance. The crowd starts chanting "BLACKLIGHT! BLACKLIGHT. The excitement in the room is raised to a fever pitch. The entire room is suddenly FLOORED WITH BLACKLIGHT. ABEL starts to sing "The Morning" just as HOWARD notices DEMANY near the side of the stage. HOWARD struggles to make his way over to him, fighting through a sea of bodies on the dance floor.

INT. 1 OAK NIGHT CLUB - DEMANY'S AREA - CONTINUOUS

HOWARD finally reaches DEMANY, who is surrounded by friends including TRINIDAD JAMES.

HOWARD

DEMANY! YO DEMANY!

DEMANY notices him.

DEMANY  
(smiling)  
Yo! Howard! This is Trinidad James.  
Say whattup?

HOWARD  
(to TRINIDAD JAMES)  
How you doing??? Heard a lot about  
you? Congrats on everything.  
(into DEMANY's ear)  
Gimme the opal.

DEMANY  
(putting his hand to his  
ear)  
What's that?

HOWARD  
The opal. Gimme the opal.

DEMANY  
(leaning back)  
Oh, yeah. I don't have it.

HOWARD  
Don't fuck with me. Lemme have it.

DEMANY  
(casually)  
I'm serious. I don't have it.

HOWARD  
(furious)  
What do you mean you don't have it!?!  
Who has it then?

DEMANY  
KG's got it.

HOWARD  
You told me you have it!!!! Why the  
fuck are you even here then!?!?

DEMANY  
(aggressive)  
Same reason everyone is here, to see  
the fucking Weeknd. You got a problem  
with that?

HOWARD  
(losing)  
Yeah. I gotta BIG problem with that.



HOWARD shoves DEMANY hard. DEMANY shoves him back, twice as hard, throwing him off balance and into a group of people.

DEMANY

We cool or you wanna get ugly?

DEMANY's entire group watches. It's embarrassing.

HOWARD

(trying to look casual)

We're cool... We're cool.

DEMANY and company turn their attention to the stage and watch The WEEKND perform. HOWARD notices JULIA across the way, watching excitedly from a VIP booth. She looks enraptured.

INT. 1 OAK NIGHT CLUB, VIP LOUNGE, BATHROOM - SOON AFTER

ABEL does a bump of coke off of JULIA's hand. JULIA fawns over his performance and his whole mystique, ABEL is into her take on the songs.

ABEL breaks and kisses her neck. JULIA cranes her neck away from him.

ABEL

What?

JULIA

No, I can't do that.

ABEL leans in and kisses her again.

ABEL

I want to fuck you so bad.

JULIA

Oh yeah, how bad?

ABEL grabs JULIA's hand and places it onto his crotch. She can feel the outline of his erection.

JULIA (CONT'D)

How are you even this hard??? I haven't done anything.

He leans in to kiss her lips. She turns her cheek.

JULIA (CONT'D)

I said no touching.

INT. 1 OAK NIGHT CLUB, VIP LOUNGE, ENTRANCE - SAME TIME

HOWARD approaches a side hallway. A SECURITY GUARD stops him.

SECURITY GUARD  
Yo, slow down. Where you going?

HOWARD  
Oh, I was already inside.

SECURITY GUARD  
I don't remember that.

HOWARD  
I'm friends with The Weeknd. He's in there expecting me.

SECURITY GUARD  
Sorry, no one's going through right now. This is private.

HOWARD  
You don't understand, I was invited. My girl is already inside-

SECURITY GUARD  
So have her come out and get you.

HOWARD spies FLAWLESS at the end of the tunnel talking with some people.

HOWARD  
YO! FLAWLESS! FLAWLESS! YO!!

FLAWLESS cranes his neck.

FLAWLESS  
Who's that???

HOWARD  
IT'S ME! HOWIE! HOWIEBLING!

FLAWLESS  
HOWIEBLING! THE LEGEND IS IN THE BUILDING!

HOWARD  
TELL THIS GUY TO LET ME IN!

FLAWLESS trots over to the SECURITY GUARD.

FLAWLESS  
Yo, he's good, he's with me.

The SECURITY GUARD steps aside and allows HOWARD to pass. FLAWLESS walks HOWARD down the tunnel. FLAWLESS shows HOWARD a video on his phone.

FLAWLESS (CONT'D)

You see the rolls I did in Miami?

HOWARD

Yeah, Richie already sent that to me-  
Have you seen Julia?

FLAWLESS

Yeah, she's back here somewhere.

HOWARD

Who with?

FLAWLESS

Who do you think? Speaking of which,  
she told me to talk to you about my  
Michael Jackson piece.

HOWARD

What about it?

FLAWLESS

I need it back.

HOWARD

Oh yeah, it's in my safe.

FLAWLESS

Cool, I'll come by tomorrow, I'm  
trying to flip it to the Weekend.

HOWARD

You know where she went?

FLAWLESS

Who, Julia?

HOWARD

Where is she??

A pause.

FLAWLESS

(awkward)

Look, I don't want to get in your  
business, but I saw them go into the  
bathroom together-

HOWARD storms off. He makes a furious beeline for the bathroom and bangs on it repeatedly.

HOWARD  
JULIA?! YOU IN THERE? OPEN UP!

The Weenknd's BODYGUARD approaches.

BODYGUARD  
YO, FUCK YOU THINK YOU DOING?

HOWARD  
MY GIRL IS IN THERE!

BODYGUARD  
YOU SEE IT'S IN USE.

HOWARD keeps banging on the door.

HOWARD  
JULIA?!!! JULIA?!!!

ABEL suddenly opens the door. JULIA is visible behind her.

ABEL  
What is this!?!

JULIA  
Howie! We were just doing coke!

Upon sight, HOWARD lunges onto ABEL, sending them both crashing to the floor. BODYGUARDS grope to pull HOWARD up but the floor is wet. JULIA struggles to break them apart and slips. HOWARD is a maniac, flailing his arms and legs, throwing wild, sloppy punches and stray kicks.

JULIA screams for them to stop. ABEL hocks a loogie onto HOWARD. HOWARD launches his fist at ABEL, but its immediately intercepted by two BODYGUARDS. In one fell swoop, HOWARD is picked up and -- **in a long careening tracking shot** -- carried through the VIP lounge and up a flight of stairs. JULIA follows.

JULIA (CONT'D)  
(hysterically)  
I'M SOOOOO SORRY, HOWIE!

HOWARD  
FUCK YOU!

EXT. 1 OAK NIGHT CLUB - SIDE ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

The service doors open. HOWARD is thrown out onto the street. JULIA follows him out. The doors slam shut. HOWARD gets up and pounds on them.

HOWARD  
YOU TELL THAT LOSER MICHAEL JACKSON  
WANNABE HE'S GETTING SUED! HE'S  
GETTING SUED!

JULIA  
Jesus christ, Howard. Calm down!

HOWARD  
NOT ONE FUCKING DJ IS GONNA PLAY HIS  
SHIT! I KNOW EVERY FUCKING DJ IN THIS  
TOWN! HE'S DONE!

JULIA tries to calm HOWARD down.

HOWARD (CONT'D)  
(turning to JULIA)  
Ugh, you reek of his fucking cologne!

HOWARD storms off.

JULIA  
Howard STOP!

EXT. STREET - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

HOWARD rushes into traffic looking for a taxi.

JULIA  
I have no idea what you think happened  
in there, but you better calm the fuck  
down and stop acting like a fucking  
baby!

HOWARD  
Baby!?!?

JULIA  
You just embarrassed the fuck out of  
me back there!

HOWARD  
Out of you!?!? Yeah, right, right.

JULIA  
You just blew a huge fucking sale for  
me!

HOWARD  
What were you selling? Hot snatch!?!

JULIA  
Oh my god. Fine. Go. Just go.

HOWARD  
Flushing my whole life down the toilet  
for this fucking skank!

HOWARD flails his arms for a taxi.

JULIA  
Oh! So now I'm a fucking skank. You  
knew what the fuck it was when you met  
me.

HOWARD  
That's right. That's why I wish I  
never met you.

JULIA  
Oh wow! Wow!

A taxi pulls up. JULIA blocks him from opening the door.

JULIA (CONT'D)  
Howard! Howard!

HOWARD pushes her aside, gets into the taxi and slams the  
door.

HOWARD  
Go fuck The Weeknd.  
(to driver)  
Go go go go go-  
(to JULIA)  
GOODNIGHT!

JULIA runs to the front of the cab and rests her body on the  
hood so it can't drive off. The driver lays on the horn.

JULIA  
Howard, get out of the car!

HOWARD gets out.

HOWARD  
Get out of the fucking way right now!

JULIA rushes to him.

JULIA  
Oh yeah? What are you gonna about it,  
huh? What are you gonna do about it,  
you big tough guy? Huh????

HOWARD gets back in the cab.

HOWARD  
I told you. Go fuck the guy.

JULIA  
WE DIDN'T DO ANYTHING!

HOWARD slams the door. JULIA raps on the passenger door glass.

JULIA (CONT'D)  
FINE! I'LL SEE YOU TOMORROW.

HOWARD  
(to driver)  
DRIVE!

The car takes off, leaving JULIA alone at the curb.

JULIA  
FUCK YOU, HOWARD!!!!!!

A pause. JULIA tries to compose herself. In **a long tracking shot**, she walks dejectedly down the street. She passes the entrance to the nightclub. A group of women waiting in line to get into the club stare at her. Without stopping...

JULIA (CONT'D)  
(venomously)  
Fuck you looking at?

WOMAN (O.S.)  
(laughing)  
Nothing much.

JULIA  
Yeah, that's why you're standing  
outside in line in the fucking cold.  
Stupid bitch.

EXT. DIAMOND DISTRICT - NIGHT - SOON AFTER

HOWARD walks down 47th street. It's desolate, a ghost town. He looks like shit.

INT. KMH GEMS AND JEWELRY OFFICE - BACKROOM - SOON AFTER

HOWARD enters and throws his sports jacket onto his desk. He sets up a sad, makeshift bed on the love-seat in the corner, takes off his shirt, and lays himself down.

INT. KMH GEMS AND JEWELRY OFFICE- BACKROOM - AFTER

The jewelry setter is grinding stones in the Plexiglas enclosure. HOWARD paces around the room talking into his cellphone.

HOWARD

No, no, no, no, listen, Anne, Anne,  
I'm looking at it! I'm looking at the  
opal.

ANNE (O.S.)

You're missing the point-

HOWARD

I'm looking at it right now, ok? It's  
gorgeous. I just-

ANNE (O.S.)

It's not you who should to be looking  
at it, it's me. Let me explain  
something to you, Mr. Ratner,-

HOWARD

(to ROMAN)

Roman! Turn that down!

ROMAN turns his grinder off.

ANNE (O.S.)

-Your opal is one of 75 items I have  
to oversee for this auction. All of  
them *but yours* is already on the site,  
has been cleaned, catalogued and  
appraised-

HOWARD

Listen, I'm doing some appraisals of  
my own here, ok? And then I'm gonna  
bring it to you today.

ANNE (O.S.)

Well, I'm on the precipice of pulling.  
End of the day or we're done.

HOWARD's desk phone rings.

HOWARD

I'm getting a call right now, so I  
have to go.

HOWARD hangs up, sits down and takes the landline call.



HOWARD (CONT'D)  
Hi, Janet. This is Howard Ratner,  
thanks so much for calling me back.

JANET (O.S.)  
Yes, that message you left was  
actually very disturbing.

HOWARD  
What? No, no, I didn't mean to worry  
you.

JANET (O.S.)  
Would you mind telling me what this is  
all about?

HOWARD  
I saw online that your boss represents  
Kevin Garnett.

JANET (O.S.)  
I'm going to have to put you on hold.

HOWARD  
No problem. I'll hang on.

HOWARD is put on hold.

JOANI (O.S.)  
(from intercom)  
Howard, Julia's on line 1.

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

HOWARD answers line 1 and puts it on speakerphone.

HOWARD (CONT'D)  
Where are you?

JULIA (O.S.)  
Why aren't you answering your phone?

HOWARD  
I asked you a question. Where are you?

JULIA (O.S.)  
I stayed at Kat's house, where do you  
think? I couldn't go home with you  
acting like that.

HOWARD

So lemme guess, you're not coming into work today.

JULIA (O.S.)

I would like to.

HOWARD

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

JULIA (O.S.)

Come on, Howard.

HOWARD

No, it's good, it's good. Take a nap maybe. Get some beauty sleep. You need to stay attractive.

JULIA (O.S.)

I just want to sit down and talk to you.

HOWARD

Sit down? That's exactly what I'm telling you to do. Sit down, take a rest, WHILE THE REST OF US CONTINUE TO WORK TO MAKE SURE YOUR SPOILED CHEATING ASS IS TAKEN CARE OF.

JOANI (O.S.)

(from intercom)

Celtics player personnel on line 2.

HOWARD

GOOD...BYE!

HOWARD hangs up on JULIA and engages line 2.

HOWARD (CONT'D)

This is Howard Ratner.

CELTICS PERSONNEL (O.S.)

Hello Mr. Ratner, my assistant told me you called, how you doing today?

HOWARD

I'm not gonna lie, I could be better.

CELTICS PERSONNEL (O.S.)

I'm sorry to hear that. How can I help you.

HOWARD

I'm having a situation with one of your higher profile players and things are about to get ugly.

CELTICS PERSONNEL (O.S.)

Ohhhhkay... Can you hold for a second?

HOWARD

No, no hanging on. I happen to be an extremely litigious individual and I'm about one second away from hanging up on you and calling my lawyer, the police, and then the press.

CELTICS PERSONNEL (O.S.)

Whoa, whoah, whoah. You realize I have no idea what you're talking about. You're getting very hot very fast and frankly you're beginning to sound like an asshole so-

BUZZZZ! HOWARD looks to a security monitor and sees DEMANY, KG and a BODYGUARD waiting in the hallway.

HOWARD hangs up the phone and runs to the showroom.

INT. KMH GEMS AND JEWELRY OFFICE - SHOWROOM - CONTINUOUS

HOWARD approaches the vestibule smiling from ear to ear.

HOWARD

Kevin! Hey! Hey! You made it!

DEMANY, KG and his BODYGUARD are in the small holding area between the two doors, waiting for the front door to close.

HOWARD (CONT'D)

Joani, go, buzz em in.

JOANI buzzes. It won't open. JOANI buzzes again.

HOWARD (CONT'D)

What are you doing? Buzz em in.

JOANU

I am. It's not working.

HOWARD

Go try the other one. Hurry up.

JOANI dashes over to the other buzzer. BUZZZZZZ! The door still doesn't open.

HOWARD (CONT'D)  
Ah shit.

