

BLACK RABBIT
"STARRY NIGHT"
EPISODE 101

by
ZACH BAYLIN & KATE SUSMAN

Directed by
JASON BATEMAN

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WHITE PRODUCTION DRAFT - 02.23.24

BLACK RABBIT

"Starry Night"

EP. 101 DOUBLE WHITE PRODUCTION DRAFT 05/24/24

CAST LIST

JAKE FRIEDKEN
VINCE FRIEDKEN

ROXIE ABARA
ESTELLE KOLA

WES WILLIAMS
TONY BONILLO

JUNIOR
RYAN BABBITT

NAVEEN BHATIA

MATT HALLMAN
VALENTINA FRIEDKEN

HUNTER FRIEDKEN
GEN FRIEDKEN

ANNA DIXON
MEL WHITNEY

ANDY

JOE

KENDRA

SARAH

KATE

SID

FRAIL GUY

BURLY MAN (BILL)

LANDLORD (O.S.)

WAITRESS (MARCEE)

CUSTOMER 101

STOCKY DELIVERY MAN

MUSICIAN

BANKER 1

FAN

PARTIER

AMANDA'S FRIEND

SECURITY GUARD (SERGE)

NON-SPEAKING

LUCIA

INVESTOR

AMANDA WELLS

BUSBOY

LATIN PREP COOK

FISH MARKET CLERK

BANKER DICK 2

ESCAPING PARTIER

OLDER, NOTABLE WOMAN

TATTOO PARLOR CLIENT

TRUCK STOP WAITRESS

BEN BALLER

BEN BALLER'S ASSISTANT

JEWELRY MODELS

YOGA MOM

AMANDA WELLS' THREE FRIENDS

WES' SECURITY

BLACK RABBIT

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SET LIST

INTERIORS

ANNA'S APARTMENT
BEDROOM
BLACK RABBIT
1ST FLOOR
2ND FLOOR
3RD FLOOR
BACK STAIRCASE
BACK HALLWAY - 3RD FLOOR
BATHROOM - 2ND FLOOR
DINING ROOM
FRONT DOOR
HOSTESS STAND
KITCHEN
PRIVATE OFFICE
STAIRCASE
VIP
WALK-IN
DEEP BROOKLYN DINER
HIGHWAY TRUCK STOP - NEVADA
THE PLANK
SHITTY RENO APARTMENT BUILDING
VINCE'S
STARDUST CASINO/CONVENTION HALL
HALLWAY
VINCE & JAKE'S CHILDHOOD HOME

EXTERIORS

BARCLAYS CENTER
BLACK RABBIT
BEAT UP CAR
SIDE ENTRANCE
EAST VILLAGE
STREETS
TOMPKINS PARK
FUN CITY TATTOO PARLOR
HUNTS POINT
NEW FULTON FISH MARKET
JAKE'S JAGUAR
HUNTER'S SCHOOL
UNDER THE VERRAZZANO
JFK AIRPORT
THE PLANK
SHITTY BUICK
CASINO PARKING LOT
VAL'S BROWNSTONE
VINCE & JAKE'S CHILDHOOD HOME

FADE IN:

-- on the sound of water rushing from a sink inside --

1 **INT. BLACK RABBIT - 2ND FLOOR - BATHROOM - NIGHT - N15** 1

A small bathroom. Wallpaper finely drawn with BLACK RABBITS stares out from all sides on --

The one inhabitant washing his face in the sink. Washing off more than a hangover. As he looks up in the mirror, we meet --

JAKE FRIEDKEN (50) -- A New York power player. A lot of hard miles and an earned, hard-won handsomeness. And right now --

Seismic relief. A bomb just defused. Jake takes a deep breath. Fishes a pack of MATCHES from his pocket, tosses them in the trash. Puts on his watch (A VINTAGE ROLEX), puts on the mask, then exits into --

2 **INT. BLACK RABBIT - 2ND FLOOR - CONTINUOUS (A ONER) - N15** 2

The second floor dining room of an impeccably appointed restaurant in a historic Downtown landmark. Tables filled with the well heeled. Not Wall Streeters. Artists.

Jake moves through -- he's the mayor -- in a black t-shirt, black jeans -- the swaggy art of no-give-a-fucks as he greets his constituents -- soaking in his dominion --

He kisses an OLDER, NOTABLE LITERARY WOMAN at a prime table.

JAKE

This is a dignified establishment --
who let you two in?

They laugh as he moves on to --

3 **INT. BLACK RABBIT - STAIRCASE 1 - CONTINUOUS (A ONER)- N15** 3

Heading down to the first floor, passing KATE (a WAITRESS) --

KATE

Mel needs you.

JAKE

Thanks... ask Ray to refill the
paper towels in the men's room,
please.

-- as he hits the bottom of the stairs and spills into --

4 **INT. BLACK RABBIT - 1ST FLOOR - CONTINUOUS (A ONER) - N15** 4

The busy ground floor of the restaurant where he HUGS a MUSICIAN who's putting on a drinking exhibition.

JAKE
You trying to break my brother's record?

MUSICIAN
No one can put up those kind of numbers. Where is that delinquent?

Jake either doesn't hear or pretends not to as he laughs and moves on -- passing the three deep bar -- to the host stand where MEL (20's, aspiring actress / hostess) tries to hold back a COUPLE AGRO BANKER DICKS.

MEL
(to Jake, undercover)
What do you want me to do? They said they're on the list for upstairs.

JAKE
Private party, guys, sorry. Did you try Dorian's?

Mel swallows her laugh. Jake heads toward the kitchen as the BANKERS exit onto --

5 **EXT. BLACK RABBIT - NIGHT - N15** 5

-- the cobblestone street outside the restaurant.

BANKER
Fuck that place.

They walk off, steamed up, as we LINGER ON a BEAT UP OLD CAR, in the shadows, across the street. We stay on it because --

6 **INT. BEAT UP CAR - THAT MOMENT - N15** 6

Inside -- TWO MEN are amped up -- eyes fixed on the restaurant. We can't make out their faces -- but we know their hearts fucking pound.

The driver rails a line of coke -- delivers the same to his partner and -- a PISTOL.

MASKED MAN TWO
You ready?

The other man considers the gun and the coke -- takes them both then -- they pull SKI MASKS over their faces as --

MASKED MAN TWO (CONT'D)
Move slow, my man. Move slow.

INT. BLACK RABBIT - KITCHEN - THAT MOMENT - N15

Jake's still on the move, chummy with every employee as he passes into more choreographed chaos in the kitchen. The precision of French fine dining applied to unpretentious American classics. Decadent burgers and grilled shrimp plated with perfection, under the watchful eye of --

TONY, 30's, the SOUS CHEF. A Dominican, vibrant, live wire. He straightens up at Jake's arrival.

JAKE
You seen Roxie?

TONY
I think she might be upstairs.

JAKE
(joking)
Drinking on the job. Thanks for manning the ship. Come up to three for a toast.

Tony puts on a smile, watches as Jake moves off to --

INT. BLACK RABBIT - BACK STAIRCASE 1 - CONTINUOUS - N15

A different internal staircase. Hidden and brick-walled. Jake hurries up -- composing a text on his phone. *TO VINCE:*

Hey man, not sure if this is still your number...

Jake keeps typing on the move as --

EXT. BLACK RABBIT - SIDE ENTRANCE - JUST THEN - N15

The MASKED MEN creep toward the restaurant -- across the street -- breath smokes in the cold -- checking the CLIPS of their guns as they approach a back door while --

INT. BLACK RABBIT - BACK STAIRCASE 2 - CONTINUOUS - N15

Jake moving up the next floor, still finishing his text.

Hope you're ok. I'm sorry.

Jake reads it. Hits send. Continues into--

11 INT. BLACK RABBIT - 3RD FLOOR - VIP - N15 11

Jake enters the invite-only, UBER VIP club upstairs in Black Rabbit. As he enters, he passes A PRIVATE OFFICE where --

A SECURITY GUARD -- GUN CLIPPED ON HIS HIP -- oversees BEN BALLER and his FEMALE ASSISTANT, clicking the dial on a SAFE to reveal a STUNNING CACHE OF JEWELRY. Gleaming and iced out.

Jake watches as they DRESS THEM ON MODELS and arrange them on display trays --

JAKE
That's the most money I've ever had
in that safe.

They continue with a laugh as Jake passes through into --

The real party. Packed, sardine tight. MODELS dance, smoke cigs, and wile out. Anything goes in this room.

A sign tells us this is a *Private Party* Sponsored by IF & Co.

Jake weaves through like a pinball, cheek kissed by MODELS and INDIE MUSICIANS, passing --

JAKE (CONT'D)
There she is --

The head chef -- ROXIE (ROXANNA) ABARA -- mid 30's. Tattoos under her sleeves. A generational talent with a prodigious appetite -- finishing the last of a SHOT, on the move.

JAKE (CONT'D)
Escaping the dungeon?

ROXIE
Just headed back to my kitchen.

JAKE
Wait a minute, ok? I wanna say a
few words.

Roxie obeys the command, staying put as Jake arrives at --

The other force of gravity in the room. WES WILLIAMS, 30's. Musician, fashion icon, noted eccentric, producer and entrepreneur -- the center of attention. Think PHARRELL.

11

He's holding court at *his* table. He waves Jake over. Jake's wary, until he whispers in Jake's ear. We only hear the end--

WES

It's all love, brother...

Jake's surprised... relieved. Wes pats his shoulder.

As Jake turns -- hold on Wes, staring him down for a beat -- some menace behind his eyes as --

Jake approaches NAVEEN, 30's. An investor. Slick. Suited -- holding down a perch at the bar - a look of awe at the party.

JAKE

Not bad, right.

NAVEEN
Long fucking road.

JAKE
Got the scars.

NAVEEN
Beauty marks, baby. Enjoy it.

