

SEX.COM: THE CROWN JEWEL

Written by

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Address
Phone Number

INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY

The motel is seedy. We can smell the booze and broken dreams. Smoke fills the room, swirling around the beams of light sneaking past the drawn curtains.

Two men are in close proximity. One is pacing back and forth wildly, cigarette dangling from his lips. This is CHARLES CARREON (45).

CHARLES CARREON
(agitated)
Is that what you think?

Carreon swings his black ponytail back and forth. He is wearing a wrinkled suit and bolo tie that dangles loosely around his neck. The get up makes it look like he could have run a California Indian casino in another life.

Carreon is hissing at the REPORTER sitting awkwardly on the corner of the bed. There are no chairs in sight.

REPORTER
Yes, well that's what it says in
the case -

The Reporter stops himself. Carreon has bent down to HUFF a line of cocaine.

Carreon stops stunned for a beat. He looks up at a painting of a Native American tribe being attacked by cavalry men.

CHARLES CARREON
(sniffing repeatedly)
Why did I agree to do this again?

REPORTER
You wanted to get the word out
about Gary Kremen? Sex.com? The
dispute?

The Reporter shifts on his perch, visibly uncomfortable.

REPORTER (CONT'D)
You know we have nice seating back
at my office. We can -

CHARLES CARREON
No. We do it here or you don't get
a story. You've been in touch with
the bastard haven't you?

The Reporter is mousey and clearly overpowered by the louder Carreon.

REPORTER
(tentatively)
It's only fair that he gets to tell
his side, isn't it?

Carreon stops pacing and looks to ponder this a moment.

CHARLES CARREON
Now where was I?

REPORTER
Cohen. Stephen.

CHARLES CARREON
Ah yes, Stephen Cohen. Can't get
to Gary station without taking the
Cohen tracks I guess. This guy was
a piece of work. He'd make Larry
Flynt blush. When I poked around,
the first thing that stood out was
...

FADE TO:

EXT. SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA LANDSCAPE - NIGHT

Palm trees and open highway lead us to an Orange County cul-de-sac.

INT. THE CLUB - COWAN HEIGHTS - NIGHT

Naked bodies everywhere, entangled with each other. Sex covers the floor, it covers the retro 70's furniture. Even the punch bowl full of cocaine is in danger of being spilled by the undulations. Women shriek in pleasure and their orgasms begin to mesh with the Disco-style music being played in the background. The men grunt to the sound of the bass.

Sitting in the back of the room is a man chomping on the end of a large cigar. He looks greasy, slimy with his long brown hair pulled back into a ponytail. His Carrera sunglasses rest low on his nose, his eyes peer from behind the shades out at the mass of naked swingers. A smile sits comfortably on his face. This is STEPHEN M. COHEN (35).

A woman's hand wraps around his leg. COHEN looks down to her. She's in heat, her tongue runs over her lips. Cohen cocks his head at a strange angle so he can look her over. His eyes scour her naked skin, her luscious breasts, her tight stomach, her... a man's hand enters his view.

The smile dissipates. He reaches down and takes the woman's hand off his leg.

The Doorbell rings.

INT. DOORWAY - THE CLUB - COWAN HEIGHTS - CONTINUOUS

Cohen answers the door wearing his Kimono and his underwear. Two plainclothes DETECTIVES stand at the door, they hold out a warrant.

STEPHEN COHEN

(Unphased)

Well hello officers. You guys just missed out on our special for the boys in blue. Better luck next time around.

Cohen turns and starts to close the door.

One of the DETECTIVES holds the door open forcefully.

DETECTIVE 1

(Smiling in disbelief)

Shut it Cohen! This whole orgy bullshit ends. (Yelling inside to the swingers) Hey, all of you, party's over! If you don't leave we're going to start towing cars!

Cohen looks over their shoulders and sees Tow Trucks lining up the block. He turns back to the party.

STEPHEN COHEN

(Sarcastically)

The police are here! Party is over folks! (looking at the detective) You should really come back next week, I'll even throw in a two-for-one deal on condoms.

He claps his hands and bobs at both detectives.

STEPHEN COHEN (CONT'D)

Poof. Party is over guys. Are we done here?

DETECTIVE 1

Nope. We're taking you in this time, pal.

STEPHEN COHEN

I'm sorry, you two know you can't book me on any criminal charges here. We've gone over this many times. I haven't broken the law. There's nothing unlawful about having a little party with some friends.

A gorgeous woman walks by in a see-through halter top. Cohen looks her up and down.

The second Detective looks impatient and agitated. He turns Cohen around and starts putting the cuffs on him. The party attendees, some still without clothes, shuffle past the Detectives and Cohen. Cohen, still the gracious host, tries thanking his guests as they part.

DETECTIVE 2

You fucked up this time, Cohen. (To the people leaving.) Like these are your actual friends.

DETECTIVE 1

More like a bunch of freaks. And you're the one banking off their-

The Detective rubber necks to catch a glimpse of a brunette beauty.

Cohen laughs and the Detective snaps out of it.

DETECTIVE 1 (CONT'D)

...weakness. Club memberships? Valet service? This is a business operation.

DETECTIVE 2

And this is a residential zone. Didn't know it's a crime to run a business out of a residential zone smart guy?

STEPHEN COHEN

Oh is that it? Clutching at straws aren't we boys? Well... Just read me my rights then and let's get this over with.

INT. HOLDING CELL - LA JAIL - THAT NIGHT

Cohen sits, calmly, in his Kimono surrounded by thugs and other offenders the LAPD has picked up during the night. This is nothing new for him.

An OFFICER walks up to the Cell.

OFFICER

Cohen. Stephen. Time to face the music.

INT. COURTROOM - LOS ANGELES - LATER

BALIFF

Stephen M. Cohen!

COHEN steps up to the Defendant table. A Public Defender turns to him.

STEPHEN COHEN

I'll represent myself, thank you.

The Lawyer shrugs then sits down.

JUDGE

Mr. Cohen, you're accused of violating LA County Law 94.7, running a business out of a Residential Zone. How do you plea?

STEPHEN COHEN

Not guilty. Your honor, as I do not own the Residence in question, I cannot possibly run a business out of said residence. I was just at the wrong place at the wrong time. Furthermore, your honor, I would also like to ask, what money am I collecting? I'm not running a club or a business. I, like everyone at the party, paid a check to some company I've never heard of. I admit my personal pleasure might not be "family friendly", but I thought this was the United States, where freedom of self expression was still god given right.

JUDGE

(Slightly Annoyed)

Thank you Mr. Cohen.

The JUDGE sits and thinks.

JUDGE (CONT'D)

Do we have any information on said residence?

The Baliff passes the JUDGE a packet. The JUDGE flips through the documents.

JUDGE (CONT'D)

Well I doubt you're Mr. Liu, Mr. Cohen.

STEPHEN COHEN

I am not your honor.

JUDGE

Very well then. While I am disgusted by the testimony brought forth by the officers of this court, the evidence here indicates no relationship between the Defendant and the premises alleged to be a "Swingers Club" by the State. I am also a fucking idiot, so I won't press this and will dismiss the charges. A trial couldn't possibly unearth the lies and bullshit spouted off here today.

The GAVEL hits the BLOCK.

CUT TO:

EXT. SAN DIEGO MANSION - DAY

Two men sit outside by the pool of a Spanish style mansion. We recognize one right away as the REPORTER.

There seems to be massive property damage. Stains and wooden planks litter the place.

The man facing the reporter sits comfortably in a bathrobe. This is GARY KREMEN (35).

GARY KREMEN

Chuck can be a little hyperbolic. Not that I don't agree that Cohen was a seedy bastard. He does have a flair for the dramatic.

REPORTER

Dramatic? How?

GARY KREMEN

You know. Dramatic. Theatrical. This guy looked like your local mechanic but he could ham it up like Marlon Brando.

REPORTER

So how did you first hear of Cohen?

GARY KREMEN

Ah. I'll never forget that day. I first heard of Cohen in '96. It was an awkward conversation. It was the day I found out he had stolen my domain.

FADE TO:

INT. SAN FRANCISCO APARTMENT - NIGHT

Empty Mountain Dew cans, coffee cups and Miller Lite bottles litter the apartment. It's a messy display.

A Stanford Engineering degree hangs on the wall and the Transamerica Pyramid is visible through a bay window. There is very little additional adornment.

KREMEN is slouched back in front of a Macintosh LC 500 computer. MATCH.COM is on the screen in a Netscape browser.

A BLONDE sporting a bob haircut and a blue sundress walks through the door. This is MAUREEN MOREAU (23).

MAUREEN

Gary, this place is disgusting. I think you'd feel a lot better if you picked up once in a while.

MAUREEN turns on the lights.

KREMEN is glued to the screen. No reaction. MAUREEN waves a plastic bag in front of KREMEN's face.

MAUREEN (CONT'D)

Hey! Space cadet! I brought Chinese food.

KREMEN breaks out of his trance and turns around in his swivel chair.

GARY KREMEN

Sorry baby. Thanks for bringing food.

MAUREEN

No problem. You have to take a break every once in a while. That screen is going to consume you.

GARY KREMEN

It's the web Maureen! Pretty soon you'll be ordering your Chinese food from this screen.

MAUREEN

Whatever. You need to eat. That will never change.

MAUREEN and KREMEN sit down and grab chopsticks. They have barely dug into the Orange Chicken when MAUREEN speaks up.

MAUREEN (CONT'D)

Oh yea. I ran into your friend Preston today. He said something pretty weird.

GARY KREMEN

Yea?

MAUREEN

Yea. He kept mentioning "sex" or "sexy" and muttered congratulations. He mumbled about ad revenue or something. What is he talking about?

KREMEN nearly chokes on his chow mein.

GARY KREMEN

Wh-what?

KREMEN runs his hand through his curly hair.

GARY KREMEN (CONT'D)

He- oh I never told you about this. Promise me, you won't get mad.

MAUREEN

Me, mad? I can't promise anything...

KREMEN walks over to his computer, he starts it up.

GARY KREMEN

Well a couple years ago, before we met, I worked for a company called Classified Online. I was in charge of looking at New Tech that the company might like to invest in. Well, I found out that Network Solutions, a place where you could register Online Domain names, was opening up registration to anyone. So, me and Preston, we drank and brainstormed up some names we thought could be, well, profitable.

MAUREEN

Oh, what did you get?

KREMEN brings up the NSI page.

GARY KREMEN

The creme de la creme. Match.com, Autos.com, and... (He tries to gauge her response.) Sex.com.

Silence.

MAUREEN

Sex.com? Like fucking?

GARY KREMEN

Yeah, that's the idea.

MAUREEN

Do you have people fucking on there?

GARY KREMEN

I haven't even set up the site. I was planning on selling it later on. I was holding it like an investment, like a stock or a real estate buy. But it's under my name and everything.

He shows MAUREEN the Sex.com NSI page. She looks confused.

MAUREEN

Um... It has your address and phone number but- who is Stephen M Cohen?

KREMEN's facial expression changes. He swings his head to the monitor. He goes over every line. Stopping where it says: Stephen M Cohen.

GARY KREMEN
Hm, that's weird.

MAUREEN looks supportive and concerned. KREMEN takes a beat to take it all in.

GARY KREMEN (CONT'D)
Well that's ok. I'll call them in the morning. Everything will work out.

MAUREEN and KREMEN kiss and fall over the swivel chair laughing.

CUT TO:

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

CHARLES CARREON
(chortling)
Yea. I'm not surprised. Gary likes to belittle what Cohen pulled off as a petty heist. It doesn't surprise me that he didn't want to go into the particulars. I think he felt threatened that Cohen got one over on him.

REPORTER
Threatened?

CHARLES CARREON
Yea. You know. Like, intellectually.

REPORTER
So, that's not what happened?

CHARLES CARREON
Not by a long shot. Gary forgets that I knew the girl. How do you think he met me? That day started a downward spiral for the guy. It wasn't pretty...

FADE TO:

INT. SAN FRANCISCO APARTMENT - NIGHT

MAUREEN and KREMEN are sitting in front of the computer.
MAUREEN is screaming at KREMEN.

MAUREEN

What the fuck is this Gary?

The screen is plastered in ads, all of them revolving around pornography, and naked women: "Free Porn", "Hardcore Fucking", "XXX Sluts".

KREMEN's mouth has fallen agape.

GARY KREMEN

(stammering)

It wasn- It wasn't me babe! It was
this Cohen characer. What the
fuck?

KREMEN types "STEPHEN COHEN" into his NETSCAPE browser. He clicks the first result.

A large picture of COHEN in a smoking jacket sits at the top of the page. The headline: Online Porn King Makes Millions.

KREMEN throws his mouse across the room. It cracks the glass on his framed degree.

INT. KREMEN'S APARTMENT, SAN FRANCISCO - DAY - CONTINUOUS

KREMEN takes a pencil holder and crushes a clear crystal on his desk. We can see the cracked degree in the shards. He takes a rolled one dollar bill and huffs the resulting powder.

His eyes are sallow. He is on the phone slouched in the desk chair in front of his computer.

GARY

Well I'm going to need copies of
the transfer requests regarding the
domain.

A representative for Network Solutions is on the other end of the line.

REPRESENTATIVE (V.O.)

I'm sorry. We can only provide
this kind of information to domain
holders.

GARY

But what I've been telling you for weeks now is that I owned the domain! This was not transferred with my knowledge.

REPRESENTATIVE (V.O.)

Unfortunately sir there is nothing I can do to verify that for you.

GARY

So what are my options for recourse.

REPRESENTATIVE (V.O.)

Unfortunately I cannot help you there. You are still welcome to shop amongst our other great domain products.

GARY throws his phone across the room in a rage.

GARY

Fuck!

CUT TO:

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

CHARLES CARREON

This went on for weeks. And several months passed when you add up all the court battles, the self destruction and bullshit. Then by some twist of fate, our paths crossed.

FADE TO:

INT. FANCY PARTY IN LOS ANGELES - DAY

Guests are in a spacious, glass enclosed house with a majority of people playing in the pool outside while others are talking amongst themselves. A piano player is playing some classic tunes to a huddled group of onlookers. A group of people are talking to KREMEN and MAUREEN. KREMEN looks noticeably rounder, his hair frizzled and his eyes droopy and bloodshot. He takes a sip of his drink every few seconds. MAUREEN looks at him cautiously, but continues with her discussion with the other people around.

MAUREEN

Its really happening up in the Bay.
Like last year, a guy who used to
work with Gary made... how much did
Simon make last year, honey?

Gary rolls his eyes and takes a sip of his drink.

MAN AT THE PARTY

My broker was telling me, "Steve,
Silicon Valley is the future. Get
In Now!" Next thing you know, I
bought a computer and I am
"surfing" the internet.

WOMAN AT THE PARTY

I love how they call it surfing.
It's so adventurous.