JOANI  
It's not working either!

JOANI holds the buzzer down while BODYGUARD 1 yanks at it.  
HOWARD runs up to the doors and pulls hard on it.

HOWARD  
(raising his voice to be  
heard through glass)  
SORRY ABOUT THIS! HANG ON!

KG  
What's going on?

DEMAN  
We don't got time for this shit.

HOWARD  
(yelling)  
SORRY. THIS HAPPENS SOMETIMES. IT'S  
THE MAGNETIC RELEASE. IT'S NOT  
CONNECTING WITH THE DOOR.

HOWARD pulls fruitlessly at the door and then kicks it.

BODYGUARD 1  
I'm claustrophobic!

HOWARD  
(to KG)  
YOU GOT THE GEM ON YOU?

KG removes it from a bag and holds it up.

HOWARD (CONT'D)  
GREAT. LOOK THIS MIGHT TAKE A MINUTE.

BODYGUARD 1  
We're gonna go downstairs and wait.

HOWARD  
YOU CAN'T DO THAT. THAT ONE IS LOCKED  
TOO. IT THINKS THIS ONE IS OPEN. HANG  
ON.

BODYGUARD 1 pulls on the first door, it won't budge. JOANI  
continues to hold down the buzzer.

DEMAN glares at HOWARD.

HOWARD (CONT'D)  
OKAY, HANG TIGHT!  
(to ELAN)  
Elan, go grab me a hammer.

ELAN exits to the back.

HOWARD (CONT'D)  
I'M SO SORRY ABOUT THIS KG! 30% OFF  
FOR YOU AND YOUR BOYS. ANYTHING IN THE  
SHOP.

ELAN returns with a hammer. HOWARD takes a swing at the door.  
It's loud. Everyone in the vestibule covers their ears.

HOWARD (CONT'D)  
Okay, go.

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

HOWARD (CONT'D)  
SHIT, THAT USUALLY DOES IT.

ELAN  
Lemme.

HOWARD hands it to ELAN, who starts hitting the door very  
hard. WACK! WACK! WACK! While JOANI keeps trying the buzzer.

BUZZ!!! FLAWLESS appears on the monitor.

HOWARD  
Ah shit. Joani take care of this.

JOANI  
(into intercom)  
Hi Flawless. Uh, we're kind of dealing  
with a problem here.

WACK! WACK! WACK! FLAWLESS yells angrily on the monitor behind  
HOWARD.

HOWARD  
WILL YOU GET RID OF FLAWLESS! ROMAN!!  
COME OUT HERE!

With his magnifying head-gear still on, ROMAN enters the room.

ROMAN  
Oh shit.

HOWARD  
Roman, we're having a connection  
issue.

(MORE)

HOWARD (CONT'D)  
Just grab me some metal shavings, all  
you can find... And bring your tool  
kit.

ELAN continues to whack at the door.

HOWARD (CONT'D)  
Enough! Stop!

ROMAN returns with a leather pouch full of metal shavings.  
Through his magnification lens, he inspects the connection at  
the door. He then sprinkles the shavings into the latch slot.

KG  
Yo, Howard. This is a game day for me!  
What the fuck is going on.

HOWARD  
I know, I know, I'm sorry-

KG holds up a tote bag.

KG  
I'm here to buy the opal. I have  
\$175,000 with me in this bag, cash.

HOWARD  
KG, buddy, I told you, this stone is  
worth over a million dollars.

DEMANY  
Oh come ON, man.

KG  
Court-side seats for next season.

HOWARD  
I live in New York, KG, what's that  
gonna do for me? You don't understand.  
I'm the kind of guy who would give it  
to you for free, but I'm tied into an  
auction right now.

KG  
What auction?

HOWARD  
I told you.

KG  
No.

HOWARD  
Listen, make a bid. Come to the  
auction and make a bid.

KG  
When is it?

HOWARD  
Monday.

DEMANY  
Nah, let him rent it for a few days.

KG  
I'll just hold it til Monday then-

HOWARD  
Kevin, I hate letting you down like  
this.

KG  
(angrily)  
YOU'RE SAYING NO TO EVERYTHING! WHY  
DON'T YOU SAY YES TO *SOMETHING*!

HOWARD  
I want to, believe me, I feel like an  
asshole.

JOANU tries the buzzer again. Still no good.

ROMAN  
Excuse me, Mr. Howard, it's not  
working.

HOWARD  
(standing up)  
Jesus Christ. Do I have to do  
everything!?!

HOWARD grabs a small metal chisel from ROMAN's toolkit. He  
jams the chisel into the latch slot.

HOWARD (CONT'D)  
Go, go.

JOANI hits the buzzer. The door opens. KG, DEMANY and the  
BODYGUARD file out, pissed.

HOWARD (CONT'D)  
I'm so sorry, Kevin. Come in. Joani,  
Joani, bring water!

JOANU grabs waters and Powerades from the fridge.

KG

I don't want anything. Just get me my ring back so I can get the hell out of here.

DEMANY

Get him his fucking ring. He's got shit to do!

HOWARD

Oh, the ring, the ring...

HOWARD makes a show of padding his pockets.

HOWARD (CONT'D)

Oh nooooo! You know what? I left it at home on Long Island.

DEMANY

What do you mean you left it at home!??!

KG

Are you joking? I can't believe this.

HOWARD

The kids were looking at it, I put it away, I forgot. I'm sorry. I'll have it tomorrow, I promise. I'm so sorry.

DEMANY

(to KG)

Don't worry. I'll come get it for you tomorrow.

HOWARD

He'll make the trip to Boston for you and bring it-

KG, with supreme disgust, hands the opal to DEMANY.

KG

Buzz me out, now.... This is all bullshit.

BUZZZZ!

HOWARD

KG, please, forgive me, I'm so sorry-

KG and his BODYGUARD exit the showroom. HOWARD turns to DEMANY and grabs the opal out of his hands.



HOWARD (CONT'D)  
This is all your fault, you asshole!  
You did this! You fuckin' did this!

HOWARD heads to the back room. DEMANY follows.

INT. KMH GEMS AND JEWELRY OFFICE- BACKROOM - CONTINUOUS

DEMANY  
What are you talking about, Howard?...  
Listen, here's how this shit works. I  
bring niggas here, to you, to buy  
jewelry. That's how I get paid,  
alright.

HOWARD sits down at his desk and starts cleaning the gem with  
a soft cloth.

HOWARD  
You got some nerve talking to me at  
all after the fiasco you put me  
through.

DEMANY  
Fuck you talking about? That nigga  
just offered you nearly a quarter  
million dollars for a fucking ROCK,  
dummy! That's all cause of me!

HOWARD  
(super sarcastic)  
Right, that's cause of you. I had  
nothing to do with it.

DEMANY  
That's 20 fucking grand you just cost  
me right there.

HOWARD continues to clean and polish the opal.

HOWARD  
You talked to the guys in Ethiopia,  
you put all those calls in... Yeah, my  
bad.

DEMANY  
Fuck this shit. From now on, I'm  
bringing my niggas straight to  
Flawless's. I'm done with you. Lemme  
get my Rollies.

DEMANY makes a beeline for the open safe behind HOWARD'S desk.

HOWARD  
Don't you touch my stuff!

HOWARD rushes towards DEMANY.

HOWARD (CONT'D)  
Get out of there!

DEMANY rifles through the safe.

DEMANY  
The fuck... There's only 4 watches in here, where're the rest?

HOWARD  
I don't want you in there.

DEMANY  
Where're the rest of my watches!?!'

HOWARD  
I loaned 'em.

DEMANY  
What do you mean you 'loaned em!?!'

HOWARD  
They're fake fucking Rolexes, Demany. They're a few hundred each. Gimme a break.

DEMANY  
Nigga, that's my shit! Those boxes are mad expensive! You can't just take them and loan them out.

HOWARD  
Fine, I owe you. Take a number.

The intercom interrupts.

JOANI (O.S.)  
(through speaker)  
Sorry Howard, I got Dr. Blauman on line 1.

HOWARD  
Put him through.

HOWARD engages line 1 on speakerphone and sits down.

HOWARD (CONT'D)  
Go ahead, hi. Hi, doctor, what's going on?

DR. BLAUMAN (O.S.)

Howard.

DEMANY goes back to the safe.

DEMANY

Where're the papers at?

HOWARD

Shut up!

DR. BLAUMAN (O.S.)

Uh, everything ok?

DEMANY

I said where're my fuckin box and papers?!?!

HOWARD

Will you shut the fuck up!!!`

(into phone)

Go ahead, go ahead, I'm sorry.

DR. BLAUMAN (O.S.)

Well, I have the results here from your colonoscopy, Howard. You're all good, everything came back clean.

HOWARD

Oh man, what a relief.

DR. BLAUMAN

Didn't mean to scare you there. But, you know, given your family history-

DEMANY stares at HOWARD waiting to be acknowledged.

HOWARD

-Yeah, Jews and colon cancer. What's up with that? I thought we were the chosen people.

DR. BLAUMAN

Look, colon cancer just paid for my house in the Hamptons so who am I to question God's will?

HOWARD

Oh, no, don't tell me that. How many acres?

DEMANY walks over to the fish tank and pours an entire bottle of Powerade into it. The water in the tank turns red. ROMAN jerks up in reaction.

ROMAN  
He's gonna kill the fish!

HOWARD  
WHAT THE FUCK! MY FISH! MY FISH!

HOWARD runs over the tank. DEMANY grabs his remaining watches from the safe and exits the room.

DEMANY  
Fuck you, fuck your fish.

HOWARD  
YOU FUCKING ASSHOLE- SOMEONE, QUICK,  
BRING ME A GLASS! BRING A GLASS!

DR. BLAUMAN (O.S.)  
Hello? Howard?

ELAN runs into the room and hands HOWARD a drinking glass filled with water. HOWARD frantically uses a net to try to transport fish from the polluted tank into the glass.

ELAN  
They can't see in the water. They're  
blind.

DR. BLAUMAN (O.S.)  
Um, I'm hanging up.

INT. KMH GEMS OFFICE BUILDING HALLWAY - SOON AFTER

HOWARD exits KMH carrying the opal and talking on his cell.

HOWARD  
Anne! I-

ANNE (O.S.)  
I thought I was perfectly clear. At  
5:30 I am out the door, do you  
understand?

HOWARD  
I told you I was coming to you and I'm  
coming to you! I have the stone. Don't  
you dare leave.

HOWARD sees JULIA coming down the hall. She looks incredibly hung over, holding a large pink smoothie in her hand.

JULIA  
Howard, Howard....

ANNE (O.S.)  
I have a wedding in Newport this  
weekend. My train leaves at-

HOWARD hangs up and waves a finger in JULIA's face.

HOWARD  
NO!

He rushes past her and pushes the elevator button.

JULIA  
Howard, stop, stop, you're acting  
fucking crazy again-

HOWARD  
Nope-I don't have time to talk. I have  
15 minutes to get to Adley's before  
they close-

JULIA  
That's fine, I'll go with you, I'll  
walk with you -

HOWARD  
-and then I gotta get to my father-in-  
law's.

JULIA  
Look, I'm really tired, I don't feel  
well, I gotta out of bed to, you're  
acting totally out of control. I don't  
want to play the game-

HOWARD suddenly notices the smoothie in her hand.

HOWARD  
Ah, I see you were in a big rush to  
get here? Got yourself a fucking  
smoothie!

He violently grabs at the cup, accidentally crushing it and  
sending smoothie all over Julia's face and clothes.

JULIA  
You motherfucker!!!!

The elevator doors open. It's full of people. HOWARD gets in.

HOWARD  
I want you out of the apartment by the  
end of the day. You hear me? Out of my  
life!

JULIA  
FUCK YOU!

INT. ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

An awkward beat. HOWARD can feel the people in the elevator staring at him.

HOWARD  
It's time.

EXT. 47TH ST BETWEEN 6TH & 5TH AVE - SOON AFTER

C.U. tracking shot of opal in HOWARD's hand as he walks down 47th. Shops are closing early for Passover, street traffic is at a minimum. LAWRENCE SLOMAN, a jeweler, approaches from the opposite direction.

LAWRENCE  
Good Pesach, Howie.

HOWARD  
You're gettin that afikomen tonight! I  
can feel it. Gonna finally pay me  
back, huh?

LAWRENCE laughs. HOWARD continues down the block wishing everyone he passes a good holiday. As he exits frame, the camera tracks into a storefront window where YUSSI is visible arranging merchandise. He notices HOWARD and scowls.

INT. GOOEY'S APARTMENT - TRUMP TOWER - DINING ROOM - AFTER

Passover at HOWARD's in-laws' large, ostentatious apartment. The entire family sits around a long, extended dining room table.

HOWARD's sits between EDDIE and DINAH, MARCEL on DINAH's right. BENI sits with other children at a separate kid's table.

Around the rest of the table, amongst others, are HOWARD's father-in-law GOOEY [60's], his wife RACHEL, DINAH's brother AARON [30's], AARON's friend NOAH, HOWARD's mother RUTH, HOWARD's sister-in-law IDA, her husband **ARNO** [yes, that ARNO] and his teenage daughter NATALIE.

AARON  
Baruch Atah Adonai Eloheinu Melech Ha  
Olam Bore Peri Ha Adama.

Everyone at the table takes a piece of celery and dips it into a one of several glass dishes filled with salt water.

AARON (CONT'D)

(to HOWARD)

You like CP on the clips? You like that trade? You think they take one game verse the Spurs?

NOAH

Not one. Paul's good, but he's not a winner all the way like that.

EDDIE

Show me one thing that says CP3 is a winner.

AARON

I dunno, the Olympics.

GOOEY

EDDIE, NOAH, ENOUGH!

HOWARD received an incoming text from JULIA. It's a craigslist link to a listing for a one bedroom apartment. He clicks the link and flips through the photos in the listing.

DINAH

Howard.

HOWARD looks up at DINAH.

DINAH (CONT'D)

Where are you?

GOOEY

Ok, Natalie you're up.

NATALIE

Wait, you skipped my dad.

ARNO

What page are we on?

GOOEY

Howard, why don't you take the plagues?

HOWARD exchanges a quick, terse glance with ARNO.

HOWARD

Ok.

GOOEY

Page 14.

HOWARD flips to page fourteen and stands up.

HOWARD

Ma, you read the Hebrew and I'll say  
'em in English.

For every plague that HOWARD says, he dips his pinky into a glass of wine and places a drop of wine onto his plate.

RUTH

Dam.

HOWARD

Blood.

RUTH

Tsifardeah.

HOWARD

Frogs.

RUTH

Kinim.

HOWARD

Lice.

RUTH

Shkhin.

HOWARD

Boils.

RUTH

Barad.

