BANK ON IT

A thesis submitted in partial fulfillment of the requirements
For the degree of Master of Arts
In Screenwriting

By
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“Bank on it” is the story of Trent Jackson, an aspiring writer, who after a number of failed attempts to pitch his screenplays to Hollywood, gives up and takes a regular job as an armored truck driver. Just as his dreams seem to have come to an end, fate intervenes when Trent and his dope smoking cousin, Puff, comes to the rescue of Paul Fitzgerald, an out of control Hollywood director. When their rescue goes viral on Youtube, Trent and Puff becomes overnight sensations. With an offer to star in a Hollywood action film, Trent quickly realizes he’s been cast in a movie of a screenplay he previously pitched. Trent sets out to prove his screenplay was stolen while parading around with Hollywood’s “A” list.
FADE IN

INT. OCEANMYST STUDIOS CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Carefully manicured male fingers flip the pages of a screenplay entitled "The Last Delivery."

TRENT (V.O)

. . . so, after being set up, these two bank guards are
now on the run with all that money . . .

TRENT JACKSON, an African American screenwriter sporting a conservative suit, a
slick afro and an air of machismo, addresses TWO EXECUTIVES who stare at a large
stain of BIRD DROPPINGS on Trent's shoulder.

TRENT (CONT'D)

. . . now they end up kidnapping a little girl being
chased by a crooked police chief whose in cahoots
with the crooked bank manager.

RON, white, fiftyish, brows raise then fingers the script again.

RON

So, you mean to tell me that you believe your hero
is just going to run off with millions of dollars after
robbing a bank in this day and age?

Trent is stunned. Ron finally tosses the script aside.

TRENT

W-w-ell, with film th-these days, a-anything is
possible!

A female exec, TRACY, in big bifocals rolls her eyes.

TRACY
(rises)
Well . . . we're gonna have to go straight to El Paso on this one.

The room falls silent.

TRACY (CONT'D)
Got anything else?

INT. OCEANMYST STUDIOS - HALLWAY

With defeat on Trent's face, he is stopped by Ron.

RON
Look Trent, I gave you this meeting because I respected your old man.

Ron hands Trent a piece of paper.

RON (CONT'D)
I have contacts where you can go and pitch your script and see what happens. Good luck.

The look of hope gleams over Trent's face.

TRENT
I appreciate it, sir. I'm on it.

Ron gives a half smile then proceeds down the hall. Trent gapes when he sees bird shit on Ron's back and he deflates like a big balloon.

MONTAGE - A SERIES OF PITCH MEETINGS BY TRENT

INT. REBAR STUDIOS - CONFERENCE ROOM - MIDDAY

A room full of producers. Head executive, BILL, sits at the foot of the table as Trent pitches.
TRENT
Everyone wishes they could. . .

Without hesitation, Bill takes a call on his BLUETOOTH.

BILL
I don't give a damn what you say. . .

Bill quickly departs the room. Trent stares in disbelief. The other executives stand and quickly exit the room as Bill's assistant approaches.

JOHN
I think we will have to reschedule?

TRENT
When?

JOHN
We'll call you.

Trent sighs and puts his head down.

INT. FOXHOUND PICTURES - BOARDROOM - DAY

A white female executive shakes her head "No" at Trent while her associate, an African American MALE TRANSVESTITE, opens "her" legs and blows Trent a kiss.

Backing up, Trent topples a statue of a bird in flight. As he catches the statue, he trips over the pedestal and falls flat on his face. The statue falls on his head.

TIME LAPSE

As Trent is rejected at other studios.

END MONTAGE

INT. HOURGLASS PICTURES - RAYMOND DUKES'S OFFICE - DAY
Trent peers at RAYMOND, 30, an extremely suave African American producer who studies the script.

RAYMOND
(nodding)
"The Last Rider"! It's a good, very good . . . title.

TRENT
Really, you like it?!

RAYMOND
I do . . . Mr. Jackson.

TRENT
Yes! Yes!

RAYMOND
(shaking his head)
Hmm, but it's not good enough for us here at Hourglass.

TRENT
What the hell you mean, "not good enough?"

RAYMOND
This has been done before: "The Armored Truck Robbery" in the 1950s and, just recently, "The Bank Job." No major studio will touch this!

INT. OUTSIDE RAYMOND DUKE'S OFFICE - JOHANNA BROWN'S DESK

Sluggishly walking, Trent slowly looks up and locks eyes with JOHANNA, a beautiful African American woman. Brushing her hair away, Johanna smiles softly. Raymond opens the door and tosses the script on Johanna's desk.

EXT. HOURGLASS PICTURES - PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS
Standing on the curb, a hand taps him on the shoulder.

JOHANNA
It's very good!

Trent turns around and smiles gleefully as Johanna hands back the script.

TRENT
You read the whole thing?

JOHANNA
Ahh... I mean I read the first ten pages. I'm not suppose to reads them.

Trent's smile deflates.

TRENT
Oh. I see.

JOHANNA
Sometimes, it's just not the right time. Don't give up.

She smiles. Trent watches her go back inside.

EXT. TOWN CAR - OUTSIDE HOUGLASS PICTURES - CONTINUOUS

Trent's sidekick cousin, PUFF pulls up wearing a too-small suit jacket, sits behind the wheel smoking a joint and staring at a porn magazine. Trent climbs in and chokes on a smoke cloud.

TRENT
Damn! You killin' me, dawg!

PUFF
You took too damn long! I got bad nerves and shit.
EXT. DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES - SKYLINE

The speeding Lincoln Town slowly fades among the skyscrapers.

INT. LINCOLN TOWN CAR - CONTINUOUS

PUFF
Ay, who was that fine-ass bitch? She signed you to a deal or did you just get them digits?

TRENT
It was a pass again. Talking about my script's like somebody else's. Bullshit!

Car comes to a screeching halt.

PUFF
Hold the fuck up! You told me we was signing a deal by the end of the day!

TRENT
(smirking)
We?! We ain't got no screenplays to sell. I do!

PUFF
Well, until you do, my nigga, you gotta get the fuck out!

TRENT
What?! At least drop a nigga off by the crib or sumin'!

PUFF
You actin' like this bitch run on them shitty scripts you can't sell!

TRENT
At least I'm trying to get a real job.

Puff blows another ring of smoke.

PUFF
I gotta get this whip back to my Pops before he go to work. If he finds out I took his shit, he gonna detach his whole foot off in my ass then drive it home.

BEAT.

TRENT
We still goin' to the club tonight?

PUFF
Hell, naw! I'm tired of chasing after these movie producers and shit like little groupies.

TRENT
Why you gotta be so negative all the damn time?

PUFF
I'm being real! You the only nigga I know running around trying to be all Hollywood and shit.

Trent laughs.

PUFF (CONT'D)
You ain't seen a nigga make a movie since Spike Lee.

(looks in rearview mirror)
And that fool had to have 40 acres and a mule before Hollywood would even talk to him.

Trent snickers and stares out the window.

PUFF (V.O.) (CONT'D)
When's the last time a hood-ass nigga like a Nook-Nook or Squirrel get the chance to make a move?
(Beat)
Never!

TRENT
You talkin' shit now! Just cause yo' broke ass ain't got no job, livin' at home with yo' crazy ass daddy and shit, don't mean everybody gotta inspire to live like you!

PUFF
Wait a minute! Last time I checked, homeboy, living at home with your race car-drivin'-ass grandma ain't much different!

Trent frowns then points his finger at Puff's head.

TRENT
Ay, leave my grandma out this!

PUFF
Don't be talkin' bout my daddy! I ain't scared of you! Besides, you been trying to sell the same scripts for five years.
(Trent backs down)
Ain't no way they gonna buy your script. And if they do, they ain't gonna pay yo' black ass for it.
Remember what they did to your daddy... my uncle!
They drove that nigga crazy.

TRENT
Well, I'm not him. I don't give up.

PUFF
You need to let this script shit go! Settle down! Get a real job! Then, you can hook a nigga up!

Trent stares off into space.

EXT. STREET CORNER - LATER

Puff speeds away leaving Trent on the curb holding his briefcase. Suddenly, his briefcase falls open dropping the contents in a nearby water puddle.

Just as Trent scoops the script, a car passes splashing water in his face. Trent sits on the curb and pulls out his cell phone.

On the screen, an article and picture of a youngish African American male, JERRY JACKSON, with features similar to Trent.

Close on caption: "Jerry Jackson Sues Studio over Copyright Infringement, Misses Statute of Limitations." Shaking his head, Trent walks down the street.

JOHANNA (V.O.)
I only read the first ten pages.

RAYMOND (V.O.)
It's all been done before.

PUFF (V.O.)
You need to let this script shit go and get a real job!

BEAT.
TRENT
I'm sorry, Pops.

Close up on cell phone picture of Jerry Jackson. Suddenly, an armored truck passes by with a sign: "Drivers Needed."

DISSOLVE TO:

TIME STAMP - ONE YEAR LATER

INT. SHIELD ARMORED TRUCK - DAY

Trent and Puff cruise wearing shades and blasting RAP. Suddenly, the truck comes to a stop. Trent and Puff, in unison, open their doors. Trent immediately slams his door close.

TRENT
What are you doing?

Puff carelessly looks around.

PUFF
I'm going in fool.

TRENT
You know the rules. One of us has to stay in the truck at all time. And you got out the last two times.

(Beat)
It's my turn to get out.