MAN AT THE PARTY

Maureen, have you been surfing the
internet?

MAUREEN

Me? A little bit. Gary over here is
a "Big Wave Rider".

WOMAN AT THE PARTY

Yes Gary, tell us all about what
new company is about to hit it big.
Or is that insider trading?

KREMEN looks at the WOMAN, almost at a loss. Then...

GARY KREMEN

Well, if you want the inside scoop:
Get out while you can.

The MAN and WOMAN exchange looks at each other.

GARY KREMEN (CONT'D)

The whole Internet Boom is just a
fad to Wall Street. Another flavor
of the month. Half of these
companies don't make shit. The
other half are risky web ventures.
There is one guaranteed success in
this world: Sex. People will eat
sex up. Next time you're surfing,
just look and see how many women
are getting jerked off on. And
compare that to how much fucking
Simon Fedelstein made last year on
record.com.

Gary takes the MAN's drink and guzzles it down. MAUREEN tries to clam him down but Gary is somewhere else. He throws down the glass and it explodes on the floor. The whole party and the piano playing stops. Everyone is looking at GARY and MAUREEN.

GARY finally storms off. And after a sort awkward BEAT, the party resumes.

INT. HALLWAY AT FANCY PARTY IN LA - CONTINUOUS

MAUREEN is by herself walking down the crowded hallway. She casually talks to the people she passes, saying a "Hey, how are you" to the people she doesn't know. And asking her friends if they've seen Gary.

Finally she reaches a door with an angry WOMAN standing outside.

WOMAN AT THE DOOR

Hey asshole! This is the makeup room!

MAUREEN

Is there someone in there?

WOMAN AT THE PARTY

Yeah some lunatic whose been crying in there for an hour or so.

MAUREEN

Oh. Let me try.

MAUREEN puts her head besides the door. She give a little knock.

MAUREEN (CONT'D)

Gary? Gary are you in there.

GARY KREMEN (O.S.)

No.

MAUREEN

Gary open the door.

The lock flips open. Maureen gives a smile to the WOMAN as she slides inside. The door locks behind her.

INT. WASHROOM - CONTINUOUS

KREMEN is slumped beside the sink. A drip of puke hangs from the corner of his mouth. Maureen sees that the remnants of drugs on a mirror that is now lying on the ground.

MAUREEN

Jesus Christ Gary! Why do you have
to be such an asshole!

MAUREEN picks up the mirror and puts it back on its hinges it before she begins to help Gary.

GARY KREMEN

(Pretty Intoxicated)
Hey honey!

MAUREEN

These people are our friends, you
didn't have to freak out on them
like you did. I don't get it. It's
the drugs. You're not like this.
But- on this (holding the empty
baggy) You become a monster and
it's tearing you apart.

GARY KREMEN

No I am right. Watch in a year. No
dot coms. Bank on that!

MAUREEN

Gary what the fuck are you talking
about? This is about you babe. Not
something else, its about you.
(beat) Let's just get you out of
here.

MAUREEN flings KREMEN's arm over her shoulder. They exit the room.

EXT. PACIFIC COAST HIGHWAY - MOMENTS LATER

MAUREEN is driving KREMEN's Datsun down the beautiful Highway 1.

GARY KREMEN (V.O.)

Oh, I am going throw up, pull over.

The Datsun pulls over to the side of the road. The passenger door opens and KREMEN starts puking.

INT. GARY'S DATSUN - CONTINUOUS

MAUREEN watches as KREMEN struggles with everything. Finally he pulls himself back into the car after puking up his booze and drugs.

MAUREEN
Feeling better?

GARY KREMEN
No, I think... (He feels like puking again) We got to get to a hotel or something. I can't do this.

MAUREEN
I know a place we can go.

KREMEN throws up again. He rolls over and shuts the door with his last bit of energy before passing out.

CUT TO:

BLACK.

Classical music fades in.

INT. CHARLES CARREON HOME OFFICE - LATER

Gary begins to awaken. He is sprawled out on a couch and nearly falls off while awakening. He looks around him.

The wooden room is covered in photos, degrees and large canvas paintings of mostly Native Americans riding horses. We recognize the same painting from the motel. Finally Gary notices a man sporting a ponytail sitting at an oak desk, with his back to him.

CARREON turns in his chair and reveals himself to KREMEN.

CHARLES CARREON
Well at least you have good timing.

CARREON holds out a joint.

GARY KREMEN
That a joint?

CHARLES CARREON
That it is. It'll help with the
stomach.

GARY KREMEN
Where's Maureen?

CHARLES CARREON
She's out on the patio with my wife
and kids.

KREMEN takes the joint. CARREON pulls out his lighter and
fires up the joint.

CHARLES CARREON (CONT'D)
I'm Charles.

KREMEN weakly inhales.

GARY KREMEN
Gary. Gary Kremen.

Gary tries passing the joint.

CHARLES CARREON
Now nurse that for a bit. I'm
serious, my family has been smoking
hashish for hundreds of years. It's
nature's Advil.

GARY KREMEN
(waving around)
I was going to ask what was up with
all the India-. Native-. All the
stuff.

CHARLES CARREON
Yes, I'm a Native American, Gary.
Do have a problem with that?

GARY KREMEN
No... it's just a trip. The last
hazy moment I recall involved my
girlfriend saying "I have a place
to take you." And the next thing
you know I'm getting holistic
treatment from a Native American.

CHARLES CARREON
(chuckling)
Well, I hate to ruin your romantic
vision of what's happening here,
but I'm not a "Spiritual Doctor".
(MORE)

CHARLES CARREON (CONT'D)
I'm just a lawyer. A copyright
lawyer. Not quite as exciting.

CARREON turns back to KREMEN, who is motionless. It's almost as if someone removed his batteries. The joint almost drops from his lips.

CHARLES CARREON (CONT'D)
Gary? You okay?

KREMEN begins to stir.

GARY KREMEN
Sorry. I- um, you said you were an
attorney?

CHARLES CARREON
Yes. I've been practicing for two
years now.

GARY KREMEN
An attorney for copyright?

CHARLES CARREON
Last I checked.

KREMEN slinks into the couch. He takes a deep drag of the joint and then hands it over to CARREON.

GARY KREMEN
Well brother have I got a story for
you.

CUT TO:

INT. SAN DIEGO MANSION - DAY

The inside of the MANSION is in even worse shape than the outside. The flatscreen TV is busted, the couches are ripped up and there is water damage everywhere.

GARY is pouring a Perrier for himself. When GARY turns around, the REPORTER reaches for it. GARY just ignores him and takes a seat on a gashed recliner.

GARY KREMEN
I guess he's right. I was in a bad
way when I ran into him. And Cohen
did get one over on me.

The REPORTER looks longingly at the drink.

GARY KREMEN (CONT'D)
 This guy lawyered up quick too.
 Before I could even figure out what
 happened, he was already tromping
 around town filing injunctions and
 snatching up more domains. Can you
 believe that?

REPORTER
 Did you talk with any of them?

GARY KREMEN
 Yea. I talked with some of these
 poor bastards. It wasn't pretty.

FADE TO:

MONTAGE: A series of cuts showing COHEN and cronies paying
 visits to owners of websites with 'sex' in the domain name:

EXT. RESIDENTIAL NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

COHEN is in a track suit and ray-bans, walking with three men
 in tailored suits in tow. They're each holding manila
 envelopes.

The posse walks briskly to a quintessential white picket
 fenced, residential home and COHEN hammers on the door. An
 older WOMAN answers.

WOMAN
 (sweetly)
 He-hello? Can I help you?

COHEN
 (reading off a piece of
 paper, slightly confused)
 Yes, is this the uh...James Codrey
 residence?

WOMAN
 Oh our Jimmy? Jimmy made some
 friends. How wonderful! Let me
 take you to him.

INT. NEIGHBORHOOD HOME - DAY

COHEN and his cronies walk down a staircase to a basement.
 Behind a desk and a computer sits a man.

WOMAN

Hey Jimmy, some friends to see you!

JIMMY

(yelling upstairs)

Mom, what did I tell you about
bringing people down here! This is
my fortress!

JIMMY appears to be in his early 30s and sports a scraggly beard.

WOMAN

Alright honey, just don't forget to
take the trash out after you play
with your friends.

COHEN

You Jimmy Codrey? You run ah-
uh...Sexia.com?

JIMMY

(to Cohen)

Yea. Are you guys from Playboy? I
told you I wasn't selling.

COHEN

You've been served.

With that, the three lawyers throw their manila envelopes on the desk one by one and turn to leave. COHEN lingers a moment and grabs a Boba Fett figurine.

COHEN (CONT'D)

Cute toy.

COHEN throws the figurine in the trash.

CUT TO:

INT. SMALL OFFICE SPACE - DAY

COHEN is standing in front of a man protesting behind a desk. There are five lawyers behind COHEN. The man is gesticulating wildly and COHEN is cackling.

The camera zooms in on the hands of the five lawyers laying down manila envelopes on the man's desk.

CUT TO:

INT. NEIGHBORHOOD GARAGE - DAY

COHEN is standing at the mouth of the garage with seven men in suits in tow, including a little person.

The lawyers throw their envelopes down on the desk of a middle aged man who is at a loss for words. Finally the little person waddles up to the desk and tosses his envelope on top of the others. He hustles to catch up to COHEN and the others as they leave.

END MONTAGE

INT. SAN DIEGO MANSION - DAY

The REPORTER's lips are chapped. He still hasn't gotten his glass of water.

REPORTER

Can I -

GARY cuts him off.

GARY KREMEN

But that wasn't the best part. In the process, he pissed off a couple guys.

REPORTER

(sighing heavily)

Well I imagine he...pissed off a lot of people.

GARY KREMEN

Yea. I'm not talking about the basement dwellers.

GARY takes a sip of his drink. The REPORTER looks longingly at it.

GARY KREMEN (CONT'D)

You couldn't write these guys better. They were straight out of boogie nights. I didn't tell Carreon too much about them. It's funny though. If it wasn't for them fucking me over, I would never have met him.

FADE TO:

INT. GARY KREMEN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

GARY is smoking Methamphetamine from a chipped glass vial. He nervously places down his lighter, inhaling as much as can, rolling his eyes into the back of his head.

The Phone rings in his apartment, GARY just ignores it, focusing instead on his drugs. He loads another hit.

The Answer Machine turns on.

ANSWER MACHINE

You've reached Gary Kremen, leave your name, number and purpose for the call after the beep. BEEP!

GARY'S MOM (O.S.)

Gary! Well, I hope you're alive. We haven't heard from you in a while. Just wanted to see how my little businessman is doing. Don't forget about us, the little people while you're making those millions. Call us. Soon. Okay? I love you Gary. Hope you're okay.

The message ends. GARY stares at the blinking light on his answer machine. He takes another hit, letting the smoke envelope him. The phone starts ringing again. GARY loads up another hit, while still holding in the last one.

Suddenly the front door to his apartment flings open. Two Men dressed in black suits along with matching back sunglasses stand in the doorway. GARY drops the glass pipe, chipping it some more. The answering machine turns on again.

GARY'S MOM (CONT'D)

Oh and Gary, I hope you're speaking to Maureen, even if you're ignoring me. She is a fantastic girl. I mean you never have time for relationships honey, but you really need to make that extra effort sometimes. So just see how it goes, who knows you may even like her. Okay, take care honey.

The two men pick up GARY under his armpits and walk him out of the apartment. GARY is too stoned to even help with the walking.

EXT. PARKING LOT OUTSIDE GARY'S APARTMENT- CONTINUOUS

The two men carry GARY to a Limousine parked outside. They open up the back and toss him in.

INT. LIMOUSINE- CONTINUOUS

The door closes behind him. High and confused GARY lies out on the floor of the Limo. He rubs his hands against the faux carpet.

CUT TO:

EXT. LOS ANGELES- LATER THAT DAY

The Limo drives into the Valley. We see some landmarks of LA as the Limo makes its way into the Hills of Hollywood.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MANSION- SAME TIME OF DAY

The Limo goes past a ritzy set of gates, going along the driveway until the massive mansion becomes visible. GARY is starting to come down as he looks out the window of the Limo at the imposing home. One of the men opens the door and GARY spills out onto the pavement.

GARY KREMEN

So what the hell is it? Did that cocksucker Cohen hire you? (Beat) Some tight lip motherfuckers you guys are. Have you thought about joining the British Guard? You two would look great in red.

The Men carry GARY into the Mansion.

INT. LEVI'S MANSION- CONTINUOUS

Topless women are everywhere. Some are cleaning around the house. Others are outside by a pool, drinking at a Tiki Bar, catered by other topless women. Kremen tries reaching out to one of the Beauties but one of the men in black smacks his hand.

GARY KREMEN
Alright, got it. No touching.

INT. OFFICE INSIDE RON LEVI'S MANSION - CONTINUOUS

The Men toss Kremen into a leather chair placed in front of an intimidating desk. The Men in Black leave.

GARY KREMEN
Okay! Thanks for the lift brothers!

GARY starts looking around the new room he's in. The first thing that stands out is the shelf of trophies. Most are of topless women, but one is a giant Golden Penis. Kremen picks it up, looks around and bites into it.

GARY KREMEN (CONT'D)
That's real fucking gold.

He sees some photographs. Most are of some grey-haired man shaking hands with sports celebrities like OJ Simpson, Terry Bradshaw, Bo Jackson, Vida Blue and Gaylord Perry.

Finally the doors to the office fling open and two men stand before GARY. They are RON LEVI and SETH WARSHAVASKY.

SETH WARSHAVASKY
Ho, so this is the guy?

RON LEVI
Yes indeed Seth. This should be our guy. (To Gary) Mr. Gary Kremen, I presume.

Levi holds out his hand for a shake. Gary is still holding the Golden Penis, flustered by the gesture, quickly tries to find a place to set the trophy.

RON LEVI (CONT'D)
(Taking the Golden Penis)
I'll take that Gary.

Ron carefully takes back his trophy and places it back amongst his other prized possessions.

GARY KREMEN
Um, so... What's this all about?
Who are you guys? And how can I get the number of that barback down by the pool?

Ron Levi laughs to himself as he takes a seat in his chair behind his desk. Seth stands behind him looking out the window at all the women down by the pool.

SETH WARSHAVASKY

Yeah, she's got some great tits. A million subscribers can't be wrong. I wouldn't blame ya, but sorry to say she loves laying carpet. I should know.

GARY KREMEN

Bummer... Wait! Who are you guys?

RON LEVI

Did my driver not tell you?

GARY KREMEN

No. No one told me anything.

Levi picks up the phone.

RON LEVI

Marcus! What the fuck! I thought I told you to inform Mr. Kremen why he was coming down here!

MARCUS (O.S.)

(On the Phone)

We did sir. He was high. Extremely high. I think he masturbated onto the seats in the Limo.