Jake agrees. Soaking in his achievements, he leans over the bar, grabs a BOTTLE of 1942. Gets the attention of JOE - 20's. Too good looking. The bar back.

JAKE
Grab Kendra and Mel? Let's get the whole crew up here.

We stay on Jake as Joe goes -- a sentinel in the middle of his raging party, watching the JEWELRY REP tour the room with her wares, GUESTS posing for posts with THE JEWELRY as --

12 **EXT. BLACK RABBIT - SIDE ENTRANCE - JUST THEN - N15** 12

The TWO DARK FIGURES are now at the back door, a KEY in one of their gloved hands. It slides into the lock -- a tricky thing, this door is -- but MASKED MAN ONE knows the moves -- with a pull of the handle, a hip into the metal --

CLICK. The door scrapes open and the men creep inside as --

13 **INT. BLACK RABBIT - VIP - MINUTES LATER - N15** 13

CLINK CLINK CLINK. Jake taps his glass with a knife -- the BARTENDER turns down the music, bringing the party to a halt.

JAKE
I know. I'm sorry. I'm sorry. Just wanted to say something quick.

People begin to gather around. All the faces we've met. Roxie. Wes. Naveen and a few we haven't yet.

JAKE (CONT'D)
For those of you who don't know me, I'm Jake. I own Black Rabbit and --

The rowdy crowd takes the piss. Shouting boisterously out --

CROWD
Who? -- No shit! -- Poem!

13

JAKE
Alright, alright. This isn't
Cocktail. Calm down.
(after the laughs)
First -- thanks everyone for being
here, our sponsors-- this is the
kind of party Black Rabbit was
built for.
(beat)
When we set out to create this
place, we never wanted it to be
just a restaurant. We wanted to
build a home for our friends. Our
people, where you could come for a
drink, for a smoke, for the best
burger in New York --
(glass raised to Roxie)
-- and the night could go anywhere.
That was the dream.

As Jake grows nostalgic, his words continue over --

14

INT. BLACK RABBIT - BACK STAIRCASE - THAT MOMENT - N15

14

-- where the MASKED MEN climb in silence, two at a time up
the stairs, as we hear --

JAKE (V.O.)
But dreams don't just come true.
You gotta fight to bring 'em into
the world and you need a shitload
of help. Late nights, missed
birthdays, the beefs between
friends -- everyone here has
sacrificed, but we fought this
fight together.

15

INT. BLACK RABBIT - VIP - THAT MOMENT - N15

15

Jake speaking now to his family here at Black Rabbit. Wes.
Roxie. Naveen. (*REMEMBER THESE FACES -- THEY ARE OUR FAMILY --
OUR STARS -- OUR PUZZLE PIECES.*)

JAKE
This place doesn't exist without
you. You're my family, I love you.

Jake nods. They respond, appreciative, inscrutable as--

16

INT. BLACK RABBIT - PRIVATE OFFICE / HALLWAY - N15

16

-- unseen by anyone, the MASKED MEN slip in and go right for the safe. MASKED MAN TWO guards the door, while MASKED MAN ONE spins the dial but -- the safe doesn't open. *Fuck.*

MASKED MAN TWO
Fuck's wrong?

MASKED MAN ONE, holds up a finger. *Patience.* Inputs the code, correctly this time. 7-14-49.

The safe opens, but -- *shit.* The loot isn't there --

They share a look, wondering what to do next. Masked Man One's getting jumpy, reconsidering but --

Masked Man Two takes out his gun --

MASKED MAN TWO (CONT'D)
Fuck it. Let's party.

Gun drawn. He exits into the hall just as the stairway door opens, revealing -- Tony.

The three of them arrested in shock.

Mask Two acts first. Pulls back the slide on his 1911, loading a bullet into the chamber. Points the weapon at Tony. Not so much cocaine courage as cocaine cold sweats.

MASKED MAN TWO (CONT'D)
The fucking jewelry, it's in there?

TONY
I don't know. I'm just a chef.

Trembling.

MASKED MAN TWO
Walk.

He motions with his gun for Tony to exit. Tony does as instructed, very scared as he's led at gun point into --

17 **INT. BLACK RABBIT - VIP - THAT MOMENT - N15** 17

Jake wrapping up his toast...

JAKE
Whatever comes next, I hope you
always feel like this place is your
home. You all have made it mine.

Jake raises his glass. The room does the same as --

JAKE (CONT'D)
Here's to Black Rabbit. Have a
great night. Don't forget to tip
your bartenders!

The room starts to toast when --

PARTIER
Oh my god!

Suddenly A SCREAM cuts the room -- every head turning to see -

A terrified Tony emerging from the back with a gun to his head -- the MASKED ROBBERS escorting him and --

MASKED MAN TWO

Hands up and get down! Everybody on *
the fucking floor. If I see a *
phone, the person holding it gets a *
bullet to the fuckin' head! I said *
get the fuck down! *

Fucking chaos at once. Everyone screaming, hitting the deck.
PHONES clattering to the ground as...

MASKED MAN TWO (CONT'D)

Where's all my fucking diamonds, *
huh? In fact, ALL the fuckin' *
jewelry up in this bitch goes in *
the bag. Now. Get'm off, put'm in. *
Let's go!

MUFFLED MUSIC from below plays to oblivious second-floor *
diners as PARTIERS undo their watches, bracelets, rings.

Masked Man One collects the jewelry in a duffle. *

MASKED MAN TWO (CONT'D)

The fuckin' watches too! Hurry up! *
Where the fuck is everybody going?! *
Did you not hear what I said?! *

Some attendees are still trying to escape so -- *

BAM! -- MAN TWO blasts a hole in the ceiling -- *

MASKED MAN TWO (CONT'D)
I said get the fuck down! *

Everyone finally does. *

JAKE
Everybody be cool. Do what they
say. And they'll go. Stay calm. *

He changes his tune when MASKED MAN ONE pins him to the
ground to collect his watch. A tense moment between them. *

JAKE (CONT'D)
Hey, hey, hey. Take it easy. You
don't want that. It's a fucking
fake. *

MASKED MAN ONE tries to forcibly remove Jake's Rolex. Jake
stops him. A stand-off. MAN ONE makes another, more forceful
attempt. Jake fends him off again. The hand wrestling
escalates. It's dangerous. Jake's angling to get shot.

Wes watches, clocks -- rising -- protective? -- bravado?

WES
Hey Jake! Don't be a hero. Just
give him the watch. *

MASKED MAN TWO
(to Wes)
Sit the fuck down and shut your
mouth. *

But Wes stays standing. MAN ONE goes back to undoing Jake's
watch. Jake still somewhat resists.

JAKE
You've got the real stuff in the
bag. Just go. Just go. *

WES
(to MAN TWO)
Yo, tell your boy to relax. *

MASKED MAN TWO
Are you a fuckin' problem? I said,
sit down! *

JAKE *
Get off me and leave. *

Jake starts to make a realization while -- *

Wes takes his first step towards Jake -- *

WES *
Jake -- *

MASKED MAN TWO *
Sit the fuck down. *

But Wes continues to walk, providing a distraction for The *
GUARD to unclip his holster and draw on MAN TWO -- *

GUARD *
Hey! *

MAN TWO pulls Tony into a chokehold to protect himself from *
the GUARD. *

MAN ONE's gun on Jake. Everyone fucking panicked. Everyone *
frozen, but screaming at once. *

(*ITALICS UNHEARD IN THIS EPISODE --*) *

JAKE	*	WES	*
Vince, what the fuck are	*	(to MAN ONE)	*
you doing--	*	Take it easy, my man.	*

MASKED MAN ONE	*	TONY	*
Shut the fuck up! And just	*	Pleaseplease let me go!	*
put it in the fucking	*		
c'mon.	*		

Fingers tight on the triggers -- no one wants to pull first -- *

Wes steps slowly, deliberately, towards Jake and MAN ONE. *

JAKE	*	MASKED MAN TWO	*
Vince, please, just leave.	*	(to Wes)	*
Just leave.	*	What the fuck are you	*
		doing?	*

MASKED MAN ONE	*	WES	*
I'm trying. Just help me.	*	(to Mask Two)	*
		You're not here to use that	*
		shit.	*
		(then, to Jake)	*
		Jake, give the man what he	*
		wants.	*

GUARD *
(to MASKED MAN TWO) *
Put that down. *

Masked Man Two shaking from a cocktail of cocaine,
adrenaline, and fear. *Try me.*

MASKED MAN TWO *
Take another fuckin' step!... Stop *
fucking moving!

The arguing escalates again. Hold on Jake, heart on fire, in
a nightmare as the Gunman's finger tightens around the
trigger, about to squeeze as we... CUT TO:

18 INT. BLACK RABBIT - FRONT DOOR - MORNING - D1 18

BANG! BANG! BANG!

ONE MONTH EARLIER

Someone pounding on the door, startling --

Jake -- alive of course -- waking up on the downstairs bar
where he's fallen asleep -- another night not making it home.

Jake checks his watch. 7:30AM. Daylight blaring outside. And
save for a few staff, the restaurant is empty.

BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! The knocks come again.

DELIVERY MAN (O.S.)
Delivery! Marlow's.

No one coming to save him so Jake croaks --

JAKE
Coming!

Dusting himself off, Jake heads for the door as we clock -- in the glaring light of day -- the restaurant loses its luster -- the surfaces, sticky and smudged. The facade, not pristine. A mirage. Nighttime hides a lot.

Jake unbolts the door. A STOCKY DELIVERY MAN. "Marlow's Fine Foods" on his apron. He hands Jake an INVOICE with a list of food and the cost.

JAKE
You can deliver around back.
Kitchen guys should be there.

But the Delivery Man isn't budging.

DELIVERY MAN
You're C.O.D.

JAKE
(interesting, covering)
OK... gimme a sec. Go 'round back.