Puff rolls his eyes and shuts his door. Trent exits.

INT. BANK LOBBY

An elderly black woman, BANK MANAGER, appears and hands Trent a bag of money. She rubs up against him. She peers out the window at Puff who is sitting in the armored truck smiling back at her.
BANK MANAGER
It's so good to see you, Mr. Jackson.
(singing la Outcast)
"And I'm for real!"

BANK MANAGER (CONT'D)
(smiles insincerely)
It's good to see you again, Ms. Williams!

BANK MANAGER (CONT'D)
Tell that fine-ass partner to come in and see me some time. He can "puff" on my suga' anytime.

TRENT
(sneering)
Yeah! I'll do that!

She smacks him on the butt as he walks away.

TELLER
'Til next time, you sexy honey bun!

She blows him a kiss. Trent turns around, smiles slightly.

INT. ARMORED TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

TRENT
She old enough to be my mamma!

PUFF
Boy, you better be trying to get all over that! She will approve all of our loans. You know we ain't got no credit.

Voice of DISPATCHER comes in on the CB radio.
DISPATCHER (V.O.)
Come in 624.

TRENT
624. Go ahead.

DISPATCHER
We need you to do an emergency pickup at McDonald's on Broad and 56 Street. That's coming from the Bossman.

PUFF
Well, tell the bossman we need to get a lunch break or sumin'? It's been over six hours.

DISPATCHER (V.O.)
Roger that 624. Go ahead and take that break at your discretion.

PUFF
Roger - Copy.

TRENT
Over and out!

EXT. MCDONALD'S PARKING LOT - LATER

Trent bites into a Big Mac as a new Bentley convertible screeches to a halt on two wheels, its spinning, gold-plated rims blinding him.

The driver, a fat-gutted white male, early forties, sports a fly athletic outfit and a bluetooth, PAUL FITZGERALD, sips a Big Gulp soda and chomps on a large bag of chips as he speaks on his phone.

PAUL
don't give a shit what his problem is. We're paying Valdez seven figures to direct my film. You tell him . . .

Trent's eyes hypnotically follow Paul's rims as they spin.

PAUL (CONT'D)

. . . if he doesn't get his shit together, I'll sue him and his dirty underwear. I'll swoop down on his ass so hard it will set the fucking penguins in Antarctica on fire. I'll take him to Production School and leave his ass in Development Hell.

Paul hangs up. Two homeless men stare at Paul's car in amazement. The first, Caucasian and filthy dirty, JACK and the other, Hispanic and reeking of urine.

SLIM
Nice car you got there, sir!

PAUL
I know! I know, fellas! Total chick magnet! Got a bucket? She needs a wash!

As Trent stares at Paul walking toward McDonald's, Trent's Big Mac falls on the ground. Pigeons swoop down, pecking at it. Trent snaps out of his spell shaking his head.

TRENT
Goddamn fake-ass Eminem wannabe sonofabitch!!!

INT. MCDONALD'S - CASHIER STATION

Still stuffing his face, Paul walks over to the cashier.

PAUL
Let me get two 20-piece chicken nuggets, two Big Macs and two apple pies - Umm, you know what?
Make that four Big Macs and three pies.
(staff stare at Paul's stomach and snicker)
Why are you looking at me like that? Do you know who I am? My name is Paul Fitzgerald! The most famous movie producer-slash-director in the world!
More famous than Michael Bay! Spike Lee! Oh, and Jerry Bruckheimer works for me now.

The cashier yawns at Paul as he continues rambling.

INT. MCDONALD'S BATHROOM

An elderly black woman, MS. ESTHER, puts a "Do Not Enter" sign in the doorway. Puff's underwear and pants are down around his legs under the stall. Grabbing her heart, Ms. Esther crinkles her nose and her eyes widen.

    MS. ESTHER
    Lord have mercy on my soul! It smell like somebody done beat the shit out a skunk with a dead body!

Puff lets out a thunderous fart. Esther grabs her heart.

    Jesus! Deliver me from this hell 'cuz it's the big one!

    PUFF (V.O.)
    Damn! Nigga can't even take a good shit without some crazy ole bitch all up in my ass!

Ester mops angrily with attitude.
MS. ESTHER

Any "nigga" got all that shit up in him like that ain't never had no bitches!

Puff flushes then walks out of the stall. He makes a beeline for the door, but Ms. Esther stops him.

MS. ESTHER (CONT'D)

Ain't you gonna wash yo' hands?!

Puff looks crazy at her. He tries to walk around Ms. Esther but she stops him with her hand. Puff stops.

BEAT.

PUFF

Okay. If it makes you happy.

Puff proceeds to the sink and turns on the water.

INT. MCDONALD'S — CASHIER STATION - CONTINUOUS

Paul continues to give the lady CASHIER a hard time.

CASHIER

(disinterestedly replies)

Sir, we don't have a 20-piece meal – only 10-piece nuggets.

PAUL

Well, if they don't have the 20, give me two 10-piece meals.

(BEAT)

But that's it, huh? Wanna make me feel like a big fat pig, right?
The now nervous cashier hands him food but accidentally spills his drink all over himself.

    PAUL (CONT'D)
    Shit! This is a $400 outfit!

The other cashiers laugh under their breath.

    PAUL (CONT'D)
    I ought to sue the fuck out his place and turn this dump into a taco stand.

Paul storms out.

INT. MCDONALD'S BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Puff dries his hands and proceeds to the exit but Esther stands in his way.

    PUFF
    Excuse you!

    MS. ESTHER
    You ain't gone step on my wet flo'!

Puff points to his shield badge and puts his other hand on his gun holster.

    PUFF
    I gotta get back to work, lady!

    MS. ESTHER
    (rolls her eyes)
    Shield? I don't care if you shielding the Pope. You not gonna mess up my flo', you hear!

    PUFF
    Come on, lady! It's just a little damn water!
MS. ESTHER
Don't I know you? You're Ms. Gillian's son. Now, what would she say if I told her how you was disrespecting your elders like this up in here?

Exasperated, Puff leans against the stall. Ms. Esther mops slowly.

EXT. MCDONALD'S PARKING LOT - PAUL'S CAR

Talking on his Bluetooth, opens his car door but drops his wallet. Bends over and drops his food.

PAUL
Shit! Shit! Shit!

CUT TO:

Trent giggling as he looks on.

The two homeless men approach Paul who is still on the phone.

SLIM
Spare change, sir?

PAUL
Yes, Yes! Gloria, hold on!
(Paul explodes)
Is there a big fucking sign on my head that says "Salvation Army"?

One of the men grabs Paul's wallet and they scuffle.

INT. ARMORED TRUCK

TRENT
What the . . .?
(looking at passenger seat, no Puff)
Fuck!

INT. MCDONALD'S BATHROOM

Ms. Esther removes the wet floor sign and Puff bolts away.

MS. ESTHER
Better be lucky I know his people!

EXT. MCDONALD'S PARKING LOT

In hot pursuit, Paul drops his keys, and Jack grabs them, jumping into the Bentley.

TRENT
Awww, shit!
(jumping out of truck, draws his gun)
Freeze!

JACK
(points gun at Trent)
Naw, you freeze, bitch!

Trent takes cover behind his truck. Shaking, Trent hesitates then aims, trying to shoot but can't pull the trigger.

INT/EXT. BENTLEY - MOMENTS LATER

Jack throws the Bentley in reverse. Trent dives in the back seat of the Bentley, emerging with a mouth full of popcorn and afloat in a sea of junk food.

Jack points his gun at Trent whose quick deflects it. Trent slams Jack's head on the steering wheel and jumps in the front seat to grab the steering wheel as the car comes to a stop. He opens the driver's door and pushes Jack out.

INT. MCDONALD'S - EATING AREA
Puff walks into the middle of a group of Asian men dressed in the latest Salvation Army fashion. CHO, wearing a white muscle shirt and smoking a cigarette, approaches Puff.

CHO
What's up, man?

As Cho reaches into his shirt pocket, Puff quickly draws his gun, scattering the others in all directions.

PUFF
Do it! I'ma turn this bitch into a sushi bar, mothafucka!

CHO
(slowly pulls out a bible)
Brother, can I ask you a question? Do you know Jesus Christ?

PUFF
(holsters his gun)
Oh shit! My bad!

The others pull out their bibles. Puff looks crazy at them.

EXT. MCDONALD'S PARKING LOT

Pursuing Slim, Paul stumbles to the ground in exhaustion.

INT/EXT. BENTLEY - SAME

Trent sees the first Homeless man jump in the armored truck and drive off.

TRENT
Fuck!

Trent chases the armored truck as it speeds away.
INT. MCDONALD'S EATING AREA

Puff edges toward the exit, but Cho pulls on his shirt, choking him.

CHO
We'll pray for your soul, brother! Let's lay hands on him!

Dozens of hands swarm Puff. Then, Ms. Esther appears.

MS. ESTHER
Let me lay hands on him, boys!

Ms. Esther swoops in, winding up her hand like a soft ball pitcher. Puff breaks through the crowd as they stuff every part of Puff's body with prayer pamphlets. Clothing hanging off and his shield turned upside, Puff runs outside.

BEAT.

Now, the church group is in full revival.

CHO
Thank you, Jesus!

MS. ESTHER
Hallelujah!

EXT. MCDONALD'S PARKING LOT

Puff exits the restaurant and does a 360-degree turn.