Levi looks at Kremen, shocked.

GARY KREMEN

I might have been a little high.

Levi terminates the call.

RON LEVI

Well, I'll just give you a little recap. We just want to run a few things past you. I'm Ron Levi. And this is the Prince of Porn, Seth Warshavasky. And if you haven't guessed it yet, you're in Hollywood.

GARY KREMEN

I guessed that part Ron. But, what's going on here?

(MORE)

GARY KREMEN (CONT'D)
I appreciate the girls downstairs,
the trophy case and this giant
house but wouldn't it have been
easier to just call me?

SETH WARSHAVASKY
The bringing you down here was my
idea. I wanted to see the man that
was fighting Stephen Cohen. I
wanted to measure you up. And...
well. Maybe a phone call would've
been better. You look like shit.

GARY KREMEN
(scratching his head)
Meth is a hell of a drug.
Especially on the come down.

Levi takes a cigar box out from his desk. He pulls out a
baggie of white powder and opens it for GARY.

RON LEVI
I know. Here, this will even you
out

Kremen sticks his finger into the bag and dabs the drugs
around his gums.

GARY KREMEN
Fuck yeah! Holy shit that's strong.

RON LEVI
Should be. Its from Noriega's
personal stash.

Levi racks out a line for Gary.

SETH WARSHAVASKY
So Gary? How is the trial coming
along?

GARY KREMEN
The trial? Oh man, I don't know.
Not great, I guess...wait, how do
you know about that? I haven't
been advertising it!

SETH WARSHAVASKY
There's going to be a trial right?

GARY KREMEN
To be honest... (He does the line).
Holy hell. To be honest, I don't
think so.

(MORE)

GARY KREMEN (CONT'D)

I just don't have the funds for a long fight. With this guy, I know it's going to be trench warfare.

Levi racks out another line.

SETH WARSHAVASKY

If you had the money? Do you think you would stand a chance?

GARY KREMEN

I hear he has a good attorney. If I had a good lawyer too, maybe I'd have a shot. I'd definitely have a shot. His evidence is flaky. That asshole says he copyrighted Sex.com in '79. Who the fuck is going to believe that? Oh and all of his so-called proof of acquiring the site, they're all forgeries. Like really bad ones. Spelling mistakes. Run on sentences. It looks like some forged doctor's notice you see at work. If I had the money, the good attorneys and the right court, I could end that asshat.

LEVI and WARSHAVASKY smile to one another. LEVI racks out another three lines.

RON LEVI

Well Gary its your lucky day. See that "asshat"...he fucked with me and Seth here. And we're not the types to take defeat so lightly.

SETH WARSHAVASKY

I want to kill that motherfucker. But Ron, here, he's much more level headed.

RON LEVI

Killing this guy. Its just not enough. We want to take him to the cleaners in court.

SETH WARSHAVASKY

Take everything from him. His house, his money, his cars, his good name. We want it.

RON LEVI

But the thing is: Only you have a case against him. So, we would like to help you.

GARY finishes his line and looks up.

GARY KREMEN

What?

SETH WARSHAVASKY

We'll give you the money you need to finish the fight.

RON LEVI

And we'll provide you with the lawyers.

GARY looks flabbergasted. WARSHAVASKY does one of the lines, and hands the bill to LEVI. LEVI pushes the mirror towards GARY again.

RON LEVI (CONT'D)

So what do you say partner?

LEVI reaches out his hand. GARY, without hesitation, shakes it, then leans over to do the rest of the drugs.

INT. COURT ROOM- DAYS LATER

GARY sits in court alongside his new attorneys: one female who looks like a substitute teacher complete with her hair in a bun, the other a male without a sense of fashion or humor.

Sitting next to them are COHEN and his attorney BILL DORBAND. They are prepared and ready to attack.

GARY looks beat up in his ruffled suede jacket. He notices the bailiff staring at him, almost as if he knows GARY is on a comedown from last night.

BILL DORBAND

Your honor. Mr. Kremen has been given ample time to provide the court with the documents associated with Network Solutions in their case against my client. I speak on behalf of Mr. Berhens, legal counsel for Network Solutions, that the charges against them be dismissed from this case.

(MORE)

BILL DORBAND (CONT'D)
It is apparent that Mr. Kremen is
scrapping at crumbs here in this
case and his claims hold no truth.

GARY turns to the Female Attorney.

GARY KREMEN
You didn't file the Network
Solution paperwork to the judge!

FEMALE ATTORNEY
Gary please. We'll discuss this
afterwards.

GARY stares at COHEN who ignores him. Is everyone working for
him?

The Judge finishes reading his paperwork in front of him,
puts down his reading glasses and pauses for a beat before:

JUDGE
Mr. Dorband you are correct in
asking for the dismissal. The
Prosecution has had ample time to
file the injunction on Network
Solutions and has failed to do so.
However, since the legal counsel
for Mr. Kremen has changed so
frequently over the past few weeks,
I feel that maybe this was a slight
oversight by the counsel and her
team.

He looks, as if expecting to hear the FEMALE ATTORNEY to say
something. However she stands, silent and not bothered. Her
calm demeanor freaks GARY out. He shoots up out of his chair.

GARY KREMEN
Yes your honor. We would request an
extension the Network Solution,
um... the Network Solution
Injunct...

The FEMALE ATTORNEY has to forcibly push GARY down into his
chair.

FEMALE ATTORNEY
Excuse me, your honor. We would
like to request an extension
pertaining to the litigation of
Network Solutions Incorporated.

JUDGE

I'll grant you an extension of three weeks. And Mr. Kremen I recommend letting your legal team do the speaking. We will reconvene in three weeks time, October 11 at 9:00 am.

The JUDGE hits the gavel.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE COURTROOM- MOMENTS LATER

The FEMALE ATTORNEY and her team exit the Courtroom. GARY is hustling after them.

GARY KREMEN

Hey! What the fuck was that!

FEMALE ATTORNEY

(Coming to an abrupt stop)

Excuse me, Mr. Kremen? What was what?

GARY KREMEN

That bullshit in there? You didn't file the Network Solution paperwork? That's my case! If we don't get them, we don't get Cohen!

FEMALE ATTORNEY

Are you an attorney?

GARY KREMEN

No.

FEMALE ATTORNEY

Then you can't make that inference. You're a smart man, but the legal system is won on many different fronts.

GARY KREMEN

I do know that if Network Solutions isn't in the case, we can't prove there was a conspiracy between Cohen and someone at Network Solutions. Probably that guy who called me, Bob Johnson or some shit. I do know that. So I'm wondering what I am paying you for?

FEMALE ATTORNEY

You're not paying me Mr. Kremen.
Mr. Warshavsky and Mr. Levi are
paying for your case. And what
happened today in court was what
was best for all parties.

She turns around and rejoins the rest of her team. GARY is
stunned.

GARY KREMEN

Are those assholes trying to fuck
me? Did fucking Cohen get to them?

INT. OFFICE INSIDE LEVI'S MANSION- MOMENTS LATER

Levi sits at a desk, previewing another porn movie his studio
just finished. The phone on his desk begins to ring. He picks
it up.

RON LEVI

Hello?

GARY KREMEN (O.S.)

You cocksucker!

RON LEVI

Who is this? Egelmann?

GARY KREMEN (O.S.)

It's Gary Kremen. What the fuck are
you doing to my case!

RON LEVI

Mr. Kremen. I don't know what
you're talking about?

GARY KREMEN (O.S.)

You're tanking my case? I thought
you were on my side! You lying
cocksucker!

RON LEVI

From everything I heard from my
lawyers, everything went according
to plan. I am sorry if you're not
happy with the direction we're
going with Gary. This is what is
best for everyone in this case.

EXT. OUTSIDE COURT HOUSE- CONTINUOUS

Gary is inside a phone booth, slamming his fist against the glass angry at every word Levi says.

GARY KREMEN

Oh I see, work with the con artist
you know. Well, I see what I have
to do.

RON LEVI (O.S.)

Go get high Gary. And let the
adults deal with this.

GARY KREMEN

Fuck you!

Gary is freaking out in the cramped booth, smashing the phone receiver into the glass, eventually shattering the glass. People just stare at him, like he's a junkie on a bad trip.

CUT TO:

EXT. SANTA CLARA - DAY

It's another beautiful and sunny day in the South Bay. Scattered palm trees are ubiquitous, and college students laugh as they scuttle along the sidewalks.

EXT. SANTA CLARA COUNTY JAIL - DAY

A cloud passes over the concrete jail. It sits in the shadows, very much apart from the community around it.

INT. SANTA CLARA COUNTY JAIL - DAY

Loud CLANGS ring out as cells open and close. The REPORTER is sitting in front of glass holding a black telephone.

A torsoe in an orange jumpsuit comes into view. A hand reaches out to pick up the phone on the other side of the glass.

The CAMERA pans up to see the familiar grin. He looks older and his teeth are more yellowed, but it's undeniably STEPHEN COHEN.

CUT TO:

INT. SANTA CLARA COUNTY JAIL - CONTINUOUS

COHEN

(laughing)

Yea. That was a good one. I wish I could have seen old Gary's face after that played out.

REPORTER

So you agree with his recounting of the story?

COHEN

It sounds about right. To be frank, I was surprised he was surprised. Kremen's a smart guy. He had to have known I'd make a play at the porn guys. Of course I made a deal with them.

REPORTER

Seems a little...callous.

COHEN

Oh it was all in good fun. I did all types of things to mess with the kid. I could always get a rise out of him. I do miss those late night phone calls.

FADE TO:

INT. GARY KREMEN'S APARTMENT- CONTINUOUS

Gary uses the walls to guide him down his dark hallway. The phone in the kitchen flashes with every ring. Its almost like a beacon, guiding him into the kitchen. Before he answers the call, he takes a deep breathe. Finally he picks up the phone:

GARY KREMEN

Hello?

STEPHEN COHEN (O.S.)

Ahoy-ahoy.

GARY KREMEN

What? Who is this?

STEPHEN COHEN (O.S.)

Sorry about that Gary, its your old friend Stephen.

GARY KREMEN

Cohen?

CUT TO:

INT. COHEN'S MANSION BALCONY- AT THAT VERY MOMENT

Stephen Cohen stands up against the balcony rail, smoking a fat cigar. He is dressed in a black tuxedo, even his little amount of hair is slicked back, the look doesn't fit him. He ashes his cigar in a crystal ashtray placed on the railing.

STEPHEN COHEN

I just got home from a black tie event, you know just one of those things I get invited to nowadays. I was being honored actually for all my donations I've made to the youth back in my old neighborhood. But I got back in time to catch the Simpson on TV. I love that show, I was a little Bart Simpson growing up. Always getting into some sort of trouble. But Mr. Burns answered the phone like that, "Ahoy-ahoy." I thought it was funny, but I didn't know why. So I looked up the phrase and would you know, that was the first thing said into the telephone back in the old days. You know before me or you. Like when Mr. Burns was supposedly born. I mean I didn't know that, but it's one of those things about the Simpson's I love. On the broad stroke its funny, but if you're smart and can comprehend, you'll get so much more out of it. I laughed for 5 minutes straight when I found out about "Ahoy-ahoy". I mean what a clever joke!

GARY KREMEN (O.S.)

I've seen the episode. You just calling to tell me you got a joke written by some Harvard Grad? Congrats Army Man.

STEPHEN COHEN

Oh no. I was calling to see how you were doing after that tough day this morning. See Gary, I have to give it you, I didn't think you were going to stick around for too much longer. You're a real cool hand Luke type. And I respect that. I wanted to make this easy and as painless as possible, because I respect you Gary. And really I was hoping you were going to bow out sometime ago. And when you didn't I was surprised. I suspected that maybe someone was helping you and well... I was right. Ron Levi and Seth Warshavsky are sleazy peoples. And you and I are above them really. You and I are smarter than most of these fucking people today. And Gary I know you're smart enough to know when to walk away. And I know the whole Cool Hand Luke stint looks good, but com'on! You're dealing with me here, Gary! I know how to put someone down for the count. If there is one thing I am smarter than you at, its street smarts. And one of the first things you pick up on the street is: How to finish a fight. As much as I respect you Gary, I'll end this. I'll put you down for the count. Today was just a tease. From here on out, the days in court will get even worse for you. So Gary for the final time... just walk away.

Stephen inhales on his cigar. A long pause.

GARY KREMEN (O.S.)

Eat my shorts, dude. I'm going to fucking end this.

Click. The line disconnects. Cohen upset, throws his ashtray off into the distances.

CUT TO:

INT. SANTA CLARA COUNTY JAIL - DAY

COHEN

Of course, I tended to get a little heated as well. Maybe that's why we were so good together.

REPORTER

I don't think Mr. Kremen has quite the same opinion of your ... relationship.

COHEN

Of course he wouldn't. But what Gary didn't realize was that I was the Joker to his Batman. I gave him a reason to exist. He would have gone on to live his boring life, buy a home in Woodside, have coffee with VC assholes at Rosewood. That's all fine and good. But I gave him excitement. I made him in a way.

REPORTER

I don't think -

COHEN

Look. It was criminal for Gary to let Sex.com go to waste. It was much better in my hands. I did Gary a favor. He said in his own words: "I'm not a pornographer." I lived in that world. Who better than me to bring sex to the masses?

The REPORTER is dumbfounded and his mouth sits agape as he ponders COHEN's arrogance.

CUT TO:

EXT. SAN DIEGO MANSION - DAY

GARY KREMEN

Yea. He's right. I didn't want to pursue sex.com. It had nothing to do with ability. It had everything to do with a choice I made.

REPORTER

And what choice was that?

GARY KREMEN

I decided to work on Match dot com.
I wanted to put something positive
into the world.

REPORTER

And why did you make that decision?
You registered the domain. You
must have known it was potentially
lucrative.

GARY KREMEN

(slightly emotional)

I-. It felt like the right
decision at the time. I don't
really like to talk about it.

REPORTER

Look. You're not winning the court
of public opinion right now.
You're not coming off as an
empathetic figure. (shooting a
glance at the water in Gary's hand)
I know I'm supposed to be an
impartial bystander, but if you
want any sort of sympathy, you need
to open up to me.

Gary sighs.

FADE TO:

EXT. CHINA BEACH, SAN FRANCISCO - DAY

Sun beams are dancing off the cliff faces along the coast.
The fog is sitting on the water, kept at bay by an invisible
force.

GARY and MAUREEN are sitting on the cliff, watching some
young people assembling a wooden structure down below. As it
takes shape, it resembles a man.

MAUREEN

Let's go this year. I hear it's
incredible. Transformative.

GARY KREMEN

You know it's not my thing. But if
you want to go. I'll go.

MAUREEN leans against GARY's shoulder.

MAUREEN

I think you need it more than me.
You're the one at a crossroads.