HOWARD

Hail.

RUTH

Arbeh.

HOWARD

Locusts.

RUTH

Choshech.

HOWARD

Darkness.



RUTH  
Makat B'chorot.

HOWARD  
Death of the first born....

HOWARD addresses the kid's table.

HOWARD (CONT'D)  
Better watch yourself, kids. That can  
still happen.

Everyone in the room laughs. Everyone but ARNO, who stares at  
HOWARD with steely intensity.

INT. GOOEY'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - AFTER

HOWARD, cellphone to his ear, walks through a crowded kitchen.  
A woman washes dishes, another is setting up dessert, a nanny  
feeds a baby in a height-chair at a dinette. HOWARD crosses  
the room and exits onto a hallway.

INT. GOOEY'S APARTMENT - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

HOWARD's call goes to voicemail.

HOWARD  
(into phone, hushed)  
Oh! So you send me something like that  
and then you don't pick up the  
phone!?! You fucking with me?

HOWARD turns into the first open doorway.

INT. GOOEY'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM

HOWARD enters a guest bathroom.

HOWARD  
I'm trying to enjoy a nice peaceful  
time with my family, which you  
wouldn't understand, cause you don't  
have one. I don't need you playing  
mind games with me!

While talking, HOWARD steps onto an electronic scale, checks  
his weight.

HOWARD (CONT'D)  
So whatever you meant by your little  
link, I meant what I said.  
(MORE)

HOWARD (CONT'D)

I want you out of my apartment tonight. And I want confirmation. In a text. Not a link. A text message. "Howard, I will be out by 10pm". That's it. Don't you fucking call me!

HOWARD hangs up and opens the door. ARNO is standing there waiting for the bathroom.

HOWARD (CONT'D)

Look....Arno.... This is so stupid. We're here, we're family, can't we just sit down and try to talk this out?

ARNO

Out of my way.

ARNO brushes past him into the bathroom. HOWARD pushes against the door so that ARNO can't close it. ARNO pushes back.

HOWARD

See? You're not so tough without your boys around.

ARNO closes the door and locks it.

HOWARD (CONT'D)

Fuckin' pussy.

INT. GOOEY'S APARTMENT - TRUMP TOWER - DEN - AFTER

C.U. tv screen: live broadcast of Celtics/Sixers game.

HOWARD and GOOEY sit on a massive plush couch watching the game and smoking cigars. Nearby, AARON and NOAH chief cigarettes and scroll through their phones.

NOAH

You love our roster!??!

AARON

I love it!

NOAH

Baron Davis is done. We gotta start fresh. Melo, Amare, that's it-

ARON

What about Lin? You gotta bring back Lin!

HOWARD

You know why Lin's not coming back next year? Cause Dolan saw how happy everybody fucking was and said 'how can I ruin that?'

NOAH

Exactly! Howard fucking knows.

ARON

You realize that I met my wife at the first game that started Linsanity!

NOAH

Oh, so we should never trade him then?

GOOEY spies ARNO talking to his wife IDA out in the hallway. They're conversation is not audible but clearly contentious.

NOAH (CONT'D)

Howard, who'd you have tonight?

HOWARD

Me? No one.

AARON

Bull-fucking-shit.

GOOEY continues watching ARNO. He leans in towards HOWARD.

GOOEY

(motioning towards Arno)

Know what he said to me before? He walks up and says "happy holidays", like it's Christmas.

HOWARD

Eh, what'r ya gonna do.

GOOEY

It's like having an intruder in your home.

HOWARD

Come on, Gooey. It's fine, he's not bothering anybody.

GOOEY

Easy for you to say, he didn't marry your daughter.

(seeing ARNO approach)

Shhh.

ARNO plops down on the end of the couch and takes out a cigarette. HOWARD offers him a light but declines and uses his own lighter instead. HOWARD and GOOEY awkwardly turn their attention back to the game.

C.U. TV screen: KG stands at the side of the court, looking extremely frustrated.

GOOEY (CONT'D)

KG, huh?

HOWARD

He's off. Three for eleven?

GOOEY

He looks tortured.

HOWARD

Fuckin' guy tried to steal an opal from me.

GOOEY

Your opal? It came?

HOWARD glances over to ARNO. ARNO stares back, cold, expressionless.

HOWARD

Yeah, it came. Stupidly, I lent it to him and he wouldn't give it back.

GOOEY

What do you mean? He took it? He stole it?

HOWARD

No. It wasn't like that. He just got carried away. He thinks it has magic powers.

NOAH

Magic powers!?!

GOOEY

Not really?!

HOWARD

Well, you saw him tonight. He didn't have it tonight and look how bad he played. He wants to own it. So I tell him come to the auction and bid for it like everyone else.

ARNO listens intently, taking long drags on his cig.

GOOEY  
When is this auction?

HOWARD  
Monday.

GOOEY  
Ok, so what do you think it's worth?

HOWARD  
Well, anywhere from a thousand to three thousand a carat, and the thing is 600 carats.

GOOEY  
Jesus christ! Hahahaha. That's over a million dollars!  
(to the rest of the room)  
He's rich!!!!

HOWARD  
Not as rich as Gooey! But I'm workin on it.

GOOEY  
Who's comparing? Rich is rich.

HOWARD  
Look, I made a crazy gamble and, thank God, it's about to pay off.

HOWARD sends ARNO a quick sidelong wink.

A pack of children, including BENI, run into the room and start manically searching it; pulling up sofa cushions, looking under furniture, etc.

HOWARD pokes BENI and silently nods towards the corner of the room. BENI runs in that direction.

GOOEY  
You're getting warmer!... Warmer...  
Hot... Red hot....

BENI reaches under a chaise lounge and pulls out the Afikoman: a piece of matzo wrapped in velvet cloth. The room erupts into cheer.

HOWARD  
THAT'S MY BOY!!!!!!

INT. GOOEY'S APARTMENT - TRUMP TOWER - HALLWAY - AFTER

HOWARD walks down a long carpeted hallway. BENI and a couple of cousins come running from the opposite end.

HOWARD  
Beni, start getting ready, we're  
leaving soon.

Laughter is audible from the master bedroom. HOWARD stops in the doorway and sees DINAH, MARCEL, RACHEL and NATALIE laughing their asses off. The girls have dressed DINAH up in her original bat-mitzvah dress [pink, shiny, sequined, very 1980s]. RACHEL turns to HOWARD, tears of laughter in her eyes.

RACHEL  
(laughing)  
I can't breath!

HOWARD  
What is that?

MARCEL  
It's mom's original bat mitzvah dress.  
It still fits her!

HOWARD  
Oh my god. That's hysterical.

NATALIE tries to zip the back up but only gets half-way.

DINAH  
Stop, you'll break it.

RACHEL  
We need to show daddy.

Everyone rifles out of the room, leaving HOWARD and DINAH by themselves.

HOWARD  
It's after 9, I think we should start  
heading out.

DINAH  
Fine. Tell the boys.

HOWARD  
I did.

A pause. HOWARD smiles at her sheepishly.

DINAH

What? Don't look at me. Just go...  
What!??!

HOWARD

You look gorgeous.

DINAH

Oh gawd.

HOWARD

I think maybe we should sit down and  
talk.

DINAH stares at him.

HOWARD (CONT'D)

I'm not saying right now. We don't  
have to do it here... But... The truth  
is, I'm having some very serious  
second thoughts, and I just, you know,  
everyone's here and we're all  
together, we're all so comfortable...  
Is it too late? What do you think?

DINAH

Are you serious?

HOWARD

I know, I know. I fucked up and I have  
no right to-

DINAH

Yeah. You fucked up. You are a fuck  
up. And I'm not having this  
conversation.

HOWARD

Please. Just stop. Stop for a second  
and just look at me. Look at my eyes  
and they'll tell you what I'm  
feeling... Please?

DINAH stares hard at HOWARD's totally denuded, dopey  
expression. It's too much. She can't. She bursts out laughing.

HOWARD (CONT'D)

What? What are you thinking?

DINAH keeps laughing. HOWARD thinks he's got his in.

HOWARD (CONT'D)

(smiling)

What? Come on.

DINAH  
Your face... Your face is so...  
Stupid.

HOWARD  
Okay.

DINAH bursts out laughing again.

HOWARD (CONT'D)  
I'm gonna leave her. We're done. It  
was stupid.

DINAH's smile evaporates from her face.

HOWARD (CONT'D)  
She's trash. I know that. It was  
stupid. I'm done. Means nothing. Meant  
nothing. Please, I'm begging you,  
gimme another shot.

DINAH  
You know what, Howard? You are the  
most annoying person I have ever met.  
I hate being with you, I hate looking  
at you, and if I had my way I would  
never see you again.

HOWARD  
Ok. You're mad at me. I see that. I  
deserve it. You can punch me if you  
want to.

DINAH suddenly jump-scares HOWARD with a fake punch. He  
flinches. She bursts out laughing again.

DINAH  
I don't even want to touch you.

IDA runs up the doorway, flanked by RACHEL, MAECHEL and a bevy  
of yentas all champing at the bit to see DINAH in her bat  
mitzvah dress.

IDA  
OH MY GAWD! I HATE YOU! HOW DOES THAT  
STILL FIT YOU!??!

DINAH  
What? I was fifteen pounds overweight!

The women surround her. HOWARD slithers off to go get the car.



INT. HOWARD AND DINAH'S FAMILY CAR - NIGHT

HOWARD sits behind the wheel of the family Mercedes. EDDIE plays "Make it Rain" on his phone, where the object is to flip through enough money as you can. BENI/MARCEL crowd over EDDIE. DINAH surveys Instagram in the front seat. HOWARD looks at the clock on the dashboard: **9:52pm**

DINAH  
Why you taking Lex?

HOWARD  
I was gonna take the tunnel, it's better, less traffic... Plus I want to grab something from the apartment and it's right there.

DINAH looks up from her phone and locks eyes with HOWARD. DINAH gives him jaundiced look.

DINAH  
We're gonna stop by the apartment guys.

The kids protest.

DINAH (CONT'D)  
Daddy's got things to do.

HOWARD stares at the road intensely.

EXT. HOWARD'S BUILDING - AFTER

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

DOORMAN  
Anything in the trunk, Mr. Ratner?

HOWARD  
No, I'm coming right back down.

EDDIE  
Dad! I gotta use the bathroom.

HOWARD  
Just hold it in. We'll be home in 25 minutes.

DINAH  
Don't be ridiculous. Eddie, go upstairs and use the bathroom.

BENI  
I want to go up, too.

HOWARD  
See? I just want to get what I need  
and get home. I'm tired.

DINAH  
Eddie, go.

EDDIE gets out of the car.

HOWARD  
(erupting)  
What, you couldn't go at Grandpa's!?!

EDDIE  
What do you want me to say?

HOWARD and EDDIE walks towards the lobby.

HOWARD  
God dammit.

INT. HOWARD'S BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

HOWARD and EDDIE exit the elevator and walk down the hallway.  
From the end of the hall, HOWARD can hear music playing  
loudly.

HOWARD  
My bathroom's all fucked up cause of  
construction so... I'm gonna have you  
use a neighbor's.

EDDIE  
Daaad! I don't wanna use a neighbor's  
bathroom. I gotta take a shit.

HOWARD  
That's fine, you'll actually love  
this. You ever see the show Good  
Times?

EDDIE  
What's that?

HOWARD  
The tv show. Good Times. This guy  
played the dad. He was also in Coming  
to America. I showed it to you.

EDDIE

Come on. He's probably an old man,  
we're gonna wake him.

HOWARD stops and knocks on a door.

JOHN AMOS (O.S.)

Who is it?

HOWARD

It's Howard from next door. I live in  
E.

After a few beats, JOHN AMOS opens it.

HOWARD (CONT'D)

Hey, how you doing?

JOHN AMOS

(angry)

What's up?

HOWARD

Unfortunately, my toilet's all messed  
up and this kid's gotta go. Can we use  
yours for a minute?

JOHN AMOS

Nah, sorry.

JOHN AMOS closes the door.

EDDIE

What a fucking dickhead!

HOWARD

Hey! Stop that. The guy's a legend.

HOWARD turns around and knocks on the door across the hall. A  
young HEDGE FUND TYPE answers the door, dressed to go out. An  
out of sight friend yells in the background.

HOWARD (CONT'D)

Hey, I'm just down the hall. I don't  
think we've met.

HEDGE FUND TYPE

Allen, how are you?

HOWARD

My bathroom's all fucked up. Can my  
son use yours?

HEDGE FUND TYPE  
I'm just leaving... Number 1 or number  
2?

EDDIE  
Number one.

HOWARD  
Eddie, go quick, I'll meet you back in  
the hall.

EDDIE enters. HOWARD hurries to his front door.

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

HOWARD opens his front door. The stereo continues to play loudly. The place looks very organized, clean and neat.

HOWARD  
HELLO!?!..... JULIA?.....

HOWARD approaches the stereo and turns the power off. He looks around. On the coffee table lies a handwritten letter with a set of keys on top of it. HOWARD reads the letter out loud.

HOWARD (CONT'D)  
"Have a nice life. I hope you find  
everything you're looking for."

A pause. HOWARD walks into the bedroom.

INT. HOWARD'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

The bedroom looks neat for a change; the bed has been made, none of JULIA's clothes are on the floor, etc. HOWARD makes a beeline for the closet and opens it. All of JULIA's things are gone. A wave of fear washes over his face.

A **buzz** at the front door. HOWARD quickly retreats from the room.

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

HOWARD makes his way to the front door and opens it. It's EDDIE.

HOWARD  
Come on, let's go.

HOWARD exits, closing the door behind him. EDDIE cranes his neck to get a look inside.

INT. HOWARD'S APARTMENT - BUILDING HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

HOWARD and EDDIE walk in silence. They stop by the elevators and wait.

EDDIE  
Who's the girl living in your  
apartment?

HOWARD  
What did you say?

EDDIE  
Yeah, that guy said there's some hot  
chick living in your apartment. Who is  
that?

HOWARD  
(exploding)  
What are you doing talking to that  
coke-head?! I told you to go in there  
an take a shit!

EDDIE  
And I did!

The elevator arrives.

HOWARD  
It's enough already! Now get in the  
elevator!

They enter. As the doors close...

HOWARD (CONT'D)  
(quietly)  
Don't talk about that with anybody.

INT. HOWARD AND DINAH'S FAMILY CAR - NIGHT

HOWARD and EDDIE get back in the car.

DINAH  
Did you get what you wanted?

HOWARD  
Yes.

Howard falls silent and puts the car into drive. EDDIE pensively stares at his father, then out the window.

EXT. HOWARD'S HOUSE - FOREST HILLS, NY - AFTER

The Mercedes drives down a tree-lined street, pulls into a driveway and cuts the engine. The family piles out of the car.

