

Entourage Spec Script

"MONEYSHOT"

Written by

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INT/NEW YORK METROPOLITAN THEATRE - NIGHT

1

Drama, Eric and Turtle are sitting in the front seats. On stage, a ballet has just ended and the dancers, are taking their bows to tumultuous applause. Oleg, a male dancer with a big Dracula collar, bows magnanimously.

DRAMA

Thank God this is over. Every time I make eye contact with one of those chicks, Count Cock-Cula blocks my view with that unripe plantain he's smuggling in his tights...uggh!

TURTLE

Those girls weren't making eye contact with you, dummy. This ain't Scores, it's the Met! Whaddyu, gonna start tossing ones on-stage? You act like you're straight outta low cash.

DRAMA

Bro, those chicks recognized me. You think they don't have t.v. in Moscow? I'll bet you ten million ruples I end up doing the nutcracker with one of these ballerina.

TURTLE

Yeah. Maybe with the Count. You guys can go on a date to the Russian Tea-bag Room.

ERIC

Here's comes the grand finale.

Vince walks out onto the stage holding a bottle of vodka. A microphone is lowered from the ceiling.

VINCE

Hello everyone, I hope you had a good time watching these talented dancers from the...

He pulls a scrap of paper from his pocket.

VINCE

Tarkatov professional Dance company of Moscow.

The audience laughs good-naturedly at his awkwardness. Two of the hotter female dancers behind him whisper to each other.

VINCE

And we'd also like to thank Snoppov
Vodka for sponsoring this event and
bringing our two nations together
through cultural events.
Snoppov...the taste of a new world.

He hold up the bottle and the crowd applauds. Vince and the dancers file off.

ERIC

Yes we'd definitely like to thank
Snoppov; Vince says four sentences;
two hundred grand, plus a bonus
seventy-five for if he says the
name twice. He said it twice.
Where's Drama?

TURTLE

In the bathroom. He's on the Master
Cleanse diet. No food. He's only
drinking this "beverage"; water,
cayenne pepper, molasses, and
lemon.

ERIC

I heard Beyonce does that diet
before a tour. Seems to work well
for her.

TURTLE

Yeah, no doubt. You lose weight.
But...you gotta piss ALL the time.
Drama is puttin some mileage on his
old man urethra. He better be
careful. At his advanced age, one
power squirt, he might break the
seal and have to walk around all
day, dribbling in his Depends.

Vince ducks down and plops into the seat next to them,
followed by Drama.

DRAMA

Break what? What's up baby bro?

VINCE

You guys enjoy the show?

TURTLE

The ballerinas were slammin'.

ERIC

Not that I ever liked ballet, but this was actually cool. Vince, We gotta talk about the Snarkytown premiere...

A hot blonde leans over.

BLONDE

Snarkytown! Oh my God. That is gonna be the coolest animated movie ever. It's all my six year old nephew talks about...

TURTLE

Yeah. And my boy Vinnie over here is the voice of Sal the singing sea cow...

BLONDE

Sal the Seacow?! So squeezable! Are you guys going to the after party in Brighton Beach?

VINCE

I love Brighton Beach, the wind in your hair and the sand under your feet....

TURTLE

And a dirty syringe in your big toe if you're not lookin'.

DRAMA

Yeah, it's the only beach where you pick up a shell to listen to the ocean and a voice comes out of it sayin': "put me down, asshole". Hell yeah, we're goin'!

Eric and Turtle are doing shots of Snopoff with two of the dancers. Drama is coming out of the rest room, zipping up after yet another big pee. Vince is chatting with Natasha, the lead dancer. Oleg, is making a party video of people shouting toasts into his camera. Natasha yells something in Russian.

VINCE

What's that mean?

NATASHA

It's a Russian tradition; toast to
the health of all the people who
are dead.

VINCE

I like it.

Suddenly, she grabs his hand, pulls him into a dark stock
room next to the kitchen and locks the door behind him.

NATASHA

I like you.

VINCE

Oh no. Are you gonna tell me
you're a spy and you want to
defect?

NATASHA

Don't talk. Just...

She whispers something nasty into his ear, then acrobatically
hops up, and wraps her legs around him.