GARY KREMEN

Crossroads?

MAUREEN

You said that you were struggling
with a decision. With work. With
life.

GARY KREMEN

Yea, I am.

MAUREEN

Gary, you're smart. There's no
question in my mind you're going to
be a big success.

MAUREEN (CONT'D)

You have to think about what you
want to put out into the world.

The beach dwellers are almost finished with their structure.

MAUREEN (CONT'D)

Do it for yourself. No one else.

GARY KREMEN

How'd you get so wise?

MAUREEN puts her hand over her chest.

MAUREEN

I listen to this.

GARY and MAUREEN kiss.

CUT TO:

INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY

CHARLES CARREON

I didn't say that Gary was a... bad
guy. I said that he was flawed.
And he changed. During those early
days, we worked well together.
Brothers in arms. Butch Cassidy
and the Sundance kid.

REPORTER

Weren't they on the other side of
the crime fighting equation?

CARREON shoots the reporter a disdainful look.

CHARLES CARREON

You get the idea here. We had fun.
We both fueled our habits, but it
was fun.

FADE TO:

INT. COURT ROOM- DAYS LATER

BILL DORBAND is talking to LEVI's FEMALE ATTORNEY. They seem
to be shaking hands. He walks back over to his table and
begins organizing his paperwork, almost getting ready for a
quick day in court.

The double doors open and GARY KREMEN & CHARLES CARREON walk
through.

DORBAND watches as they walk past the bar and step up behind
the prosecutions table.

CARREON turns to LEVI's Attorney.

CHARLES CARREON

Charles Carreon, legal counsel to
Mr. Kremen. How are you?

FEMALE ATTORNEY

Ronda Litsin. I didn't know Mr.
Kremen was bringing in outside
counsel.

CHARLES CARREON

We're going to proceed with our own
case, but you're more than welcome
to asks some questions.

CARREON turns from the shocked Attorney.

CHARLES CARREON (CONT'D)

(To Gary)

So where's this Cohen guy?

GARY KREMEN

He's not here today. That's his
assassin over there, Dorband. The
NSI people aren't even here.

CARREON locks eyes with DORBAND.

CHARLES CARREON
He looks like a gestapo agent for sure.

GARY KREMEN
Just like I said, right?

CHARLES CARREON
Alright. Let's kick some ass.

GARY KREMEN
Alright partner.

They shake hands as the bailiff calls for the courtroom to rise.

CUT TO:

INT. SANTA CLARA COUNTY JAIL - DAY

REPORTER
So. Charles Carreon had some interesting things to say about you. Any thoughts on him?

COHEN
Old Chuck! Indian lawyer extraordinaire! Yea, we had a lot of fun with him. After I found out Gary brought in outside counsel, I vetted him. He was a real hot head. Easy to manipulate. It wasn't anything I hadn't handled before.

FADE TO:

INT. DORBAND LEGAL OFFICE- LATER THAT DAY

Bill Dorband pours himself a stiff drink. He walks over to his desk as he loosens his tie and drops into his leather chair. He dials a number on phone, putting the call on speaker.

The call rings, Dorband gulps down his drink, finally the call goes through.

BILL DORBAND
Stephen! Its Bill Dorband. Look, we
might have a problem.

STEPHEN COHEN (O.S.)
What is it, Bill?

BILL DORBAND
The Kremen kid got himself a new
attorney. He's moving away from
Levi's people. And they're going
after NSI again.

A long pause.

BILL DORBAND (CONT'D)
Stephen?

STEPHEN COHEN (O.S.)
Yeah?

BILL DORBAND
I'm asking what you want to do?

INT. STRIP CLUB- VEGAS- AT THAT MOMENT

Stephen Cohen is in the VIP section of a Vegas Strip Club, a
topless girl straddles his lap.

STEPHEN COHEN
Look, Bill, I'm in Vegas right now.
Getting my groin rubbed into the
seat by a nice girl. The last thing
I wanted to hear was your voice. No
offense. But business, right now?
Nope and- yep there goes my
erection. (To the girl) Honey, not
now.

Cohen pushes the girl to the side as he rises from the purple
heart shaped chair.

STEPHEN COHEN (CONT'D)
I guess our Cool Hand Gary has too
many lives. Well, let's see how
good this new guy is. Let's go to
the usual.

INT. DORBAND LEGAL OFFICE- AT THAT MOMENT

Dorband finishes his drink and nods in agreement.

BILL DORBAND
Okay, I'll round up the usual
suspects.

Dorband guffaws, hangs up the phone and polishes off his
drink.

CUT TO:

INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY

CHARLES CARREON
Yea. It doesn't surprise me that
Cohen is bragging about his little
games. He's a classic narcissist.
He'll never take a lens to himself
and admit he was wrong.

The REPORTER looks at CARREON in disbelief.

CARREON doesn't notice.

CHARLES CARREON (CONT'D)
(chuckling and gritting
his teeth)
Yea. Cohen made a fool of me that
time.

FADE TO:

EXT. PLAZA - ROME, ITALY - DAY

Charles Carreon is sitting in a Cafe. A list of names,
locations and contact info sit besides his empty Latte. He
gathers his stuff, throws some coins on the table and heads
off down the bustling Roman Streets.

Carreon looks lost in the hustle and bustle. He looks at
building numbers, finally finding the one he's looking for.

INT. WAIT ROOM - ITALY - MOMENTS LATER

Carreon listens to all the strange talking going on all around him. Finally the door in front of him opens. A MAN peeks out his head.

ITALIAN MAN
Signor Carreon?

Carreon nods and proceeds inside.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A small, potato looking, man sits at the end of the table. He's a peculiar looking man with eye glasses almost too big for his face and his ever-lasting smile. This is Cohen's Italian Business Contact, LAZO FRANCEZZI. Next to him are two Bald Headed giants with the nicest looking Armani Suits Carreon had ever seen.

Carreon sits down at the end of the table, takes out his sound recorder and the rest of his documents.

CHARLES CARREON
Signore Francezzi, thank you for
meeting with me today.

One of the Bald Headed Men translate to Mr. Francezzi. Francezzi responds with a welcoming gesture.

CHARLES CARREON (CONT'D)
Let's just get on with this. Okay?
Um- you have done business with Mr.
Cohen and with one or more of his
Businesses like Sports Mangement
and or Sex.com? Correct?

The Bald Headed giant translate again. Mr. Francezzi's face lights up when he hears "Mr. Cohen".

LAZO FRANCEZZI
Mr. Cohen. Such a good man.

CHARLES CARREON
Could you elaborate, maybe?

LAZO FRANCEZZI
Good man.

CHARLES CARREON

Perhaps, you could speak about your business relationship with Mr. Cohen?

LAZO FRANCEZZI

Yes, yes.

A long pause. Carreon rifles through his papers, he finds his questions he wanted to ask. He carefully reads over the pre-planned questions, occasionally looking up to see if the Old Italian Man had changed in demeanor. He then glances at the list of names from earlier at the Cafe. Lazo Francezzi is just the first name. There had to be twenty or so names. He looks at the locations list. Israel, Berlin, Istanbul, Boston, etc.

Carreon crumples up the list.

CHARLES CARREON

Okay, I see I'm wasting everyone's time. Grazie.

LAZO FRANCEZZI

Prego.

{Off Screen SFX: Airport noises}

INT. DA VINCI AIRPORT- LATER

Carreon is on his Cell Phone. He stares off at the Tarmac, there is a back up of planes on the runway. Everything is at stand still.

INT. GARY KREMEN'S APARTMENT- AT THAT MOMENT

Kremen phone rings. He picks it up.

CHARLES CARREON (O.S.)

Gary. Its Charles. Looks like Rome was a bust.

GARY KREMEN

The guy didn't show?

CHARLES CARREON (O.S.)

No. I saw him. Its more like... I think Cohen is just trying to get a quick laugh at us.

GARY KREMEN

Well... Where are you off to next?

CHARLES CARREON (O.S.)

The next deposition is tomorrow morning at 9 AM in Berlin. But I am coming back to California. (Beat) Gary, they're fucking sending us on a wild goose chase here. I'm going through expenses like crazy trying to arrange all these flights. And let's be frank here, Gary, you're not really paying me a lot.

Gary looks worried. He stares at Sex.com which sits on his computer monitor.

GARY KREMEN

I've got an idea, possibly. If you're up for it.

CUT TO:

INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY

CHARLES CARREON

The one thing we did have on Cohen? He was an arrogant prick. Brilliant. But he just couldn't keep his mouth shut. He wasn't great at covering his tracks. The guy wasn't exactly subtle.

REPORTER

So what did Gary bring you?

CHARLES CARREON

Well, he found something in the paper.

FADE TO:

INT. CARREON'S LAW OFFICES - DAY

Charles Carreon does a line of cocaine. His luggage sits by his side. He literally looks as if he had just gotten off the plane.

A beep from his intercom.

CARREON'S SECRETARY (O.S.)
(On the Intercom)
Charles, Gary Kremen is here.

CHARLES CARREON
Let him in.

Carreon quickly gummies the rest of his blow and hastily places an affidavit over the remnants.

Gary walks into the room with a rolled up News Paper.

GARY KREMEN
Jesus fucking Christ! Look at this guy!

He throws the News Paper at Carreon. Charles lights a cigarette and tries to find whatever Gary is going on about in the Paper.

CHARLES CARREON
Cohen?

GARY KREMEN
Yeah page 9. Right column.

Carreon rifles through the pages until he comes to Page 9. He looks at Gary, who is getting his drugs out for consumption.

CHARLES CARREON
"After much gossip and rumors, a spokesperson for the Harrah Entertainment Company has come forward to deny the sale of Flamingo's Hotel and Casino to Internet Entrepreneur Stephen... M. Cohen." The fuck? He's buying a casino?

Kremen crushes up a crystal. Carreon carefully eyes the drugs in front.

GARY KREMEN
No I went onto Alta Vista and found out there was never anything to it, besides rumors Cohen started. They said "Strippers were passing on the juicy bit of info to other higher ups coming in for lap dances."

Carreon snatches Kremen's straw and snorts up some of the Meth. He kicks back into his chair immediately.

CHARLES CARREON

This Cohen guy, he's a piece of work. This case is all over the place. I was in fucking Rome this morning. That's crazy Gary! So let's break it down. We've got one con man who has lied about buying a Vegas casino, deals with shady foreign business contacts, gives false claims to strippers and stealing a porn site.

Kremen has taken back his straw and does his bit of the crystal.

GARY KREMEN

He's been in and out of jail his whole life. He's impersonated a Lawyer. He's impersonated a Doctor. Executed every type of fraud there is. And now he has more resources than Larry Flynt.

CHARLES CARREON

Who is this guy? Frank Abagnale?

GARY KREMEN

He's a psychopath.

CHARLES CARREON

Man. From my personal belief and experience, most people who desire power and wealth are. Let me tell you a story. When I was a boy, my great grandfather was set upon by some Rangers.

CUT TO:

EXT. TEXAS RANCH - DAY

The land is arid. The pounding of hoofs continue to get closer.

An older Native American man holding a pitchfork sends two young boys away. He stands tall looking off into the distance.

CHARLES CARREON (V.O.)

They wanted his land.

A group of Rangers on horses surround the man.

CHARLES CARREON (V.O.)
He fought valiantly. But in the
end they were too many. They cut
his balls off and put them in his
mouth.

The man is slung against the tree with his head hung low.

CHARLES CARREON (V.O.)
As a warning. I - I had to watch
powerless from the brush. There
was nothing I could do.

A young Carreon peers out from his hiding place at the scene.
He's shaking, but doesn't take his eyes off the men.

CUT TO:

INT. CARREON'S LAW OFFICES - DAY

CHARLES CARREON
And they branded my people the
savages.

GARY KREMEN
I'm - I'm so sorry Charles.

CHARLES CARREON
My people have been massacred,
marginalized. Until there were too
few of us left to fight back. Then
they took us to court, legally
stripped us of everything. But I
promised myself that day. I would
never let injustice stand again
without a fight. I don't give a
fuck how many Luca Brasis this
whack job has on the dime.

The air softens. The two high men giggle. Gary looks at a
painting of American Indians being slaughtered by the
Cowboys.

GARY KREMEN
Well let's save Luca for later. We
need a case here Chuck. And right
now Cohen has got us running all
over the place like chickens with
their head's cut off.

CHARLES CARREON

Well, I say let's use this. (He holds up the News Paper.) Show this to the judge. Tell him about the crazy travel arrangements. I'm sure that will convince him that Cohen is just dealing in smoke. We can get our deposition that way.

GARY KREMEN

And you'll grill him? There's got to be a better way. Cohen's too smart to fall into some trap.

CHARLES CARREON

Don't think I can do it?

GARY KREMEN

No, Charles. I'm worried that sleaze will weasel his way out again.

CHARLES CARREON

I'll get that trailer park trash, trust me.

GARY KREMEN

What about the PI? Have you reached out to your friend?

CHARLES CARREON

Gary, the Network Solution end of this going to be a hard shell to crack. That's why we need to get Cohen. NSI is an actual corporation, not some guy pretending to be twenty.

GARY KREMEN

I just want to make sure we have an Ace in the Hole.

CHARLES CARREON

Well, maybe this is a good time to bring this up Gary. My PI doesn't work pro bono. He'll need to be paid. And well, to be frank, after today... I think we're going to have to have a real discussion regarding my pay scale.

GARY KREMEN
 (Interrupting Carreon)
 If we win, you own ten percent of
 the Site.

CHARLES CARREON
 Wha? Ten Percent of Sex.com?

GARY KREMEN
 Yeah. I did some of the math for Ad
 sales last night. And Ten Percent
 is roughly what you make in a year.
 Somewhere between \$500,000 to \$1
 Million yearly, I'm guessing. And
 if I sell-

CHARLES CARREON
 Gary, I- I have kids, I don't want
 to own some smut site. I hate
 Pornography. I feel like my mother
 raised me to know that shit is
 filth.

GARY KREMEN
 You do drugs. You swear like a
 sailor. But naked women, that
 bothers you? What the fuck are you
 helping me for then?

CHARLES CARREON
 Gary, do you know that American
 Indians proportionally provide more
 soldiers to American's wars than
 any other demographic group in the
 country? We're the product of an
 ancient culture of warfare. I neve
 run from a fight.

The two have a mutual stare down.

Carreon turns around.

CHARLES CARREON (CONT'D)
 Look, if you want me to take the
 percentage, I'll go with it. I'm
 saying yes, solely to prove how
 much I believe in your case.
 Stephen M. Cohen stole your
 website. And I'm not cool with
 that. Solidarity, brother?

Carreon reaches his hand out to Gary. Gary and Carreon shake
 hands.

GARY KREMEN
What do we have to do, man?

CHARLES CARREON
I've got to get him on the stand.