DINAH

Put the recycling out before you come in.

HOWARD walks around to the side of the house, grabs a blue bin and slowly drags it to the curb.

EXT. 47-50 ROCKEFELLER SUBWAY STATION - EARLY MORNING

HOWARD exits a subway station onto 5th avenue holding a box of Magnolia Cupcakes. He sips from a cup of coffee as he fights through rush hour foot traffic.

INT. ADLEY'S AUCTION HOUSE - LOBBY - SOON AFTER

HOWARD approaches the RECEPTIONIST. She is on the phone.

HOWARD

(smiling)

Big day! Magnolia cupcakes, from the downtown original one.

RECEPTIONIST

(mouthing)

No thanks.

He places the box of cupcakes on the counter.

HOWARD

Tell everybody here thank you so much and that these are on me, Howard Ratner.

HOWARD notices a catalogue on the counter.

HOWARD (CONT'D)

Ah, what have we here? Is this today's catalogue?

RECEPTIONIST nods. HOWARD flips through the catalogue quickly landing on a page marked by an insert. The page is the listing for his BLACK OPAL. The insert is an official "NOTICE" from ADLEY'S; an apology/correction stating that the true appraisal of the black opal is: "\$155,000 - \$225,000."

HOWARD (CONT'D)  
(to self)  
What the fuck... This is a mistake.  
(to RECEPTIONIST)  
This is a mistake!!

RECEPTIONIST  
That's a correction.

HOWARD  
No, its a correction, but it's a  
fucking mistake! Where's Anne? I need  
to speak with her.

RECEPTIONIST  
Anne is in a meeting right now.

HOWARD  
No! Pull her out of the meeting. This  
is an emergency.

A pause. HOWARD reaches over, picks up the phone and hands it  
to the receptionist.

RECEPTIONIST  
CALL HER ON THE PHONE NOW!

RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)  
If you promise to keep your voice  
down, I'm happy to call her.

The RECEPTIONIST dials.

HOWARD  
Jesus, fuck!

RECEPTIONIST  
Hell, Anne. I'm here with-

HOWARD  
(raising his voice  
immediately)  
Can you Ask her what the fuck is up  
with this 155 bullshit!?!

RECEPTIONIST  
Did you hear that?.... Mmmhmmm.... She  
says that's your appraisal..

HOWARD  
Yeah, I can see that! I'm asking who  
came up with the fucking figure.

RECEPTIONIST  
(listening)  
... Oscar in Gems-

HOWARD  
Well, Oscar is wrong! I can go and get  
six appraisals right now and five of  
them would say at least 3,000 a carat!

RECEPTIONIST  
He says he can go get six-

HOWARD  
Gimme that!  
(grabbing phone)  
This is fucking outrageous!

ANNE (O.S.)  
(ice cold)  
You need to calm yourself down Mr.  
Ratner-

HOWARD  
I will not calm down! This appraisal  
is a fucking joke!

ANNE (O.S.)  
Oscar happens to be one of our most  
experienced gemologists-

HOWARD  
-who clearly knows nothing about  
colored stones! And why the fuck am I  
just hearing about this now, huh!?!

ANNE (O.S.)  
Need I remind you Mr. Ratner that you  
brought us your opal on a Friday at  
5pm for an auction set for Monday at  
10am. We're lucky-

HOWARD  
I don't care. It's wrong. It needs to  
be changed.

ANNE (O.S.)  
That's not an option. If you'd like,  
we can pull it.



HOWARD

Pull it!?! No! What we're gonna do is, at the top of the auction you're gonna make an announcement that the correction is a mistake and that the original estimate stands.

ANNE (O.S.)

We're not correcting a correction. We can either pull it or carry on as is. It's entirely up to you.

HOWARD

(changing his tone)

Great. Thank you so much.... Yes... I can have Aren at AGL call you immediately... Yes, that was my mistake and it won't happen again... Thank you so much. I'll let her know.

ANNE (O.S.)

Let who know?

ANNE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

I'm done here, Mr. Ratner. Please note, this will be the last time you'll be doing any business with Adley's-

HOWARD

(talking over her)

I appreciate it, Anne. And look, I'm sorry for losing my cool... Yeah, I know this was all rather last minute and I apologize.

ANNE (O.S.)

Mr. Ratner-

HOWARD hangs up the phone.

HOWARD

(to RECEPTIONIST)

Ok. It's all sorted out. Here's what we're gonna do. We're gonna take all the inserts out of all of these catalogues before the auction starts-

The RECEPTIONIST picks up the phone.

HOWARD (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

RECEPTIONIST

I need to call Anne-

HOWARD

Wait, there's no need for that-

GOOEY (O.S.)

Howard!

HOWARD's turns around and sees GOOEY and AARON entering the building. His entire face lights up.

HOWARD

Fuck it. It's fine. Keep 'em as is.

(to GOOEY)

Gooley!!!!

HOWARD rushes to greet them.

HOWARD (CONT'D)

Are you a sight for sore eyes!

AARON

Did KG come? Is he here?

HOWARD

I dunno, I haven't been in yet.

AARON pulls out KG's Farragut high school jersey and other ephemera.

AARON

You think he'll sign these? I brought a bunch of things for him to sign.

HOWARD

If he comes, definitely. But you'd want to do it before the auction starts. Go up to the auction room, see if he's inside.

AARON rushes away towards the elevator bays.

HOWARD (CONT'D)

He's a great guy, you'll love him.

GOOEY

He's excited!

A pause.

HOWARD

Listen, I want to ask you for a little favor.

GOOEY

What?

HOWARD

So.... I need you to jack the bids.

GOOEY

What!?! Absolutely not.

HOWARD

I'm not talking about a lot, you just make a few bids, here and there, just to ensure it gets to 250.

GOOEY

And what if I win at 250?

HOWARD

Easy. Then I give it right back to you. But don't worry, it won't.

GOOEY

Jesus! You know this is not a very nice position to put me in. I resent this very much.

HOWARD

Look, I'm stuck, Gooey. I fucked up. I should have gotten my own appraisal but I didn't have time.

GOOEY

How much did they appraise it for?

HOWARD

They have it at 200-

GOOEY

200!?! What happened to one mill-

HOWARD

-but that's only cuz these assholes don't have an opal specialist. My guy at the AGL said an easy 500 based on the pictures.

(beat)

20%. I'll give you 20% of the winning bid. You'll be a partner with me... KG's gonna buy it, I promise. The guy is obsessed with the stone.

GOOEY

Today was supposed to be about Aaron meeting KG, coming to show support.

HOWARD

Gooey, this is support like you've never known.

INT. ADLEY'S AUCTION HOUSE - AUCTION FLOOR - SOON AFTER

C.U.: A gavel slams down on its sound block.

An AUCTIONEER, 40's, British accent, stands at a podium. Above him, large TV's show the necklaces in detail.

AUCTIONEER

Sold to you! Thank you so much, sir.

The audience gives a round of applause. It's a full house. The general public and registered bidders sit with paddles and books in neat rows. The sides of the room are flanked with manned telephones, the back by cameras.

Seated in the middle are GOOEY and AARON. AARON stares at KG who sits with his BODYGUARDS and his MANAGER [female, white, mid 30's] a few rows ahead.

HOWARD watches them from a seat across the aisle.

AUCTIONEER (CONT'D)

We move on now, ladies and gentlemen,  
to lot number 38.

The system moves on to the next item. Images of the Opal appear on the big screen.

AUCTIONEER (CONT'D)

We have a sale room notice. I'm  
required to inform you all...

(reads from paper)

...that this fine 600 carat precious  
black opal from the Welo mines in  
Ethiopia is now being offered to you  
with a revised estimate of 155 to 200  
thousand dollars. Under normal  
circumstances we would pull such an  
item, but we do feel that the gem is  
still a unique specimen with great  
collector's value.

A MODEL in a formal dress walks on stage holding the opal on a pillowed cushion. She places it on the show mantle. KG feels its presence, takes notice.

AUCTIONEER (CONT'D)

As you can see this rough stone has  
been windowed on either side,  
revealing its full spectrum, a  
dazzling array of color in the classic  
pin- fire pattern.

(MORE)

AUCTIONEER (CONT'D)  
There seem to be a few recorded  
tatches on the backside and cutting  
needs to be precise if cutting is  
indeed the intention of the buyer. And  
with that, ladies and gentlemen, we  
shall start the bidding now at 40,000  
dollars.

KG immediately raises his paddle. HOWARD looks pleased.

AUCTIONEER (CONT'D)  
We have 40 thousand. Pleasure to see  
you, sir. Do I see 50?

MALE BIDDER 189 in the back raises his paddle.

AUCTIONEER (CONT'D)  
50 to the gentleman in the back.  
Pleasure to see you too, sir.

KG raises her paddle.

AUCTIONEER (CONT'D)  
Ok, 60. A new place. 60 thousand  
against you, sir-

MALE BIDDER 189 raises his paddle.

AUCTIONEER (CONT'D)  
(looking to KG)  
70 thousand now against you-

KG  
(impatiently)  
ONE HUNDRED GRAND!

AUCTIONEER  
(excited)  
One. Hundred. Thousand. Dollars. A  
big, bold, giant leap for a big, bold,  
giant leaper.  
(to MALE BIDDER)  
It's no longer yours, sir. It's your  
move.

The MALE BIDDER shakes his head.

AUCTIONEER (CONT'D)  
Are you sure, sir? I will even break  
an increment and ask you to consider  
105, sir?

HOWARD notices ARNO and PHIL enter the room and position themselves in the back. HOWARD nods to ARNO. ARNO makes no response.

AUCTIONEER (CONT'D)  
Are you sure?... Positive?

MALE BIDDER shakes his head firmly.

AUCTIONEER (CONT'D)  
A defiant nod! Okay, it's 110 to the room then. A hundred and ten thousand? Anyone?

A pause. GOOEY looks over to HOWARD, HOWARD gives him a nod to start up. GOOEY raises his paddle.

AUCTIONEER (CONT'D)  
(to GOOEY)  
We have 110 thousand. Nice to see you again, sir.  
(to KG)  
110 back against you now. Will I see 120?

KG raises his paddle.

AUCTIONEER (CONT'D)  
120!  
(to GOOEY)  
Let's try one more, sir.

GOOEY raises his paddle.

AUCTIONEER (CONT'D)  
130! Let's try 140?

KG raises his paddle.

AUCTIONEER (CONT'D)  
140, great-

GOOEY raises paddle.

AUCTIONEER (CONT'D)  
150! Do I see-

KG raises his paddle.

AUCTIONEER (CONT'D)  
160! A nice advance.  
(to GOOEY)  
It's no longer yours, sir. Do we take it to 170?

ARNO whispers something to PHIL. GOOEY looks to HOWARD, pauses, and raises his paddle.

AUCTIONEER (CONT'D)  
170 now! Do we say 180?

A long pause. KG'S MANAGER whispers to KG. He whispers back.

AUCTIONEER (CONT'D)  
180 to counter, sir?

KG continues to consult with his MANAGER. She clearly protests KG's further bidding, KG does his best to assuage her. He raises his paddle, clearly against her wishes.

AUCTIONEER (CONT'D)  
180! Bid back against you, sir. Do I see 190?

After the brief pause, GOOEY pauses, looks to HOWARD, who urges him to continue bidding. GOOEY raises his paddle, bids again. He's clearly agitated.

AUCTIONEER (CONT'D)  
190. Thank you sir.  
(to KG)  
Against you... 190 thousand... Can you move this up any higher?

A pause. KG shakes his head. GOOEY looks panicked.

AUCTIONEER (CONT'D)  
Are you sure, sir? We need to move this along. Do I hear 200 thousand?

KG shakes his head again. He's out.

HOWARD is shocked. GOOEY looks upset, but tries to hide it. ARNO stares at HOWARD in disbelief.

AUCTIONEER (CONT'D)  
200 to the room? 200? Last chance.  
Fair warning....

The AUCTIONEER slams his gavel down.

AUCTIONEER (CONT'D)  
Sold to you, sir, for one hundred and ninety thousand dollars!

Applause spreads through the room. GOOEY reluctantly responds to it with a crisp wave.

INT. ADLEY'S AUCTION HOUSE - LOBBY - AFTER

HOWARD waits anxiously by the reception area near the elevator bays. He sends a fake smile to the RECEPTIONIST. GOOEY exits an elevator, holding an Adley's box (containing the opal).

HOWARD

Gooley! I'm so sorry-

GOOEY

(seething)

Shhhh!

(to Receptionist)

Thank you.

After a beat, and some distance from the RECEPTIONIST, GOOEY turns to HOWARD.

GOOEY (CONT'D)

That's a 190 grand, Howard!

HOWARD

I know. I know, it's just temporary.

GOOEY looks up, realizes he's walking in the wrong direction.

GOOEY

God dammit, this is 49th. He's on 48th.

GOOEY turns around. HOWARD follows him into a revolving door.

EXT. ADLEY'S AUCTION HOUSE - 49TH ST - AFTER

HOWARD and GOOEY exit the building. They head to the curb where AARON waits with ARNO, PHIL and NICO.

GOOEY

Didn't I tell you that was going to happen!?! Huh?

HOWARD

Yeah, I'm sorry, I'm sorry.

GOOEY

Ok, so now what!?!

HOWARD

I told you, once the money clears into my account I'll wire it right back to you. It'll be like it never happened.



GOOEY  
Including Adley's 20%?

HOWARD  
That comes out of my pocket,  
naturally.

GOOEY  
That's nearly 38 grand, Howard!

HOWARD  
So I'm gonna need a couple weeks on  
that, but it'll be done.

GOOEY approaches the group.

GOOEY  
(without stopping)  
Aaron let's go.

ARNO  
Nice to see you, Gooey.

AARON  
You missed it, I got another pic-

GOOEY  
NOW!

GOOEY rushes towards a white Rolls Royce parked curbside.  
AARON follows. A chauffeur awaits them with the car door open.

HOWARD  
Gooey, let me get the opal.

GOOEY  
What? What for?

HOWARD  
So I can still sell it.

GOOEY hands HOWARD the box in disgust and climbs into the car.

HOWARD (CONT'D)  
Aw, come on, Gooey. Don't be mad!

A pause. HOWARD waits for the chauffeur to get into the  
driver's seat.

HOWARD (CONT'D)  
(to chauffeur)  
Hurry up! He's gotta wait for you for  
after all that!?! C'mon!  
(quietly, to ARNO)  
(MORE)

HOWARD (CONT'D)  
I know... I know... Wait for them to  
leave and then we'll talk, gimme a  
minute.

The car drives off.

ARNO  
What the fuck was that?