VINCE

You know, I thought I missed L.A.
But New...

INT. TROIKA NIGHTCLUB. BRIGHTON BEACH-NIGHT

Drama and Turtle smoking a spliff in a V.I.P. Section that
has been cordoned off by an exotic, brocade curtain.

DRAMA

...York City is the shit!!!

They exchange high fives. Music plays. Everyone is singing
Russian songs. The male dancer, Oleg, videotapes two girls
doing shots and then making out, while Turtle smiles
approvingly in the background.

TURTLE

Yup.

4

INT. ATHENA GREEK DINER QUEENS-MORNING

4

Eric is sitting at a booth. He looks a bit irritated. A minute later, Vince walks in, typically nonchalant.

VINCE

Twenty-five degrees out there, E!
First snow! Man, I just wanna go
build a big old snowman with a
carrot nose and an everything bagel
mouth. You with me?

ERIC

Um, let's talk some business first.

VINCE

Aw, man. It's too early. No
business before ten a.m.

ERIC

Vin, I tried to talk to you last
night but you disappeared at the
after-party...

VINCE

Sorry, E. I hooked up with that
lead ballerina, Natasha. Bro...she
had me in a leg lock by a jar of
chicken stock. I think she's still
there sleeping.

ERIC

Sounds romantic. Let's talk about
the Snarkytown premiere...

VINCE

Aw man. I'm embarrassed I let you
guys persuade me to be a fuckin'
sea cow. Talk about selling out...

ERIC

Which is exactly what's gonna
happen when that movie hits the
theatres this weekend. It's gonna
be a million man march of sexually
frustrated soccer moms. Doing shit
like this is gonna allow you to do
other projects that you love; art
house stuff that makes no money.

VINCE

Yeah. I guess. I just feel like everything I'm doing now is for money. There's no passion like I felt for Queen's Boulevard.

ERIC

We...we got a script sent over for the new untitled Woody Allen project.

VINCE

That's good. Why do you look stressed?

ERIC

The movie is about cricket. And infidelity. Infidelity works, cricket doesn't.

VINCE

Cricket? Like grasshoppers?

ERIC

No man, the English sport, cricket, and your reaction is exactly why I don't think you should do it. Americans don't know what cricket is; they think it's a bug that chirps when nothing's going on. Here's a scene they faxed over.

Vince peeks at the scene.

VINCE

Whoa! This dialogue. "Turgid reconnoitering" and... "duplicitous existentialism"? "Copious copulation"? That's only in the first page. I'm supposed to say that? Maybe they can change the lines a little.

ERIC

No way. He goes word for word. Plus you have to do an English accent circa 1891. Hey you wanted art, you got art.

A rough-looking foreign guy walks up to their booth.

FOREIGN GUY

You are Wince Chase?

VINCE
Vince. Yeah.

FOREIGN GUY
I have something for you.

The guy reaches into his jacket. Eric gets up instinctively to protect Vince. The guy pulls out a dvd and tosses it on the table.

FOREIGN GUY
Watch this dvd. I think you will be interested in the contents. My phone number is on the back. Enjoy!

He leaves.

ERIC
That was weird. Not the first time a guy tried to slip you his number.

VINCE
Yeah, not since Dane Cook at the Laugh Factory cookout. I liked how you got up to get my back. All five foot two of you. You are turgid, bro. Real turgid.

5 **INT. ARI'S OFFICE-DAY**

5

Ari is pacing his office, yelling like a crack head.

ARI
(into phone)
"What's up Ari?" I'll tell you what's up, E! What's up is...what the fuck are you doing stalling on this contract for the Snarkytown sequel? They wanna lock this in!

6 **EXT. ATHENA DINER-DAY**

6

ERIC
(into phone)
Hey Ass-hat, we're not sure if Vince is on board with this, so...

7 **INT. ARI'S OFFICE-DAY**

7

ARI
(mocking Eric's voice) "We're not
sure...". Well douche-tits, stop
hanging out eating fucking alleycat
gyros at some greasy Greek shithole
of a diner in the borough that time
forgot and...GET FUCKING SURE!!!
What could you possibly not be sure
about?!!!