The Delivery guy starts to go. Jake calculates a beat then--

19 **INT. BLACK RABBIT - KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER - D1** 19

Jake enters the kitchen, already fully alive.

Loud GAUCHO music plays. THREE PREP CHEFS at their stations, butchering meat, chopping veg.

We recognize one from the shooting. Tony. A kitchen lifer, rabble rouser, gossipy instigator.

TONY
Buen día, guapo. Dormiste bien?

JAKE
Can you meet the guy from Marlow's
out back and go through the order?
I gotta grab him some cash.

19

TONY

Si claro.

(then, of his appearance)

Jake, mijo, beauty's a
responsibility. Take a shower.

Jake smells his pits, oof, heading up the stairs into --

20

INT. BLACK RABBIT - PRIVATE OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER - D1 20

We've been here before too. Jake enters, already peeling off his shirt -- grabbing a clean one from a locker with a stack of others. There's a FOLD OUT SOFA in here too. This is Jake's second home. Maybe even his first.

On his hands and knees now, Jake opens the SAFE and grabs a large stack of cash and begins counting it out as --

21

INT. BLACK RABBIT - VIP - THAT MOMENT - D1 21

In the VIP area nearby, Joe (the young bar back we met earlier) cleans up the remnants of last night's party. Bottles everywhere. Ashtrays full. Not so glamorous now.

He looks up as, like a coffin lid rising, the bathroom door creaks open --

Gingerly, out steps a young woman. This is ANNA DIXON (30's). New York's greatest bartender, tatted, usually tough and indestructible, but right now --

She looks like hell. Make-up smeared. Hair that smells like the bathroom floor she's just slept on. A zombie.

She steadies herself against the wall -- internal balance all off -- adjusting last nights' disheveled clothes when --

Realizes she's not alone. There's Joe --

JOE

Jesus! *IT LIVES*. D'you fucking
sleep in the bathroom?

(with a laugh. Then, aware
this isn't funny)

You ok?

No response. She's not. Joe watches as she hurries out to --

22

EXT. BLACK RABBIT - JUST THEN - D1

22

-- where Tony and another LATIN PREP COOK stand behind the refrigerated MARLOW'S DELIVERY TRUCK, reviewing the order.

TONY

Yo, take those off the bill. We
need Bobo Chickens -- with feet on.

The sound of the door catches Tony's attention. He turns to see Anna -- fumbling with a smoke -- stumbling away on the street, HAILING A CAB -- unaware she's been seen.

Off Tony's concern as he returns to the order while --

23

INT. BLACK RABBIT - PRIVATE OFFICE - THAT MOMENT - D1

23

Jake's shoving cash into an envelope, scrawling MARLOW'S on the front when -- *fuck*. Sees the time on his phone. Starts making a call as he shoves a second stack of bills into another ENVELOPE and pockets it as... he gets an answer.

JAKE

Be there in five. On my way.

... as he shuts the locker, revealing the SECURITY CAMERAS that roll on the VIP ROOM, passing by the cameras as...

VAL (FILTERED)

You're still at the restaurant,
aren't you?

JAKE

I'm walking out. I'm just leaving.

JOE

Something happened with Anna?

Joe just stopped him. Concerned. Jake, shakes his head, *doesn't know*, then -- handing Joe the MARLOW'S ENVELOPE --

JAKE

(mouthing)

Go find Tony out back, I'm late.

Joe takes it. Jake heads downstairs --

VAL (FILTERED)

I can take him if you need but--

23

JAKE

No. I wanna see him. I'm coming.
Remind him he'll wanna look good
for tonight.

VAL (FILTERED)

Careful what you wish for.

Jake, hanging up, with a laugh, continuing down the stairs
then we're --

24

EXT. STARDUST CASINO / CONVENTION HALL - MORNING - D1

24

Outside A LOW RENT CASINO on a tumble weed street in the
desert. The end of the world. And that's where we meet --

25

INT. STARDUST CASINO / CONVENTION HALL - HALLWAY - MORN. - 251

VINCE. 50, handsome but feral. A pirate who got marooned a
long time ago. Sleepless, jumpy as--

He sits at a slot machine in the near vacant floor, chewing
his straw, with a BAG in his lap, not so furtively watching -

A group of OLDER WHITE MEN corralling beneath a sign over the
ballroom announcing -- "*THE RENO COIN SHOW.*" Not one of them
looks at Vince.

He checks his phone. No message. Fuck. A SONG ON THE P.A.
grates his last nerves. ("*I CHOOSE YOU*" by WILLIE HUTCH.) A
WAITRESS PASSES, her name tag tells us she's MARCEE.

VINCE

Hey! Can you turn that fucking song
off?

WAITRESS

What do I look like, the DJ?

VINCE

Then can I get another rum and
coke? With some rum in this one.

WAITRESS

Gotta charge ya this time. Freebies
are for players.

VINCE

(re: the slot machine)
What's it look like I'm doing?

WAITRESS

Table games only, hon.

VINCE

(under his breath)

Bullshit. How much?

WAITRESS

Nine twenty-five.

Vince huffs, pats his pocket. Finds a crumpled ten and hands it to the waitress.

VINCE
Keep the change.

WAITRESS
Mm, I'll add it to my daughters'
college fund.

She heads off. We stay on Vince, a man running on fumes, eyeing the CROWD AT THE COIN SHOW, waiting for someone unknown, with that BAG in his lap, the song still playing as--

26 EXT. VAL'S BROWNSTONE - WEST VILLAGE - MORNING - D1 26

Jake steps out of a well loved VINTAGE JAGUAR, already firing off texts as he approaches a pristine TOWNHOUSE where --

HUNTER, 12, his sweet, artistic son who's taking some big sartorial swings, sits on the stoop, singing along to his headphones while --

VAL (VALENTINA) - a glamorous, bohemian 40 waits at his side.

JAKE
Hey big guy, you ready?

Hunter nods, still humming --

VAL
Love ya, Huntley. Have fun.

She kisses his head. They watch him get in the car, then --

JAKE
(of Hunter's 'fit, joking)
What is this look? He raid Timmy
Chalamet's closet?

VAL
(laughing)
He and his friends went to Beacons.
You should talk.
(of Jake's condition)
You sleep on the cot again?

JAKE
Didn't even make it there.

As if to explain, Jake removes THE ENVELOPE --

JAKE (CONT'D)
...doesn't earn itself.

Jake hands it to her. Cash. It's a lot. She gives him a look, aware of how much sweat has produced it. Jake's nonchalant.

JAKE (CONT'D)
It's no big deal. He likes the school. He's happy, I'm happy.

VAL
Next week's the open house. Don't forget. He wants to show you his classroom.

JAKE
Yeah. I'll be there. I'm on it...

Then his phone's buzzing with texts. No rest for the weary.

JAKE (CONT'D)
Sorry. Work.

VAL
I bet she is.
(an earned joke)
Get some rest. You look tired.

JAKE
Old... vintage.

She allows a laugh as he heads off to his car and --

27 I./E. JAKE'S JAGUAR / EXT. HUNTER'S SCHOOL - MORNING - D1 27

Jake pulls into the valet line outside a boutique PRIVATE SCHOOL. More like a Google campus. BLACK CARS and YOGA MOMS.

Jake's car is like him. Stylish. Old school. Held together with glue. At the wheel, Jake dictates his text roll call to Hunter who types it into Jake's phone.

JAKE
Write Mel -- *"table for Johnny at 8, near the bathroom"* -- don't worry, she'll know what it means.
(ok)
Then, text Naveen and say --
"Sorry, running ten minutes late."

Hunter types it. Hits sends. Gets a response --

HUNTER

Ugh... gross.

JAKE

What? What'd he say?

HUNTER

*"Why? R u getting your D S-ed?**(returning the phone)**You know they make cars that talk
to text, right? This isn't the
dinosaur ages...*

JAKE

I like having you as my assistant.
We needed you in the band days.

HUNTER

(joking)

So your music wouldn't of sucked?

Hunter, riffling through stacks of CASSETTE TAPES.

JAKE

Watch it, I'll give your ticket
away.

HUNTER

I'm kidding. You wouldn't anyway.

JAKE

Just try me, big shot.

(he HONKS the horn)

C'mon! None of these parents work.

HUNTER

*(mind still on the game)*I can't believe Wes invited us to
sit court-side.

JAKE

Your dad discovered him.

HUNTER

Oh, I'm working on this beat on
Ableton. Do you think I could play
it for him? He could, like, use it
for a song.

JAKE

Oh man, he'd love that. I'm sure.

(Honks again)

Jesus. Let's go.

HUNTER

I can just get out. It's ok.

Jake studies his son as he collects his bags.

JAKE

You're liking it here, right?
Better than the last one? Dance
program's good?

HUNTER

Yeah, I love it Dad. Thanks... it's
ok, you can get it.

... 'cause Jake's phone's ringing again.

HUNTER (CONT'D)

I'll see you tonight.

Hunter gives his dad a hug. A sweet kid. Then exits the car.

JAKE

Don't break too many hearts in
there playboy.

Hunter heads off with a smile. Jake watches him go, about to
pull out as he answers the phone and --

JAKE (CONT'D)

Are you fucking kidding me?

ROXIE (FILTERED)

Hello?

That wasn't to her. To a YOGA MOM in an SUV who just boxed
him in, prancing out of her car, giving him -- "One minute".

JAKE

Sorry, I'm in a fucking valet line.

ROXIE (FILTERED)

Well, do you know where I am?

JAKE

Do I have to play twenty questions?

INTERCUT NOW with JAKE stuck in his car and...

Roxie -- normally a killer, not now -- searching frantically
through the massive fish market in the Bronx. Bloody, 200
pound fish lined up like corpses at the morgue.

ROXIE

At the fish market, in the Bronx--

JAKE

Why? Didn't the delivery show?

ROXIE

No and when I called to say what the fuck, he said we're two months late on payment and they're not coming 'til we're settled.