GARY KREMEN
No one gets him on the stand. He doesn't even come to court. He's off in Vegas or Thailand somewhere.

Carreon looks back at the News Paper article about Cohen.

CHARLES CARREON
I think he may have just fucked himself.

CUT TO:

INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY

CHARLES CARREON
Running that back, I guess I should have known that things weren't on the level. But I was just so focused on Cohen. I had my blinders on. He became my obsession. I did some digging and found a few things.

REPORTER
What were those?

CHARLES CARREON
You already know this, but he's a convicted felon. A con man. He's been pegged for bankruptcy fraud, check fraud, fraud in general terms. He's been around. It's quite a resume.

Charles lights a cigarette and waves it around.

CHARLES CARREON (CONT'D)
The guy didn't finish high school. He's dyslexic. He couldn't write to save his life.

CUT TO: A transfer request letter with ketchup on it for Sex.com to Network Solutions takes up the screen.

CHARLES CARREON (V.O.)
Even the transfer request we
recovered looks like it was written
by someone at the bottom of their
ESL class.

CUT TO: CARREON

CHARLES CARREON
And yet. He pulled shit off -.
(biting his fist) It boggles the
mind. He even got into it with
Microsoft when he started one of
the first BBS filesharing systems.
You know Piratebay? This guy
predated that. A guy that didn't
even get a GED.

Carreon takes a long drag from his cigarette.

CHARLES CARREON (CONT'D)
We still don't know how he stole
the domain. Sure he put in the
transfer request...but it wouldn't
have took with just that. That
always bothered me. How'd he do
it?

CUT TO:

INT. SANTA CLARA COUNTY JAIL - DAY

COHEN
(cackling)
So Chuck wants to know huh? Well I
guess the chips have fallen anyway.
Why not.

FADE TO:

INT. LIBRARY- AN HOUR LATER

Cohen is on a computer in the small Computer Lab in the
corner of the Library. He's typing in words he doesn't
understand on a Court Summons into the computer on a Virtual
Dictionary. The search bar reads: CHECK FRAUD DEFENSE.

A Vagrant looking man sits down near Cohen. Cohen has a look of disdain for the Vagrant, but quickly forgets about him and goes back to his work. An Employee of the Library comes up to the Computer Lab.

EMPLOYEE

Not again! Get out of here!

Cohen watches as the Employee kicks the Vagrant out. Cohen wonders what he just saw.

STEPHEN COHEN

(To the Employee)

Excuse me? Why did you throw him out of here?

EMPLOYEE

'Cause those bums come in here, look at porn, sometimes those gross bastards start beating off their meat. Sick fucks.

STEPHEN COHEN

They look at porno? On the computer?

EMPLOYEE

Yeah we have the internet on those things, and that's full of pornography.

STEPHEN COHEN

You don't say?

Cohen looks at his screen. He clicks on the URL Bar. He deletes what is there. He looks around him, wary of prying eyes. He types: SEX.COM.

The site begins to load. Cohen is shocked to see an unfinished site.

STEPHEN COHEN (CONT'D)

Uh.

He writes down on his summons, SEX.COM.

EXT. MOTEL NEAR FREEWAY OFF RAMP- MOMENTS LATER

The Motel is stereotypical in every way, complete with flashing neon sign short circuiting. We see shady characters milling about and ladies of the night casing the place for Johns.

Cohen hurriedly slams the door to his beat-up Hatchback. Dust shoots off the side paneling with a WHOOSH.

He doubles back right before reaching the stairwell to grab something. He shuffles out of the car with what looks like an old RECORD PLAYER. With his cargo tucked under his arm, Cohen rushes up the concrete steps, fiddling with his keys. The door swings open to his Room.

INT. MOTEL ROOM- CONTINUOUS

Cohen's junk covers the room. Its clear he's not neat from the old, stale food sitting out everywhere. His clothes are strewn about, hanging off chairs, the television. The only area somewhat tidy is where his computer sits.

When Cohen bursts through the door, he looks manic, searching around for free space for his record player. When he can't find any, he sweeps a group of papers to the ground. He doesn't seem to care about the majority of his belonging, but he sets his player down carefully.

Cohen roots around in the mess of papers on the floor for something. Eventually he finds a record sleeve and pulls out a black wax disc. He slinks over his Record Player and blows off the dust. He drops the needle gingerly and we see it drop with a POP.

SCRATCH sounds give way to Curtis Mayfield's "Superfly". As the bongos start to play, a calm seems to come over Cohen. He sits into the chair in front of his computer confident and collected. As the horn line drops in, Cohen begins to type, and the bumbling mess that we saw before is gone. This illiterate, not so eloquent man knows his way around a computer.

Cohen's fingertips glide across the keyboard like a maestro's would his piano.

The sounds of the freeway and yelling from other tenants fades away as Cohen locks in his focus. Eventually, all we hear is Curtis and the TAPPING of Cohen's fingers on the keys.

The lyrics describe Cohen perfectly: "This cat of the slum, had a mind wasn't dumb. But a weakness was shown, 'cause his hustle was wrong. His mind was his own, but the man lived alone."

We see the computer screen now, tinted black. Cohen types in a number of prompts in quick succession. It looks like someone has hit fast forward on an imaginary remote.

Eventually, the screen flickers. Cohen's face is illuminated by the screen, bars of light dash across his eyes. Finally, the screen settles and a grin emerges from Cohen.

A few more key strokes and Cohen is staring at Page that reads at the top: NETWORK SOLUTIONS INC.

Cohen types into the search tool: SEX.COM.

A new page opens. Cohen starts jotting down relevant information on a piece of paper near him. He uses his index finger to follow along with what he's reading. He comes to a stop on a name: Gary Kremen.

STEPHEN COHEN

Gary Kremen? Hmm..who are you?

Cohen starts to type some more. He is again on a dark screen. He types in: KREMEN.GARY=Search?BBNET.

A new page opens, this one is for CLASSIFIEDS ONLINE. Gary's name is highlighted. Cohen smile turns more into a smirk and the screen makes his face look sinister and eerie. He grabs the nearby phone and dials a number.

Cohen makes a series of phone calls.

He's leaning far back in his chair.

COHEN

Oh hi Sue, how are you? I'm doing just fine, trying to get by on this beautiful Wednesday!

CUT TO:

COHEN (CONT'D)

Kids! Oh the little rascals. Can't get enough of 'em.

CUT TO:

COHEN (CONT'D)

Yea there have been some shake ups. We're gonna need to do a transfer. You should see the change in our account.

CUT TO:

COHEN (CONT'D)

Oh that's fine. It's no inconvenience at all.

(MORE)

COHEN (CONT'D)

Just make sure it's done by the end of the week. I don't want to get yelled at by my boss. (laughing)
Ok, I'll talk at ya.

CUT TO:

INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY

CHARLES CARREON

Huh. I guess that makes sense. Even I have to admit he could be charming on the phone. I should know.

REPORTER

So how'd he fuck himself?

The words sound ridiculous coming out of the mousey REPORTER's mouth.

The REPORTER is becoming more engrossed in the story at this point. He's taken to lying down on the floor. Carreon doesn't seem to notice or care.

CHARLES CARREON

What's that?

REPORTER

Cohen.

CHARLES CARREON

Ah. Yea. We did have him. Things were going great there for while. I ended up getting fucked in the end. But you already know that. Otherwise why the fuck would I be talking to you?

A long Beat.

CHARLES CARREON (CONT'D)

Well we knew that Cohen was crooked. But we needed Judge Ware to buy into that too. Then I'd have Cohen all to myself.

FADE TO:

INT. JUDGE WARE'S QUATERS - DAY

Charles Carreon is pacing in the back of the room. Judge Ware sits at his Desk, skimming the paperwork Carreon has brought him.

Suddenly the door opens. Bill Dorband comes in, almost out of breath.

BILL DORBAND

Your honor, sorry for my tardiness.
I had other matters to attend to
this morning.

JUDGE WARE

I can see. Mr. Carreon was kind
enough to bring your clients other
legal woes to my concern. It's
strange, Mr. Dorband, to see
someone you have routinely defended
as a good and honest man have such
a bad track record in practice. And
it seems that nothing has changed.

He slides the News Paper article across his desk to Mr. Dorband.

BILL DORBAND

Ah, yes, the Casino. Actually, I
can-

JUDGE WARE

And before we get to your answer on
that question, we should address
the ludicrousness of your
deposition witnesses and their
schedule times.

BILL DORBAND

Ludicrous? Your honor... I can't
take responsibility for the
witnesses' preferred travel
arrangements. I simply provided the
contact info and schedule to Mr.
Carreon and his team.

JUDGE WARE

One is in Israel, the next at a 5-
star Hotel in Berlin, Moscow?
Boston? Mr. Dorband, are these
witnesses really necessary?

BILL DORBAND

Mr. Cohen feels that these witness,
know him and his business practices
the best. And feels strongly that
these and only these people can
give an unbiased testimony to his
overall character.

CHARLES CARREON

Character? Give me a break, Bill.

JUDGE WARE

And yet, Mr. Cohen refuses to make
himself available for questioning?
How can a man who lives thousands
of miles away know a person better
than himself?

Ware and Dorband exchange glares with each other.

JUDGE WARE (CONT'D)

You are to pay for the travel
expenses of Mr. Carreon and his
team for the remaining depositions.
Only if you feel the rest are
necessary. And you are to make your
client available for a deposition.
Mr. Carreon, how does next week
sound?

CHARLES CARREON

Excellent your honor.

FADE TO:

INT. SANTA CLARA COUNTY JAIL - DAY

Cohen has his hand on his face and chuckles.

COHEN

Yea, Chuck got his deposition
alright. I don't suppose he told
you how that went?

The Reporter has grown more bold.

REPORTER

Well. It must have done something.
You ended up in here didn't you?

Cohen stares at the glass with a hateful expression.

Then a smile curls across Cohen's face.

COHEN

Trust me. Carreon didn't put me in here. We did have some fun though.

CUT TO:

EXT. SAN DIEGO MANSION - DAY

GARY KREMEN

Yea. As much as I despise him, Cohen is right. It went horribly.

REPORTER

How do you know. Were you there?

GARY KREMEN

I heard what happened through Dorband and Judge Ware. Not to mention Cohen calling to gloat. Oh, and I read the transcripts.

CUT TO:

INT. 1202 KETTNER BOULEVARD, SUITE 6100, SAN DIEGO - DAY

We see the double doors burst open. The back of Carreon's head and his ponytail comes into focus. The camera then focuses on a smiling Cohen as the doors close.

Carreon walks around and dumps a giant dossier on the table. He wastes no time, jumping in immediately and speaking quickly.

CHARLES CARREON

Mr. Cohen, I presume. Or should I call you Mr. Sidwell? Or Mr. Beasley?

BILL DORBAND

That's enough Charles. Please follow a clear line of questioning.

STEPHEN COHEN

(grinning)

That's alright. Let him spin his wheels. Here, I brought something for you.

Cohen pulls out a black t-shirt that has a white logo reading "SEX.COM" on it. He hands it over to Carreon.

STEPHEN COHEN (CONT'D)
I already sent one to Gary, but I
figured you'd want one for
yourself. You're a medium right?

CHARLES CARREON
You son of a - ha ha!

Carreon takes a moment to compose himself.

Cohen smiles and sets the crumpled t-shirt at his feet.

CHARLES CARREON (CONT'D)
Yes. Let's get to it then.
(clearing his throat)
I just want to establish that you
are under oath here Mr. Cohen.
You've been under oath before,
right?

STEPHEN COHEN
Yes, I have.

CHARLES CARREON
And let's see. Were you under oath
in any civil proceedings at any
time?

STEPHEN COHEN
Yes.

CHARLES CARREON
And what civil proceedings were
those?

STEPHEN COHEN
I don't recall.

CHARLES CARREON
You have taken the oath so many
times that you don't recall where?

BILL DORBAND
Objection. Mischaracterizes his
testimony, leading, suggestive.
You can answer.

STEPHEN COHEN
I've been under oath many times.

CHARLES CARREON
And in civil proceedings many
times?

STEPHEN COHEN
Yes.

CHARLES CARREON
And - so you know what the oath is
about?

STEPHEN COHEN
Yes.

CHARLES CARREON
Does it constrain you in any way?

BILL DORBAND
Objection. Ambiguous.

CHARLES CARREON
Does the oath constrain you in any
way?

BILL DORBAND
You can answer.

STEPHEN COHEN
No.

CHARLES CARREON
You mean you can say whatever you
want under oath? Did you
understand my question?

STEPHEN COHEN
I understand your question.

CHARLES CARREON
Okay. So...

BILL DORBAND
Do you know what he means by
"constraint"?

STEPHEN COHEN
I'm here to tell the truth.

CHARLES CARREON
Ah. That's constraint from my
point of view. Okay. Let's try to
stick with words that we both
understand.

(MORE)

CHARLES CARREON (CONT'D)
Does the oath bind you in any way,
the oath that you just took.

STEPHEN COHEN
Yes, it does.

CHARLES CARREON
And what does it bind you to?

STEPHEN COHEN
I'm here to tell the truth without
exception.

CHARLES CARREON
You're here to tell me all the
facts you know in response to the
questions that I ask?

STEPHEN COHEN
That is correct.

CHARLES CARREON
And you will do that?

STEPHEN COHEN
That's correct.

CHARLES CARREON
Uh huh...Ok. How did you come into
possession of the domain Sex.com.

STEPHEN COHEN
I've owned the trademark for the
domain Sex.com for quite some time.

CHARLES CARREON
Yes, you've made that abundantly
clear. But how did you originally
come to hold the domain Sex.com.

STEPHEN COHEN
I can't recall. I own several
internet properties.

CHARLES CARREON
One would think you would remember
a property as valuable as Sex.com.
You don't recall how you came to
possess it?

BILL DORBAND
He's answered the question. Please
move on.

CHARLES CARREON
(grumbling under his
breath)
Slippery fuck...

STEPHEN COHEN
What was that?

CHARLES CARREON
(taking a breath)
Let's circle back to that. I want
to focus on the forged letter from
Sharyn Dimmick.

BILL DORBAND
It was never established that this
letter was forged. Rephrase.

CHARLES CARREON
We have contacted Sharyn. She does
not recall writing this letter.

BILL DORBAND
Still I --

STEPHEN COHEN
It's alright Bill. I'll come clean
on this. That was handled by an
associate, Vito Franco.

CHARLES CARREON
Vito Franco...?

STEPHEN COHEN
Yes.

CHARLES CARREON
Who is this Mr. Franco, what is his
area of expertise?

STEPHEN COHEN
He's an ex-police officer. He was
a movie producer.

CHARLES CARREON
Which police agency?

STEPHEN COHEN
I'm not sure. I think it was
somewhere in Hawaii. That was
before he moved to California,
where he was a movie producer -
quite distinguished - and he was
also...he did building.