8 **EXT. ATHENA GREEK DINER-DAY**

8

ERIC
Vince feels like he's losing his
edge doing this corny animated...

9 **INT. ARI'S OFFICE-DAY**

9

ARI
Did you say "Corny", clit
licorice?!" This is Dreamworks!
Steven fucking Spielberg! It
doesn't matter if it's corny! It
doesn't matter if its about a
cornhusking cornball in a cornfield
getting cornholed by a corncob;
EVERYONE IN HOLLYWOOD WANTS TO BE
IN THESE MOVIES! But you wouldn't
know that because you all decided
to go back to the "taint" of the
United States of America; Queens
New York. The only place where
Archie Bunker is considered a
liberal! Why don't you just move to
fucking Tennessee, live in a
trailer park, throw some Crisco on
your dick and pork fat chicks named
Cassidy!!!

10 **EXT. ATHENA GREEK DINER-DAY**

10

ERIC
Holland Tunnel.
Can...not...under...stand

He hangs up. He and Vince laugh.

VINCE

He wants me to do that sequel, huh?

INT. ARI'S OFFICE-DAY

Ari picks up a bobble-head doll of David Geffen on his desk, and rips its head off with his teeth, Ozzy Osbourne-style. As he decapitates it, Lloyd walks in.

LLOYD

Um, Ari. This was just hand delivered by some guy that smelled like boiled cabbage...

ARI

So?! What do I care?! We get stuff all day every day...

LLOYD

Not like this. You better take a look. It came with this note.

Ari snatches the dvd from Lloyd and pops it into his computer. His jaw drops when he sees what's on it. Someone has recorded Vince and the Russian dancer's lovemaking session in pretty graphic detail. He reads the note.

ARI

"One million dollars or this gets leaked to every media outlet possible and bye bye to your boys career". Fuck.

Lloyd walks in.

LLOYD

I have the Dreamworks people on the phone. They want that contract signed.

ARI

Tell them I'm not in yet, and will call them as soon as I get to the office. And don't ever wear clam-diggers to work again!

LLOYD

These are Capri pants...

ARI

I don't care what they are, Bruce
Leotard, this is a talent agency
not the fucking Birdcage!!!

Lloyd sees the footage playing Ari's monitor.

LLOYD

Omigod. Is that Vince?! Our Vince?!

ARI

You breathe a word of this to
anyone and I'll drop you quicker
than Magic Johnson's t-cell count!

LLOYD

You o.k. Ari?

ARI

O.K.?! I'm shaking like Michael J.
Fox doing Jello shooters off of
Muhammed Ali! No I'm not fuckin'
o.k.!

LLOYD

(off dvd) She sure is flexible.

ARI

It's like when a python detaches
the jaw to swallow the whole
possum.

LLOYD

I used to date a guy from Denmark
named Magnus who has this fabulous
cottage in Silverlake. He could do
a version of that...

ARI

Get the fuck out!!!

Lloyd leaves. Ari reemmerses himself in the dvd.

ARI

(sotto) Wow this is fucked up.
(beat) Wow is she gifted. What am I
saying?

Eric and Turtle are on the couch. Vince is grabbing a snack
in the kitchen. Drama is drinking a beverage.

VINCE

Miss your cooking, bro.

DRAMA

I'll whip you up something.

VINCE

Only if you're gonna eat too.

DRAMA

Not hungry, bro.

VINCE

But you haven't eaten in 4 days.

DRAMA

I'm cleansing bro. Gotta look
svelte for your big premiere. Check
out my energy.

He drops and does push-ups. Then pops back up.

DRAMA

I'm not even tired. My stamina is
like I'm twenty-one again. I went
to a "hand-job hut" in Chinatown;
hadda tip the the chick an extra
twenty 'cause her arm got tired...
when I took too long. I went for
round two and she hadda switch to
lefty cuz she blew out her rotator
cuff.

TURTLE

Don't pat yourself on the back
Romeo. You were probably
hallucinating from lack of
sustenance...

DRAMA

Bro, I don't need anything but the
master cleans. By the time I'm
finished with the Chinatown massage
parlor circuit, the whole Joy Luck
Club is gonna have carpel tunnel
syndrome.