JAKE

Those fuckers -- I fucking paid up last week--

ROXIE

Well that's not what they said so now I'm 140 blocks uptown haggling over leftovers to feed the New York Times Food Critic.

Roxie is searching the stalls for soft shell crabs.

JAKE

Just go back to the kitchen. I'll make sure they deliver tomorrow --

ROXIE

No, 'cause they'll send us the Indian shrimp, and they have to be Mexican. So now I'm gonna be late roasting the bones for the stock, and I wanted to do my own bread service --

(to the Crabs Clerk)

No. No fucking way! Those are leathery. They're dead. I want velvet.

(back to Jake)

Are you sure she's coming tomorrow?

JAKE

Yes. My guy at the Times saw it on her calendar. Third visit. I'm positive. Rox, no stress. You're the best chef in New York.

(MORE)

28

JAKE (CONT'D)

And if this reviewer says
different, we'll cut off her
tongue.

ROXIE

Maybe I could serve that?

JAKE

I'd eat it.

Roxie manages a laugh, calming.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Buy whatever you need. I'll pay you
back at the Rabbit. OK? You're
gonna kill this. We're golden.

Roxie tries her mojo as we END ON JAKE, finally free and --

29

INT. STARDUST CASINO / CONVENTION HALL - HALLWAY - DAY - D29

We're back at the casino with Vince. Still in the same spot
and still anxious. Chewing the last ice in his drink when --

MAN

You Charlie?

Vince turns. TWO WESTERN MEN behind him. One BURLY. One
FRAIL. Vince nods.

BURLY MAN

Got the stuff?

Vince puts his hand on that BAG then --

VINCE (PRE-LAP)

Those are rare.

30

INT. SHITTY BUICK - CASINO PARKING LOT - A LITTLE LATER - D30

Vince sits at the wheel in the Casino parking lot -- the two
men in there with him. The frail one in back. The big guy
sitting shotgun, with the GOODS in his lap --

A SLEEVE OF ANTIQUE COINS.

VINCE

1955 Doubled Die Obverse Lincoln
Cents. Certified and graded. I'll
sell 'em both for four grand.

BURLY MAN
You said thirty five.

VINCE
The same ones are inside for \$2500
each.

BURLY MAN
So go sell 'em inside.

He's starting to pack up --

VINCE
Just hold on. Wait. I got a three
legged buffalo nickel and a couple
US gold coins in there too. I'll
give you those on the house. Good?

A beat. Something's off. The FRAIL GUY in the mirror --

FRAIL GUY
We'll take 'em all on the house.

Because he's holding a HANDGUN to the back of Vince's head -

VINCE
You fucking kidding?! --
Motherfuckers.

-- because BURLY GUY's pocketing the loot. Vince tries to
stop him, causing FRAIL GUY to -- BOOM! -- FIRE a warning
shot through the ROOF of the car.

Vince freezes, surrendering, watching BURLY GUY get out of
the car -- the FRAIL GUY still with the gun --

FRAIL GUY
Keep your hands on the wheel. Don't
fucking move 'til we're gone.

-- and they're both out of the car, hurrying away in the lot,
leaving Vince there with nothing. He pounds the wheel.

VINCE
Fuck!

He steams there a moment as the guys hurry away. Something
untamed sparks in Vince's eyes then --

-- as the two men arrive at THEIR CAR, the FRAIL GUY jerks at
the ROAR of an ENGINE.

FRAIL GUY

Bill!

The Burly Man (BILL) turns to see --

VINCE'S BUICK, pedal down, gunning right fucking toward him.

Frail Guy pulls out his GUN, starts FIRING, BANG BANG BANG! -- shattering Vince's rearview --

Vince ducks for cover, but still flooring it, not seeing --

BA-BOOM! The big guy -- a human speed bump -- who Vince just drove straight fucking over.

Shaken, Vince stops.

FRAIL GUY (CONT'D)

What the fuck!

His partner moaning, broken-legged on the ground. Frail Guy re-aims at Vince, firing -- BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

Vince cowers, hits the gas, trying to hightail it, only --

BANG! -- a shot BLOWS his left tire -- veering the car wildly, speeding out of control and --

RUNS BACK OVER BILL! -- the poor guy steamrolled again with a sickening thud. This one finishing the job as --

Fuck! The car stops. Engine shot up. Vince pokes his head above water to see Bill's mangled body, but in rising, Vince provides --

Frail Guy with the kill shot. He pulls the trigger but--

CLICK! His gun's empty. Out of bullets. A moment.

Vince tries the engine again. Nothing.

Now pissed, determined and safe from any gunfire, Vince gets out of the car to get his coins back.

He looks at his ARM, realizing --

He's bleeding. It's just a flesh wound but still. Vince, even more livid. As soon as Frail Guy sees the look in his eyes--

He turns and bolts off, escaping the lot with the COINS, leaving ---

Vince, standing there, fuming. Can't believe his fucking luck. No coins. Bill's dead. So is his car. He's got no way to escape so --

Vince kneels down to Bill and turns out the dead man's pockets for his keys, yelling --

VINCE
This is your fucking fault!

A mix of contrition, frustration, and anger. He finally finds his KEY FOB. A last look.

VINCE (CONT'D)
You fucking did this, and your
fuckhead friend.

Then Vince is beeping the FOB. A SHITTY CAR blinks to life. Vince hurries toward it, no end game in sight as --

32 OMITTED 32

33 INT. BLACK RABBIT - 1ST FLOOR - JUST THEN - D1 33

Jake, as always, rolling calls, enters the unopened Rabbit setting up for lunch service. The first person Jake sees is Mel (*the aspiring actress / hostess met earlier.*)

She motions to a MAN waiting at the bar with a coffee.

MEL
Guy came in looking for you. Said
he's our *Point of Sale Vendor*?

JAKE
(fuck)
... yeah, all our credit card
payments go through his company. He
charges us a fee to get our own
fucking money. He's a shark. I'll
get rid of 'em.

ANDY / MAN
There he is! Handsomest guy in New
York.

Jake hides his disdain as he greets ANDY - 40's --

JAKE

What's up man. You good?

ANDY

Fully. Fully. I was just swinging
by cause I've been doing some month
end stuff and going through all
your receipts and --

Jake, trying to put this to bed right away, quietly --

JAKE

All good, Andy. I'm straight.

ANDY

Well if you wanna talk again, I can
get you more than before, better
rate too -- say the word.

Jake pats him on the shoulder, cool as ice, ending it with--

JAKE

(discrete)

Thanks, man. I'm good. I'm actually
running late so -- good to see you.

Andy gets the message. Dismissed.

ANDY

You got my number. Any time.

He exits. Jake takes a breath, reuniting with Mel as --

JAKE

He didn't talk to Naveen, did he?

MEL

(shakes her head no)

What'd he want?

JAKE

My soul.

He motions for her to follow him into the kitchen where --

Jake chomps on veggies from prep as he moves through --

JAKE

He's upstairs?

MEL

On two, yeah. He already ordered --

JAKE

Ok, guys, real quick -- for tomorrow, you know everything's gotta be perfect.

MEL

Yeah. We know, Jake. We're on it.

JAKE

I want Wells at table 50 where I can see her and I want Sarah to serve her. And I want a list of the other reservations so we can place 'em around her. No fucking liabilities.

MEL

Sure.

JAKE

All right, thanks. You're a rock -- oh and tell Anna to save a table upstairs in case she wants a drink. I want all options available, but it can't look like we planned it.

Tony, working at his station, looks up at the name.

MEL

You sure she's coming in?

Jake does not compute. Tony's happy to explain.

TONY

Well, not to be a gossip --
(yeah right)
But I saw her stumble out of here earlier looking like Courtney Love.

JAKE

Join the club. Everyone here's playing hurt.

MEL

Want me to try again? I already texted her but --

JAKE

Yeah. And see if Joe can cover just in case. Tomorrow's gotta be perfect. That review's our ticket.

Affirmative. Jake puts a hand on her back, thankful -- *maybe*
more -- then he goes. Already on his phone --

Composing a text. TO ANNA: ***Get your ass in here. Hangovers aren't sick days.***

He waits for the reply, but it doesn't come because --

35 **INT. ANNA'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY - D1** 35

-- that MESSAGE is buzzing in a cramped little bedroom. Vintage posters of Madonna and a 500cc Moto Guzzi on the wall. Scattered photos of hard partying hipsters around.

Anna -- last seen struggling out of Black Rabbit -- reaches a tattooed arm out from the covers to silence the text, and we reveal her face -- vacant in pain, wanting to bury the day as we return to --

36 **OMITTED** 36

37 **INT. SHITTY RENO APT BLDG - VINCE'S - THAT MOMENT - D1** 37

Vince, bursting into his squat. Might as well rent by the hour. As Vince moves to the closets, we see --

He's hardly got anything here. Not some permanent set up. A few clothes. A few books. A lot more empty bottles. Vince is throwing it all on the floor, grabbing a DUFFLE, then --

BANG BANG BANG! Someone wails on the door.

LANDLORD (O.S.)

Vince! What's going on? Why's there blood?

VINCE

(sotto)

Fuck.

(to her)

It's nothing. I'm fine. Go away.

He bangs into the bathroom to clean his BLEEDING ARM in the sink. A lot of blood. But he'll live. He wraps it up with some TOILET PAPER, noticing A VINTAGE ROLEX by the sink as --

37

LANDLORD (O.S.)
I don't want any trouble. You're
already late on the rent. I'm gonna
go get my son.

38

OMITTED

38

39

INT. SHITTY RENO APT BLDG - VINCE'S - THAT MOMENT - D1

39

Vince knows it's panic time now.

LANDLORD (O.S.)
Do I have to call the police?

VINCE
No! Everything's fine! -- *Fuck.*

He's got some gauze on his arm -- a last look in the mirror --
doesn't like what he sees and --

LANDLORD (O.S.)
Vince! That's it. I'm calling.