PUFF
What?! What the fuck?! Where's the truck?!

TRENT
One of them bums stole it!

PUFF
Awww, hell! We fired like a motherfucka!

Jack tries to run away but Puff shoots at him.

PUFF (CONT'D)
Come on, muthafucka! I'ma bust a cap in yo' ass so
fast your great- grandma gonna feel it in her grave.

SHOTS RING out as the truck speeds toward Trent, Puff and Paul, who take cover
behind Paul's car. Jack jumps in the truck as it slows down then speeds away.

TRENT
Come on! Let's go!

Trent and Puff jump into Paul's car. As they drive off, Paul jumps in the back with his
feet hanging out.

INT. PAUL'S CAR

The car flies down the road at top speed.

TRENT
Whatcha doing?

PAUL
The asshole stole my Mickey D's.

PUFF
This shit is serious, homeboy! You need to leave
this to the professionals!

PAUL
(snickers)
You mean two Shield guards?

PUFF
(waving his gun at Paul)
We got guns, motherfucka!

PAUL
Oh shit! Just kidding!

TRENT
Look what you and your flashy ass car got us into?

PAUL
Well, when your name is Paul Fitzgerald, everybody wants a piece of you.

TRENT
Hold on! The Paul Fitzgerald! The director at Hourglass Pictures?

PAUL
That would be me!

(makes hourglass shape with his hands)
That's how I like the ladies!

PUFF
(making the same hourglass shape with his hand)
Oh, I'm feeling that shit!

TRENT
You made all those mega movies. "Electro"! "The Tiger's Den"! "Ultimo Cop"! All of them blockbusters!

PAUL
Yep! Pretty much all of them . . .
TRENT
(under his breath)
'Cept "Chandler's Road"!

PAUL
What did you say?

TRENT
"Chandler's Road." It was pretty good, but that ending killed the game!

Barreling past traffic lights, the armored truck barely misses a bystander.

PAUL
Oh! You know about that one.

TRENT
Yep. Total flop!

PAUL
(cowers in his seat)
Yeah! I try to forget about that one myself!

PUFF
Ya'll can chit chat and shit later. There them fuckers go!

MEANHILE . . .

EXT. SHIELD ARMORY

Three black SUVs pull up at the guard gate.

GUARD
Can I help you?

GUNMAN ONE
I come to cash in.

As GUARD pulls a gun, Gunman One knocks him out with a shotgun and grabs guard's gun and badge. SUVs speed into armory.

INT. SHIELD ARMORY - RECEPTION AREA

A SHIELD GUARD laughs as he watches Trent and Puff chase an armored truck on TV.

SHIELD GUARD

Hey, Mark! Check this out!

Another GUARD looks up just as the tv anchor, ANCHOR JESSICA, appears.

ANCHOR

Good Afternoon. We have breaking news. A high speed chase in progress turns out to be connected to the increasing number of recent armored truck robberies in the Southland. However, today's incident has even veteran police officers speechless. The latest victim: Shield Armored Truck Company.

Masked gunmen storm the office overtaking the guards.

INT. SHIELD OFFICE - BOSS OFFICE

A beer-bellied white man, 50, BOSS, is slumped over the desk snores away. Nearby, close up on medicine bottle and words "treatment for narcolepsy."

GUNMAN ONE

I guess someone for got to take their narcolepsy pills today.

The two men leave the office. As Boss leans back, his feet touches a panic button on the floor.

EXT. SHIELD VAULT
Packing up money, the Gunman one notice the TV newscast.

GUNMAN ONE
What the fuck?! Look at that truck!

Close up on Jack and Slim firing their weapons from the armored car. Gunman Two slams his money bag on the ground.

GUNMAN TWO
Stupid motherfuckers. This was suppose to be a diversion.

The TV screen shows Paul's car following the armored truck.

ANCHOR JESSICA
. . . the Police are not certain but there appears to be an exchange of gunfire as this bizarre event continues to unravel.

INT. PAUL'S CAR

Puff leans out and shoots at the armored truck, but his bullets ricochet striking their windshield.

TRENT
Whatcha doing?! We ain't the police!

PUFF
Fuck that! They shooting at us!

TRENT
(smacking Puff's head)
It's an armored truck! The bullets bounce back at us, dumbass! You fuckin' up this man's windshield!

PUFF
Oh! My bad, dawg!

PAUL
Well, hell! I got good insurance.

EXT. SHIELD VAULT - CONTINUOUS

The gunman continue looking at the chase on a tv screen.

ANCHOR JESSICA(V.O.)
We just got word that a silent alarms was tripped moments ago at the Shield headquarters in downtown Los Angeles. The police are in route to the scene now. What's unraveling seems to right from a Hollywood script.

GUNMAN TWO
Our time is up. We got to get the hell out of here now!

The gunmen scramble to the exit with toting large bags.

INT. PAUL'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

PUFF
(looking back at a sea of police cars)
Hey, man, if we go to jail, you gonna come bail us out, right?

At an intersection, the three scream as an oil tanker jackknifes, barely missing them and causing police cars to pile up. The armored truck slams into a tanker truck and flips over, catching fire.

PUFF (CONT'D)
Got them muthafuckas!
EXT. ARMORED TRUCK - BRIDGE - OVERHEAD

As CHOPPERS hover, the driver hangs upside down while the passenger lies unconscious. The engine is smoking.

    TRENT
    Ain't this a bitch!

Trent races to the burning truck and struggles to free the driver. Puff yanks the passenger out, dragging him along.

    PUFF
    Shoulda let yo' monkey-ass burn! Stealin' my truck
    and shit!

With one last tug, Trent frees the driver, and then hears the HISSING of escaping gas.

    TRENT
    Run!

Puff and Paul flee, leaving the injured passenger. Dragging the driver by his arm, Trent stops and gapes.

    TRENT (CONT'D)
    What the fuck, man?!

With a firm grip on the driver's arm with one hand, Trent wraps the long hair of the passenger around the other hand and drags both men when the truck explodes. Police and paramedics arrive.

INT. TV NEWSROOM - TELEVISION SCREEN

The title "Channel 6 Breaking News" flashes across the screen.

Now, we see Puff with his arms around Anchor Jessica as the two flirt in a sexually seductive way.
ANCHOR JESSICA
I love to Puff so that will be no problem.

NEWS DIRECTOR (O.S.)
Jessica! Jessica!
(Beat)
OMG! She doesn't know she on live tv. Cut! Cut to commercial now!

ASSISTANT (O.S.)
I'm trying! I'm trying!

Jessica puts her hand up to her ear. Her mouth drops and faces screen.

JESSICA ANCHOR
Are you fucking serious!

Anchor Jessica covers the camera lens. Blank screen.

JESSICA ANCHOR (CONT'D)
We're still rolling, you idiot!

The color spectrum appears. A commercial comes on the screen with a female uniformed SHIELD SPOKESPERSON.

SHIELD SPOKESPERSON
For your greatest security needs, always protect with Shield Armored Services. We're here to shield your most valuable assets.

We see Trent driving the armored truck, sipping on a McDonald's drink and lounging as if he is cruising in a flashy car. He turns and looks clueless into the camera.

CUT TO:

The NEWS DIRECTOR stampers angrily around the studio set.
NEWS DIRECTOR
What sonofabitch put that shit on?

The nervous ASSISTANT slightly raises on finger.

ASSISTANT
Sir, Shield is our biggest news sponsor.

NEWS DIRECTOR
Kill it! Kill the fucker! For God's sake!

CUT TO:

TV screen now shows the armored car upside down and on fire, then a close-up of Anchor Jessica trying to compose herself.

ANCHOR
Uh-Oh! Am I on?
(Clears throat)
Well, what an afternoon. Police just revealed that Shield Armory was robbed today and that this chase was merely a diversion.

CUT TO:

News Director preens, looking around the room imperiously. The NEWS CREW exchange furtive, sceptical glances.

ANCHOR JESSICA(V.O)
But no lives was lost thanks to these brave Shield's guards. They are the real heroes.

As the truck explodes, a Shield emblem flies across the screen. Money rains and the anchor's mouth drops open. News Director drops his head and slams his script on the table.
INT. SHIELD ADMINISTRATIVE OFFICES - TV SCREEN

On the TV, clouds of smoke dissipate revealing a FIELD REPORTER and CHIEF EVANS, a tall Caucasian male, along with Trent and Paul, both covered in soot.

REPORTER
I'm joined here by Police Chief Thomas Evans and armored truck driver Trent Jackson. I'm going to start with you, Mr. Jackson. How does it feel to be a hero?

TRENT
Well, I don't consider myself a hero. I was just lucky I was in the right place at the right time . . .

The reporter pinches falling money then crawls on the ground, snatching more. Others scramble for money, and fights erupt. Pretending to swat some away, Trent deftly stuffs bills in his pocket.

TRENT (CONT'D)
I was glad to help Mr. . . .

A money wrapper falls into Trent's mouth and he spits it out.

CHIEF EVANS
If I may say so . . .

REPORTER
Go ahead, Chief.

CHIEF EVANS
(close-up on Chief)
I feel that these two robberies are related, and we're going to . . .

The audio goes out as Chief Evans rambles on. Audio returns.
REPORTER
Thank you for that, Chief. Incredibly, I have movie director and producer, Paul Fitzgerald. Mr. Fitzgerald, you've directed a lot of action films with some amazing stunts. How do you feel to be part of this real-life drama?