HOWARD  
That was a mistake. I fucked up. I  
admit it. But hang on. Just hit pause  
for one second.

HOWARD fishes out his phone and dials.

HOWARD (CONT'D)  
I'm gonna call Kevin right now. Cause  
you saw how badly he fucking wants it.  
He'll give me the 175... And  
everything will be copacetic.

ARNO stares at him in a silent rage.

HOWARD (CONT'D)  
(into phone)  
KG! It's Howard Ratner. I got great  
news for you-

ARNO grabs the phone out of his hand and puts it to his ear.

ARNO  
Hello?... Hello?.... There's no one on  
the phone!

ARNO throws the phone onto the street.

HOWARD  
Look, I can-

PHIL suddenly does a quick hand chop to HOWARD's throat.  
HOWARD falls to the ground, grasping his neck.

PHIL  
You're lucky there's people around  
here.  
(to ARNO)  
Let's go.

PHIL, NICO and ARNO take off down the street.

HOWARD scrambles for his phone and gets to his feet. Still  
gasping, he runs after them.

HOWARD  
(voice strained)  
Arno! Don't be silly. It'll be sold by  
the end of the day!

EXT. SIXTH AVENUE AND 49TH STREET - CONTINUOUS

HOWARD catches up to them near a **giant public fountain** in a crowded pedestrian plaza.

HOWARD  
(to ARNO)  
ARNO... STOP!... LISTEN TO ME  
PLEASE!.... I CAN GET HIS NUMBER  
THROUGH DEMANY, A BUSINESS PARTNER OF  
MINE- YOU REMEMBER DEMANY, RIGHT??

ARNO  
(whipping around)  
IT'S ENOUGH, HOWARD! IT'S FUCKING  
ENOUGH!

HOWARD  
WHY ARE YOU BEING SO THICKHEADED-

PHIL suddenly turns around and punches HOWARD square in the nose, busting it open. Stunned, he falls to his knees, holding his nose. NICO and PHIL pick him up, toss him into the fountain and take off.

HOWARD, stunned, freezing, bleeding, scrambles to find the Adley's box in the water. Onlookers stare. He finds it, the gem is safe still in tact, though his glasses are completely gone.

HOWARD (CONT'D)  
Where the fuck are my glasses!

HOWARD, soaking wet, climbs out of the fountain and walks off.

INT. KMH GEMS AND JEWELRY OFFICE - HALLWAY - AFTER

HOWARD exits the elevator and makes his way down the hall. He is a dejected mess; his clothing wet, face swollen, nostrils crammed with wads of bloody napkin.

He fishes a set of keys from his pocket and opens the KMH door manually.

INT. KMH GEMS AND JEWELRY OFFICE - SHOWROOM - CONTINUOUS

HOWARD enters the vestibule and quietly uses his key to enter the showroom as inconspicuously as possible.

Two clothing salesman, JOSEPH and DAMIAN [both effeminate] peddle stolen designer goods out of black garbage bags on the showcase in front of them. JOANI, ELAN, DAVID (a neighboring Jeweler) rifle through the clothing like raccoons. JULIA inspects a Versace tracksuit.

HOWARD covers his face with his hand and makes a beeline to the backroom. JULIA looks up but only catches sight of his back.

JOANI (O.S.)  
Howard, Flawless keeps calling-

HOWARD enters the backroom and shuts the door.

INT. KMH GEMS AND JEWELRY OFFICE- BACKROOM - CONTINUOUS

HOWARD puts the wet Adley's box down on his desk and slumps into his chair. He notices a glass of water with a dead fish in it on his desk. He looks over to the tank. A half-dozen fish float on the surface of the red water.

HOWARD  
(into intercom)  
Joani. Is there anything on the schedule today?

JOANI (O.S.)  
No, nothing. Why?

HOWARD  
I don't feel good. I wanna close early. Let everyone know they can go home. I don't want to work.

JOANI (O.S.)  
Ok. Feel better, honey.

He removes the gem from the box and inspects it closely for damages. Small reflected patterns of light move across his desk as he switches it from palm to palm.

On the security monitor, JULIA is seen walking towards the backroom carrying the Versace tracksuit.

A knock at the door. JULIA enters holding a Versace track suit. HOWARD shifts his body so that she can't see his face.

JULIA  
Uh, sorry to be bother you-

HOWARD  
What is it?

JULIA  
I just wanted to see how the auction went.

HOWARD  
Terrible. I don't wanna talk about it.

JULIA  
Ah, ok...

JULIA stares at HOWARD awkwardly.

JULIA (CONT'D)  
Well, Joesph and Damian are here and they have this amazing Versace track suit that I think would look great on you.

HOWARD  
Just leave me alone please.

JULIA  
(enough of this)  
Come on, Howard.

A pause. JULIA moves a little closer until she can see a portion of HOWARD's bruised face.

JULIA (CONT'D)  
Oh my god.

HOWARD  
Don't look at me.

JULIA walks over to him.

JULIA  
What the fuck happened to you?

HOWARD begins to blubber like a baby, wet and phlegmy. It's off-putting.

HOWARD  
I said don't look at me... Please...

JULIA caresses his neck. HOWARD covers his face with his hands.

HOWARD (CONT'D)

(guttural sobs)

I can't.. I have no... I have no idea what I'm doing... Nothing I do is ever goin' right... I'm so sad... I'm so fucked up. I really don't want to look at you or anyone. PLEASE!

JULIA begins to cry too.

JULIA

You know, I'm really upset, too. I'm sorry if this has anything to do with me but I swear I really didn't do anything.

HOWARD

It wasn't nice what you did to me. You're supposed to be nice to me. I need you to be there for me like that.

JULIA

I try, but it's really hard, Howie.

HOWARD

I don't know what to do, I don't know what to do, where to go. I don't have any place to go.

JULIA

You do! You're my home. You can come to me.

HOWARD

I don't know what I'm supposed to do. Everything I do is not going right. Its like I can't for the life- I don't want any more of this shit! I really gotta figure this out.

JULIA lowers herself to get on HOWARD's level, tries to make eye contact wit him. HOWARD will not.

JULIA

Here, I want to show you something. But you can't make fun of me.

HOWARD removes his head from his hands.

HOWARD

What?

JULIA

God, it's so stupid. But I thought it would make you feel better.

JULIA turns around.

JULIA (CONT'D)

Unzip my skirt...

HOWARD

I don't want that right now. Please.

JULIA

No, not like that. Just unzip it.

HOWARD doesn't want to, but he's now curious. He slowly unzips her skirt, and exposes underneath her pantyhose a square patch of gauze taped to her ass. She pulls the pantyhose back and removes the gauze, revealing a newly inked tattoo: "HOWIE" (written in gaudy cursive writing).

HOWARD bursts out sobbing all over again.

HOWARD

Why? Why would you do that? I'm not worth it, Julia. I'm not worth it!

JULIA

Yes you are. I love you.

HOWARD

You can't even get buried next to me.

JULIA

Oh shut up. You're an idiot.

She sits down on his lap. BUZZZZ! HOWARD looks up at the security monitor and see's LARRY standing in the hallway.

HOWARD

Oh god. This fuckin' guy!

(into intercom)

Do not let him in! Joani, ignore him!

LARRY buzzes again to no avail. JULIA sends little kisses up and down the bridge of HOWARD's nose, then gently pulls the wadded-up a balls of tissue out of his nostrils.

JULIA

Let's clean you up, ok?

They stare deeply into each other's eyes. JULIA gently wipes the tears on his face away. HOWARD's cell phone rings. It's an unknown number.

HOWARD  
(quietly)  
Will you answer that for me.

JULIA engages the speakerphone.

JULIA  
Hello.

KG'S MANAGER (O.S.)  
Hi, my name is Liz Mazur, I work with  
Kevin-

HOWARD's entire body jerks to life.

HOWARD  
(alive again)  
This is Howard.

KG'S MANAGER (O.S.)  
Yes, hi, I got your message from  
Demany regarding the gem-

HOWARD  
Does he still want it?

KG'S MANAGER (O.S.)  
Yes, he's still interested. We're  
actually at the bank right now. We can  
be by you within the hour-

KEVIN can be heard yelling incoherently in the background of  
the call. HOWARD looks concerned.

HOWARD  
It's still like we discussed, 175...  
In cash?

KG'S MANAGER (O.S.)  
Yes, uh...  
(changing tone quickly)  
Sorry I need to go. See you soon.

HOWARD pumps his fist, victoriously. JULIA grabs HOWARD and  
rolls her tongue over his face.

EXT. 47TH STREET BETWEEN 6TH AND 5TH - JUST AFTER

HOWARD walks while on the phone, now wearing the Versace  
tracksuit and sunglasses (to help hide his bruises).



HOWARD  
(into phone)  
Arno, listen, no bullshit. Garnett's  
on his way to my office right now with  
175 thousand in cash...

HOWARD turns into a 66 West 47th....

INT. 66 WEST 47TH STREET JEWELRY BIZARRE - CONTINUOUS

HOWARD  
(into phone)  
...You said I have till Monday? Today  
is still Monday. So... I don't know if  
you're hearing this, but this is real,  
Kevin was just at the bank, he's  
bringing me the cash right now... Come  
get your money, buddy.

HOWARD hangs up as he approaches RODNEY BRONSTEIN, who is  
eating a sandwich of matzoh, butter and salt.

HOWARD (CONT'D)  
I need the Celtic ring back.

RODNEY  
What happened to Friday? It's Monday,  
Howie.

HOWARD  
I know, I know. It was a short week,  
Pesach screwed it all up in my head-

RODNEY  
What happened to your face?

HOWARD  
Car accident.

RODNEY shakes his head incredulously. HOWARD pulls his **Tom Riker NY KNICKS 1973 championship ring** off his finger and  
places it onto the showcase.

HOWARD (CONT'D)  
I need the Celtic ring. I'm gonna give  
you the Knicks ring. Swamp em out,  
please.

RODNEY holds up the Knicks ring. Looks up at HOWARD.

RODNEY  
You've had this ring forever.

HOWARD

I just need the Celtics ring, alright?

RODNEY removes Garnett's ring from a shelf in the showcase beneath him and places it in front of him.

RODNEY

I own this ring right now.

HOWARD

I know-

RODNEY

I'll swap the rings, but I'm gonna put a 15% vig on this one. And I'll tell you right now, if you're not here by Friday it's gonna be the same thing all over again, except you're not gonna have a third ring to give me.

HOWARD

I appreciate it. And I'm sorry for jerking you around. Let's make it 16%, ok?

RODNEY

Howard, bubbie, what's going on, you alright?

HOWARD

Very good. Everything is going good. I promise you.

EXT. 41 WEST 47TH STREET - 3PM

HOWARD, walks towards his building, mind racing. He notices a pristine black SUV with tinted windows pull up in front of 41 West 47th street. A BODYGUARD hurries out and opens a back door for KG and KG'S MANAGER.

HOWARD

(smiling from ear to ear)

THERE HE IS! KG, DON'T YOU HAVE A GAME TONIGHT!?

KG and his MANAGER turn around.

HOWARD (CONT'D)

I got your chip right here.

HOWARD extends the ring to KG who takes it and puts it on.

HOWARD (CONT'D)  
(to KG'S MANAGER)  
You must be Liz.

KG'S MANAGER  
Yes. How are you?

HOWARD  
Thank you guys for coming. I know this  
is annoying, but exciting at least,  
no?

KG'S MANAGER  
No.

INT. KMH GEMS AND JEWELRY OFFICE - SHOWROOM - AFTER

BUZZ! JULIA buzzes them into the showroom collectively.

HOWARD  
Julia! Lets get these guys some  
Powerades-

JULIA  
Powerades? Water anyone?

KG  
I'm good. Howard, I wanna have a word  
with you alone.

HOWARD  
Of course. Let's step in my office.

KG'S MANAGER  
Kevin, we need to go.

KG  
Two seconds.

KG'S MANAGER  
We gotta be in Boston in an hour, we  
need to GO.

KG  
I know... I know...

KG takes a **Adidas tote bag** from his BODYGUARD and follows  
HOWARD to the backroom.

INT. KMH GEMS AND JEWELRY OFFICE - BACKROOM - CONTINUOUS

The two enter the backroom. As soon as the door is closed...

KG  
(enraged)  
What the fuck is going on!??!

HOWARD  
(taking a seat)  
What do you mean?

KG  
I feel like you're fucking with my emotions, playing with me. I mean, you haven't been straight since the second I walked in here.

HOWARD  
(feigning hurt)  
Why are you saying this?

KG  
I mean, I came in here and offered you a very fair price and you rejected me. And that was on a game day, Howard! GAME DAY! Then, I brought it back! I didn't have to bring it back, but I did. I brought it back Howard. Then I show up at an auction and you have someone bid against me!? You didn't think I'd find out about that!??!

HOWARD  
Look, its complicated, KG. I told you, I had it at auction- Look...

HOWARD removes his sunglasses for a brief second.

HOWARD (CONT'D)  
You see this face? You-

KG  
I don't care about none of that.

KG tosses the Nike tote bag over to HOWARD.

KG (CONT'D)  
That's 165 thousand right there. Cash. Six percent goes to Demany. I've already taken that out. Now gimme the opal so I can get the fuck out of here.

HOWARD picks up the Adley's box containing the opal.

HOWARD

This opal is very valuable to you...  
Remember, I did that.

HOWARD hands it over. KG opens the box and inspects the opal.

KG

And I thought you were a fucking fan.

HOWARD

What!?! I'm a fucking HUGE fan. I  
respect the passion. Always have.

KG

How much did you pay for this? Real  
talk.

HOWARD

Awww, Kev that's not a fair question.  
You're talking about months and months  
of my time.

**BUZZZZ!** HOWARD looks up at the monitor and sees ARNO, PHIL,  
NICO and BUDDY getting buzzed into the space.

KG

Look, I gave you the cash. I'm not  
gonna take it back. It's done. I would  
just like to know for myself how much  
you spent on it. Real talk. Man to  
man.

HOWARD

The thing is, if I tell you the number  
it would be misleading.

KG

(digging)  
Why's that?

HOWARD

Ok, fine, I paid a hundred grand, ok?

KG

So you doubled your money.

HOWARD

Not even. I made pennies on my labor.  
I'm the fucking joke here, alright? A  
million dollars is what I was supposed  
to get!

KG

Let me get this straight. You gave some guys in Ethiopia 100 thousand dollars for something you believed was worth a million and you don't see anything wrong with that?

HOWARD

Do you know how much Ethiopian miners make? A hundred thousand dollars is more money than these guys would make in fifty lifetimes-

KG

Well a million is a lot more!