Then he's grabbing the duffle. Knowing he has to run. No idea
where to go. The last move he makes is to --

Strap the WATCH on his wrist. A quick moment of reverence or
regret. Then he shoulders his bag and --

40

INT. BLACK RABBIT - 2ND FLOOR - LUNCH - D1

40

We find that very same watch. This one on Jake's wrist. He's
mid-private lunch with NAVEEN -- his investor, co-owner, met
before in the teaser. Naveen, furiously tapping his phone and
not touching his food.

JAKE
Dude, your food's getting cold.
What're you, crushing deals?

NAVEEN

Getting crushed at the moment. My investor's about to fuck me on this mixed-use in Murray Hill.

Finally Naveen puts his phone down, turns his focus to Jake.

NAVEEN (CONT'D)

Ok, Sorry. You were saying?

Naveen tucks into his meal as Jake re-starts his pitch.

JAKE

I found the spot.

NAVEEN

It's a myth.

JAKE

For you maybe, pervert. For the next restaurant. I found it. It's big.

(beat)

You remember the Pool Room at the Four Seasons?

NAVEEN

(he does, which is why)

No --

(as in, you're crazy)

JAKE

Yes. Buddy of mine knows the guy who controls it. Apparently they're looking for a new restaurant group to take over --

NAVEEN

It'll be a feeding frenzy. We'd need a huge fucking float.

JAKE

-- they said they'll give us first look. They love the Rabbit.

NAVEEN

Look at you fucking hustling.

JAKE

This place is once in a lifetime.

NAVEEN

It's a big fucking swing. What makes you think now's the time?

JAKE

It's like you've always said, the Rabbit's got a spark, and once we get this review, even two stars in the Times - that's when we swing for the fences. People want to see what Roxie and I'll do next, and if we do this right, we're a brand. Fucking, cookbooks, TV deals, carte blanche.

NAVEEN

Oh, you're ready to be a big shot?

JAKE

Ready? I sleep on a cot in a bar. I've been grinding my ass off for years and my head's barely above water.

NAVEEN

That's show business, baby.

JAKE

Well, I want bigger billing. The Pool'll do triple covers at twice the margins and I don't have to close it down every night. I've run all the numbers.

(then, of the Rabbit)

I love this place man, but it's a young man's game. I need to start making money that doesn't have my sweat on it.

NAVEEN

Someone's gotta sweat. Roxie's down?

JAKE

She's focused on this review, but she's a player. She's ready for prime time.

NAVEEN

(impressed)

Ok, Danny Meyer. What's the nut?

JAKE

It just needs a design update and some runway... Maybe five mil.

NAVEEN

Oof...

40

JAKE

... and we gotta move fast. He gave
me the first look, but like you
said - sharks are circling.

NAVEEN

You're a fucking hustler. All green
lights ahead, huh?

JAKE

I'm running lights, man.

NAVEEN

(laughs)
Let me make a few calls.

The men dap, a big plan. Naveen returns to his plate, Jake's
pleased until -- he gets a CALL. A strange number.

JAKE

(the area code)
775?
(no idea, he answers)
This is Jake.

The voice that arrives hits him like shrapnel.

VINCE (FILTERED)

Sorry to hit you like this. I got
no one else to call.

JAKE

(fuck, to Naveen)
Sorry, gimme a sec.

He walks toward a private corner, afraid a bomb is about to
drop as we intercut with --

41

INT. NEVADA - HIGHWAY TRUCK STOP - COUNTER - JUST THEN - D1 1

Vince, body shaking, bloody bandage on his arm, sits at the
counter of an all-night diner. LONG HAULERS and LOCALS eye
him warily. A phone behind the counter stretched to his ear.

VINCE

I'm in some fucking shit out here,
man, I gotta get out right now.

42

INT. BLACK RABBIT - 2ND FLOOR - SAME (INTERCUT) - D1

42

Back in NY, Jake paces on his cell, knowing this doesn't end
well --

JAKE
Where are you?

VINCE
Outside Reno in some fucking -- Can
you get me a ticket to New York?

JAKE
You wanna come back here?

VINCE
I don't have a fuck ton of options
right now. I need to get on a plane-

JAKE
You think that's a good idea?
(silence)
Vince -- ?

IN THE DINER -- a WAITRESS drops a check for Vince's coffee.
He empties his pocket for change, hoping it'll add up.

VINCE
I'll pay you back, bro. I promise.
But, this shit's fucking urgent.
Can you do it or what?

Jake - no way out of this. He's fucked. Takes a breath.

JAKE
Where do you want me to send it?

End on Jake not wanting the answer, knowing a storm is now
coming as --

WES (PRE-LAP)
Oh shit! Hurricane Vince is coming
back to town.

44 EXT. BARCLAYS CENTER - NIGHT - N1 44

Jake and Hunter (in Nets gear) step out of an SUV in front of the CROWDED STADIUM, along side --

ESTELLE - (30's) -- effortlessly cool, a born artist and --
WES WILLIAMS (the iconoclast met briefly in the opening) --
in a full court-side fashion fit -- all mid conversation.
Jake, trying to keep Hunter from hearing --

WES
Fuck's he been the last two years?

JAKE
... he called from Reno.

WES
When's the last time you talked?

JAKE
Six months ago maybe? Right after
our mom died.

Wes shakes that off as he's noticed by FANS --

FANS
Wes! Wes! I love the new album!

This guy is A-list. PEOPLE snap pictures. Hunter, enthralled by it all -- as WES' SECURITY MAN leads them towards the VIP entrance. The adults' conversation continuing--

ESTELLE
Fuck's in Reno?

Jake - nothing good.

WES
You're bringing him back to the
Rabbit, right?

JAKE
Are you joking?!

WES
What?

ESTELLE
You remember why he left?

WES
Yeah, but... family. Loyalty, shit matters -- I know he's a handful but your bro built it with us.

ESTELLE
And then he almost burned it down.
(to Jake)
Sorry--

JAKE
Don't apologize to me. I'm still digging out the ashes.

WES
Y'all are cold. Vince set the vibe...

ESTELLE
And here I thought it was the interior design --

Wes squeezes her hand -- *you're cute* --

JAKE

Obviously, he's a good time, but
he's got no idea where the edge is.

WES

Someone's gotta go over it so the
rest of us know where it is. That's
how you make magic.

As they arrive at the small line at the VIP entrance, Wes finally relents and breaks off to take some pictures. Hunter, taking pictures of it all on his phone, leaving Jake and Estelle. She sees his concern. These two are close.

ESTELLE

Sorry.

JAKE

I've been waiting two fucking years
for this review. Now is not a good
time.

ESTELLE

So tell him.

JAKE

(yeah right)
He has no regard for anyone but
himself.

ESTELLE

Oh yeah, what's that like?

Estelle, being waved over for a picture by Wes, in the shadow of his celebrity. She and Jake share a conspiratorial laugh.

Jake watches as she joins Wes for some photographs. Hunter joins Jake at his side. Surprising his father with --

HUNTER

Why don't you want Uncle Vince
coming back?

Off Jake, searching for the words to explain as --

THE ROAR OF A PLANE rips overhead and we're--

45 **EXT. JFK AIRPORT - MORNING - D2** 45

-- where a jet streaks in the sky as we pan down to find --

Vince exiting the terminal. The daylight makes him squint.
Cigarette already in his mouth, looking over his shoulder,
fumbling with his light when --

JAKE
Vince!... Vin! Over here.

He looks up to see Jake -- put together as always -- leaning
on his VINTAGE JAGUAR -- the moment hangs like a gavel --
then the two brothers hug.

45

JAKE (CONT'D)
Come on. Get in. You hungry?

Vince pockets his smoke, heads for the car and --

46

INT. DEEP BROOKLYN DINER - BOOTH - DAY - D2

46

Vince and Jake sit across from another in a booth. Two sides of a mirror. Two halves that don't quite make a whole. A lot of silence. Neither touching their FOOD. Jake sending texts on his phone.

JAKE
Sorry. Big night tonight --

He turns over the phone. Sees Vince keeping a nervous eye on the door -- wary of something unknown.

JAKE (CONT'D)
Expecting someone?

Vince straightens up. Knocks it off. Jake looks at the bandage on his arm.

VINCE
Looks like you're doing good. What, you get a little work done?

JAKE
(this fucking guy)
Yeah -- I had an asshole taken off my back. Feels great.

VINCE
(can take a joke)
-- but seriously. You look good.
Glad things are treating you right.

Jake shrugs nonchalant, trying not to rub Vince's nose in it.

VINCE (CONT'D)
It's ok, man. I'm proud. You look really -- "professional."

Jake knows, or at least, sees this as a dig. A long stare at his bedraggled brother. Then back to the point.

JAKE

So you gonna tell me what happened?
What'd you do this time?

VINCE

Nothing. Did it ever occur to you
that maybe it wasn't my fault?

JAKE

No.

Vince stares at his food -- and begins spinning a tale.

VINCE

Well, I met this waitress in Reno --
Marcee -- she had a girl -- really
sweet. Living with them for a bit.
The dad was a deadbeat -- owed 'em
all kinds of money so I said that
I'd talk to him, cause I liked 'em,
you know. So I went to his garage,
a mechanic, fucking hole in the
wall.

Vince is really into it now. Jake has been here before and
honestly -- kinda enjoys the performance.

VINCE (CONT'D)

So I go in there, I'm like -- just
give the girl what you owe. Be a
human being, c'mon.

JAKE

(feeding the fire)
-- bet he didn't appreciate that?

VINCE

You think? And I'm not looking for
trouble. Just trying to do the
right thing --- and this maniac
jumped me. Fucking hit me with a
wrench.

Vince indicates the wound on his arm. Jake, goosing him.

JAKE

But you gave him back some, right?
You hit him?