CHARLES CARREON

Uh huh. Did Mr. Franco tell you that Ms. Dimmick had told him that Online Classifieds had fired Mr. Kremen?

STEPHEN COHEN

Yes.

CHARLES CARREON

He did not make a tape of their conversation?

STEPHEN COHEN

I don't know.

CHARLES CARREON

He located Sharyn Dimmick by what method?

STEPHEN COHEN

I don't know how he located her. I honestly don't know.

CHARLES CARREON

Is Mr. Franco still an employee of Sand Man Internacional?

STEPHEN COHEN

No.

CHARLES CARREON

Who does he work for?

STEPHEN COHEN

He doesn't.

CHARLES CARREON

Where is he?

STEPHEN COHEN

He's in heaven.

CHARLES CARREON

He's in heaven?

STEPHEN COHEN

He's in heaven. He just recently passed away.

CHARLES CARREON

I see. Where are his records?

STEPHEN COHEN

I don't know.

Carreon throws his hands up, clearly frustrated. Cohen doesn't bat an eyelash, sitting and smiling.

Carreon tries to compose himself.

CHARLES CARREON

Alright. Let's leave a pin in that. I want to talk about the suit that was brought against you by Microsoft and others regarding your allowance of illegally downloaded software.

STEPHEN COHEN

What's that?

CHARLES CARREON

Yes. It seems that a Susan Boydston filed a declaration saying that you allowed the paperwork to sit on your nightstand while claiming you had never been served.

STEPHEN COHEN

(pausing a beat)

For the record, that was filed under seal of a protective order.

CHARLES CARREON

I've got the order unsealing it right here.

STEPHEN COHEN

Can I finish my comment? This was filed under a protective order and this is the very first time I have ever seen this document.

CHARLES CARREON

I tracked down a Frank Butler. Despite having not represented you for years prior, he appears as your attorney in the case.

STEPHEN COHEN

You know, that case had a very unusual thing happen in the middle of it. I can't recall all of the details, but it had a beginning, middle and end.

(MORE)

STEPHEN COHEN (CONT'D)
Kind of like a three act movie!
But the case ultimately fell apart.

CHARLES CARREON
Do you care to expound on that?

STEPHEN COHEN
No.

Carreon is exasperated now. He throws out every piece of dirt he has on Cohen but is rebuffed at every turn.

CHARLES CARREON
Have you ever been accused of impersonating an attorney?

STEPHEN COHEN
No, I am an accredited lawyer.
I've passed the Bar exam.

CHARLES CARREON
Have you ever committed bank fraud?

STEPHEN COHEN
No that was one of my wives. You know how scorned women can be.

CHARLES CARREON
Just admit it. You're lying!
You've been lying. You stole Sex.com and you think you can get away with it!

BILL DORBAND
I think we're done here.

Dorband calmly stands up and walks out the door. Cohen follows close behind him, smiling ear to ear.

CUT TO:

INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY

Carreon takes a long drag from a rolled cigarette.

CHARLES CARREON
Yea, that was the beginning of the end between Gary and I. The bastard just wouldn't hear my side.

FADE TO:

INT. SAN DIEGO HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Carreon is bent over a mirror, huffing a line of cocaine.
Kremen is sitting across from him, looking agitated.

GARY KREMEN

What the fuck happened in there
Charlie?

Carreon waits a beat before answering.

CHARLES CARREON

(leaning down for another
line)
Things went bad.

GARY KREMEN

Things went bad? What the fuck
does that mean?

CHARLES CARREON

The sick son of a bitch didn't come
clean. He just wouldn't admit -

GARY KREMEN

Of course he didn't! We know the
guy's a crook. What we wanted out
of this was something we could use
in court. Instead I'm getting
calls from Dorband saying he won't
let you within 100 miles of his
client. How could you fuck up this
bad?

CHARLES CARREON

Now hold on Gary. Remember that
I'm the one holding the law degree.
I'm busting my ass out there for
this.

Kremen ignores him, barreling forward.

GARY KREMEN

On top of all that, guess who got
to depose Cohen next? That's
right, the Network Solutions legal
team. They're calling a hearing to
have the claim against them
dropped.

CHARLES CARREON

We'll get 'em next time man. We
just have to keep pushing. We're
so close.

GARY KREMEN
There isn't a next time! This was
our shot!

CHARLES CARREON
I won't let him -

GARY KREMEN
He did already.

CUT TO:

INT. SAN DIEGO MANSION - DAY

GARY KREMEN
Yea. Chuck fucked up bad. It took
me a while to get over that one.

REPORTER
So you have gotten over it?

GARY KREMEN
What's that?

REPORTER
Gotten over it. It just seems that
-

GARY KREMEN
That what?

REPORTER
That...That you're not.

GARY KREMEN
Look. You've seen the legal
briefs, right? You know I'm
fighting his claim. Take that for
what you will. Do I need to defend
my position, or are you here to
write my side of the story?

REPORTER
You're right. Go ahead.

GARY KREMEN
Ok. So the case was in a shambles.
I wasn't sure what to do.
(MORE)

GARY KREMEN (CONT'D)
Chuck wasn't getting it done. So I
found a way.

FADE TO:

INT. KREMEN'S APARTMENT, SAN FRANCISCO - DAY

Kremen is sitting slumped in front of his computer. His cigarette hangs loosely from his hand. He hasn't even bother to ash it on the table.

On the desk is a court order dismissing Network Solutions from the Sex.com case. Kremen looks defeated.

After a few beats, he perks up, summons the spirit he has left and leans over his keyboard.

A few keystrokes later and he has a full list of Bay Area IP lawyers on his screen.

GARY KREMEN
This asshole isn't the only one
that can bring in a heavy hitter.

Kremen reaches for the phone and dials.

GARY KREMEN (CONT'D)
Hello? Yes, this is Gary Kremen.
I'd like to enlist your services.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO PIER - DAY

Kremen is seen meeting a man near the Ferry Building. The man is tall, lean and has a head of grey hair.

GARY KREMEN
Mr. Wagstaffe?

JIM WAGSTAFFE
Please. Call me Jim.

JIM WAGSTAFFE, 62, is even and measured with his speech.

The pair walks along the Embarcadero near the water.

GARY KREMEN
I have to say that I don't meet
with lawyers outdoors a lot.

JIM WAGSTAFFE

When you're in a profession like mine, you're indoors often. I like to take meetings out here when I can.

GARY KREMEN

When it's beautiful like this out, who can blame you. I have to say it's kind of nice. I haven't been able to enjoy much lately.

Wagstaffe raises an eyebrow

JIM WAGSTAFFE

Always remember to appreciate what you have in life, Gary. Want or need blinds judgment.

GARY KREMEN

(dismissively)

Noted.

JIM WAGSTAFFE

You know. I wouldn't normally consider taking your case. I only work with clients based on recommendation. But something about your case jumped out at me.

GARY KREMEN

That's understandable. This asshole Cohen won't stop tormenting me. I've never met someone so determined to...win.

JIM WAGSTAFFE

I could care less about this Cohen fellow. I'll take care of him. I'm more interested in your friends at Network Solutions. In case you haven't noticed, the Valley around you is exploding. And at the heart of that are Internet Domains. They're valuable. But who owns them?

Kremen fails to come up with an answer.

JIM WAGSTAFFE (CONT'D)

When you buy a plot of land, and you build a house on that plot, does it belong to the original landowner? No.

(MORE)

JIM WAGSTAFFE (CONT'D)

It belongs to the person that
bought the deed. Network Solutions
is trying to hold onto that deed
for every virtual home out here.

GARY KREMEN

Well it doesn't matter anyway. My
suit against them was thrown out.

JIM WAGSTAFFE

Well we're going to have to find a
way to get it put back in. That's
the key to us both getting what we
want.

CUT TO:

INT. SAN DIEGO MANSION - DAY

GARY KREMEN

Not long after that chat. There
was a breakthrough.

FADE TO:

INT. KREMEN'S APARTMENT, SAN FRANCISCO - NIGHT

Kremen is nodding off in his chair. His body language
indicates a lack of hope.

A phone ring shakes Kremen out of his daze. He picks up the
receiver and stutters into it.

GARY KREMEN

He-hello?

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)

Hello? Is this Gary? Gary Kremen?

The voice sounds shaky and timid. Almost a whisper.

GARY KREMEN

This is he. Listen if this is
another debt collector, I'll get
back to you tomorrow. You people
need to get a life.

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)

This is Ellen Rony. I investigated your claim at Network Solutions a while back.

GARY KREMEN

Ok Ellen, if that is your real name. You can tell your overlord he won.

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)

No...listen. I have information regarding your claim. NSI knew the letter was a forgery.

GARY KREMEN

(perking up)

What was that?

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)

The letter authorizing the transfer. Network Solutions knew it was a forgery and proper protocols were never followed for releasing the website name.

GARY KREMEN

And how do you know this?

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)

You can say I was...close to the situation.

GARY KREMEN

Would you be willing to testify to this?

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)

I don't know...

GARY KREMEN

This is useless to me. Why dangle this in front of me?

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)

You don't understand. I would be upsetting some very powerful people if I went public with this.

GARY KREMEN

And what about me? What about my life?

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)
 I'm sorry this happened to you.
 That is why I'm passing along this
 information now. Talk to your
 representation. They'll know what
 to do with it.

We hear the click on the other end of the phone.

GARY KREMEN
 Wait! Don't hang up!

Kremen sits back in his chair, stunned.

GARY KREMEN (CONT'D)
 What the fuck just happened?

EXT. JAPANESE TEA GARDEN, GOLDEN GATE PARK - DAY

Kremen and Wagstaffe are walking amongst the flowers. Kremen is chewing a falafel loudly. Kremen offers some to Wagstaffe, but he declines.

JIM WAGSTAFFE
 Well there's the missing piece
 right there. Now we can prove a
 conspiracy.

GARY KREMEN
 (talking through bites of
 falafel)
 The woman seemed very skittish.
 Doubtful she'll testify.

JIM WAGSTAFFE
 Well, you have her name now don't
 you? The information is out there.
 If need be, we can threaten a
 subpoena for collusion.

GARY KREMEN
 I don't know if we should -

JIM WAGSTAFFE
 Look, I'm going to stop you right
 there. You reached out to me,
 remember? I'm telling you this
 needs to happen. We wanted Network
 Solutions back in the case. Now we
 have them.

GARY KREMEN

Ok...

JIM WAGSTAFFE

Cheer up! This is what you wanted
isn't it?

GARY KREMEN

I want the domain.

JIM WAGSTAFFE

Well this is how we get it. But
first thing's first. We have to
remove the thing that is making the
money Cohen is fighting us with.

GARY KREMEN

What's that?

JIM WAGSTAFFE

The domain itself.

GARY KREMEN

But isn't that what's we're doing
already?

JIM WAGSTAFFE

Yes. But first we need to get it
shut down. Then we get the rights
transferred. And I think you'll
like this next part.

GARY KREMEN

What's that?

JIM WAGSTAFFE

The new case brings new
depositions. I'm going to take
care of your little friend.

CUT TO:

INT. MOTEL ROOM

CHARLES CARREON

Yea. I didn't realize what Gary
was doing. I was gathering files,
trying to find another angle. Then
I heard from the courthouse we had
gotten another crack at Cohen.

FADE TO:

INT. 1202 KETTNER BOULEVARD, SUITE 6100, SAN DIEGO - DAY

Wagstaffe is standing with impeccable posture in his Armani suit. To his right is Kremen, slouched over in stained jeans and t-shirt. Kremen looks exhausted.

Kremen's bloodshot eyes are burning a hole in the double doors to the deposition room.

GARY KREMEN

The son of a bitch is right in there?

JIM WAGSTAFFE

He should be.

GARY KREMEN

Alright. Well let's go.

Kremen takes a step towards the room before Wagstaffe sticks his arm out to stop him.

JIM WAGSTAFFE

I don't think that's a good idea Gary.

GARY KREMEN

What the fuck are you talking about? It's a great idea. I want to see this bastard get the smug wiped off his face.

JIM WAGSTAFFE

You should leave this one to me. Go home and get some rest.

Carreon bursts through the double doors looking strung out and disheveled. He notices Kremen and starts babbling.

CHARLES CARREON

I heard the court is giving us another crack at this bastard! Let me get in there and -

Carreon stops in his tracks when he sees Wagstaffe.

CHARLES CARREON (CONT'D)

(to Wagstaffe)

What is this? We pay our taxes asshole. Shove off.

JIM WAGSTAFFE

Excuse me?

GARY KREMEN

Back off Charlie. This is Jim
Wagstaffe. He's helping me out.

CHARLES CARREON

Helping you out? How?

GARY KREMEN

With the case.

CHARLES CARREON

You brought in new representation!
What the fuck is wrong with you! I
told you I've got this! What about
our plans? What about our deal?

GARY KREMEN

I had to make a new one. You
weren't getting it done, plain and
simple. This is about winning. I
can't concern myself with petty
bullshit.

CHARLES CARREON

Well there it is. I suppose all of
my groundwork and our friendship
was bullshit.

GARY KREMEN

Just get out of here Charlie. I'll
call you later.

CHARLES CARREON

But I -

GARY KREMEN

I said I'd call you Charlie! Now
get the hell out of here.

Carreon deflates. He looks one more time at Wagstaffe and
heads for the elevators.

GARY KREMEN (CONT'D)

I'm sorry about that Jim. Charles
can be -

JIM WAGSTAFFE

I don't want to know. I don't get
involved in the petty squabbles of
my clients. Now go to the hotel
and get some rest.

CUT TO:

INT. SANTA CLARA COUNTY JAIL

STEPHEN COHEN

I remember the guy. Silver maned.
He was a bull, alright. I could
deal with Chuck. He would lash
out, I loved that. But this guy
was cold. Surgical.

FADE TO:

INT. 1202 KETTNER BOULEVARD, SUITE 6100, SAN DIEGO - DAY

The back of Wagstaffe's silver mane comes into focus as he
walks through the double doors. We see Cohen's face as the
doors are closing. He looks grim.

JIM WAGSTAFFE

Good afternoon, Mr. Cohen.
Dorband.

STEPHEN COHEN

(to Dorband)
Who's this jackass?

BILL DORBAND

Hello Jim. We've agreed to this
deposition for your benefit, so
let's get this over with.

JIM WAGSTAFFE

You've agreed to this deposition
because of a court order, Bill.
And because the case has been
reclassified as a conspiracy. New
information has come to light.
We're pursuing your client and
Network Solutions for fraudulent
transfer and declaratory relief.

STEPHEN COHEN

(perking up)
What?

JIM WAGSTAFFE

Didn't know that, huh? You should
really keep your clients informed,
Bill. Give him his options.