He walks to the bathroom

TURTLE

Hmm. Lemme guess; going to piss
AGAIN?! E, look at this guy. His
Indian name is Chief Running Water.

Drama comes out of the bathroom. Eric pops in the dvd from guy in the diner.

DRAMA

Turtle, least my idea of foreplay doesn't involve getting a stinky finger from an Entenmann's crumb cake...

TURTLE

(in native American voice) Chief Leaky Faucet speak with fork tongue...has heart of lion and bladder of sick hamster...

ERIC

(off of dvd) Oh shit.

On the TV in front of him is Vince getting it on with Natasha. Everyone stops and watches.

DRAMA

I like that side-stroke motion with the hand on the hip. Real throwback to Platos Retreat.

TURTLE

Check out Dirk Diggler. Working the angles. He doesn't just fuck the pussy, he fucks THROUGH the pussy...

ERIC

Vince. Uh, someone taped you having sex with the Russian dancer.

Vince walks in and watches the tape.

VINCE

Ohhhhhh maaaaan. (beat) They got my bad side.

The guys watch as Vince gets up from next to the now-sleeping Natasha. He puts his pants on, drapes her coat over her naked body and tip-toes out.

TURTLE

A true gentleman never leaves a naked woman asleep in a stockroom without tucking her in first.

DRAMA

Not to sound like Marion Barry, but
that bitch set you up.

They all laugh except Eric.

ERIC

Guys. This isn't funny. This is
serious.

Eric's phone rings.

ERIC

It's Ari.

He picks up.

ERIC

Ari, looks like there might be
another bone tossed into the
Snarkytown sequel scenario.
Someone...

INT. AGENCY - ARI'S OFFICE-DAY.

ARI

...filmed Vince doing a Ron Jeremy
version of Peter and The Wolf next
to a fucking George Foreman grill.
Yeah, I saw it. Did you read the
letter?

EXT. QUEENS STREET.

ERIC

What letter?

INT. AGENCY - ARI'S OFFICE.

ARI

The one where they ask for a
million dollars or this thing goes
public.

EXT. QUEENS STREET-DAY.

ERIC

They want a million bucks for that
thing?

17

CONTINUED:

17

Vince walks over and grabs the phone from Eric.

VINCE

Ari. Are you serious? These guys are trying to blackmail me?

18

INT. AGENCY - ARI'S OFFICE

18

ARI

Vinnie the Stick! Not for nothing but that was a great performance. Right up there with Brando buttering up the booty in Last Tango in Paris.

19

EXT. QUEENS STREET-DAY.

19

VINCE

Ari. Be straight with me; could this really hurt me?

20

INT. AGENCY - ARI'S OFFICE

20

ARI

You know me Vinnie; nothing phases me. Basically, if this gets out there, you're gonna take a big Pee Wee Herman hit. I mean, you are the voice of a fucking singing sea-cow for Christ sakes! A kids movie! The sequel...

21

EXT. QUEENS STREET-DAY.

21

VINCE

I wouldn't do a sequel anyway; I've had enough being Sal The singing sea cow.

He hands the phone off to Eric.

ERIC

So what do you think? Hire a private investigator? I hear this guy Pecorino is the man.

22 INT. AGENCY - ARI'S OFFICE

22

ARI
Pelligrino?! Hell fucking no. That piece of shit will pocket the retainer, keep a copy in his safe, then leak the story to US weekly. He makes agents look honest. This has gotta be in house.

23 EXT. QUEENS STREET-DAY.

23

ERIC
Well, we ain't paying them, that much I do know. I guess we could go to the cops...

VINCE
No, E. No cops. No way.

ERIC
Vinny says no cops.

VINCE
Matter of fact, you know what? Fuck 'em. Let them take it out there. It was two willing participants making love.

TURTLE
Yeah, it's not like he's R Kelly peeing on a fourteen year old.

DRAMA
Plus, it was shot kinda cool. Like the Blair Witch flick, but with a happy ending.

Drama and Turtle crack up. Eric shoots them a "shut up" look.

ERIC
Vinny says fuck 'em. Let them put it out there.

24 INT. AGENCY - ARI'S OFFICE

24

ARI
No no no no, E. I don't think you get it. This is a disaster. It will kill Vince's career. Dead! Finito! No mas!