VINCE

Oh, I got some good blows, believe
me, but the fucking dude pulled a
gun.

(MORE)

46

VINCE (CONT'D)

Shot up my ride which, whatever, it
wasn't even registered but -- he
said they were gonna be next so --
I told her to get outta town. Gave
'em all the cash that I had and --
that's the last time I saw 'em.

JAKE

You didn't wanna go with 'em?

VINCE

-- thought I'd cause 'em more
trouble but I mean, yeah, it was
hard cause you know, she was great.

Vince is done. A long beat. The gas finally run out--

JAKE

Wow. Sorry, man. That sounds almost... unbelievable.

Vince and Jake -- a long look.

VINCE

People are crazy.

JAKE

You been using?

VINCE

Don't start.

Vince eyes him, a third rail. Jake backs off. Takes a beat.

VINCE (CONT'D)

I'm not staying, ok. Don't worry. I got a buddy in Clearwater --

JAKE

You're not gonna see Gen?

VINCE

Not this time. I don't know.

(beat)

You ever see her? How is she?

JAKE

Good. She had dinner with Val, few months ago at the Rabbit.

Vince swallows his shame, then, to the real point...

JAKE (CONT'D)

So how much do you need?

VINCE

You know I hate asking but--

JAKE

How much?

VINCE

Five, ten grand. Get back on my feet. I'll be out of your hair.

Jake knew this was coming. Shakes his head.

VINCE (CONT'D)

Think I like fucking begging little brother for money?

JAKE

How long do you have? 'Cuz, we got
some money coming in from Mom's
house --

VINCE

You sold it?

JAKE

It hasn't closed yet but I accepted
an offer.

(news to Vince)

I woulda told ya but didn't exactly
know where you were.

Vince can't decide if he's broken up or elated, but -- more
pressing --

VINCE

How much did you get for it?

JAKE

925. But with mom's mortgage, and
all, we're gonna clear like three
hundred.

VINCE

For the whole fucking place!?

JAKE

There was a lien on it, asshole.

(beat)

You fucking took out a loan and
used the house as collateral. When
were you gonna tell me about that?

VINCE

I owned a restaurant, remember?
Thought I could pay it back.

JAKE

You wanna get into that now?

A charged beat. Neither does. Jake drops cash for the bill.

JAKE (CONT'D)

C'mon, I gotta head out there now.
Estate Seller's coming. You could
crash there if you want - I think
you still have some clothes, unless
you were gonna do Matt's. I got
Hunter this weekend otherwise--

Vince takes in his brother.

VINCE

Look at you. You got everything.
I'm fifty two years old. I got
nothing.

JAKE

You'll figure it out. Always have.
Come on. Finish. Let's go.

Vince pushes away from his untouched plate of food and then--

47 **I./E. JAKE'S JAGUAR - CONEY ISLAND STREETS - AFTERNOON - D2** 47

Jake and Vince in the car -- driving through Coney Island --
"Sodom by the Sea." That name feels apropos as --

48 **EXT. VINCE & JAKE'S CHILDHOOD HOME - LATE AFTERNOON - D2** 48

Vince and Jake step from the car outside a vinyl-sided
shithole. Their childhood home. Vince looks around -- like
he's afraid they've been followed and follows Jake into --

49 **INT. VINCE & JAKE'S CHILDHOOD HOME - THAT MOMENT - D2** 49

A relic. The grim diorama of their lives. They've got to step
over a mountain of mail and bags of clothes just to get
through the door where Jake flips on the lights to reveal --

JAKE

What a fucking dump.

Cheap furniture. Family photos. And the medical detritus from
their mom's final days. Vince views it grimly, guiltily.

VINCE

This is where --?
(she died. Jake nods)
How was she?

JAKE

It was really fucking bad, how do
you think it was?

Vince, ashamed, picks up a sales sheet from the realtor. A
picture of the house on a sunny day. Asking price \$950,000.

VINCE
How long 'til it closes?

JAKE
Couple weeks, maybe less -- can you
hold out that long?

Vince, without other options.

JAKE (CONT'D)
They're going to inventory
everything and tell us what they
can get for the valuables.

VINCE
There's nothing valuable here.
What're you gonna do with all this
shit?

JAKE
Sold it as is. Their funeral.

Jake flips through a BANKERS BOX of FRAMED PHOTOS. Shows ONE
to Vince, which we do not see. (NOTE: THIS BOX WILL END UP AT
JAKE'S APARTMENT FOR FUTURE SCENES.)

JAKE (CONT'D)
You remember that Father's Day?

VINCE
No fucking chance that he did.

JAKE
(looking through boxes)
-- any idea where Dad kept his coin
collection? We've been looking.
Can't find it.

Vince shrugs. No idea.

VINCE
Maybe the fucking cleaners took it.

That comment passes as Jake comes across paperwork from the
bank. The unpaid lien.

JAKE
Here's a nice neat stack of unpaid
lien notices for you.

VINCE
I didn't think it'd be a problem.

JAKE

The fuck you think happens, you
don't pay back a loan for 3 years?
Was it drugs?

(no)

Mancuso?

VINCE

... it was just a few games.

JAKE

I thought you quit.

VINCE

I was on a great run and then
fucking just went ice cold.

JAKE

Are you still into him now?

VINCE

No -- no, man. I swear.
(off Jake's look)
I'm straight.

JAKE

Yeah?

VINCE

Yeah.

Into this friction -- Jake's phone rings. He considers Vince
a last beat, and then answers --

JAKE (ON THE PHONE)

Hello? -- *I thought you fucking
talked to her?* -- What?! She needs
to be there tonight -- no, no. I'll
call her. I got it. I'm coming in.

Jake hangs up -- wants to smash it.

VINCE

All good?

JAKE

Can you deal with this estate sale
lady? I gotta head back in.

VINCE

Should I meet you there later?

Jake, already handing him the house keys. And some cash.

JAKE

No. I'll call you later. You have a
phone?
(He doesn't. More cash.)
Get one. Get some rest and we'll
catch up tomorrow.

49

VINCE
I'm fucking sorry.

JAKE
I know.

Vince watches Jake go, returning to the photos around him.
The one of him with Jake and their Dad. A lifetime ago then--

50

EXT. VINCE & JAKE'S CHILDHOOD HOME - DUSK - D2

50

Jake, approaches his car. His urgent call finally answered.
He's pissed.

JAKE
It's about fucking time. Where are
you?
(silence)
Hello?

ANNA (O.S.)
What do you want?

INTERCUT NOW WITH:

51

INT. ANNA'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DUSK - SAME - D2

51

Anna, as we left her. Still in bed. The second day.

JAKE
What do I want? I want you prepping
upstairs at the Rabbit. I had Joe
and Mel cover last night and they
gave away half the bar. I need my
ace. Where've you been?

ANNA
I'm not feeling great. Sorry.

JAKE
What do you need? A vitamin B shot?
You want me to send a doctor? What
do you want? It's the biggest night
of our life.

ANNA
I'm sorry. I'm not coming in.

JAKE
What?!

51

ANNA

I said... *I'm. Not. Coming. In.*
Find someone else.

Jake now stepping into his car, closes the door but doesn't start the engine.

JAKE

You're fucking serious?

Jake's aware now she is.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Is this a move? You want a raise?
Some time off? It's the New York
Fucking Times.

ANNA

I know, Jake. I'm sorry but --

JAKE

Please do not do this to me.

But Anna's got nothing to give and Jake's shifting gears,
nowhere else left to go. The only card he's got left --

JAKE (CONT'D)

I can't believe I have to say this.
You really making me threaten you?
Because if you're not there in an
hour, if you fucking ghost me
tonight, I have no choice then,
you're fired. Understand? Anna?

Jake waits for her response. She answers with a *CLICK*. She
just hung up the phone. FUCK! End on --

Jake, pounding his phone on the dash, starts the car as --

52

EXT. THE PLANK - STREET - NIGHT - N2

52

We find Vince, on the street, churning for a beacon ahead and--

53

INT. THE PLANK - JUST THEN - N2

53

Chimes jangle the door of an OLD DRINKERS BAR turning the
heads of the LIFERS who give Vince a hard stare as he enters.

A bartender, who we'll come to find out is MATT (50, the hard
way) guffaws.

BLACK RABBIT - 101 - DOUBLE WHITE PRODUCTION DRAFT - 05/24/24 44.
CONTINUED: 53

MATT
No. Fucking. Way. The hell are you
doing here?

VINCE
C.I. 'til I die.

Matt laughs, hops the bar and they embrace.

53A INT. THE PLANK - MOMENTS LATER - N2

53A

Matt's lining up glasses, Jameson to the rim. Vince views a framed photo of a DARK HAired HUSTLER in BOWLING REGALIA.

MATT
To your old Man. R.I.P.

VINCE
Nope.

They drain 'em. Two more appear. Vince takes in the squalor.

VINCE (CONT'D)
Like what ya done with the place.

MATT
We can't all sell \$50 hamburgers
like your idiot brother. I'm dying
to know what he puts in that shit.

VINCE
My dreams.

MATT
Least someone's using them.

A laugh, another drink goes down.

MATT (CONT'D)
To what do we owe the pleasure?

VINCE
Just checking in on my investments.

MATT
You mean the fat girl from the
bowling alley? She died.

Vince laughs, drains another. Then, seriously...

VINCE
What do you hear?

53A BLACK RABBIT - 101 - DOUBLE WHITE PRODUCTION DRAFT - 05/24/24 44A.
CONTINUED: 53A

 MATT
About what?

Vince dead eyes him.

MATT (CONT'D)
You? Think they moved on, but I
wouldn't press it.

Vince passes the photo back to Matt.

VINCE
I'm just passing through. Quickly.
Got a few ends to tie up and I'm
gone.

Matt nods, *that's for the best*. He hangs the photo back up
behind the bar.

MATT
I think he thought this place would
be yours.