STEPHEN COHEN

You have nothing on me, suit.
Crawl back to Kremen and ask him
how your case is going.

Wagstaffe reaches into his briefcase and pulls out a thin
sheet of paper. He tosses it in front of Cohen.

STEPHEN COHEN (CONT'D)

What the hell is this?

JIM WAGSTAFFE

Well, that's you. Or more
accurately, a dossier on you.
Mixed with your testimony from your
last deposition, of course.

STEPHEN COHEN

Yea? And so what? This doesn't
change a thing.

Wagstaffe ignores Cohen and faces Dorband.

JIM WAGSTAFFE

No need to send it over to Judge
Ware. I took the liberty. And he
seemed to agree this is worth going
to trial.

Dorband reaches for the paper and grabs it from Cohen

Cohen bristles like a cornered hyena.

STEPHEN COHEN

(under his breath)
You son of a bitch.

JIM WAGSTAFFE

What was that? Tell your client to
speak up Dorband. I want to get
all of this for the record.

Cohen quickly composes himself.

STEPHEN COHEN

Where's that doped up Indian guy?
He was a lot more fun, I liked him
a lot more than you.

Wagstaffe again ignores Cohen.

STEPHEN COHEN (CONT'D)
And all your info here is wrong
anyways. I incorporated these
companies long before these dates -

JIM WAGSTAFFE
What was that?

STEPHEN COHEN
Umm..errmm..I meant to say, I
joined or did business with those
companies before those dates.

JIM WAGSTAFFE
That's alright Cohen. I already
know you are Sand Man Internacial.
And Ynata Partners. And a host of
other shell corporations.

STPEHN COHEN
Like fuck you do.

JIM WAGSTAFFE
I followed the money, Mr. Cohen.
Not to mention, not a single
representative from these companies
responded to requests for
deposition.

BILL DORBAND
Alright Jim. That's quite enough.
Move on and ask your questions.

Wagstaffe smiles and stares down Cohen.

JIM WAGSTAFFE
Quite right. Mr. Cohen, sex.com is
an asset, isn't it?

STEPHEN COHEN
(warily)
I...I don't know how to
characterize it.

JIM WAGSTAFFE
Well, you are making a great deal
of money through it, are you not?

STEPHEN COHEN
Sporting House Management is making
the money off of sex.com. My
salary is only \$12,000 a year.

Wagstaffe's eyebrows raise.

JIM WAGSTAFFE

You live in a 20 acre property in one of the more lavish neighborhoods of San Diego. Own a boat in the marina. A vacation home in the South of Spain. And you have all of this on the meager income of \$12,000 a year.

STEPHEN COHEN

What lavish lifestyle? I'm a very austere man. You have to go back and check your sources.

JIM WAGSTAFFE

(sarcastically)

I'll be sure to let the IRS know that their reports are off.

(seriously)

We know you own several properties. And you have leased several cars. So again, where did you get the money?

STEPHEN COHEN

(a beat)

I was given a large expense account.

JIM WAGSTAFFE

How large was this expense account?

STEPHEN COHEN

Seven million dollars. Give or take.

JIM WAGSTAFFE

And why would Sporting House Management give you such a generous spending account?

STEPHEN COHEN

(smiling)

I suppose they valued me.

JIM WAGSTAFFE

I should say so, for that price tag. So I want to get back to the sale of sex.com. To which company did sex.com get sold?

STEPHEN COHEN

Sporting Houses of America.

JIM WAGSTAFFE

I see. And what is the connection there?

STEPHEN COHEN

There is no connection. The name similarity is a coincidence I suppose.

JIM WAGSTAFFE

Did you have much trouble coming up with terms with yourself?

STEPHEN COHEN

What?

JIM WAGSTAFFE

Well, we know that you own all three Sporting House companies: Sporting Houses Management Co, Sporting Houses of America, Sporting Houses General. They were all incorporated in the same month by one Stephen M. Cohen.

Wagstaffe slides over the piece of paper detailing the incorporations.

Cohen stares at it in disbelief.

JIM WAGSTAFFE (CONT'D)

So I'll ask you one more time: Did you have much trouble selling assets to yourself from one shell corporation to the next?

STEPHEN COHEN

The Hell is this? I've never seen these- Fakes, everyone last one of these is a fake. And what do these docs have anything to do with Sex.com. Jack zip.

JIM WAGSTAFFE

Right you are. However I'm just establishing a history of your behavior. You know for the trial. Thank you for your time gentlemen. We'll be seeing you around.

Wagstaffe starts to buckle up his briefcase.

Cohen is seething.

STEPHEN COHEN

Hey guy! You can't just walk out of here. How dare you challenge me! Do you know who I am? I'll destroy you!

JIM WAGSTAFFE

Good day Mr. Cohen.

Wagstaffe walks out and closes the double doors behind him. Cohen is shown clenching his teeth right before the doors close.

CUT TO:

INT. COURTHOUSE - DAY

We see the double doors to the courtroom close. As soon as the doors close, we see a gavel hit a sound block.

INT. SAN DIEGO MANSION

GARY

Yea. And then the weasel ran.
(rolling his eyes) Who could have imagined a convicted felon would be a flight risk. I like to imagine it went something like ...

FADE TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Cohen is feverishly burning papers and throwing them in the toilet. The smoke billows and it sets off the smoke alarm.

The shoddy sprinkler system turns out, spurting out rust colored water.

COHEN

Fuck!

He's making calls.

COHEN (CONT'D)

(on the phone)

Burn it. Burn it all.

Beat.

COHEN (CONT'D)
I said fucking do it!

He hangs up forcefully.

Cohen starts another call.

COHEN (CONT'D)
Yea. Dorband. Go to the
contingency. Transfer all assets.
Do it now!

CUT TO:

INT. SWANKY OFFICE - DAY

Dorband is chomping on a cigar. He's leaning back in a lazy boy.

DORBAND
What are you talking about? Cohen?

COHEN (V.O.)
I said do it! No fucking around.

Dorband leans forward.

DORBAND
Alright, alright. Caymans or
Monaco?

COHEN
Either. Both! I don't give a
flying fuck, just get the money
out!

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Cohen is stuffing rolls of hundreds down his pants and in his shirt.

EXT. HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Cohen makes a dash for a gaudy red ferrari. He tosses the cash in the back seat, puts the car in reverse, and promptly runs into another car, destroying the fender.

He peels out of the parking lot and cackles as he revs up to 100 on the highway.

CUT TO:

INT. SANTA CLARA COUNTY JAIL

Cohen is shaking his head and laughing.

COHEN

Is that what old Gary told you?
I'll give him this much, the guy
has a vivid imagination.

REPORTER

That's not what happened?

COHEN

No. Absolutely not. What do you
take me for, some cartoon
caricature? Fat Tony or Sideshow
Bob?

A gust of wind blows Cohen's comb over into the air. It looks even more preposterous than Donald Trump's hair piece. He shifts his gut, licks his hand and carefully rearranges the strands of hair.

The Reporter looks on incredulously.

COHEN (CONT'D)

(defensively)

Well I'm not. I had my reasons. I
did what I thought I had to.

FADE TO:

INT. BRIGHT YELLOW LIVING ROOM- MIDDAY

The House Phone on the wall begins to ring. A young girl (9) has her back to the camera as she draws in a Coloring Book.

The Phone continues to ring. The Girl stops coloring and begins to walk towards camera. When she arrives at the phone, she's barely even able to reach it.

LUISA

Hello?

STEPHEN COHEN (O.S.)

Luz? Hey baby. Its Daddy.

LUISA

Daddy? Daddy are you coming home?

STEPHEN COHEN (O.S.)

Ah, yeah baby. I am coming home soon. I promise. Is your mother there?

LUISA

Ma'ma!

INT. AIRPORT DEPARTURE GATE- LOS ANGELES- THAT VERY MOMENT

Stephen Cohen is on his cell phone, his luggage by his feet. He pulls out some anxiety pills and tosses them down his throat just like candy. He looks anxiously at the crowd around him.

He notices a guy looking at him, or maybe past him. Cohen puts on his Sunglasses as if that will hide him better.

MARISOL COHEN (O.S.)

Stephen! Como esta mi amore?

STEPHEN COHEN

Mary. Do you remember the plan we talked about? My backup plan?

MARISOL COHEN (O.S.)

Yes. What's going on Stephen?

STEPHEN COHEN

I have to lay low for bit. But I'll meet you and Luisa both down there.

MARISOL COHEN (O.S.)

Stephen where are you?

STEPHEN COHEN

It's better if you don't know. But I promise you both that I'll be there soon. I promise you.

MARISOL COHEN (O.S.)
I love you Stephen.

A pause. Finally the flight behind Cohen is announced.

STEPHEN COHEN
I have to go. Marisol, I'm counting
on you. Leave this week. I'll be
with you guys soon.

Cohen hangs up. He picks up his bags and pulls out his Plane Ticket for Monaco and begins to board the plane.

The man from earlier who was looking at Cohen, watches Cohen board the flight and writes down the flight number on a note pad.

A MONTAGE BEGINS:

We see three separate story lines, intercut between them, but in chronological order.

First, Stephen Cohen is in Monaco, hitting the Casinos, going to Brothels, spending his money on useless items like a vase he later breaks, an extravagant piece of art that he uses as a punching bag, drugs, etc.

COHEN (V.O.)

Secondly, Gary Kremen begins to acquire pieces of Cohen's old empire. Kremen gets to a Mansion that has been completely ransacked. He finds out Cohen had a boat, but that boat was mysteriously set ablaze. Finally Kremen logs onto Sex.com. The site is very rudimentary but still Kremen smiles at his long awaited prize. He erases Stephen Cohen's name from the scrawl on the page and places his own.

Third, Marisol and Luisa begin to pack frantically. They are in their station wagon going through the border to Mexico. They arrive at a remote house on the edge of Tijuana. Marisol begins settling everything down, placing pictures around the house, we see that this is clearly Cohen's Wife and Daughter through the photos.

CUT TO:

INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY

CHARLES CARREON

Yea. We parted ways there for a bit. Cohen fled, obviously.

REPORTER

So what happened after that? What happened between you and Gary?

CHARLES CARREON

Well. You know. We had won. You know? So I didn't think it'd go like this...

FADE TO:

INT. KREMEN'S NEW OFFICE- MONTHS LATER

Gary Kremen is remade. He wears a slick grey suit, his hair is gelled back, his beard perfectly trimmed. He looks healthier than anytime before. The look in his eye has changed, there is fire there now.

He is looking over a portfolio of current projects. The intercom buzzes.

KREMEN'S SECRETARY

Mr. Kremen, there's a gentleman on the line for you. A, Mr. Carreon.

Gary without hesitation answers the phone. He puts the call through.

GARY KREMEN

Charles.

CHARLES CARREON (O.S.)

Gary. Its been hard to reach you these days.

GARY KREMEN

I don't know what you mean Charlie, I'm right here. Just use the internet to find my number. Its pretty easy.

CHARLES CARREON (O.S.)

Well Gary, I think you know why I called.

(MORE)

CHARLES CARREON (O.S.) (CONT'D)
You've had the site for a few months now, I haven't gotten any checks yet. You remember our little agreement, right?

GARY KREMEN
You are a horrible attorney, aren't you?

CHARLES CARREON (O.S.)
Excuse me?

GARY KREMEN
Charlie, please, its why we let you go. I mean come on you had Cohen dead to rights and you fucked it up! I'll admit you really opened my eyes and gave me the will to fight and I'll be thankful for that. But Charlie, let's be real, you didn't win this case. Wagstaffe did, you were my old drug buddy back in the day. And that's it. So don't be expecting any checks from me or my website anytime soon.

CHARLES CARREON (O.S.)
Are you fucking me over here? Gary, the fuck is wrong with you! We have it in writing.

GARY KREMEN
Oh I don't think that napkin scrawl is going to make much difference. We were both stoned out of gourds back then. Look Charlie, if you want I can give you the old pay rate for some new projects I got going on here.

CHARLES CARREON (O.S.)
You lying piece shit!

A click. Carreon hangs up. Kremen un-phased goes back to his paperwork. After a reading a few more lines, he stops. He cycles through his rolodex, finally finding the number he wants. He dials the number. After a beat, the call is answered.

MAN (O.S.)
Hello?

GARY KREMEN
 Its Gary, what's that Prick, Cohen,
 up to now?

CUT TO:

INT. MANSION

GARY KREMEN
 Yea. I kept tabs on him. So what?
 After the hell he put me through?

FADE TO:

EXT. MONACO HOTEL- DAYTIME

RANDALL BOURGEIS, a Private Investigator, is on his cell phone inside his car, which is parked across the street from a ritzy Hotel. He is peering through his binoculars at Stephen Cohen who is sitting in the Window seat of the Grand Dinning Hall.

RANDALL BOURGEIS
 He's been all over the place. Last night, he was out til dawn with some ladies of the night, partying, gambling. Today he's eating a pretty large breakfast in the dinning room. Looks like one of the ladies gets to dine with him.

GARY KREMEN (O.S.)
 Goddamnit! (Beat) Just keep on him. I'll let you know when things change on this end. You let me know if things change on your end.

RANDALL BOURGEIS
 Okay Boss.

BOURGEIS hangs up. He picks up the Binoculars again and watches Cohen patiently.

CUT TO:

INT. DINING HALL- CONTINUOUS

Cohen plays with his slice of Toast, casually . In front of him is a wide variety of breakfast foods. Sitting across from him is a busty blonde woman in a tight revealing shirt, who isn't even eating. Instead she vapidly twirls her hair and fixes her shirt to show maximum cleavage.

STEPHEN COHEN
(In Mid-Thought)

So I thought last night. Why not
The Alps? I mean, babe, I've never
been a great skier but truthfully I
miss the cold. It used to get very
cold back home in the States. And I
never had anyone like you that
could warm me like you do. So why
not go somewhere cold and try to
warm ourselves with our passion.

WOMAN
Would that be what you like? I
charge extra for traveling. Oh and
I stay in only hotels, I say.

STEPHEN COHEN
Of course babe. Nothing except the
finest for you.

The Concierge of the Hotel walks besides their table.

CONCIERGE
Monsieur Cohen, there is a
telephone call for you.

STEPHEN COHEN
Yeah, yeah bring it here.

CONCIERGE
Began your pardon Monsieur, but the
call is -eh- how you say, discreet.

Cohen looks at his company, still twirling her hair looking out the window.

STEPHEN COHEN
Pardon me. Where's the call.

CONCIERGE
At my desk sir.

INT. LOBBY OF HOTEL- CONCIERGE DESK- CONTINUOUS

Cohen walks over to the desk and picks up the telephone.

STEPHEN COHEN

Hello?

MARISOL COHEN (O.S.)

Stephen! Stephen, ah mi dios!

STEPHEN COHEN

Mary? What is it? What happened?