PAUL
(close-up)
I couldn't believe it was real at first. I thought I was going to poop my pants, but I realize this is the shit real movies are made of!

Scowling, Trent folds his arms. Chief Evans looks indignant.

REPORTER
Sounds like one of your action movies!

PAUL
Are you kidding? The movie's already in the works. To all my haters, don't get any ideas! Based on a true story, baby!

BACK ON REPORTER, still stuffing money --

REPORTER
Jennifer Delaney. Channel 5 News.

Women pick bills off Puff's collar, sleeves, and hair.

PUFF
Hey, Mamma! I love you! Be home soon!

CUT TO:

INT. SHIELD ADMINISTRATIVE OFFICE - TRENT AND PUFF
Boss turns down the volume on the television.

BOSS
You boys are pretty brave.

PUFF
(slamming hands on desk)
So, this means we gettin' promoted to field supervisors, right? 'Bout time we get one of them company cars to drive around in. We tired of driving that big-ass cattle truck!

BOSS
No! It means you're fired!

TRENT
How the hell you gonna fire us? Ain't this a bitch! Ya'll some ungrateful motherfuckas.

PUFF
Nigga, I told you we shoulda stashed some of that fuckin' money! These some ungrateful mothafuckas!

BOSS (CONT'D)
(standing up)
Look, I know you boys did a good thing today but you fucked up big time. The rule is you are never supposed to leave the truck if you're the driver, no . . .

TRENT
But, hell, I . . .

BOSS
(holds up hand, palm out)
As I was saying, no matter what happens outside!
Especially if your partner is not around! It's . . .

PUFF
Hold the fuck up! Is we fired or is we not fired?

BOSS
Oh, you're fired all right!

PUFF
Fuck this! We don't need no lecture from a fat, jelly-roll mothafucka! You ain't my damn daddy!
Let's get the fuck outta here!

TRENT
Hey, hold on! Can a nigga get that last check or sumin'?

PUFF
Come on, fool! We gonna get paid but not by this piece of shit!

BOSS
It ain't my fault, boys! With the armory robbed today and your incident, Management. . .

PUFF
(gets into Boss's face)
Management! You tell that muthafuckin management to come stuff that shield down your fat narcoleptic throat until you shit it out.

The Shield commercial plays on TV. Puff and Trent exchange looks and leave, slamming the door hard. The TV falls on Boss's desk as he falls asleep, snoring loudly.
INT. NIGHT CLUB — NIGHT

A heavily disguised Trent, Puff sips on drinks around a table Paul.

PAUL
That's outrageous! If anything, you gave them a lot of free publicity. Anyway, guys, I surely appreciate what you did today.

TRENT
It was nothing, man! I'm just glad we came out of it alive.

PUFF
(looking perplexed)
Nigga! Is you trippin? We don't got no job. A nigga gotta eat!

PAUL
How about this? Maybe this is just faith or luck or kharma. Hourglass Pictures has already been in pre-production for a film about an armored truck robbery. We just need actors for the film.

Paul takes a shot and slams the glass down.

PAUL (CONT'D)
We want you to guys.

Puff nearly falls out his seat. He throws up dollars signs.

TRENT
(laughing)
Neither one of us knows how to act.

PAUL
Do you know how popular you guys are right now?

Paul pulls out his cell phone. Close up YouTube video playing. We see Trent and Puff pulling the homeless men from Armored truck before it explodes. Zoom in on title, "200 Million hits.

PAUL (CONT'D)
You guys are instant celebrities now. Why not cash in on it!

PUFF
I'm game. Just tell me where to sign.

TRENT
Don't listen to this dumbass!

(Trent sips drink)

What's the movie called?

PAUL
"The Last Delivery." Get this! The pitch! Two armored guards are set up by their armored car company and are on the run with 10 million dollars.

(Trent spits drink all over table)

In the process, they accidentally kidnap a little girl who is being chased by her father, a crooked police chief, who is in cahoots with a crooked armored guard boss.

(Trent's eyes bug out)

Look, you guys are heroes! This story has gotten nationwide attention, and the studio feels you two are very bankable and they've already released the funds to make this film.

Raymond walks in and sits next to Paul.
PAUL (CONT'D)

Hey, Raymond! Fellas, this is Raymond Dukes.
He's the writer on this project and one of the
executive producers.

Trent's eyes widen into a look of bewildered confusion.

RAYMOND

How are you doing, fellas?

PUFF

Doing good, Mr. Dukes! Glad to be doing business
with you. I'm really feeling this Hollywood shit!

Raymond looks at Puff with disgust then at Trent.

RAYMOND

Don't I know you from somewhere?

TRENT

I think you know, that I know, that you know
where!

PUFF

Let me talk to you for a minute.

TRENT AND PUFF

Off in a corner.

PUFF

What is you doin’? My nigga, this is our chance to
make some money, get famous and shit!
Remember, we ain't got no job!

TRENT
Look, you remember when you drove me to Hourglass Pictures? I pitched my script to this cat Raymond. He was the one who told me that it's been done before. Now he's trying to pass my shit off as his own.

PUFF
Let's just take the deal! It might be more than you would get for the script anyway.

TRENT
Hell naw! It's the principle!

PUFF
Look! You my dawg and all but I need this shit! Nigga, at least somebody's making yo' shit. You can be a part of it or not, but I'm doin' it. Take the deal!

Trent looks gravely at Puff then stares back at Raymond sips snobbishly on a cocktail.

TRENT
I want it. The money, the writing credit and the girl. I'm gonna get it all! And you can bank on it!

Puff and Trent walk back to the table.

PUFF
We all businessmen here! So, what kinda money we talking 'bout?

PAUL
If you guys sign the deal right now, the studio is willing to give you five percent of the gross profits from the film.
TRENT
(does a double take)
You bullshittin', right?

PAUL
This is a history-making deal, fellas! And I have the
power to make it happen. Do we have a deal,
gentlemen?

TRENT
(exchanges glances with Puff)
Hell, yeah, we got a deal!

The four men shake hands. Paul waves his hand. Out of nowhere, a dozen AGENTS in
suits storm the table. Each fighting to sit next to Trent and Puff, they easily overcome the
confused pair.

PAUL
Welcome to Hollywood, boys. Welcome to . . .
moneyland!

INT./EXT. LOCATIONS - VARIOUS. DAY/NIGHT

MONTAGE OVER MUSIC

Newstand displays magazines of a uniformed Trent and Puff.

Red carpet event as Trent and Puff pose with celebrities.

Larry King interviews Trent, Puff and Paul.

MTV Music Awards in progress as Kanye West receives his award and makes a speech.
Trent and Puff storm the stage. Puff grabs the mic from Kanye.

KANYE
What the hell is this?!
PUFF
Kanye, you my nigga and all but Jay-Z's video has
the baddest bitches!

Security storms the stage and all hell breaks loose.

MONTAGE ENDS

INT. "THE LAST DELIVERY" SOUNDSTAGE - ONSET - DAY

As Paul gulps a sandwich and reviews the script with Trent, production manager PAULINE approaches him.

PAULINE
Thank God I found you! Valdez is going nuts because the costumes aren't up to his standards.

PAUL
I'll handle Valdez!

PAULINE
(walking away)
You're the boss!

TRENT
Wait a minute! The director is the "Jacques Valdez" for this film?

PAUL
Yep! I brought him in to direct the film. I'm just the producer. He's the best in the business for dramas. I thought we'd combine our skills but he seems to have a stick shoved up his ass all day, everyday.

Paul and Trent observe Puff leaving his dressing room with three beautiful women adding finishing touches to him.
PUFF
That's it, girls! Right there!

A skinny Hispanic male, JUICY, chases the girls away.

JUICY
This is all wrong! Scoot, bitches! Come, let Juicy
take care of you, big boy!

PUFF
Hell naw!

As Trent laughs at Juicy's chasing Puff around the set, he spies Boss getting out of one of
three Shield armored trucks parked on the set.

BOSS
Hey, Trent! How's it going?

TRENT
Whatcha doing up in here?

BOSS
Well, your production is renting these trucks, you
know. Product placement for the company! We
need the money after all the money that we lost.
Look, I hope there are no hard feelings!

Puff appears and shakes hands with Boss.

PUFF
Hey, I forgot to tell you something the other day.
Fuck you! I quit!

BOSS
(shouts at Trent and Puff walking
away)
Hey, don't forget about the little people.

Boss falls down and starts to snore. People run toward him.

TRENT
That fool got narcolepsy. Let'im sleep it off!

Everyone stares at Trent in confusion.

PAUL
You heard the man! Let him sleep!

They all scatter to work.

TRENT
There go ya' boy!

CUT TO:

Jacques Valdez, tall Frenchman dressed in an outrageous outfit with a thick accent. He sorties and parries with a razor-thin rapier in the air as he directs.

JACQUES
Five minutes until we roll, people! Mr. Fitzgerald!
(playfully thrusting his rapier at Paul)
Looking good! Glad to see you haven't missed any meals lately.

PAUL
(defending himself with the sandwich)
What's got your panties itching today, Valdez?

JACQUES
These invalids don't know what it means when I say we are going on in five minutes. I said "five minutes" fifty-five minutes ago!
With his thick accents, nearby people look confused but carry on.

Trent notices small light-skinned girl ALEXIS BROWN, 12, seated in a chair embossed with her name. Combing her hair, Johanna turns toward Trent.