25

EXT. QUEENS STREET-DAY.

25

Vince gives Eric the throat cut hand sign and Eric hangs up.

ERIC

Ari I'll call you back. (beat)
Vince, Ari thinks this is a
disaster and I gotta agree with
him. You're playing with fire here.

VINCE

Yeah, well I got myself into this.
I'll face the music. If you think
about it E, I really didn't do
anything wrong. I just do what
people do and someone infringed on
my privacy.

DRAMA

Well, we gotta catch whoever did
this...

VINCE

It really doesn't matter who it
was. It's done. The only person I
don't want to be surprised by this
is mom. I'm gonna talk to her when
she gets home. E, gimme that phone
number.

Eric shakes his head and hands Vince the dvd. Vince dials the
number.

VINCE

Yeah this is Vincent Chase. I know
you don't know me or you would know
that I never would allow myself to
be blackmailed. So, do your thing.
Put it out there.

He hangs up the phone.

VINCE

See, you take away their power,
they got nothing. Now lets go get
some dinner...

ERIC

...and wait for the shit to hit the
fan.

VINCE

You gotta admit, if they go through with this, it's gonna make the premiere of Snarkytown, way more interesting.

ERIC

Maybe. We'll find out in two days.

INT. VINCE'S MOM'S HOUSE. LATE NIGHT.

Vince's mom is sitting on the couch watching t.v. Vince enters looking a bit uncomfortable.

VINCE

Hey ma.

He sits down next to her.

MOM

Hey baby.

She kisses him on the head. He takes a deep breath and spills the beans.

VINCE

Ma, something happened and I just want to give you a heads up because it could be kind of...embarrassing for you.

MOM

Embarrassing? For me? What happened?

VINCE

That night at the Met, where I did the Snopoff promotion. I was with this girl...in the biblical sense...and I got...

MOM

Got what? Crabs? You can tell me, I survived the seventies...

VINCE

Mom! No, this was a classy event...

MOM

So the crabs were soft shell. I hope you use prophylactics with these girls you bang haphazardly.

Vince is taken aback that his Mom is so up on his game.

VINCE

Um. I don't bang girls haphazardly.

MOM

It's the nature of celebrity. I remember when my friend Marie Delcanastio gave Pat Boone a handjob in a booth at Juniors.

Ew! Mom! (beat) Someone filmed us in the act and they are trying to blackmail me by threatening to go public with it. Want a million bucks. I told them no way. So, things might be a little dicey...

The seriousness of the situation resonates.

MOM

That's awful. We should call the police. We should...

VINCE

I don't want to involve the cops. This is a lousy business sometimes. You take the good with the bad.

She hugs him.

MOM

My little Vinnie. No matter what happens, they can never take away your talent. Remember that. Some people, like this guy...

She points to Tom Arnold making a pratfall on the tv screen.

MOM

...have no talent at all. The funniest thing that ever came out of his mouth was Roseanne's dick.

Vince cracks up. Drama walks in the door.

DRAMA

Jesus, mom! You curse like a Newark dockworker with Tourettes.

He heads to the bathroom.

MOM

Nice to see you too. I notice you been peeing a lot lately. Maybe its time to trade in the whoring for a tetracycline with a cranberry juice chaser. And please, I know you're a grown man but remember two things...

DRAMA

What?

MOM

In my house, lift up the seat! Then put it back down!

She turns to Vince who has fallen asleep sitting up. She covers him with a blanket and stares at the man who used to be a boy.

EXT. VINCE'S MOM'S HOUSE. FOLLOWING MORNING.

Drama is in the kitchen making his beverage. The doorbell rings. He opens the door. Six journalists shove microphones in his face. Behind him the lawn is covered with news vans, more journalists, and all sorts of scoop-getting riff raff.

JOURNALIST 1

Johnny Chase. How do you feel about the youtube footage of your brother having sex with in the stockroom of a...

DRAMA

I feel like it's too early to bug people who are trying to enjoy a healthful morning beverage...

He takes a sip of his drink, and slams the door in their faces. Vince comes down the stairs.

DRAMA

It's starting bro. It's like a red carpet out there.