VINCE
He was wrong 'bout a lotta things.

Vince stares down another shot. Bottoms up as --

54 **INT. BLACK RABBIT - 1ST FLOOR - THAT NIGHT - N2** 54

Jake, a full head of steam, walks into the restaurant which
is a 3-ring circus, standing room only, first floor dining
room packed to the gills. Servers flying around.

Mel underwater at the hostess stand. Stops Jake at once.

MEL
Did you talk to Anna?

JAKE
I'm gonna cover, just let me know
when she gets here.

MEL
Who? Anna?

JAKE
(are you serious?)
The fucking Times. You know what
she looks like, right?

Mel nods, chastened, as Jake heads straight into --

ROXIE (PRE-LAP)
How we feeling? It's showtime.

55

INT. BLACK RABBIT - KITCHEN - N2

55

The heat of the night. Shouts and sweat everywhere from harried employees, expeditors, and dishwashers. Chefs frantically paced at their stations, others placing finished plates into the dumbwaiter for delivery upstairs to the second floor tables.

Roxie rallies her troops, smelling steam from Tony's station.

ROXIE

I want it super earthy. Like, cow shit. That will be the first thing she writes about.

TONY

You mean after this face.

Roxie knows he's an asset, but also needs a short leash. She dips a spoon in the reducing stock. Tastes it.

ROXIE

D'you roast the bones like I said --

TONY

Yes, I roasted the bones. Ya sabes. We're good.

ROXIE

Ok. Just check your salt. And add those dried shiitakes too.

(now to the room)

Alright. Thirty minutes people, let's go.

TONY

Bar tab's on me, we get more than one star.

Roxie knocks on wood. Superstitious.

ROXIE

I don't wanna hear a word about that from anyone. Got it?

Everyone shuts up quick as Jake enters, still hot.

TONY

What's up, boss? Need a little, pick me up?

JAKE

Not tonight, Tony.

(beelining to Roxie)

Can we talk...? In the walk-in.

Roxie clocks he wants privacy, not a good sign, then --

56 INT. THE WALK-IN - KITCHEN - BLACK RABBIT - N2 56

Roxie follows Jake in. Once the door's shut.

 ROXIE
I gotta get back. What's up?

 JAKE
I just got off with Anna...

 ROXIE
And? Where is she? I've got the
beet tincture for her Negronis.

 JAKE
She's not coming. I fired her.

 ROXIE
What?!

 JAKE
She fucking ghosted. Said she
wasn't coming in.

 ROXIE
Tonight!? Is she crazy?

 JAKE
I'm gonna cover. It's fine.
 (off her look)
I grew up in a bar. I can mix a
fucking drink.

 ROXIE
These aren't Red Bull and vodkas
for your bandmates in Coney Island.
It's a pairing with the menu.

 JAKE
Yes. Negronis. I know. That's...
rum, right?

A joke. It cools her a bit but--

ROXIE

I've waited my whole career for
this night --

JAKE

I know. Me too.

Into those stakes, they see Mel. At the door. Urgent.

MEL

... she's here. Seated at 50.

Roxie and Jake exchange a look and then --

57 OMITTED 57

58 EXT. EAST VILLAGE - STREETS - NIGHT - A LITTLE LATER - N2 58

Vince cruises past the garish shops on St. Marks, unaware that --

FROM A DISTANT POV

We see TWO HARD MEN have followed, trailing Vince as he arrives at-

59 EXT. FUN CITY TATTOO PARLOR - MOMENTS LATER - N2 59

A boutique tattoo shop on the street where a YOUNG WOMAN works on a CLIENT behind the neon-lit window.

Vince takes her in from the shadows. This is GEN. 20's and tatted. Inking her client's arm. A talent. Ethereal but still haunted. Vince's gaze fixed on her face but --

When Gen looks up, he's gone. Darkness on the street because -

60 EXT. EAST VILLAGE STREET / TOMPKINS PARK - NIGHT - N2 60

Vince is walking away, shuffling down a side street. The MEN follow at a distance.

He crosses the street and enters TOMPKINS PARK.

He cuts through a fenced off section for toddlers. Slides, swings, sandbox, etc. Only ONE MAN follows him now. He can be seen closing the gate behind the still walking Vince.

As Vince approaches the fence at the far side of the playground, the OTHER MAN enters and closes that gate as he comes in.

MAN
Vinnie Fresh!

Vince turns to retreat the other way and sees the other man closing in.

OTHER MAN
Think we wouldn't hear you were back? -- Where's the money?

They are: JUNIOR (20s) muscled, handsome, dim, a wilcard and BABBITT (30s) -- the babysitter, the brains if they have 'em.

VINCE
I don't have it.

BABBITT
You don't have it.

VINCE
I don't but I'm getting it.

JUNIOR
That's great to hear. What do you
got on you right now, fucko?

Junior open hand slaps him as Babbitt grabs him from behind.

Junior holds him up and starts to rip through his pockets finding - the CASH Jake just gave him and a FOLDED PIECE OF PAPER.

JUNIOR (CONT'D)
What's this?

VINCE
A down payment for you.

Junior counts it, disgusted. Hands the money and paper to Babbitt.

JUNIOR
Two hundred bucks. This a joke?

BABBITT
You got some balls coming back with
a hundred and forty grand on your
name.

VINCE
A hundred and forty?!-- C'mon --
that's insane. It was a third of
that at most --

JUNIOR
The juice has been loose for two
years, OJ.

VINCE
That's fucking crazy. You guys --
it look like I have a hundred and
forty thousand dollars?

BABBITT

You sure as fuck don't and it's a
problem for us.

JUNIOR

You made us look very bad. We've got a rep to protect so, let's do just that. Take a seat.

They throw him down onto the bottom of the KID'S SLIDE. Babbitt immediately sits on him, pinning his body and one arm.

Junior grabs the loose arm and secures the pinky against the slide. He takes out a long pocket knife. Vince's terrified, scrambling --

VINCE

Wait-wait-wait! I can get it. You gotta give me a minute. I gotta plan -- why I'm back -- my mom died--

JUNIOR

Of shame?

VINCE

-- we're settling her estate. Her house sold-- money's yours.

JUNIOR

Bullshit--

VINCE

(still struggling)
It's on that paper. That's the listing.

He indicates the paper in Babbitt's hand. The REAL ESTATE LISTING from Coney Island. His mom's house.

VINCE (CONT'D)

We get the cash in two weeks. It's all covered --

They keep him pinned but take a look at the paper.

VINCE (CONT'D)

(do they buy this?)
For real. It's legit. Think I'm stupid enough to come back empty handed - without a plan? C'mon.

Junior looks again at the flyer. Now at Vince. Then the watch on his wrist --

VINCE (CONT'D)

No, man, c'mon. It's from my Dad.

Too bad. Junior starts to take it off Vince's wrist.

VINCE (CONT'D)
I want this back when I'm whole.

Junior gets the watch off, they dismount Vince.

JUNIOR
(heading out)
...two weeks. We'll be watching.
Don't forget.

Vince starts to get his breath back as he watches them go.

Then...

Junior stops... Looks at the watch...

He starts back towards Vince. Babbitt follows.

JUNIOR (CONT'D)
Case you forget the plan, here's a
little reminder...

Babbitt pins Vince again as Junior flicks open the knife.

They isolate the pinky again and...

SLIIITT! Junior slices Vince's pinky, knuckle to nail. Vince violently tries to wriggle out as his screams echo across the park.

BABBITT
You wanna hang onto the rest of it,
I'd get your shit together.

And they head out with his watch -- leaving Vince on the ground -- writhing in pain as --

JUNIOR
(walking away)
14 days, dick head. Get on it.

BLACK.

61 **INT. BLACK RABBIT - 2ND FL. DINING ROOM - JUST THEN - N2** 61

STILL IN BLACK(ish), we're traveling inside the dumbwaiter up to, and landing at, the second floor dining room.

The small door to the dumbwaiter opens.

SARAH, the server, reaches in and grabs the tray of plates.

We track her through the crowd as she sets them down before --

The main attraction. Table 50. A PRIME FOUR TOP where AMANDA WELLS -- the New York Times Food critic -- is seated with THREE FRIENDS.

SARAH

Lamb shank in parchment. Soft shell
crabs with ranch remoulade. Spring
gnudi. And the roasted John Dory.
Enjoy.

As Amanda examines the dishes, we WHIP PAN to --

Jake, descending from the 3rd floor to the bar to get ice -- eyes glued on Amanda's table. A pit-boss surveying his casino. SID, the bartender, prepares drinks --

JAKE

How's it going?

SID

Plates just landed.

JAKE

Fuck, keep me posted. I don't know
where the fuck's Joe and I got
three deep at the bar upstairs.

He continues grabbing ice, stealing looks as he can --

62 **INT. BLACK RABBIT - HOSTESS STAND - NIGHT - JUST THEN - N2** 62

A fragile figure stands just inside the door at the hostess stand. Vince. He takes in the impressive crowd, the slight change in decor, style and clientele.

With Mel busy trying to locate someone's reservation, he drifts out of line and over to the bar there on the ground floor. KENDRA busily prepares a drink order behind the bar.

KENDRA

What can I get you?

VINCE

Oh, nothing, thanks. Just looking
around. Been a while.

Kendra clocks this as strange. Mel sneaks to the bar.

MEL

(to Kendra)

Can I get a topper on my iced tea?

That's said with a wink. Vince knows this move. Appreciates.

VINCE

Parched?

MEL

Did I see you up front? Are you
waiting on a table?

VINCE

...on a friend. Does that prick
Jake Friedken still run the place?

MEL

Uh. He does.

VINCE

I hear his brother was the shit.

MEL

I've heard that too. Half as
handsome, twice as smart. Vance, I
think.

VINCE

Or, Vince?

MEL

Uh, I don't think so.

VINCE

I heard he was sneaky hot.

MEL

Is that right?