    JOHANNA

Can I help you?

Trent picks up a hair tie off the floor.

    TRENT

    (winks)

    Depends what kind of help we're talking about.

    JOHANNA

    (smiling, grabs hair tie)

    Oh. Yes. I remember you. The YouTube sensation turned actor?

    TRENT

    Yes. Me and my first 10 pages.

    JOHANNA

    I told you not to give up. You're a big star now!

Alexis turns around and stares at Trent.

    ALEXIS

    You might be a star, but I'm going to steal the show, Mister!

    JOHANNA

    This is your co-star, Alexis!

    ALEXIS

    That's right, buddy, and don't forget the name!
Trent turns to Johanna.

TRENT
(humorously skeptical)
It seems as if you've come up in the world too. First, you're a secretary and now you're a hairstylist?

ALEXIS
And she's my agent, too!

Johanna turns away and finishing Alexis's hair.

JOHANNA
Actually, I was an executive assistant and now I'm an executive producer.

Trent eyes grow wide.

JOHANNA (CONT'D)
And I'm no hairstylist. She just won't anyone else touch her hair except me.

TRENT
I don't have an agent yet myself.

ALEXIS
That's because I'm special, and you're not!

JOHANNA
Be nice, little girl and go get dressed.

Alexis insincerely rolls her eyes.

ALEXIS
Yes, Mother!
She kisses Alexis's forehead. Then, Alexis get out the chair. Trent has ha surprised look on his face.

    TREN'T
    I didn't know you had a kid.

    JOHANNA
    Oh, I . . . It's complicated!

    TREN'T
    Oh, no. I like kids.

Johanna shyly smiles at Trent. Suddenly runs into the arms of Chief Evans who appears on the set.

    ALEXIS
    Hey, Daddy!

    CHIEF EVANS
    How's my little superstar doing?

    JOHANNA
    (frowns and crosses arms)
    Thomas! What are you doing here?

    CHIEF EVANS
    I just came to give my little superstar support before her first movie shoot.

    JOHANNA
    Alexis, go get dressed now!

    ALEXIS
    (running off)
    Bye, daddy!
CHIEF EVANS
Later, Pumpkin!

JOHANNA
Don't you have something better to do like fighting crime?

CHIEF EVANS
(laughing sardonically)
Come on! Johanna I'm Chief of Police. I do what I want. I thought I would personally come down here and provide security for this movie. It gives me a chance to . . . be a little closer with my child.
(whispering softly in Johanna's ear)
And, soon, I will be permanently.

Johanna turns her back on Chief Evans.

TRENT
Is everything cool over here?

Johanna rolls her eyes.

CHIEF EVANS
Ah! Mr. Jackson. Hopefully, you're staying out of trouble these days.

TRENT
Yeah! I'm doing me!

CHIEF EVANS
That's good! Just make sure you "do you" on the camera and not on my streets.

TRENT
(puts his arm around Johanna and
smiles broadly)
I'm sure my new agent will keep me in check.

CHIEF EVANS
(Chief walks off)
By the way, how's Ms. Jenkins?

TRENT
How you know my Grandma?

CHIEF EVANS
I'm the police chief, son! I know everything! She's
been pulled over five times in the last two years for
driving without a license. One more time and it will
be her last time.

He smirks as Trent's nostrils flare. Confidently entering the set, Raymond exchanges
glances with Chief Evans he approaches.

CHIEF EVANS (CONT'D)
Mr. Dukes.

RAYMOND
Chief.

Raymond pulls Chief Evans to the side.

RAYMOND (CONT'D)
What are you doing here? This is not apart of the
plan.

CHIEF EVANS
I just came here to keep my eyes on the prize.
Chief Evans stares over at Johanna.

RAYMOND
Don't mess this up.

CHIEF EVANS
Just don't forget who I am.

Chief Evans walks away and mingles with the cast.

PAULINE
Positions, everyone! Positions!

INT. SOUNDSTAGE - CONTINUOUS

Director's assistants surround Paul and Jacques as they argue in a corner. Trent and onlookers watch.

PAUL
I'm the producer of this film . . . the executive producer!
(waving script at Jacques)
And if I say I want flamingos with bombs strapped to their backs, then that's what we'll have!

JACQUES
(points rapier at Paul's nose)
Fine, but you didn't shell out seven million dollars for me to produce crap! You can save that for your silly action movies!
(knocks script out of Paul's hand)
Do you want this to be a masterpiece or not?

Enraged, Paul pushes the rapier away.

PAUL
You know I do, Valdez!

JACQUES
Well, let me deliver!

PAUL
All right! We'll try it your way.

The two turn and part ways while talking under their breath.

PAUL (CONT'D)
Power-hungry asshole!

JACQUES
Controlling buttfuck!

As Paul bends over to pick up his script, Jacques takes a mock swipe at Paul's buttocks but the rapier snags and splits Paul's pants down the middle. Jacques's eyes widen like saucers and he tiptoes to his chair. Paul gapes at Jacques through his legs then straightens up and faces Jacques. Both men slowly take their chairs.

PUFF
Goddamn, what an ass!

JUICY
Eww, look at that sexy ass!

Puff and Juicy exchange looks of amazement.

JACQUES (CONT'D)
And action!

CUT TO:

SHOOTING ON THE SET:
Trent and Puff. Drive up in an armored truck shaking their heads while listening to hip hop.

JACQUES
Cut! Cut! Cut! Cut!
(turns to Paul)
Where did you get these thug hoodlums from? This isn't a music video. This is a film!

Time lapses as they run the same scene over and over.

JACQUES (CONT'D)
Cut! Cut! Cut!

PAUL
Okay! This shit isn't funny any more. They barely started the scene.

JACQUES
It's not me! It's clearly the talent!

Trent and Puff approach Jacques.

PUFF
Keep on talking shit, playboy!

TRENT
How you gonna insult your people like that? You suppose to be the director, man!

JACQUES
Where has all respect for the director gone? In my country, France, directors would never have to put up with this level of buffoonery!

Paul gets in Jacques's face.
PAUL
Then why don't you go the hell back to France?!

JACQUES
Excuse me?! Repitez!

PAUL
You come over here and make your money. Then, you want to complain! If you don't like working in America, then get the hell out!

The room is filled with "Ah's!"

JACQUES
(waving rapier in air)
I'm the one who can make this an Oscar-worthy film. Yet, I get only lip from you all. Without me, this film is nothing more than trash compactor material.

PAUL
You're getting paid more than anyone else for this project. What you're not getting paid to do is to insult my cast. You can do that to your own little choir boys over there on your own time but not here, and not to my people.

Jacques peers at Paul, bows and tosses the other rapier to Paul. Trent, Puff, Johanna and Alexis stand behind Paul who confronts Jacques and his crew.

JACQUES
I decided to do this film out of pity for you, Mr. Fitzgerald!

PAUL
You're the only one who will need pity after I
cannon drill my foot up your ass!

JACQUES

En garde!

As Paul thrusts with the rapier, he hits himself in the face. Jacques's assistants cheer.

Paul stumbles, causing him to lunge at Jacques, and the rapier lands up Jacques's nostril.
Paul's supporters cheer him on. Jacques removes the rapier from his nostril then furiously
parries with Paul. Now, both sides scratch their heads in disbelief at the two men.

JACQUES (CONT'D)

Since you're so dissatisfied, why don't you let me
out of this silly Nelly deal? Keep every last cent.
Then, you can direct your own film!

Jacques corners Paul with his rapier pointed at Paul's belly button. Paul is aghast.

JACQUES (CONT'D)

That's what I thought.

Paul breaks away from Jacques, turning the tables and pinning Jacques in a corner.

PAUL

You're done Jacques!

JACQUES

Say it louder . . . so all of these invalids can witness
it.

PAUL

(points rapier at Jacques's eyeball)

I'll get a new director. Now, get the hell off my set.

The set workers and actors break out in applause.
JACQUES
Fine, but when you fail and you will fail, just like you failed with "Chandler's Road," you'll wish you would have had me. Remember, I'm ten and 0 at the Oscars. If you're lucky to get nominated, you'll be there when I win again. Then, you will never ever forget the name of . . .

Jacques puckers his lips and raises the rapier over his head.

JACQUES (CONT'D)
(God-like)
Jacques Valdez!

PUFF
(points a fake gun at Jacques)
I'ma bust a cap in his . . .

At lightning speed, Jacques swings his rapier knocking the gun out of Puff's hand and then smacks Puff's hand with the rapier causing Puff to scream like a girl.

Everybody else rolls with laughter as Jacques imperiously walks off the set leaving Puff, lip hanging out and nursing his wounded hand.

TRENT
Stop pouting like a little girl!

A beautiful woman, TRACY, 30, a professional hugger, appears and throws her arms around Paul.

TRACY
It's going to be all right. Calm down. Let the pain inside go away.

PAUL
What would I do without you, Tracy?

TRENT
Damn! I didn't know my man had game like that!

JOHANNA
He doesn't. That's Tracy. She's a professional hugger. Her job is to go around hugging anyone who needs it.

RAYMOND
You got some big balls there, Paul. I saw Valdez make his grand exit. Now, we don't have a director. Personally, I'm glad to see that guy go. Seven million dollars for what? Just a waste of money, like this stupid professional hugger lady. She should be fired, too!

PAUL
(folding his arms)
She serves a very good purpose on the set, and we're keeping her.