Vince opens the door. Everyone screams. It's a feeding frenzy.

VINCE

Good morning everyone. Welcome to Queens.

(MORE)

VINCE (cont'd)

As you are probably aware, I was taped without my knowledge in a intimate moment with a young lady...

HECKLER

Moment?! That was more like a marathon!

Drama pops his head out from a window and fires back.

DRAMA

Let the man talk, you bottom-feeding dirt-bag!!

HECKLER

Why don't you show us your degree from the William Shatner school of over-acting?!

DRAMA

Go crawl back into that dumpster you tumbled out of you sack of hack!

Drama slams the window. Vince smiles and continues.

VINCE

My family is very protective. I think that the public will understand that I'm just a man who had a spent a lovely evening with a woman, no more, no less. Our privacy was violated but I accept that this goes with the territory of my profession. This has nothing to do with my work and my only regret is that this media frenzy is embarrassing to the woman who I love most; my mother. Thank you.

He closes the door.

BYSTANDER 1

Seems like a nice kid. Too bad the sea cow's career is gonna be put out to pasture.

28

INT. SHAUNA'S APARTMENT. MORNING

28

Shauna sits down to eat a bowl of cereal and cuts on the tv. She sees Vince talking to the crowd in his pajamas. Her spoon drops to the floor.

SHAUNA
Holy shit! Vince?!

Drama pops his head of the house window. Her bowl drops to the floor.

SHAUNA
What is that idiot doing?! Oh no.
He's not...

Drama yells at the reporters.

SHAUNA
...speaking! You fucking retard!
You knuckle-dragging, no talent,
mutant mongoloid forehead...

An in-studio newscaster gives an update.

NEWSCASTER
At 7:30 am this morning, Vincent Chase gave a brief statement regarding the graphic sexual footage that was posted all over the internet last night and has already garnered a record ten million hits...

SHAUNA
Graphic sexual....ten million hits...

She grabs her laptop and types in Vince's name into you-tube. The video starts. Shauna sees about three seconds of it and screams. She picks up a phone and dials.

SHAUNA
Eric! How did this happen?! Why didn't I know about this?! OmiGod! This is the Titanic of p.r.!!

29

EXT. VINCE'S MOM'S HOUSE-DAY.

29

Eric and Turtle muscle their way through the crowd of reporters.

ERIC

Sorry Shauna. Vince made the call on this and there was nothing I could do. I gotta call you back, it's a mob scene here.

EXT. VINCE'S MOM'S HOUSE-DAY.

Eric and Turtle emerge from the crowd and squeeze through the front door.

ERIC

Jesus! This is insane! Vince, we're gettin' you out of here so you can lay low until this premiere. Turtle tell Vince the plan.

TURTLE

Vinny, here is your intinerary; in exactly twenty minutes, me and Drama will create a mild diversion, you go out the back and hop the fence through Mrs. Fanari's yard to the alley, but don't step on her plants. I got a gypsy cab waiting a block away. It'll take you to Laguardia for a twelve thirty. E's cousin Phil works at United. He's got your ticket and will get you boarded early. You fly into Long Beach instead of LAX; way lower profile. Car service picks you up, takes you to Lloyd's friend Magnus's guesthouse in Silverlake. The keys are under the garden gnome with the nipple ring.

VINCE

Nipple ring?

TURTLE

It's the best we could do on short notice and no-one will know you're there. Just chill there until the premiere and we'll come and get you.

ERIC

Don't forget the best part.

VINCE

What's that?

30

CONTINUED:

30

TURTLE

Your disguise. It don't get more
New York than this.

He holds up a black suit, coat, hat, and fake Hasidic beard.

VINCE

Shalom motherfuckers!

They all high five as Vince dons the gear.

31

EXT. VINCE'S MOM'S HOUSE-DAY.

31

Turtle walks out onto the stoop and raises a megaphone to his mouth.

TURTLE

If I could have everyone's
attention. At this time...

32

EXT. VINCE'S MOM'S HOUSE. BACK. DAY.

32

Vince dressed as a Hasid, hops the fence, narrowly avoiding Mrs. Fanari's patch of flowers. Mrs. Fanari, pure old country, gives him a kiss and opens the back gate for him. He disappears down the alley.