HOWARD

Do you like to win by 1 point or by 30 points, KG? I see you out there when the stadium's booing you, you're 30 up and you're still going full tilt!.... I see you! Let's see what Vegas has tonight's game at!

HOWARD turns to his computer, tilts the monitor towards KG and brings up a betting site.

KG

You serious? In front of me, you're gonna pull this up right here?

HOWARD

Look! See... Not only do they have the Sixers favored to win tonight by 1 and a half points, away! They think you're going to have a shitty game.

KG

Ah, I don't keep track of that.

HOWARD

Look at the over-under on your points and rebounds. How does that make you feel? In a game 7, they don't think you're gonna score at least 18 points!?!?! And have 8 rebonds!?!?

KG

These guys don't know shit.

HOWARD

Doesn't that make you wanna kill them!?! Doesn't that make you wanna say FUCK YOU for doubting me!?!  
(MORE)

HOWARD (CONT'D)  
Doesn't that make you wanna step on  
Elton Brand's fuckin' NECK and laugh  
in Iguadala's fucking FACE????

KG shakes his head.

HOWARD (CONT'D)  
Come on, KG. I'm no different from  
that. I'm not a fuckin' athlete. This  
is my way. This is how I win. All the  
fuckin' hard work I do, all the dues I  
pay? You're not gonna score in a game  
7!?!

KG stares at HOWARD.

HOWARD (CONT'D)  
Fuck these people! That's how you  
feel. I know you do. So look...

HOWARD looks up at the security monitor: ARNO and company are  
waiting for him in the showroom. He looks off in thought.

HOWARD (CONT'D)  
Let's fucking bet on this. Let's bet  
on this shit.

HOWARD reaches under his desk and grabs a Louis Vuitton carry-  
bag. He transfers the money from the Nike bag into it.

HOWARD (CONT'D)  
I'm putting all this money on your  
tonight... You're here to win, KG.  
(motioning to the security  
monitor)  
These fuckers don't know.  
(motioning to the computer  
screen)  
Them out west? You think they fucking  
know!?!

HOWARD continues transferring the money.

HOWARD (CONT'D)  
They don't know you. They don't know  
us! It's about winning, KG. It's about  
you, your perseverance, your honesty  
and your fucking magic!

KG  
Howard, you're fuckin' crazy.

HOWARD scribbles his bet down on a post-it note.

HOWARD

We're a team tonight, KG. This is a  
fucking lock!

HOWARD hammers out a text message to JULIA: **"RUN over to Jo's  
and stick your head out the window"**

INT. KMH GEMS AND JEWELRY OFFICE - SHOWROOM - CONTINUOUS

JULIA receives the text message. She casually gets up and  
calls KG'S MANAGER over to the showcase.

JULIA

Would you mind watching over the space  
for a minute while I run to the  
bathroom?

KG'S MANAGER

For how long? We're leaving as soon-

JULIA

Just a second. I'll be right back.

JULIA buzzes herself into the vestibule with a remote buzzer  
she carries in her hand. BUZZ!

JULIA (CONT'D)

I can trust you guys alone in here,  
right?

BUDDY

(flirty, sleazy)  
You want some company?

JULIA

(smiling)  
Maybe next time.

BUZZ! JULIA exits KMH.

INT. KMH GEMS OFFICE BUILDING HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

JULIA hurries down the hall. A very agitated LARRY, waving a  
watch in his hand, runs towards her from the opposite  
direction.

LARRY

Hey, hey, hey! I'm looking for Howard!

JULIA

Sorry, can't help you.



LARRY

I need to talk to him. He gave me a  
fake fucking Rolex!

JULIA stops at 'JoJo's Diamonds and Jewels' and rings the  
bell.

JULIA

I don't know anything about this.  
Howard is out right now-

LARRY

Let me talk to you then.

'JoJo's Diamonds' buzzes her in.

JULIA

I'm sorry, I can't help you. I'm in  
the middle of something.

JULIA enters and shuts the door in LARRY's face.

INT. KMH GEMS AND JEWELRY OFFICE - BACKROOM - CONTINUOUS

HOWARD

This is gonna be the greatest night of  
our lives.

KG

Howard...

HOWARD rushes to the window, opens it and looks to his left.

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

HOWARD

Come on! Come on!

A beat. JULIA sticks her head out of the next window over.  
HOWARD immediately hands her the Louis Vuitton bag. She  
reaches for it.

JULIA

What the hell is going on?

HOWARD

Baby, I need you to listen carefully.

(beat)

I booked you on a Blade, ok? It's  
going to drop you on the roof of the  
Mohegan Sun. There's a bet in the bag.

(MORE)

HOWARD (CONT'D)

I want you to go straight to the Sports Book and place all the money in the bag on that bet, ok?

JULIA

How much is in the bag?

HOWARD

It's a lot. I don't want you think about it. I don't even want you to look at it till you get there and take it out in front of the teller. Can you do that?

JULIA

I got it, I got it.

HOWARD

I'm gonna fuck the living shit out of you tonight, you know that?

HOWARD reaches over and grabs Julia's hand.

JULIA

God, I wish I could kiss you.

HOWARD

Ok, go! Get going!

JULIA ducks back inside.

INT. JOJO DIAMONDS - SHOWROOM - CONTINUOUS

JULIA crosses through the 'JoJo Diamonds' showroom clutching the Vuitton bag. It's significantly nicer, more modern than KMH. She passes JoJo, hunched over a plate of food.

JULIA

Thanks, Jo.

INT. KMH GEMS OFFICE BUILDING HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

JULIA exits 'JoJo Diamonds' and walks down the hallway, past KMH, to the elevator. LARRY bum rushes her. He grabs the bag and yanks.

JULIA

HEY!

LARRY

NO! SOMEONE'S GONNA LISTEN TO ME!

JULIA  
WHAT THE FUCK ARE YOU DOING!?! HELP!

The zipper busts open. Bundles of money in ten thousand count stacks fall onto the floor. JULIA quickly drops to her knees and starts gathering the cash. LARRY grabs a single bundle and scurries down the hall, disappearing into the stairwell.

JULIA (CONT'D)  
Shit.

INT. KMH GEMS AND JEWELRY OFFICE - BACKROOM - CONTINUOUS

ARNO, PHIL and NICO enter the backroom.

PHIL  
Alright let's get this over with.

HOWARD  
Arno, you're not gonna believe this  
shit.

ARNO  
Believe what?

HOWARD  
We're about to hit so goddamn big!  
He's got the gem, he's gonna destroy  
the money line.

ARNO  
What the fuck are you talking about?

HOWARD  
I'm parlaying the money-line with the  
over on his points and rebounds. Odds  
are 5 to 1!! You hear me!?!? 5 to 1!

ARNO stares at him.

HOWARD (CONT'D)  
What's wrong with you? This is a  
million dollar bet we're gonna split!

ARNO looks at PHIL in a panic.

ARNO  
Where's the money right now?

HOWARD  
This is what I'm trying to explain.  
It's on it's way. It's on the way to  
the casino!

PHIL stands in the doorway.

PHIL  
BUDDY!

BUDDY runs to him from the showroom.

PHIL (CONT'D)  
The girl that left to use the toilet.

BUDDY  
Yeah?

PHIL  
She didn't come back?

BUDDY  
Not yet.

PHIL  
Go get her now! Find her and bring her  
back.

BUDDY leaves. We hear the sound of the door rattle as BUDDY  
pulls on it.

BUDDY (O.S.)  
It's not opening!

PHIL  
Hey handsome! Buzz him out!

HOWARD  
Why? What's he gonna do.

PHIL  
OPEN THE DOOR!

HOWARD  
Arno.

NICO runs into the showroom.

NICO  
I got it!

BUZZ! On the monitor BUDDY is seen exiting KMH. PHIL  
approaches HOWARD and shoves him.

HOWARD  
What the fuck are you doing!?!

PHIL  
It's gonna make sense in about two  
fucking minutes alright!??!

HOWARD (O.S.)  
Arno, I'm trying to give you something  
good here-

PHIL grabs HOWARD by his lapels.

HOWARD (CONT'D)  
Let go of me!

PHIL  
You're gonna do exactly what I tell  
you to do, you understand?

ARNO  
Howard, for your own sake-

HOWARD  
Arno, please, let me talk-

PHIL  
Call her and tell her to come back  
with the cash right now.

HOWARD  
Listen you fucking goon!

HOWARD slaps PHIL across the face. All hell breaks loose! PHIL  
and NICO rush HOWARD over to the window.

PHIL  
Arno! Move the printer!

ARNO hesitates. He's in a spot.

PHIL (CONT'D)  
MOVE THE FUCKIN' MACHINE!!!

HOWARD  
What are you doing!?! No, Arno.

ARNO reluctantly runs over and drags the machine away from the  
window. NICO throws the window open and he and PHIL pick  
HOWARD up and thrust his body out of the window. HOWARD braces  
his arms against the frame trying to stop them.

HOWARD (CONT'D)  
STOP! STOP! OH MY GOD! STOP!

PHIL  
(to ARNO)  
Punch his hand!

ARNO, feeling more and more uncertain, pounds HOWARD's hand until he lets go of the frame. PHIL and NICO slide his body out, hanging him upside-down 12 stories above 47th street. HOWARD flails his arms.

EXT. KMH GEMS AND JEWELRY OFFICE - BACKROOM - OUT OF WINDOW

HOWARD  
I'LL CALL HER! I'LL CALL HER! I'LL  
CALL HER!

PHIL and NICO dip his body further down.

NICO  
I'LL LET GO!

PHIL  
YOU'RE GONNA GET THAT BITCH BACK  
HERE!??!

HOWARD  
AAHHHHHHH!

PHIL  
YOU'RE GONNA BEHAVE!?!?

HOWARD  
AAHHHHHHHHHHH! YES! PLEASE I GOT KIDS<  
LET ME BACK UP, I'LL CALL!

PHIL and NICO pull HOWARD back into the room.

INT. KMH GEMS AND JEWELRY OFFICE- BACKROOM

HOWARD's face is beet-red. He looks like he's going to throw up. PHIL leads HOWARD to his desk.

PHIL  
Pull yourself together now, alright?

ARNO  
Just do what he says, Howard.

PHIL sits HOWARD down and his desk. HOWARD clutches his chest.

HOWARD  
Give me a second. Please. My heart.

PHIL  
You'll have plenty of time after you  
make the call.

PHIL hands HOWARD the receiver and engages speakerphone.

PHIL (CONT'D)  
I want her back here now!

ARNO looks over at the computer monitor and sees HOWARD's  
Blade reservation.

ARNO  
She's going to Mohegan Sun.

PHIL  
Call her and tell her to come back  
here.

NICO  
NOW!

HOWARD leans in over the phone, another long pause. He hits a  
few numbers and stops. A pause.

PHIL  
Come on, come on.

Another pause. HOWARD stares at the phone, looks off in  
thought.

HOWARD  
I can't do it. I'm sorry, I just  
can't.

HOWARD hangs up. ARNO is dumbstruck.

HOWARD (CONT'D)  
(with total sincerity)  
I'm really sorry about this, Arno. I  
really am.

PHIL  
(to NICO)  
This fuckin' guy...

NICO  
Fuck this!

NICO storms out of the backroom, PHIL follows.

ARNO  
(to HOWARD)  
You're a moron!

ARNO exits too. HOWARD gets up.

HOWARD  
Arno? Arno! C'mon, we can talk about  
this.

HOWARD follows them into the showroom...

INT. KMH GEMS AND JEWELRY OFFICE - SHOWROOM - CONTINUOUS

PHIL  
Buzz us out now!

HOWARD  
Why? Where you going? Why can't we  
just-

PHIL  
Just buzz us the fuck out!

HOWARD  
You're missing the point. There's an  
opportunity here-

PHIL  
Buzz us out now, before I put your  
head through the fuckin' case!

HOWARD  
Ok... Ok...

HOWARD walks to the buzzer behind the showcase and lets them through the first set of doors. All three men enter the vestibule. NICO, angry, slams the door shut. **The chisel wedged into the latch slot drops to the floor.** Howard stares at it, considers it.

PHIL  
(through glass)  
COME ON! BUZZ US OUT!

PHIL pulls on the second door. It doesn't open. He turns around and yells through the thick glass:

PHIL (CONT'D)  
WHAT ARE YOU DOING!?!

HOWARD walks towards the glass door. NICO begins to pound on it.

NICO  
(pounding on second door)  
OPEN THE DOOR!



HOWARD

Arno, I'm sorry, I'm sorry. I'm not  
buzzing you out!

ARNO

LET US OUT, HOWARD!

HOWARD

(yelling to be heard)

THEY'RE PLAYING THE FUCKING SIXERS!  
THIS SIXERS TEAM DOESN'T HAVE THE  
STRIPES... THEY'RE 300 ON THE ROAD!  
THE LINE DOESN'T MAKE SENSE! DO YOU  
KNOW WHAT KIND OF GAME GARNETT HAD  
WITH THE GEM? A 30/20 GAME! VEGAS'S  
GOT HIM UNDER-VALUED CUZ OF HIS AGE OR  
THE LAST GAME... BUT THAT'S CUZ HE  
PLAYED WITHOUT THE GEM LAST GAME! THIS  
IS THE BOUNCE BACK! THIS IS A LOCK!  
YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND!

ARNO

NO, YOU DO NOT UNDERSTAND! YOU ARE  
GOING TO OPEN THIS DOOR RIGHT NOW!

The doorbell rings. BUDDY and MICHAEL (The Driver) appear  
visible on the monitor.

BUDDY (O.S.)

(yelling through the front  
door)

YO! YO! I COULDN'T FIND HER!

NICO

(to other door)

WE CAN'T OPEN THE DOOR, WE'RE LOCKED  
IN!

ARNO

SHE'S AT THE MOHEGAN SUN!

PHIL

MOHEGAN SUN SPORTS BOOK. GET OVER  
THERE NOW! CAN YOU HEAR ME!?!

On the monitor BUDDY and MICHAEL are visible running off  
towards the elevators. ARNO turns back to HOWARD exploding in  
rage.

ARNO

OPEN THE FUCKIN' DOOR!!!!

HOWARD

I know you're upset, Arno.

ARNO  
OF COURSE I'M UPSET!

HOWARD  
I'm trying to make this all work for you. The NBA doesn't want the Sixers to win! There's no money in that. The refs know that! They want stars-

PHIL pulls out a gun and points it at HOWARD.

PHIL  
OPEN IT NOW!

HOWARD  
COME ON, WHAT'S THAT GONNA DO? IT'S BULLETPROOF! PUT IT AWAY, YOU'RE ONLY GONNA HURT YOURSELF.

ARNO begs PHIL to put the gun away.