RAYMOND
(gives Johanna a kiss)
Hello, my lovely lady!

Trent looks shocked.

JOHANNA
Hey, honey! Have you met Trent?

RAYMOND
(ignoring Trent)
Ahh, yes. We've met.
JOHANNA
I need to go check on the princess.

Raymond tries to kiss Johanna as she passes, missing her lips.

RAYMOND
So, what about a director?

PAUL
I could direct my own movie, but it just won't have the Valdez mark.

TRENT
Valdez mark! What's wrong with you? You are Paul Fitzgerald! If anybody can direct this movie, you can! Put your own damn mark on it!

BEAT.

PAUL
You're right! I can do this!

RAYMOND
Oh, brother! Let's get to doing whatever you plan on doing.

EXT. BACKYARD OF TRENT'S GRANDMOTHER'S HOUSE - DAY

Old raggedy houses with yellowing paint line the hood. Street sign: Bruce Street. Trent enters through a side gate. Puzzled, Trent peers at two gardeners. Suddenly, he hears the voice of MAMMA JENKINS, an elder African American woman with thick bifocals and a old flower dress, who sits on a screened porch swing.

MAMMA JENKINS
You got some nerve trespassin' in my yard!
TRENT
Hey, Grandma! It's me! Trent!

MAMMA JENKINS
I don't know NO Trent!

INT. SCREENED-IN PORCH - CONTINUOUS

Trent enters through the screen door.

MAMMA JENKINS
Now looka here, son! Don't make me go get my pistol! If you don't get off my property right now, I'ma have to call 5-0.

Flipping open her Blackberry screen, she dials.

TRENT
Grandma, it is me! It's Little T!

MAMMA JENKINS
Oh, Lil' T! It's you, baby?

The 911 OPERATOR's voice is heard on the phone.

TRENT
Yeah, it's me! Hang up the phone!

OPERATOR
911 emergency. How may I help you?

MAMMA JENKINS
Oh, I'm sorry, baby. Dialed you by accident! Now, take care, and God bless you, suga'!

Trent closes the phone, and Mamma Jenkins hugs him.
MAMMA JENKINS (CONT'D)
I've missed my favorite grandson! Now that you all famous, I don't get to see you no more.

TRENT
It's not like that, Grandma! I came to check on you.

MAMMA JENKINS
Come on in here and sit down!
(Trent sits next to her)
Remember what we talked about a while ago?
(sighs out loud)
Well, that time is here!

Trent puts his head down.

MAMMA JENKINS (CONT'D)
I don't care what those doctors say. I'm sharp as a tack! I remember back in the day when I was the best stunt car driver in Hollywood. And the only black female driver. Now, they won't even let me drive down the block. Car just wasting away in the garage!

TRENT
If you ever need a ride anywhere, Grandma, just let me know.

MAMMA JENKINS
(smiling gently)
You know, son, I might be givin' you a ride one of these days.

TRENT
Maybe so, Grandma! By the way, who are these men working in the yard?

MAMMA JENKINS
Oh! Didn't I tell you about these nice men came by to see me? They're huge fans of yours. They volunteered to help me with my gardening for free. I changed the whole yard around. Enough about that. Look atcha! Your daddy would be so proud of you right now.

TRENT
(frowns then half smiles)
After this movie, Grandma, I'ma make sure you get to take that vacation to Hawaii just like you used to talk about, and you can even bring some of your church friends.

Mamma Jenkins softly pats Trent's leg and smiles at him.

INT. "THE LAST DELIVERY" SOUNDSTAGE - DAY

Carrying a bucket of KFC, Paul walks to his chair, takes a deep breath and squeezes in the chair, buttocks hanging out.

PAUL
And action!

INT. ARMORED TRUCK SET - SHOOTING ON THE SET:
Alexis sits in the back of the truck with Trent.

ALEXIS
Do you have any kids?

TRENT
No, it's too late for me and all that. But, you know, if I could choose anyone in the world to be my daughter, it would be you.

They embrace. Trent locks the hatch on the floor of the truck with a key, which he places around Alexis's neck.

TRENT (CONT'D)
Now, take this key and go. I'll find you.

Alexis starts to walk but freezes up. She looks around and everyone stare with confusion.

PAUL
And cut! We're all tired. Let's just stop here for the day.

Alexis bolts off the stage.

EXT - CRAFT SERVICES TRUCK - LATER
Trent is stuffing his face when a FEMALE P.A. walks up to him and whispers in his ear.

FEMALE P.A.
Alexis needs you in her dressing room. She said it's an emergency.

TRENT
(points to himself)
Who? Me?

FEMALE P.A
Yes, you! Two doors down.

INT. ALEXIS'S DRESSING ROOM
Trent knocks on the door, which is slightly ajar.
ALEXIS
Trent, is that you?

TRENT
Yeah! It's me. What's up?

ALEXIS
Come here . . . please!

TRENT
(peeks inside)
I should go find your mother. It doesn't look right, me coming into your dressing room like this.

ALEXIS
She's not here today. I'm by myself!

TRENT
(entering slowly)
What's the matter?

ALEXIS
(stands very still)
I'm feeling kinda gushy down there.

TRENT
Well, maybe it's just sweat or sumin!

ALEXIS
(putting left hand on hip)
Do I have to spell it out for you?

TRENT
(throws his arms up)
What do you want me to do?
ALEXIS
I don't know! It's the first time!

TRENT
(walking in circles)
How come you didn't like call another female or sumin?!

ALEXIS
(sighs)
Girls talk too much! They might tell. Boys don't do that.

TRENT
Naw, I ain't gonna say nothin'.

For the first time, Alexis gives Trent a real smile.

INT. ALEXIS'S DRESSING ROOM - LATER

Sitting on a couch texting, Alexis watches Trent.

TRENT
At first, I thought you didn't like me.

ALEXIS
I see the way you look at my mom. I know that look!

TRENT
Your daddy would shoot me on the spot if he caught me in here.

ALEXIS
He's such a loser. I'm only nice to him so he doesn't bother my mom. I'm just a good actor.
EXT. ALEXIS'S DRESSING ROOM -- HALLWAY?

Trent encounters Puff in the hallway.

PUFF
My nigga, you gotta see this.

EXT. HOURGLASS STUDIOS - PARKING LOT

Puff and Trent join Paul near an armored truck.

PAUL
It's a gift from the studio when we go on location.
Now, the outside isn't done yet but . . . take a look!

The boys' mouths fall open. We see a wet bar, a flat screen television and GIRLS in a hot tub drinking champagne.

PUFF
God damn!

Puff jumps into the hot tub splashing the girls with water.

PAUL
I bought this one from Shield. We can use this for the next sequel. Tell me this shit ain't tight! This is Pimp My Ride on acid!
(speaks into a bullhorn)
Party at my house tonight!

Johanna appears standing next to Trent.

JOHANNA
There you are! I'm sorry about Alexis. I should have been here.

TRENT
Look, don't trip! I had your back.

JOHANNA
(smiles into his eyes)
Well, thank you so much. It meant a lot to her. If there is something I can do for you, let me know.

TRENT
A'ight! Well, maybe I can get your number or something.

JOHANNA
I have a boyfriend.
(derisively)
Besides, I gave you my number before I had a boyfriend, but you never called when I gave you back your script.

TRENT
I didn't even know that?

Johanna pulls a magic marker from her purse.

JOHANNA
(grabbing his arm)
Well, you won't miss it this time!

Raymond appears.

RAYMOND
What are you doing?

Johanna purses her lips and pulls her hair back.

JOHANNA
(walks away with Raymond)
Raymond, he's just a friend!

RAYMOND
Okay, babe! It's cool!

Raymond stares down Trent who walks away smiling.

EXT. PAUL’S ESTATE - NIGHT

A wrought-iron gate opens. Exchanging incredulous glances, Trent and Puff drive up a long driveway leading to a three-story mansion. Exotic plants surround spacious parking filled with expensive cars.

INT. PAUL’S MANSION - GRAND ENTRANCE

Trent and Puff are startled as they look over the crowd of BEAUTIFUL WOMEN and very few men. Paul emerges from a huddle of especially gorgeous babes.

PAUL
What's up, fellas! Welcome to the kingdom!

PUFF
Nigga, this some shit straight out of MTV Cribs!
Bitches and shit everywhere! I wanna live like this!

Suddenly, Juicy walks up to Puff. Trent and Paul walk away.

PUFF (CONT’D)
Why you looking at me like that!

JUICY
No reason, my friend! Why you act so defensive? I heard you . . . blow!

PUFF
(shaking his head)
Hell no!
JUICY

Puff?

PUFF

Hell-to-the naw!

JUICY

Smoke!

PUFF

Oh yeah! Now I do do that!

JUICY

Well, I got the best shit ever! It will make your asshole twitch and your toes curl at the same time!

PUFF

(distorts his face)

Damn! I don't know if I wanna hit that! It sound like extraterrestrial weed or some shit!

JUICY

(putting a bag of weed in Puff's hand)

Well, this shit will send you to the moon and back!

This one's on me, Poppy!

EXT. PAUL'S MANSION - PATIO

Trent spies Johanna looking especially breathtaking as she sips wine. Noticing all the guys staring at her, Trent approaches Johanna just as Raymond, who is obviously drunk and pulling at her clothes, appears and falls over.

CUT TO:

TRENT'S DAYDREAM
TRENT
You need a hand?