CUT TO:

INT. SANTA CLARA COUNTY JAIL

STEPHEN COHEN

That explains a lot. The dirty bastard was keeping tabs on me. He knew I was in Mexico. But maybe not why.

FADE TO:

INT. SMALL POLICE STATION- MEXICO- CONTINUOUS

Plain Clothes officers stand in front of a table, a quarter pound of Marijuana lies on the table. The Officers congratulate themselves on their bust. The Lieutenant stands by a doorway, watching his men celebrate.

He turns back into his office, where three young kids sit, embarrassed, not trying to make any eye contact. The Lieutenant walks by them, stopping at the smallest. He lifts her shagging head. Its Luisa.

INT. KREMEN'S NEW OFFICE- DAYS LATER

Gary Kremen is going over some Receipts with his Assistant, a young, attractive girl. The Intercom buzzes.

SECRETARY

Mr. Kremen. Mr. Bourgeis is here to see you.

GARY KREMEN

Have him come in.

The Double Doors to Kremen's office opens, in comes Bourgeis dressed in head to toe Black. He puts a file down in front of Kremen. Kremen looks up at Bourgeis and then opens the file.

GARY KREMEN (CONT'D)
Fucking, Mexico? What the hell do
you think he's doing down there?

RANDALL BOURGEIS
I am not sure you want to hear,
what I think.

GARY KREMEN
What the fuck am I paying you for?
Tell me what you think he's doing?

Mr. Bourgeis takes a seat.

RANDALL BOURGEIS
Well, in my personal experience,
people tend to take this step right
before they disappear for good.
Mexico is a tricky place, very un-
lawful down there. And with money,
you can pretty much do anything.

GARY KREMEN
Cynthia. Please leave.

The Assistant collects the receipts and leaves, closing the double doors behind her.

Gary looks across at Bourgeis. He takes a deep breathe and leans back in his chair.

GARY KREMEN (CONT'D)
So... What do I do?

RANDALL BOURGEIS
Well sir, I know certain people
with certain skills and connections
to get him. If that's what you
want?

GARY KREMEN
I've let Stephen Cohen have too
much time. He's spent my money. My
money!

RANDALL BOURGEIS

This is our last chance here Gary.
I've got his address, I can have
two guys at his place in 48 hours
and have him back in US territory
within the week. Just tell me what
you want to do.

Gary weighs his options, he rubs his arm. The urge begins to develop within him again. He opens his drawer, grabs a stick a gum, decides one isn't enough, and takes two more. He wads the gum up and pops it his mouth. The urge subsides.

GARY KREMEN

Give me the address.

INT. COHEN'S HOME- MEXICO- NIGHT- A FEW DAYS LATER

Stephen Cohen looks in the mirror. His eyes are bloodshot, his posture is sloppy and hair is a mess. He rubs his watch, the only piece of clothing he still wears from his European Vacation.

Marisol comes up behind and wraps her arms around his waist. She nestles her head against Stephen's shoulder. Stephen turns to her. He cups the back of her head with his hand and lays on a big kiss.

MARISOL COHEN

Thank you Stephen. Thank you for everything.

STEPHEN COHEN

Ah.

Marisol hugs him even tighter, at first Stephen fights it off, but then embraces her hug.

MARISOL COHEN

You are a good man. A good father.

Stephen turns from her, he goes over to the window and looks outside. Marisol sits down in the living room couch.

STEPHEN COHEN

I am not, Mary. If I was a good father she would have never been smoking dope in the first place.

MARISOL COHEN

Not true. I had a father and I smoked. You did too.

STEPHEN COHEN

We lived in the 60's. Of course we did drugs. Times have changed.

MARISOL COHEN

This is not the United States, Stephen. Mexico is much different. I think more free.

STEPHEN COHEN

Well, I hope so. I don't want to have to run off again.

MARISOL COHEN

I don't want you to run off either.

STEPHEN COHEN

I like it here. (Beat) Tequila?

Stephen walks over to the bar in the corner. He pours himself a tequila shot.

MARISOL COHEN

No, I am tired. We have a soccer game tomorrow. Luisa would love for you to be there.

STEPHEN COHEN

How is she? You know? Good at least?

MARISOL COHEN

Oh, she's no Pele. But, she scores goals.

Stephen smiles.

STEPHEN COHEN

My little girl, is a winner. Just like her old man.

MARISOL COHEN

Alright, see you in a bit.

STEPHEN COHEN

Yeah, I'll be right there

Stephen takes the shot and grabs the rest of the Tequila. He walks back over to the window. He stares out into the sky. He walks over to the screen door leading outside.

EXT. OUTSIDE COHEN'S HOME- MEXICO- CONTINUOUS

Cohen steps outside the bright, starry night sky. He looks up. The Stars shine incredibly bright. One in particular catches Cohen's eye.

Cohen takes a swig of the Tequila bottle.

When he looks back up, the bright star is no more. Cohen looks for it, but it is gone.

INT. COHEN'S HOME- BEDROOM- NIGHT- LATER

Stephen Cohen lies next to Marisol. They're fast asleep. The phone rings. A groggy Cohen answers.

STEPHEN COHEN

Hello.

GARY KREMEN (O.S.)

(Drunk)

Ahoy, ahoy you son of a bitch!

STEPHEN COHEN

What? Who is this?

GARY KREMEN (O.S.)

(Drunk)

Who is this? Who is this? You fucking piece of retarded monkey shit. I am your fucking executioner. You know who the fuck you're talking to.

Stephen's eyes light up. He rolls out of bed. Marisol begins to stir. Stephen tries to be quieter.

STEPHEN COHEN

Gary. Gary Kremen.

GARY KREMEN (O.S.)

That's right bitch! Say my name!

STEPHEN COHEN

How... How did you find this number?

GARY KREMEN (O.S.)

I know exactly where you are. And I know exactly what you are doing. And a I am going to stop you.

STEPHEN COHEN

Okay, Gary. You're starting to impress me.

GARY KREMEN (O.S.)

I haven't even done anything yet, man. You know, I never got to thank you for the state you left your mansion in. You fucking animal. You have fun in Spain? Enjoy the weather in France? Like spending my money? I am done Stephen.

STEPHEN COHEN

You've been keeping tabs on me?

GARY KREMEN (O.S.)

Cohen I know all your fucking moves. And I get you where it hurts the most. I suggest you check on your little baby. You might find a pleasant surprise.

Cohen panics. He drops the phone, the noise wakes up Marisol.

INT. LUISA'S ROOM- COHEN'S HOME- MEXICO- CONTINUOUS

Cohen busts into Luisa's room. Nothing out of the ordinary. He scratches his head. What did Kremen mean. Then it hits him.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM- COHEN'S HOME- MEXICO- NIGHT

Cohen sits in front of the computer. A sleepy Marisol walks up behind him, still rubbing her eyes. Cohen types into the URL Bar: Sex.com.

The Screen loads. On it is an old fashion looking Wanted Poster with Stephen Cohen's face on it. Below the picture reads: WANTED DEAD OR ALIVE REWARD \$50,000. Below that, Cohen's address in Mexico is listed.

Marisol screams. Stephen jumps up to comfort/hide the screen from her.

MARISOL COHEN

Are we in trouble?

STEPHEN COHEN
I don't know.

Cohen is at his desk. Rattled, he picks up the phone and punches in some familiar digits.

A couple of rings.

BILL DORBAND (O.S.)
(Half Asleep)
Yes?

STEPHEN COHEN
Bill its Stephen Cohen. I've got a problem.

BILL DORBAND (O.S.)
Cohen? (Beat) What is it?

STEPHEN COHEN
Are you near a computer?

INT. COHEN'S CAR- HIGHWAY- MEXICO- THE NEXT DAY

Cohen drives by himself. He is spooked by almost anything: Cars Parked on the shoulder, People tailgating behind him, anyone that makes eye contact.

He pulls off to the shoulder. He is on the verge of a panic attack. He pulls out a cigarette from the glove compartment and lights it up.

He takes a deep drag. A Police Car drives past him. Cohen watches the Police Unit until its out of sight. Then an idea comes to him.

EXT. SOCCER FIELD- MEXICO- MOMENTS LATER

A crowd of parents watch their children play soccer. Marisol is there, talking with the other players mothers. The Police Lieutenant is there as well.

Cohen pulls up in the parking lot. He stops and watches his daughter play for a moment, it brings a slight smile to his face. He looks around the field. He sees Marisol. Then he sees the Lieutenant.

He throws his hands into his jacket and proceeds toward the Lieutenant.

The Lieutenant is leaning against his car, smoking a cigarette. Cohen places an unlit cigarette in his ear as he walks up.

STEPHEN COHEN

Por favor, un feugo?

The Lieutenant takes out his lighter and helps out Cohen.

STEPHEN COHEN (CONT'D)

Gracias.

LIEUTENANT

You are the Gringo. You're daughter, she's pretty good. She should stay out of trouble, focus on futbol.

STEPHEN COHEN

That's what my wife keeps telling me. Its Stephen.

Cohen extends his hand out. The Lieutenant looks at him and then decides to shake.

LIEUTENANT

Gustavo.

STEPHEN COHEN

Do you have a kid out there?

LIEUTENANT

No. I just love watching futbol.

STEPHEN COHEN

Us Americans, we just could never get into it. Soccer.

LIEUTENANT

Futbol.

STEPHEN COHEN

Well, we have our own Football. And its a hell of a lot more exciting. You ever watch football?

LIEUTENANT

I watch Futbol.

Cohen decides this isn't going anywhere.

STEPHEN COHEN

To each his own. (Beat) So look, I know that the last time we met, it wasn't well, under the best circumstances. But, you do know now that I have some considerable pull.

LIEUTENANT

Are you a dope dealer?

STEPHEN COHEN

Dope? No. Don't touch the stuff. Definitely don't peddle the stuff. No. I do work on the Internet.

LIEUTENANT

Que pasa?

STEPHEN COHEN

The internet? Its a system of computers that-

The Lieutenant is lost already.

STEPHEN COHEN (CONT'D)

It doesn't matter. What does matter is I made a website on the Internet. It was the most popular website ever! People all over the world visited it. I made more money a day then you make from your salary. But I also made a lot of enemies. Enemies that chased me here.

LIEUTENANT

What are you asking?

STEPHEN COHEN

There are men who are going to take me away. I trust no else. And you seem like a decent man. A man who knows the value of a earned coin.

EXT. COHEN'S HOME- MEXICO- TWILIGHT

Two Armed Police Officers stand in front of the Cohen's Driveway.

INT. LIVING ROOM- COHEN'S HOME- MEXICO- CON'T

Marisol sits on the Sofa. Luisa reads a book while lying on the ground. A Police Officer stands with his back to wall, surveying the scene.

Marisol looks up at the Officer.

MARISOL COHEN
Are you going to follow us to
bathroom?

OFFICER
No.

MARISOL COHEN
Finally some peace.

INT. COHEN'S OFFICE- COHEN'S HOME- MEXICO- CON'T

Marisol peeps her head into Cohen's office.

He's seated behind the desk. His face is buried into the desk, his hands almost pushing down as to suffocate him.

MARISOL COHEN
Stephen? Do you not want to be with
us?

He looks up at her. No response. He puts head back down.

Marisol watches him a while longer than closes the door.

INT. POLICE STATION- CON'T

The Lieutenant is using the Internet, he looks up Stephen Cohen.

EXT. COHEN'S HOME- MEXICO- DAY

Cohen is outside, planting in his garden. The Police are watching him from a distance. They notice a Black SUV pulling up in the driveway.

Cohen is using the trowel to dig into the soil.

The Doors to the SUV open. Two American men get out, they're well dressed and groomed. The Officers begin to walk up to the vehicle.

Cohen begins to plant seeds in dirt.

The Officers shout for the Men to stop. One of the men smiles, pointing to his ear. The other slowly reaches behind his back.

MAN

No Espanol.

BANG! BANG!

Cohen jumps out of his crouched position. He looks around, he sees the Officers around him start running.

He panics. He jumps over his fence into his neighbor's yard. He begins running and jumping through yards. He is not agile, in fact he has many nasty spills along the way.

Cohen comes to a jog, he's winded. He puts his hands on his knees and catches his breathe. He looks behind him, nothing. He is alone. He goes back over to the fence he just flung himself over and looks over the top. No one is following.

Cohen starts to backtrack down the alley making his way out into a busy street. Street Food Vendors surround him. People are pushing their way past him.

A Grey Unmarked Van turns on to the street. And then suddenly a pair of arms grab him from behind.

Cohen almost has a heart attack, he tries escaping but he placed into choke hold and carried toward the Grey Van. The Side slides open and Stephen Cohen is tossed inside.

INT. VAN- CON'T

Cohen is thrown against the side of the van. His head bangs against the Van.

STEPHEN COHEN

Fuck! Por Favor! Dinero? Quieres
Dinero?

A roll of Duct Tape is wrapped around his mouth. Cohen squeals. He looks up to see someone putting a black cloth bag around his head.

We pan up to see a team of US MARSHALLS gathered around their prize, Stephen Cohen. One of the MARSHALLS gets on his radio phone.

EXT. COHEN'S HOME- MEXICO- DAY

Cohen's Home is fine, there was never a Gun Fight. The Officers that were guarding the place are now smoking and drinking, laughing. Things are casual. Some of the Officers are looking at Cohen's belongings, some take what they want.

The Lieutenant looks on, leaning on the Black SUV that the "Gringos" arrived in. His phone begins to ring.

LIEUTENANT

Hola?

US MARSHALL (O.S.)

Its done. Thank you for the tip.

There is a scream. Marisol is chasing one of the Officers taking Cohen's Personal Computer. The Lieutenant looks on.

LIEUTENANT

No problem. Always like helping the Americans.

Marisol cries as more of Stephen's belongings are carried away by Officers. Finally one Officer brings out _____, Marisol loses it.

MARISOL COHEN

Not that! Let me keep that! You can take everything else, but that's all I have left of him!

The Lieutenant walks over and signals to his Officer to give her back _____. The Officer gently hands over _____ to Marisol. She looks up to the Lieutenant, they lock eyes.

LIEUTENANT

Vamos a terminar con esto! Va!

Marisol is left crying at the foot of her home. Luisa is seen watching from the Living Room window.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

INT. PRISON- A YEAR LATER

Cohen is led to a Private Visitation booth. He is told to sit down. No is across from him.

STEPHEN COHEN

Hey do you know who wants to talk
to me?

The Guard shrugs at him.

Cohen looks across from him. His hopes go to someplace, but those hopes are crushed when Gary Kremen appears before him.

Gary stands proudly in front of him. His sight angers Cohen. This makes Gary chuckle.

Gary sits. His silhouette on the glass perfectly lines up over Stephen's face.

Gary reaches for the phone.

CUT TO:

BLACK.

THE END