HOWARD (CONT'D)  
ARNO, I'D DUCK! YOU'RE GONNA GET KILLED!

PHIL  
LISTEN YOU-

HOWARD  
I'M TALKING TO ARNO! ENOUGH OF YOU! I'M DONE TALKING TO YOU!

PHIL  
OH YEAH? FINE...

PHIL grows oddly quiet. It's sinister. He takes out his phone and makes a call.

HOWARD  
WHAT'RE YOU DOING?... WHO YOU CALLING?... WHO'RE YOU TALKING TO?

PHIL gives him the finger. In a panic, HOWARD runs behind the showcase, picks up the landline and dials.

HOWARD (CONT'D)  
(into phone)  
Dinah, it's me-

DINAH (O.S.)  
What is it, I'm-

HOWARD

I just got a very scary call from ConEd, they reported a bad gas leak all down Pinoak...

DINAH (O.S.)

Slow down, I didn't hear anything-

HOWARD

They're evacuating the whole block. So get the kids out of there, alright? You and the kids head over to Amy's.

DINAH (O.S.)

Why would they call the office instead of-

HOWARD

I don't know why they called me.

DINAH (O.S.)

You're not making any sense, Howard.

HOWARD

I'm not here to argue with you, Dinah! Get the kids out of the house! I'm frightened okay?

DINAH (O.S.)

You're freaking me out, Howard!

HOWARD

Just go to Amy's and I'll meet you there later. Promise me?

DINAH (O.S.)

Oh my god.

NICO

(pounding on glass)

OPEN THE DOOR DICK!

INT. BLADE HELICOPTER - SOON AFTER

JULIA sits in a window seat on a small 4-seater helicopter, the Louis Vuitton bag on her lap. A HIGH ROLLER [60s, red-eyed, hair coiffed and blowdried] sits one seat over chewing her ear off.

HIGH ROLLER

(via headset)

Last year I made a hundred and twenty five million dollars.

(MORE)

HIGH ROLLER (CONT'D)  
I don't even know what to do with my  
money anymore. I got no one to spend  
it with, no one to enjoy it with, it's  
horrible.

JULIA stares out the window at the Jersey Turnpike below.

HIGH ROLLER (CONT'D)  
(via headset)  
I meet the most interesting people on  
these group charters. Like you. You're  
hot? Hey!

HIGH ROLLER taps JULIA on the shoulder.

HIGH ROLLER (CONT'D)  
Wanna grab a drink when we get there?

JULIA gives him a courtesy smile.

EXT. MOHEGAN SUN ROOFTOP - UNCASVILLE, CT - SOON AFTER

The helicopter lands on the rooftop helipad of the Mohegan Sun. An aviation worker is there to wandle them in. JULIA exits the helicopter clutching the Vuitton bag.

INT. MOHEGAN SUN CASINO - SPORTS BOOK - SOON AFTER

JULIA enters a large room lined with betting stations. A massive wall of TVs broadcast the pre-game show: KG is introduced in the line-up.

JULIA walks to the front of the room and approaches a TELLER stationed at one of several windows. She's holding the post-it note with HOWARD's bet in her hand.

JULIA  
Okay... So I'm betting on the Celtics,  
parlay, three-way, plus... Here, you  
just read it...

She hands the TELLER the post-it, who reads it to herself.

JULIA (CONT'D)  
Just make sure it's exactly that!

TELLER  
No problem. What amount?

JULIA  
I don't really know... Hang on.

JULIA turns the bag upside down. Bundles of cash spill onto the counter.

TELLER

Whoa! One second. I'm going to need to call my supervisor over.

(yelling to her left)

Chad! Captain approval needed.

A SUPERVISOR walks over and moves the cash over to a money counter. TELLER enters the bet into a computer while SUPERVISOR counts the money.

C.U.: The computer prints out the ticket/receipt for the bet.

INT. KMH GEMS AND JEWELRY OFFICE- SHOWROOM - SOON AFTER

ARNO, PHIL and NICO sit indolently on the floor of the vestibule. They all have their jackets off and there is little talk between them. ARNO's face is slick with sweat, he's staring at HOWARD.

HOWARD

I'm feeling this...

HOWARD has angled the showroom's wall-mounted flat screen TV towards the vestibule so ARNO can see it.

C.U. of TV: KG is introduced gets up off the bench and runs onto the court, high-fiving his teammates and psyching up the crowd.

COMMENTATOR

At center, from Bergen County, Number  
5... K - G... KEVIN GARNETT!

HOWARD sits in a chair staring at the screen. He looks jittery, eager, actively forcing himself to remain calm.

HOWARD

This is it, boys. This is it.

His cell phone rings. It's JULIA.

HOWARD (CONT'D)

(into phone)

Go ahead.... Tell me....

He listens. A huge smile grows on his face.

HOWARD (CONT'D)

Ok, hang on. I'm gonna put you on speakerphone.

(MORE)

HOWARD (CONT'D)  
I want you to repeat that loudly for  
some people to hear, ok? Read the  
whole ticket.

HOWARD puts it on speaker and lowers the phone to floor so the  
guys inside the vestibule can hear.

HOWARD (CONT'D)  
Say the whole ticket, loudly!

JULIA (O.S.)  
I PUT 155 ONTO THE THREE WAY BET.  
GARNETT'S POINTS PLUS REBOUNDS WITH  
THE CELTICS MONEY LINE WITH THE  
CELTICS TO WIN THE OPENING TIP.

HOWARD  
Yes... Read the 'to win.'

JULIA  
It says, to win 1 million two-hundred  
and twenty-nine thousand...

HOWARD makes gloating eye contact with PHIL, who smiles back.

PHIL  
You having a good time?

HOWARD  
Yes.  
(to JULIA)  
Ok, that's enough.

ARNO doesn't even make eye contact with HOWARD.

HOWARD (CONT'D)  
Call me right after the game. And get  
ready, cause I'm booking us a month at  
the Ritz-Carlton in the Grand Cayman.  
The room With the fuckin' jacuzzi.

JULIA laughs.

JULIA (O.S.)  
Ok, I love you.

An announcer catches HOWARD's attention.

HOWARD  
It's starting, stay close baby. And  
rub that tattoo for me!

HOWARD hangs up.

HOWARD (CONT'D)  
(clapping)  
Ok, here we go! We get this tip and  
we're in business boys!

KG pounds his chest screen.

HOWARD (CONT'D)  
Pound that chest, baby! This is it. We  
gotta get this. Right out of the gate.

The players take center-court. Gather for the tip-off.

HOWARD (CONT'D)  
Get that tip! Come on!

HOWARD's face intensifies. A pregnant pause. All eyes are on the television screen. **KG wins the tip**, sending the ball back to Rondo. HOWARD jumps out of his seat.

HOWARD (CONT'D)  
(turning around, laughing)  
GET THAAAAAAT! YESSSSS! WE WOULD HAVE  
BEEN FUCKED IF HE DIDN'T GET THAT!...  
That was the riskiest part of the  
whole parlay! That was huge. I knew he  
was gonna get that.

Rondo misses a lay up.

HOWARD (CONT'D)  
Rondo, how the fuck do you miss that?  
KG set the perfect screen!

Pierce blocks a shot and KG grabs a rebound. HOWARD turns around emphatically.

HOWARD (CONT'D)  
That's one! That's one rebound! He's  
just getting started.... GET KG THE  
BALL!!! THE MAN'S FEELIN' THE GEM!

Rondo is in the open floor and passes to KG in the post. He turns around and sinks a tough turn around jumper.

HOWARD (CONT'D)  
HAYYYYOOOOOOH YES!! THAT'S FUCKING IT!  
THAT'S THE FIRST SHOT OF THE GAME!  
That's 3 now. 2 plus that rebound.  
That's 3 of the 26!

INT. MOHEGAN SUN CASINO - SPORTS BOOK - SOON AFTER

The same game is playing on a giant screen in the casino Sports Book. It's one of a dozen screens playing various sports games. JULIA sits buried in a galley of private betting stations. She's talking with a DEGENERATE GAMBLER seated one station over.

JULIA

Uh, let's see. I bet on the Celtics, specifically Kevin Garnett.

DEGENERATE GAMBLER

Ok, that's two great bets. Celtics are winning and Garnett's got...

He looks up at the screen. A graphic shows up over **KG: 9 points, 7 rebounds, 3 steals.**

DEGENERATE GAMBLER (CONT'D)

9 and 7 so... that's 16 right now on the way to... You said 26 right?

The HIGH ROLLER from the helicopter walks by.

HIGH ROLLER

Oh, look who it is! The gorgeous one! Twice in one day, I can't believe it.

JULIA

Oh. Hey.

HIGH ROLLER

I can't get you out of my mind!

JULIA

(laughing)

You're funny.

HIGH ROLLER

Oh, you're hot, baby, you're definitely hot.

JULIA turns her attention back to the game. The HIGH ROLLER watches too.

HIGH ROLLER (CONT'D)

What, you got money on the Celtics game?

The ball finds its way to KG. He misses a long 3 at the 1/2 time buzzer. JULIA smashes her fist down.



JULIA

Fuck!

HIGH ROLLER

So he missed a shot. Who cares?

JULIA turns to the DEGENERATE GAMBLER.

JULIA

(to GAMBLER)

He should have hit that.

HIGH ROLLER

It's halftime. What're you gonna do now?

JULIA

I don't know.

HIGH ROLLER

Oh... Well, I'd like you to come to my room. They just moved me to the PennyRoyal Suite, it's gorgeous, best views. And I've got the chef from Tuscany Grill, makes the best shrimp fra diavolo you ever tasted. Guy loves me.

JULIA

Thanks, I'm good though.

HIGH ROLLER

Well, if you change your mind.  
Penthouse A. The PennyRoyal Suite.  
I'll see you there.

JULIA gives him another courtesy smile.

JULIA

Got it.

HIGH ROLLER

Love ya, baby.

HIGH ROLLER saunters off. JULIA looks at DEGENERATE GAMBLER and rolls her eyes.

JULIA

The worst.

DEGENERATE GAMBLER

Haha. He's like a cartoon.

JULIA suddenly sees BUDDY enter the Sports Book accompanied by a menacing looking associate. BUDDY looks around while talking on his cell. JULIA immediately ducks down to the floor.

DEGENERATE GAMBLER (CONT'D)

You ok?

JULIA watches BUDDY make his way up to the teller windows. She pauses, contains herself, and darts out of the room as discreetly as possible.

INT. MOHEGAN SUN CASINO - MISC FLOOR SETTING

JULIA, frightened, briskly walk-runs through the crowded casino floor.

INT. KMH GEMS AND JEWELRY OFFICE- SHOWROOM

HOWARD addresses the vestibule.

HOWARD

You're telling me in 24 minutes he's not gonna score another 8 points and grab 2 rebounds? C'mon. The Celts got this. And I'm not even a Boston fan! This is the beauty of betting, Arno... I'm fucking pulling for the Celtics! Me, a Knick's fan.

ARNO talks on his phone. PHIL is using the tip of a knife to try to loosen the hinges on the door to the hall. On the TV: A halftime-highlight edit plays out; a montage of first half highlights. KG is seen hitting multiple shots as the announcers comment: **"Kevin Garnett, ACTIVE early. 9 points to go with 7 rebounds and Boston leads by 8."** The montage graphics out with a slo-mo of KG running as the championship trophy overtakes the image.

HOWARD (CONT'D)

If the 12 year old version of me saw me right now he'd be like "what the fuck!?! " Hahaha.

INT. MOHEGAN SUN CASINO - MISC FLOOR SETTING - SAME TIME

BUDDY and MICHAEL rush across the casino floor.

BUDDY

(into phone)

Yeah... Everyone is talking about this big fucking bet...

(MORE)

BUDDY (CONT'D)  
 It's gotta be her... We're fucking  
 looking!!!!... Boss... Boss! Please...  
 I'll find her.

INT. CELTICS LOCKER ROOM - HALFTIME - SAME TIME

KG huddles over his knees in his locker. He's drenched in sweat, towel flung over his shoulders. Activity swarms around him. He surreptitiously opens the Adley's box, and holds the opal reverentially.

Celtics coach DOC RIVERS gives a motivational speech off-camera.

DOC RIVERS (O.S.)  
 I want everyone in here to lock in!  
 KG! Look at KG! And remember this: if  
 you want to go quickly do it alone,  
 but if you want to go far you do it  
 together!

KG brings the opal up to his forehead and, with eyes closed, rests it against his temples.

INT. KMH GEMS AND JEWELRY OFFICE - SHOWROOM - CONTINUOUS

HOWARD talks to the television. He's a manic, pacing around in an adrenaline-fueled frenzy. KG gets the ball.

HOWARD  
 Shoot! Shoot!

KG shoots and misses.

HOWARD (CONT'D)  
 FUCK THAT SHIT! Fuckin' Doc!  
 (to the Vestibule)  
 What the fuck was that????  
 (back to TV)  
 Doc, that's your fault for resting  
 him. FUUUUUUUCK! Fuck, man.

DOC RIVERS appears on screen. HOWARD punches the television.

HOWARD (CONT'D)  
 THAT'S YOUR FAULT!  
 (to PHIL)  
 Hey, Phil, why didn't you tell me you  
 had family in Boston?

HOWARD points his finger at an overweight, red-faced Irishman sitting court-side behind Rivers.

HOWARD (CONT'D)  
 This fucker! This fat fuck! He looks  
 like you! He looks like one of your  
 boys.

PHIL, crouched on the ground and coated with sweat, glares at  
 HOWARD with pure, unmitigated hate.

KG grabs a rebound.

HOWARD (CONT'D)  
 YESSSSSS, nice, that's a fuckin'  
 rebound!!! That's it! 3 more! 3 more  
 guys!

ARNO  
 (quietly, to PHIL)  
 What does it say up there? What's the  
 score?

PHIL  
 (dispassionately)  
 They're winning. They're winning by 3  
 points.

KG grabs another rebound, but Holiday immediately steals it  
 and scores, cutting the lead down.

HOWARD  
 There's another fuckin' rebound!  
 AHHHH! Fuck you holiday, that was a  
 foul and it was right in front you,  
 you blind piece of shit!!!  
 (to ARNO)  
 Nothing to worry about. Last  
 possession, lets go...

BOSTON inbounds the ball with 4.3 Seconds left in the 3rd  
 quarter. Rondo dumps it to KG, who squares up on the block.  
 Measures the defense.

HOWARD (CONT'D)  
 Alright, that's it, that's it... Work  
 him... Shoot that shit!

KG shoots a mid-range shot and lands it as the quarter buzzer  
 sounds. HOWARD goes berserk, running around the showroom in a  
 state of deranged ecstasy.