JOHANNA
(smiling seductively)
That would be great!

Trent picks up Raymond, throws him in a garbage bin and kicks it down a hill. Johanna hugs Trent.

JOHANNA (CONT'D)
Oh! You're my hero!

TRENT
(grabs her by the hand)
Let's get the fuck outta here!

Hand in hand, they bolt away smiling.

JOHANNA (V.O)
Trent!

END OF DAYDREAM

BACK TO PRESENT

JOHANNA
Are you okay?

TRENT
(shaking his head)
Huh! Yeah! You need a hand?

JOHANNA
He's pretty wasted. I better get him home. Watch him for a second while I get my coat?
TRENT

Sure! Okay!

Innocently, yet seductively, Johanna walks away.

RAYMOND

(opening his eyes)

I see the way you look at my woman! I know everything that goes on with this production, and I know everything about you.

TRENT

You don't know nothing about me.

RAYMOND

I know that she's too good a woman for someone like you. That's why she's with me!

Trent looks smugly at Raymond.

You're just another thug from the hood who's finally got a break. But the end is near. And you will still be a nobody!

Trent moves aside, letting Raymond fall, then looks around laughing and quickly helps Raymond up just as Johanna emerges with Paul. She helps Raymond to the exit and smiles at Trent.

INT. PAUL'S LIVING ROOM

Puff walks up to Trent and Paul.

PUFF

Hey, man, I got sumin.

PAUL
Whatcha got?

PUFF
Some shit Juicy gave me.

PAUL
Oh, I can't fuck with that! Last time I smoked some of his shit, I woke up on a farm giving cows colonoscopies! It's the real deal!

PUFF
Come on, ya'll! A nigga been working hard all week! We deserve this shit! Stop acting like bitches! Just hit the shit.

Paul and Trent both nod in agreement.

TRENT
Sounds good to me!

PAUL
All right! But I warned you!

INT. ARMORED TRUCK - PAUL'S DRIVEWAY

Trent, Puff, Paul and Juicy sit around a table. Juicy sidles up to Puff who quickly scoots next to Trent.

JUICY
Okay, gentlemen, buckle your jockstraps!

Puff lights a blunt and takes a hit. He shakes and chokes.

PUFF
Holy shit! I feel my asshole twitching!

Hands the blunt to Paul.
JUICY
I told you I was going to make it rain, Poppy!

PAUL
(exhaling, passing joint to Trent)
Fuck! I can't feel my legs!

TRENT
Ahhh! That's good!
(looking down as his feet twitch)
Damn!

TIME LAPSES

JUICY
(reaches for the smoke)
The moon has crossed the road!

Puff looks over at Juicy who crashes to the floor.

PUFF
Damn! That nigga is so fucked up!

Trent, Puff and Paul laugh uncontrollably.

PAUL
When the studio called, I told them you two were the ones.
(Paul takes another hit, passes it to Trent)
I'm glad I did. I never got high with any black people before. You guys are the coolest!

TRENT
Tell me something!
(takes another hit)
You got it all! Money. Fame. How come you ain't settled down yet?

Trent nudges Puff who falls out then tries to hand it to Juicy who is laid out on the floor.

PAUL
Look around! This is an illusion! All for show to try to stay in the game because I know one day somebody else will take my spot at the top.
(pauses)
So, enough about me! When you gonna ask Johanna out?

TRENT
Shit! She got a rich producer boyfriend with a lot of money and status. She don't want no bum!

PAUL
You'd be surprised, my friend. You have to believe in yourself even if you don't believe in yourself!

TRENT
(burst out laughing)
That's some inspirational, life-changing bullshit!

PAUL
(strokes his chin, smiles)
I know but it sounded good! You want to know "The secret?"

TRENT
What? The secret to your success?!

PAUL
No, but if you find the motherfucker, let me know!
There is still so much I want to do

TRENT

Yeah, like win an Oscar?

Paul does a double take.

PAUL

You believe that shit?! I've directed tons of movies, made hundreds of millions of dollars and received tons of awards--but not one Oscar!

Paul takes hit.

PAUL (CONT'D)

When I was a young punk kid just making my way out of the mailroom to become an executive, this guy came with a brilliant script. Worth at least a million dollars. He called it "Chandler's Road."

(Trent stares at him through smoke rings)

The very same! Only wanted $100,000, but he looked desperate, so I told him it wasn't all that good and bought it for $20,000 cash. I turned around reselling it for half a million.

Paul takes another hit, avoiding Trent's gaze.

PAUL (CONT'D)

A year later I found out the guy needed the money for his little girl's liver transplant. Her name was Crystal Sanders.

(shows a photo of Crystal)
She died months later. I was trying to be a big-time player and I've paid a high price for it. I eat all the time and carry it with me every day. I'm cursed when it comes to making any serious film.

(He hangs his head)
And if this film isn't a hit, I'll always be known as a one-dimensional filmmaker! . . . And I can't handle living with that!

Paul takes another puff. Faded, Trent just stares. Puff stands up and starts to protest to Paul and Trent.

PUFF
I still can't believe them motherfuckers fired us.
Fuck the Shield.

PAUL
Hey, I got an idea.

EXT. SHIELD ARMORY - LATER

Honking, they drive past Shield Armory. Trent sticks out his head, giving the finger while Puff shows his buttocks. A surveillance camera captures them.

INT. ARMORED TRUCK

Paul reaches forward and presses a button.

PAUL
I didn't show you guys this.

The armored truck becomes a convertible.

EXT. STREET - DAY
Trent drives the armored truck through a nice residential area when it starts to sprinkle. Spotting Johanna, he slams on the brakes.

TRENT
Damn, baby. You so fine! Let me give you a ride!

JOHANNA
Oh, it's the world's greatest armored car driver. I bet you got that line out of a script.

TRENT
(smiling)
And if I did, I wouldn't admit to it. I'm just dropping off Alexis's clothes. Let me give you a ride.

JOHANNA
I don't want to get your nice truck wet! My home's a few houses down.

It rains harder.

TRENT
Come on! I'm drowning here!

Johanna reaches for the door. As Trent helps her, it begins to hail and she loses her grip. He gets out of the truck to help her but slips and falls. They both slip and slide until Trent gets up, holding out his hand to Johanna.

JOHANNA
Trent! The truck!

Trent turns to see the truck slowly backing away. He lets go of Johanna, who falls again, and he takes off.

TRENT
I can't catch a break!
Slipping and sliding all the way, Trent races to the truck. Trent jumps in the truck, hitting the brake just as the truck comes within a centimeter of the Rolls. Trent sighs.

INT. JOHANNA'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Beads of water shimmering in her hair and on her skin, Johanna enters wrapped in a towel. As she raises one hand, the towel loosens around her bosom.

Trent's eyes bug out as he swallows hard. Johanna hands him a towel and he falls back disappointed.

JOHANNA
(laughing)
You need a cold shower!

TRENT
(ignoring her comment)
Where's the princess?

JOHANNA
At a friend's house.

As Johanna dries herself, Trent grabs one foot and gently begins to rub the towel between her toes. Johanna closes her eyes and sighs.

TRENT
So, it's none of my business or anything, but what's up with Alexis's dad? Doesn't seem like the kind of guy you would . . .

JOHANNA
Would what?

TRENT
You know . . .

**JOHANNA**

Him? Oh, God, no! I don't know which of the 25 guys I was with at the time is my baby's daddy!

**TRENT**

Damn! For real?

**JOHANNA**

(laughs)

I'm just kidding. Don't be so serious! Alexis is my sister's child. I just have custody of her.

Taking a deep breath, Trent grabs the other foot and begins to dry it. They look deeply into each other's face.

**TRENT**

So, this police chief guy! He's nobody to you, right?

**JOHANNA**

He was married to my sister. She got pregnant just as he went off to serve in the war. He went missing in action and she had a nervous breakdown. There was no one else to take care of Alexis so I quit law school and started working for Paul.

(he sits beside her)

Eventually, Thomas was rescued but he wasn't the same. He tried to come on to me many times but I shot him down. Since then, he's tried his best to take Alexis.

(laughs cynically)

Since he's become chief of police, he blatantly stalks me wherever I go, waiting for me to slip up!
(hangs her head down)
When Raymond came along, he backed off a lot.
But I'm afraid he's going to take her sooner or later.

TRENT
(gently lifts her head with his finger.)
Well, as long as I'm around, I got your back.

JOHANNA
(smiles)
What about you and your family, Mr. Writer?

TRENT
Not much to tell. My mom died giving birth to me.
Pops was a screenwriter but he started drinking after
somebody stole one of his scripts and it became a
top box-office success. Then he killed himself. So,
my grandma raised me.

JOHANNA
I'm so sorry!

TRENT
It's a'ight! I guess that's why I wanted to be a
screenwriter.

JOHANNA
What happened with your script?

TRENT
Let's just say I'm living it now.

Their faces move close together, lips almost touching, when the front door flies open.
Alexis and FIFTEEN OF HER FRIENDS WITH THEIR MOTHERS appear in the
doorway, all dripping wet in full rain gear and their mouths gaping at the sight of a semiclad Johanna and Trent, who is on his knees in front of her.

SHOULD WE GO BACK TO SET HERE? RAYMOND NERVOUS ABOUT PRODUCTION? GOING OVER BUDGET? SCHEDULE? IS PAUL DOING A GOOD JOB? STUDIO UNHAPPY WITH DAILIES?