33

EXT. VINCE'S MOM'S HOUSE-DAY.

33

TURTLE

...Vince's brother Johnny Drama
would like to release a
statement...

Drama walks out stirring a glass of master cleans. He chugs it, takes the megaphone, and speaks into it.

DRAMA

Thank you, Turtle. I want to state
at this time, that the Master
Cleans diet has helped me achieve
these...

He raises his shirt and points to his abs. All the reporters look at each other in confusion.

34

INT. SHAUNA'S APARTMENT. DAY.

34

Shauna sees Drama, and almost passes out.

35 **INT. AGENCY - ARI'S OFFICE. DAY.**

35

Ari sees the broadcast on his computer monitor, pauses a moment, and then throws it through the window.

ARI

Lloyd, Vince better be on his way to that plane or I am gonna fly to New York and drive a stake into the heart of his idiot brother!

36 **EXT. BROOKLYN QUEENS EXPRESSWAY. DAY**

36

Vince is the back of a gypsy cab which is being driven by a speeding middle easterner. The driver makes conversation in broken English.

DRIVER

So, my jowash friend, what is your name?

VINCE

Er...Murray. Murray Stein. What's yours?

The driver points to his hack license.

DRIVER

Osama.

VINCE

Oh.

37 **EXT. VINCE'S MOM'S HOUSE-DAY.**

37

Drama is talking through the megaphone and the crowd is forced to listen, hoping for a glimpse of Vince.

DRAMA

I haven't eaten any solid food in four days, and I feel great. You see the average American's body is a host of toxins that accumulate....

38 **EXT. LAGUARDIA AIRPORT. DAY**

38

Vince is hustled inside by Phil, a guy who looks like a bigger Eric.

39

INT. LAGUARDIA AIRPORT. DAY

39

As they walk by a toy store, they overhear an employee talking to a customer.

EMPLOYEE

Sorry, we sold out of those stuffed
Sal the singing sea cows early this
morning. It was all women, too.
They'd been camping out. Crazy!

Phil nudges Vince.

VINCE

(Yiddish accent) Who knew sea cows
were so doity? Like swine, those
things.

40

INT. PLANE. FIRST CLASS. DAY.

40

Vince is seated alone, until Ban, a hot, tan, curvaceous blonde, walks down the aisle. He assists her with her luggage when she has trouble with it, and she then sits next to him.

BAN

Thanks for the help. My name is
Ban. I am visiting my twin sister
who lives here and oh no...you're
beard is coming off

VINCE

Oh. Don't tell anyone. I'm in
disguise. What kind of name is Ban?

Vince adjusts beard.

BAN

Israeli of course. My twin sister
is named Bar. Bar Rafaeli.

VINCE

Oh, yeah. DiCaprios girlfriend. I
didn't know she had a sister. God
is good. Shalom to twins. Hava
nagila.

She laughs.

BAN

You look so familiar. What is your
name?

VINCE

Er, Murray.

BAN

So, Murray, why the disguise?

Just then the TV monitor in front of them comes on with a news update. The anchorman is standing in front of Vince's mother's house while a censored clip of Vince's tape plays.

BAN

Oh! That's...you're...

VINCE

Sshhh. My friends call me Vince.

BAN

(whispering) Well my friends and I all saw that tape and everyone thinks you were a gentleman, putting your jacket on her afterwards so she wouldn't be cold.

VINCE

I was raised by an Italian mother to be a good, Jewish boy...

EXT. MAGNUS' COTTAGE SILVERLAKE. DAY OF PREMIERE.

A black Escalade, driven by Turtle pulls up to the front of the house. The cottage door opens and a partially dressed Vince pops his head out.

VINCE

Yo Turtle, gimme a minute. I'm right in the middle of something.

ERIC

Would you look at this guy? He's supposed to be incognito and he's got a chick in there! Out of the frying pan into the fire!

DRAMA

Loneliness is a terrible thing; no need to suffer.

Vince steps out followed by Ban who he gives a long kiss goodbye.

TURTLE

Damn! Perfection.

DRAMA

Holy shit. That chick is like two
tens fucked and made a twenty.