HOWARD (CONT'D)  
 That's all the gem, guys! That's all  
 the gem!... Okay, we're at 25 now! One  
 more point! Either a rebound or a  
 basket... We fucking got this!

INT. MOHEGAN SUN CASINO - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

JULIA rushes down a carpeted hallway and stops in front of the PennyRoyal Suite. She rings the doorbell. A pause. HIGH ROLLER answers it.

HIGH ROLLER

Oh my God! Three times in one day!

JULIA

I changed my mind. Can I come in?

HIGH ROLLER

I can't believe its you. What happened to your boyfriend?

JULIA laughs and enters.

INT. MOHEGAN SUN CASINO - PENNYROYAL SUITE - CONTINUOUS

The suite is both extravagant and worn. There are no other people present.

HIGH ROLLER

Make yourself comfortable-

JULIA

You mind if I turn on the game?

HIGH ROLLER

What do I care? The iPad is over there. Do what you gotta do.

JULIA grabs a iPad/remote off a glass coffee table and changes the channel to the Celtics game. C.U. of score: Sixers: 54, Celtics: 55. She looks nervous. KG receives the ball in the post, he rises up for a shot and misses.

JULIA

(quietly)

Shit.

HIGH ROLLER

Look, I gotta take a shower, ok? I gotta clean myself up. That helicopter ride got me all messed up.

JULIA

(without even looking)

That's cool.

HIGH ROLLER  
Help yourself to a drink, I'll be  
right out. I take the quickest  
showers. Unbelievable.

JULIA  
Thanks.

HIGH ROLLER (O.S.)  
And if the door rings, it's probably  
the chef, or maybe some friends, just  
do me a favor and let them in.

A pause. HIGH ROLLER leaves the room. She keeps her eyes  
trained on the screen. KG receives the ball at the top of the  
key and shoots another long jumper. It goes in!

JULIA  
(to self)  
Yesssss!

KG runs back on defense.

INT. KMH GEMS AND JEWELRY OFFICE - SHOWROOM - SAME TIME

HOWARD watches the same image, KG in stride. A graphic appears  
that says 15 points and 12 rebounds. With that shot, HOWARD  
hit another part of the parlay! HOWARD kisses the screen.

HOWARD  
Thank you! Thank you!... Okay that's  
done. We just gotta win now. Celts  
gotta win and we're fucking done. You  
hear me, Arno. We're done!

ARNO looks at HOWARD and then to the screen. He sees KG and  
then score: CELTICS 57, PHILLY 54. He looks less angry.

INT. MOHEGAN SUN CASINO - PENNYROYAL SUITE - SOON AFTER

JULIA watches the game closely. Mike Breen says, "Once again,  
the offense is running through Garnett." CELTICS 73, SIXERS  
68.

HIGH ROLLER, wearing nothing but a towel, is blowdrying his  
hair in the bathroom.

HIGH ROLLER  
What's the score, baby?

JULIA  
68/73, Boston.

HIGH ROLLER  
 68, 73 in the 4th?!?!  
 (beat)  
 You want call down and cancel the  
 food, I WANT TO GO OUT!

Shot clock at 2... RONDO hits a huge three. CELTICS 76, SIXERS 68. JULIA cries out in excitement.

HIGH ROLLER (CONT'D)  
 Baby, I love that you're into this  
 game.

INT. KMH GEMS AND JEWELRY OFFICE - SHOWROOM - SOON AFTER

HOWARD stands with the remote in his hand. CELTICS 80, SIXERS 73. 1:12 remaining in the game. HOWARD jacks the volume to the max. Jrue Holiday rises for a layup, misses! Ray Allen grabs the rebound and incites a fast break. Rondo leads the break.

HOWARD  
 (pure mania, excitement)  
 PUSH IT!! PUSH IT!!!! LETS GO!!!! GO  
 TO THE FUCKIN' HOL!

Rondo passes to KG in stride, who rises up for the layup.

HOWARD (CONT'D)  
 YES KG!!! DON'T FUCKIN' MISS THAT!

MIKE BREEN: **"AND GARNETT IS FOULED, WITH 57 SECONDS REMAINING"**  
**Pierce pumps the crowd.**

HOWARD (CONT'D)  
 (to ARNO)  
 It's alright, it's alright. Nothing to  
 worry about. KG's gonna hit these  
 shots.

ARNO lights a cigarette and takes a huge drag.

KG gets in position to take the first free throw. Graphics show KG's stats (17pts, 13rbs).

HOWARD (CONT'D)  
 (to KG)  
 Come on, feel it, feel it. Feel the  
 gem, KG.

KG misses. HOWARD's whole body folds like a lawn chair. He tries to compose himself.

HOWARD (CONT'D)  
We're up enough. It's not that big of a deal.

KG gets in position to take the second free throw.

HOWARD (CONT'D)  
You got this. Don't talk... Just do your shit.

KG hits the second shot. HOWARD's energy jumps to new heights.

HOWARD (CONT'D)  
Guys, the truth can feel it! I feel it! I'm confident now...

CELTICS, 81, SIXERS 73. Jrue Holiday pushes the ball in a chaotic scrambled pace, 43 seconds remaining. He passes to Jodie Meeks, who jacks up a 3! Shots up, MISSES! KG tips the rebound to Rondo, who immediately throws the ball up in the air to avoid being fouled. The ball sails through the air, to the front court into the hands of Dooling. HOWARD throws his arms open in pure ecstasy! Eyes wide open.

INT. MOHEGAN SUN CASINO - PENNYROYAL SUITE - SAME TIME

JULIA stands up in disbelief as the clock runs out. In an excited panic, she dials HOWARD.

JULIA  
Holy fucking shit! Oh my god! Oh my god!

She stands motionless in front of the TV.

JULIA (CONT'D)  
(into phone)  
Howard? Did we just win?... OH MY FUCKING GOD ARE YOU KIDDING ME!?! I LOVE YOU, HOWARD! ILOVEYOU ILOVEYOU ILOVEYOU ILOVEYOU ILOVEYOU ILOVEYOU ILOVEYOU ILOVEYOU ILOVEYOU ILOVEYOU-

INT. KMH GEMS AND JEWELRY OFFICE- SHOWROOM - SAME TIME

HOWARD runs around the room in wild, concentric circles.



HOWARD  
 (into phone)  
 ILOVEYOU ILOVEYOU ILOVEYOU ILOVEYOU  
 ILOVEYOU ILOVEYOU ILOVEYOU ILOVEYOU  
 ILOVEYOU ILOVEYOU ILOVEYOU ILOVEYOU

**The end horn sounds.** ARNO, PHIL and NICO stand up, put their jackets back on, wipe sweat from their foreheads. A smile unfurls on ARNO's face.

ARNO  
 (quietly)  
 He fucking did it!

HOWARD  
 SEE? SEE, ARNO? WHAT DID I TELL YOU?!  
 WHAT DID I FUCKIN TELL YOU?! You  
 always believed, I know it. I know you  
 were with me.

HOWARD stands up on the chair and jams the chisel back into the latch slot. PHIL looks annoyed.

PHIL  
 (yelling through glass)  
 Get off the phone man, you made your  
 point, you won. Let's go. It's fuckin'  
 hot. Let us out.

HOWARD  
 (into phone)  
 Okay, go cash it in. And make sure  
 they escort you to the car.

PHIL  
 Everybody's happy now, c'mon, it's  
 hot!

HOWARD dances over to the showcase...

HOWARD  
 (into phone)  
 I'm gonna book you a Blade... I'll  
 call you back.

He hangs the phone up and hits the buzzer.

**BUZZZZ!** HOWARD stretches out his arms for ARNO.

HOWARD (CONT'D)  
 (smiling ear to ear)  
 ARNO!!!!

ARNO  
HOWARD YOU SUNUVABITCH! YOU FUCKING  
DID IT! I CAN'T FUCKING BELIEVE IT!

HOWARD  
What'd I say, you-

PHIL draws his gun and **shoots** HOWARD in the face. HOWARD drops to the floor. Instantly dead.

ARNO  
NOOOO! NOOOOOOOO! WHAT DID YOU JUST  
DO!?!?

PHIL  
Shut the fuck up!  
(to NICO)  
Get me bags!

ARNO  
What the fuck did you just do?

PHIL sticks his gun in ARNO's face.

PHIL  
Shut your mouth or you'll wind up  
right next to him, you hear me?

ARNO  
Get that out of my face.

ARNO pushes the gun away, hitting PHIL in the face with it by accident. PHIL grabs ARNO, throws him over the showcase and pins his head down, holding the gun tightly against him.

ARNO (CONT'D)  
Let me out of here, I want out of  
here.

PHIL props ARNO up.

PHIL  
Stay right there.  
(to NICO)  
GET ME SOME FUCKING BAGS!!!

A pause. ARNO makes a run for it. He tries to open the door to the vestibule. PHIL grabs him, yanks him to the other side of the room and shoots ARNO square in the face. ARNO lands just a few feet from HOWARD's body.

NICO hands PHIL a bunch of drawstring KMH bangs.

PHIL picks up a display mirror and smashes a showcase with it. NICO does the same. They both start transferring handfuls of jewelry into their respective bags.

C.U. TV: KG is in the midst of a post-game interview. He's out of breathe, ecstatic.

KG

When you win, it's all that matters.  
Right?? That's the big quiet, the big  
shut up.

**Note:** this interview will carry over the following scenes as voiceover.

INT. 40/40 SPORTS-BAR NIGHTCLUB - SAME TIME

A handful of shot glasses meet over the bar.

DEMANY

Get that mother fuckin money! Bring it  
in!

DEMANY does a round of shots with a group of excited friends and associates, including FLAWLESS and the rapper CAM'RON. DEMANY pauses for a second and singles out FLAWLESS:

DEMANY (CONT'D)

And a personal one to you blood.

FLAWLESS and DEMANY share an ceremonious cheer and they each down their drinks.

A giant wall of televisions are all tuned to KG's post-game interview.

DEMANY (CONT'D)

That's my nigga right there!!!

KG (O.S.)

No one's in my head except the guy in  
me that wants to prove everyone wrong.  
It just makes me want to say -Bleep-  
you! -Bleep- you for doubting me.

DEMANY

(raising his glass towards  
the TV, shouting)  
LOOK AT HIM... LOVE YOU NIGGA!

INT. GOLDFARB'S FAMILY HOME - LONG ISLAND - SAME TIME

The KG interview plays on a screen in the Goldfarb's living room, but is drowned out by excessive celebration by EDDIE, BENI and another TEENAGE BOY.

EDDIE

I know that guy!! I know him!! My dad  
sold a ring to him. He redid his ring!  
THAT'S MY DAD'S FRIEND!  
(getting louder)  
YO, FUCK THE HEAT! WE'RE GONNA SWEEP  
THEM. LET'S FUCKIN GO!!!!!!

DINAH sits at a nearby table with AMY. She looks distraught.

DINAH

QUIET EDDIE! I CAN'T THINK!  
(to AMY, in hushed tones)  
You don't understand, Amy. He was  
naked in a trunk.  
(beat)  
I'm calling the police.

INT. MOHEGAN SUN CASINO - SPORTS BOOK - SAME TIME

On the jumbotron above the teller windows, KG continues:

KEVIN GARNETT

All the hard work I do, all the time  
in the gym, all the -bleep- kicking,  
all the dues I pay... They really  
thought I wasn't gonna show up on the  
big one? On Game 7???

KEVIN looks at the camera.

KEVIN GARNETT (CONT'D)

Yeah... That's a joke.

The camera tilts down as HIGH ROLLER receives two Mohegan Sun branded duffle bags. He thanks them and is escorted out of the Sports Book with two security guards.

KG's interview continues booming loudly throughout the sports-book.

The HIGH ROLLER and his new security detail exit the sports-book and undetected walk past BUDDY and MICHEL who stand on-watch near the exit.

KEVIN GARNETT (CONT'D)

(On screen)

In the end, I feel like it was just me  
and *the rock*... Nothing else.

EXT. MOHEGAN SUN HOTEL AND CASINO - CONTINUOUS

HIGH ROLLER exits the hotel, the guards flanking him on either side. He can't help but crack a smile as he approaches a limousine. A valet attendant reaches over and opens the door, revealing JULIA.

INT. LIMOUSINE - CONTINUOUS

JULIA greets HIGH ROLLER and takes the bags from him.

JULIA

Thank you so much, Wayne.

HIGH ROLLER

You sure you don't wanna hit Avalon  
with me? Come on! We'll put that up in  
my safe and-

JULIA

(laughing)

I'm sorry, maybe next time-

WAYNE

It's one drink! What's one drink?  
Don't make me twist your arm, please,  
it'll be fun, you can take your buzz  
on the road. I'm begging you-

JULIA

I'm sorry, I need to go, I need to go  
see my baby.

JULIA closes the door on HIGH ROLLER and turns to the driver.

JULIA (CONT'D)

We can go now.

INT. KMH GEMS AND JEWELRY OFFICE- SHOWROOM - SAME TIME

PHIL and NICO continue to ravage the store, smashing display cases, shoving merchandise into their bags by the fistful.

Overhead shot of HOWARD. The bullet has created a gruesome hole under his left eye.

Blood has pooled around his head and is continuing to spread and grow. HOWARD's eyes remain open, yet lifeless. His frozen smile there but empty.

The camera starts to slowly move and zoom into HOWARD's face, keeping the hole center frame the entire time. We hear the following...

PHIL (O.S.)  
Find out where the security cameras  
record to.

Zoom creeps tighter into HOWARD.

NICO (O.S.)  
I already know. It records onto that  
drive.

PHIL  
Go back there and grab anything that  
looks like a device, grab all those  
hard drives, break that fuckin'  
machine.

NICO  
Ok... Ok..

We hear machinery ripped out from a wall.

The zoom has reached a close up on HOWARD, keeps moving in.

NICO (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
What about this safe back here?

PHIL (O.S.)  
Check if it's open.

The shot has now zoomed into a very tight close up on HOWARD.

PHIL (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
And see if he's got any other jewelry  
back there.

NICO (O.S.)  
What about the stuff in boxes.

PHIL (O.S.)  
Just take everything, we'll sort it  
later.

The zoom closes in on the bullet-hole in HOWARD's face and continues onward into the wound.

Swirls of red, pink and white engulf the frame as we travel through a material plane of blood, bone and tissue.

The diegetic audio in the KMH GEMS showroom decays in a wash of reverb, overtaken by a vast sound-scape of crystal chimes and warm electronic tones.

The camera plunges deeper, revealing the black opal's previously seen landscape. We move past and through it into new territory of kaleidoscopic abstract shapes and flickering iridescent light.

**END CREDITS** appear and continue over this visual and aural cosmic journey through the consummate UNCUT GEM.