VINCE

It's what I hear.

Beat.

VINCE (CONT'D)

Supposedly did VERY well...

62

Kendra, listening, still working, laughs as --

JOE (O.S.)

Vince?!

It's Joe, the bar back for the 3rd floor VIP bar.

Vince turns.

JOE (CONT'D)

Yo! I thought that was you outside.
I was having a smoke, you walked
right by me!

They hug.

JOE (CONT'D)

Long time, man! Damn! You meet
Kendra and Mel?

Vince gives her an "I'm a dumbass" grin.

VINCE

I have. Mel. Kendra.

MEL

(entertained)

Oh my god. I have to get back to
work... gorgeous.

Off Vince --

63

INT. BLACK RABBIT - VIP - JUST THEN - N2

63

To Jake, in triage behind the bar. DRINKERS queued up and
waiting --

JAKE

It was two Negronis and a beer?

CUSTOMER

Ah, three actually man.

Jake shaking his head as Joe finally returns from downstairs.

JAKE

Where the fuck did you go? This
isn't social hour. I need highball
glasses, now.

JOE

I had to piss. Ran into this guy.

Jake looks up, shocked to see Vince, clocking the raucous party and -- SMASH -- Jake drops a BOTTLE. It breaks.

JAKE

Fuck. Can I get another bottle of Hendricks?

CUSTOMER

Uh, four Negronis, actually.

Jake meets eyes with his brother -- it doesn't need to be said -- this is not a good time. Surprisingly --

Vince joins him to help clean up.

JAKE

Anna bailed and there's a server out --

VINCE

I got ya. What do you need?.

Jake -- a long beat. Trepidation.

VINCE (CONT'D)

I used to run this place too.

JAKE

(thinking, finally --)
Save that table.

He points to a RESERVED COCKTAIL BOOTH. Vince nods that he will -- and with a last look at his brother, Jake heads down the stairs as Vince turns to the patrons.

VINCE

All right. Who we got next?

The orders already coming in hot as --

INT. BLACK RABBIT - 2ND FL. DINING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER - N24

Jake returns to the dining room breathless -- eyes immediately wiping the room to find --

Amanda -- the last bite -- napkin down -- pushing back -- dinner done. Unreadable. Sarah, the waitress, brings DESERT MENUS as THE BUSBOY clears the plates and Jake and we follow them into --

64A

INT. BLACK RABBIT - KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER - N2

64A

-- where the Busboy's about to dump them at the DISHWASHING STATION--

ROXIE

Stop! Put 'em down!

Everyone freezes. Busboy sets down the plates like they're bombs. Roxie and Jake hover over them, forensically investigating the remnants of the meal. Not much left to examine.

JAKE

(sarcastic)

Looks like she hated it.

Kitchen staff laugh. Celebratory. Not Roxie. Off her concern, studying a half eaten CARROT, then --

65

INT. BLACK RABBIT - 1ST FLOOR - NIGHT - HOURS LATER - N2 65

It's the end of the night. MUSIC is heard from the PARTY still raging upstairs, but the crowds down here have gone. Chairs upside down on the tables. Kendra and Mel are wrapping out as Vince turns the last few chairs onto tables.

VINCE

I mean, it's not like Jake had NO stamina. He was a great runner, could hold his breath under water...

He cuts himself off as Jake comes down the stairs.

JAKE

Don't believe a word this guy says. Mel, put your shoes on.

(to Kendra)

Did you update the liquor delivery? We need it first thing tomorrow.

KENDRA

Anna usually handles it. She's more up on the inventory. I can call her tomorrow.

JAKE

Oh, no I'll handle it. All good.

Roxie and her kitchen team pass Jake on her way out the door.

ROXIE

When do you think we're gonna hear?

JAKE

I'll check in with my guy in the morning.

ROXIE

Those fucking carrots are off the menu. She hated 'em.

Jake laughs.

JAKE

Go have a drink. You killed.

They hug.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Don't stay out too late. We've got
to do this all over tomorrow.

ROXIE

Don't remind me.

She's laughing, about to go, when her eyes find Vince.

ROXIE (CONT'D)

Thanks for helping out. You
sticking around for awhile?

VINCE

I'm just passing through.

ROXIE

Oh really, shoot. Well...damn, good
to see you anyway.

Roxie walks out. Sarcasm lost on no one. Now it's just the
brothers.

VINCE

I guess she really missed me?

Jake raises his glass.

JAKE

Thanks.

Vince clinks his glass with his brother.

VINCE

I don't know how you do it.

JAKE

Just show up. Everyday.

Into that loaded exchange, BOOM! Wes. Drunk, happy, leaving from the party upstairs.

WES

Oh shit, Dream Team's back together.

(pointing)

Laettner, Bird...

(to himself)

Magic!

Vince hugs his old friend. These three go way back. Estelle now arrives just behind him.

WES (CONT'D)

(to Vince)

Bet you missed this face.

Estelle and Vince share a hug.

WES (CONT'D)

C'mon. Let's hit it. These guys gotta work in the morning.

(then to Vince)

Love seeing the band back together.

Giving the people what they want!

Vince and Wes slap hands.

WES (CONT'D)

Gimme a call. Let's get up.

(re: Jake)

Maybe we can finally keep this guy in check for once.

Jake shakes his head as Wes leaves with Estelle, her arm around his. Jake keeps his eyes on the bar. Vince, aware. Misses nothing.

VINCE

She looks good.

Jake stays mum. A beat. Vince lets it go. Looks around.

VINCE (CONT'D)

Mom ever come in?

JAKE

She had dinner here one time -- before things got too bad.

VINCE
Musta been proud... it wasn't this
when I left.

JAKE
Could've been.

Vince looks at a PHOTO behind the bar. It shows JAKE in his
20's -- a SWEATY MUSICIAN on a STAGE at the MERCURY LOUNGE
beside a HANDSOME WILD-EYED DRUMMER. Jake sees it too and --

JAKE (CONT'D)
Listen --

He takes a long beat -- an old weakness returning that will
set them down a path from which there is no turning back --

JAKE (CONT'D)
What if you helped out here for a
bit, just a few days, until the
house closes?

VINCE
(wary)
...ah man, I don't know --

JAKE
Just 'til I find someone to replace
Anna at the bar.

VINCE
There's no replacing Anna, but...

JAKE
C'mon. Yeah?

VINCE
Yeah. Reunion tour. Play the hits.
(beat, with a smile)
What's the worst that could happen?

They both laugh -- then Vince picks up his glass and fuck it -
- he's in. As the two brother's toast -- no turning back now -
- we CUT BACK TO:

66 **INT. BLACK RABBIT - VIP - FLASH FORWARD - N15**

66

THE OPENING. THE NIGHT OF THE ROBBERY. THE STAND-OFF.

JAKE
Get off me and leave.

Jake starts to make a realization while --

*
*
*

Wes takes his first step towards Jake -- *

WES *

Jake -- *

MASKED MAN TWO *

Sit the fuck down. *

But Wes continues to walk, providing a distraction for The *

GUARD to unclip his holster and draw on MAN TWO -- *

GUARD *

Hey! *

Wes keeps moving. MAN TWO pulls Tony into a chokehold to *

protect himself from the GUARD. *

MAN ONE's gun on Jake. Everyone fucking panicked. Everyone *

frozen, but screaming at once. *

(ITALICS UNHEARD IN THIS EPISODE) *

JAKE * WES *

Vince, what the fuck are * (to Vince) *

you doing-- * Take it easy, my man. *

MASKED MAN ONE * TONY *

Shut the fuck up! And just * Pleaseplease let me go! *

put it in the fucking -- * *

c'mon. *

Fingers tight on the triggers -- no one wants to pull first -- *

Wes steps slowly, deliberately, towards Jake and MAN ONE. *

JAKE * MASKED MAN TWO *

Vince, please, just leave. * (to Wes) *

Just leave. * What the fuck are you *

doing? *

MASKED MAN ONE * WES *

I'm trying. Just help me. * (to Masked Man Two) *

You're not here to use that *

shit. *

(then, to Jake) *

Jake, give the man what he *

wants. *

GUARD *

(to Masked Man Two) *

Put that down. *

Masked Man Two shaking from a cocktail of cocaine, *

adrenaline, and fear. Try me. *

MASKED MAN TWO

Take another fuckin' step!... Stop
fucking moving!

*

The arguing escalates again...

Jake, heart on fire, in a nightmare...

MAN ONE's finger tightens around the trigger, still somewhat struggling with the watch...

The guard takes a firmer stance, ready to fire at MAN TWO...

Tony closes his eyes, quietly murmuring a prayer...

Wes continues to make his way across the room toward Jake and MAN ONE when...

BANG!

Wes is blown sideways from a gunshot from MAN TWO.

We follow Wes to the ground as gunfire erupts and a swarm of legs and feet begin racing for any exit they can find...

Wes rolls over onto his back and almost instinctually/simultaneously checks his chest wound and begins slowly sliding himself towards the edge of the room to avoid being trampled.

He eventually props himself up, leaning with his back against a sofa, almost childlike...

We continue our low push towards him, legs still passing in every direction, SOUND starts to collapse into a deeply muffled quality, his condition and panic taking hold...

He takes another look at the wound on his chest. Blood pulsing out, down his shirt...

We get closer and closer... the voices and melee getting swallowed deeper into his muffled world, then...

His focus is grabbed by the sound of a HEATED ARGUMENT at the far corner of the room...

His eyes dart that direction, past our camera, in the far corner of the room, as we continue scraping across the floor towards Wes...

The muffled indiscernible SHOUTING continues, intensifies...

His concern somehow seems to turn from his own health to the health of the person/people involved in the altercation only he can see...

As we get closer...

As the muffled voices get louder...

A single and deafening...

BANG!

Wes freezes with a look telling us what he was watching, and who he was watching, has come to an end.

BLACK.

END OF EPISODE