ERIC

Yeah, let's just hope he's not
starring in another indie art film
he didn't know he was in...

Vince gets into the car.

ERIC

Vin, isn't that the suit from the
disguise?

VINCE

It's all I had to wear. Fits pretty
good though. I think I lost about
four pounds, I dunno how, we
haven't left the house since we got
there.

TURTLE

Vince is on the sexual master
cleanse. Bro, you watch the news?

VINCE

Naw. No tv.

TURTLE

E, you wanna tell him or should I?

VINCE

Tell me what? Am I banned from the
premiere?

ERIC

Only you could do a porno and up
your legit career. This thing is
all anyone is talking about. By
putting your coat down on the
sleeping ballerina, you captured
the heart of every woman in
America.

DRAMA

Yeah. It somehow cancelled out the
Peter North money shot that almost
gave her pinkeye.

ERIC

Vince, I think this says it all...

As the pull up to the premiere, crowds of women wearing Sal the singing sea cow t-shirts are trying to rush security.

VINCE

Holy shit.

ERIC

No-one gives a shit about snarkytown. They're all here to get a glimpse of you.

The door opens, Vince steps out, and a deafening cry of female voices fills the air. One woman hurdles over the security phalynx and grabs at Vince before being hustled away by guards.

WOMAN

Marry me!!!!

Ari is holding court amongst some suits as Vince and the guys approach.

ARI

It was risky to release that footage, but sometimes you gotta grab your balls and your principles and jump into the deep end if you want to...

He sees Vince.

ARI

Vinnie! You're the fucking Beatles!

He pulls Vince aside.

ARI

Vinnie my boy. Never in a million years. Pre-sales of tickets across the country are breaking box office records. They have a sick offer for the sequel...

VINCE

I don't wanna do a sequel Ari.

ARI

That's okay. Because, I have
someone who wants to meet you.

He walks Vince over to a tall man.

ARI

Vince, this is Quentin Tarantino.
Quentin, this is Vince Chase.

VINCE

Oh man. I can't believe you are
here at the Snarkytown...

QUENTIN

I came here is to see you, not to
see this hunk of crap. I have a
project that has been my baby and I
haven't been able to cast the right
lead for it so it has just sat
there for ten years. I mean I knew
you from Aquaman. Then, I saw the
sex tape...

VINCE

Well, that was...

QUENTIN

That was great is what it was! I
never thought of you in that light.
Perfect for my project. You ever
hear of Hanzo the Razor?

VINCE

No, I...

QUENTIN

It's an obscure series of Japanese
films about a detective in feudal
Japan. Hanzo The Razor. He
specializes in extracting useful
information from female criminals
with a special interrogation
technique; he uses his cock which
he has trained like a martial
artist so that it is invincible. He
fucks hay-bales, bowls of rice,
pebbles, hot sand. He's a master.
Once he starts his interrogation,
they can't resist.

VINCE

Wow. That is out there. Hanzo the Razor, huh?

QUENTIN

I adapted it to eighties Brooklyn. Big Daddy Kane on the boom box. Crack is just getting it's foot in the door. Fat shoelaces, street names written into haircuts, door knocker earrings, and everybody is "fresh". The Cold Crush Clan, a hard core crew of Asian female hustlers is ruling the game. Fine as frogs hair and can smell five-o a mile away. Only one man can penetrate the clan and that man is you. Detective Rocco "The Razor" Riccardo. Gritty and pretty with a New York state of mind. Samuel L. Jackson is the chief of police. Think about it.

VINCE

I like it. I love it.

QUENTIN

It's gonna be everything the Escobar movie should have been.

He gives Vince a hug and disappears into the crowd. Drama walks over, stuffing his face from a huge plate of food.

TURTLE

Ghandi is off his hunger strike!

They sit down in the front row. Drama has brought the food with him.

DRAMA

What?! I was feeling light-headed.

TURTLE

Must be all that hot air rising.

The movie starts and an animated sea cow swims across the screen, singing.

SAL THE SEA COW

My name is Sal the Singing Sea Cow
and I don't have much loot...but it
doesn't matter, 'cause the ladies
think I'm cute...

Eric leans over to Vince.

ERIC

(sotto) Art imitating life

END