EXT. MAMMA JENKIN'S HOUSE - FRONT PORCH — DAY

A barbecue is underway with LOUD MUSIC. Trent greets Johanna and Alexis as they walk up the steps. Alexis runs to play with other children.

    JOHANNA
    Thanks for inviting us to your grandmother's barbecue. I'm sorry I can't stay but I'm sure Alexis will have fun.

    TRENT
    Yes, she will be fine.

She smiles before getting in the car and driving away. Trent approaches Puff, who sits on the porch surrounded by women.

    PUFF
    Oh, my nigga! It feels good to be making that money. Money!

Puff pulls out a roll of bills, sniffs it and lets it roll out of his hands. The women scramble for the money.

    TRENT
    I hope that's all you're sniffing.

A FEMALE hollers out to Trent.

    FEMALE
We all out of ice for the drinks!

TRENT
What the hell you want me to do?

FEMALE
Take yo' lazy ass to the store!

Trent rolls his eyes. Alexis approaches him.

ALEXIS
I'll go with you!

TRENT
That'll work. Guess you can be my road dawg today! Let me get some keys and we'll roll out.

INT. MAMMA JENKINS'S GARAGE

Trent enters as Paul, who is eating greasy ribs, talks to Mamma Jenkins.

PAUL
I didn't know your grandmother was a race car stunt driver.

Dozens of her TROPHIES line the shelve.

TRENT
My grandma was no joke.

MAMMA JENKINS
I was damn good! Better 'n most men. That's why they wanted to keep women out of the sport. Here, help me with this, boys!

(they uncover a classic 1965 Buick Skylark)
My son bought me this before he passed. He told me, "Mrs. Jenkins, don't ever stop doing what you love to do!"

(sighs out loud)

People been wanting my car for years but I refuse to sell because I know it's history! History's a funny thing. Some people act like something's never happened, like slavery. It was real. It's okay to face things that happened in the past, even if it hurts!

(Paul nods, she faces Trent)

Comes a time when people have to stop living in someone else's past and make their own history.

Mamma Jenkins slowly turns and walks back into the house.

PAUL
She's a good woman.

TRENT
Yeah, lettin' all these crazy-ass people in her house.
Hey, I need a favor.

INT. PAUL'S BENTLEY

Rolling her eyes, Alexis stares at Trent driving Paul's car.

TRENT
Why you looking at me like that?

ALEXIS
(crossing her arms)
You drive like a little old lady!

TRENT
You ain't even old enough to have a permit but you talking about my driving.

ALEXIS
I bet I drive better than you.

TRENT
I bet you can't even reach the gas pedal!

Alexis and Trent trade seats Trent laughs as she struggles to reach the gas pedal.

TRENT (CONT'D)
There, that's what I thought, shorty! Maybe next year!
(stretching one last time, she floors it)
Girl, slow down!

ALEXIS
Shut up, Woosie!

Swerving through traffic and dodging cars, Alexis speeds though a yellow light.

TRENT
Pull this car over right now!

ALEXIS
O-o-ka-ay!

Jumping lanes, Alexis stops on a shoulder facing traffic.

EXT. ST. ANTHONY'S MENTAL HOSPITAL

Alexis returns to the passenger side as Trent gets out.

TRENT
You drive like my damn grandma!
Alexis stares at the mental hospital.

TRENT (CONT'D)

(shakes his head)
Oh no! Don't even think about it!

ALEXIS
You know, my real mother is here. I don't know why Mom keeps it a secret from me.

TRENT
She's just looking out for you but if she knew we were here . . .

ALEXIS
I know. But I want to see her.

Trent stares at Alexis who wears a sad look.

INT. MAMMA JENKINS'S GARAGE

Paul looks at Mamma Jenkins's trophies, his eyes falling on a newspaper headline: "Jerry Jackson Fails to Collect on Lawsuit Against Riverbed Studios for Hit, 'She Blazer."

Spying a script nearby, he picks it up and reads, "'The Last Rider' by Trent Jackson." Paul opens the script.

INT. ST. ANTHONY'S MENTAL HOSPITAL - GROUND

A black woman wearing sunglasses, LISA BROWN, sits in a chair among other mental patients. With a tentative smile fluttering on her face, Alexis looks at Trent who, standing near the exit, signals her to sit. Alexis sits near Lisa.

LISA
See those birds over there?

(pointing to three birds)
When I first came here, there were only two. Then, they returned with a third. It was such a little bitty thing. Must have been their baby. They come to the same spot every summer. Summer after summer after summer! Without fail!

ALEXIS
Those birds are pigeons. They travel all around the world from the North Pole to the South Pole and back again.

Two women, sixtyish, appear in the dayroom entrance and survey the scene. MIZTI, Jewish with a wild gray Afro, and EVEYN, a tiny Korean, noticing Trent, walk over and sidle up to him.

MIZTI
Hey, big boy!
(licking his arm)
It's rare we get chocolate.

TRENT
Ewwww!

Trent bolts away.

EVEYN
Come back here, Mr. Goodbar!

MIZTI
At least I got a taste!

EVEYN
Oh, how was it?

MIZTI
Mmm! Nice and salty like gefilte fish.

Mizti licks her lips. Trent moves to a bench beside an old harmless-looking, WHITE-HAIRED MAN. Alexis smiles at Trent.

LISA
It's amazing they can sense exactly where to come back to. It's like they mark this place with their scent. I wonder if they ever lose each other. When it comes to your own blood, you can always find your way back to them.

Pensively, Alexis turns toward Trent who, eyes closed, sighs with relief. Suddenly, fists clinched, he jumps up as the old man seizes him by the neck and passionately kisses him.

TRENT
What the mothafuckin' hell!

Everyone stares at Trent. In a flash, Lisa's eyes glaze over, her lips quivering. She begins to shake violently, pulling her mouth back demoniacally showing her gums, and waving her arms like a giant vulture.

LISA
That ole masta' devil's comin' to take my soul!
"Thou shalt not steal!" Can't have it!

Letting out a wild thunderous scream like a banshee, Lisa steam rolls toward Trent who is still wrestling the old man. From the corner of his eye, he sees Lisa heading straight for him. In a second, she sinks her long nails into Trent's arm, and he lets out a yelp. The orderlies run toward them.

TRENT
Get this crazy bitch off me!

LISA
I gotcha now, Lucifer! Lord, give me strength to cast this demon out and free my people!

(Orderlies grab Lisa who spins out of their grasp)

You damn devil! You can't kill me! We shall overcome!

Trent edges his way toward the door as he motions to Alexis with his eyes. Out of nowhere, Lisa seizes a potted plant near the entrance and furiously flails Trent.

TRENT

God damn it! Why ya'll let this mothafucka out the cage?

Alexis runs toward Trent but lands right in the path of Lisa who is about to swing with all her might when she locks eyes with Alexis whose face is full of horror. Lisa stops, her eyes glazing over again. Her shoulders relax. She deflates and wilts, dropping the plant as her head hangs. Trent grabs Alexis up in his arms and heads for the exit.

EXT. ST. ANTHONY'S HOSPITAL - PARKING LOT - ACROSS THE STREET

Johanna is at the exit window paying her parking fee when suddenly she recognizes Paul's Bentley.

CUT TO:

TRENT AND ALEXIS

Sit on hospital steps. Trent holds an ice bag to his head.

ALEXIS

(staring into space)
She didn't remember me.

Trent glares at Alexis then puts his head down.
TRENT
At least you know where you can find her. And
YOU can come visit her any time you want!

Alexis puts her head on Trent's shoulder. Johanna appears around the corner and
eavesdrops.

TRENT (CONT'D)
Just don't go telling Johanna that I brought you here
or she might try to kill me too.

Johanna's mouth drops and she frowns. As they walk in her direction, she hides.

EXT. MAMMA JENKINS'S HOUSE - FRONT PORCH

When Trent and Alexis get to the top of the steps, they face Johanna, Raymond and Paul.

TRENT
What's going on?

JOHANNA
I thought you were a nice guy!

TRENT
What's the problem?

JOHANNA
You're the problem! Why are you taking my child
to a mental institution without my permission?! And
to see a crazy woman!

Alexis's face grows cold. Johanna looks at Alexis.

JOHANNA (CONT'D)
Alexis, I didn't mean it like that.

Sobbing, Alexis runs from the house.
TRENT
You're overreacting.

JOHANNA
Overreacting? I trusted you. And you have Alexis lying to me.

TRENT
She didn't lie to you! It was all on me!

PAUL
Guys, I know this is a big deal but I see where this is headed. Can we put this aside until we're done shooting the last scene tomorrow?

Johanna goes to find Alexis, who is crying under an orange tree. Johanna sits beside her, placing an arm around her. Johanna glances at Trent who still stands on the porch.

JOHANNA
After the shoot, I don't ever want you around us again. Do I make myself clear?

TRENT
(shaking his head)
But it wasn't like that. You don't even . . .

Johanna takes Alexis by the hand and heads for Raymond's car.

RAYMOND
(whispers in Trent's ear)
Like I told you the other day, the end is near for you.

After Raymond's car drives away, we see Paul eating a big wedge of watermelon.

PUFF
And they say black people love watermelon!

Paul shakes his head and walks off.

PUFF (CONT'D)
You fuckin' up, dawg! You gonna fuck all this shit up for us!

Puff and his girls drive off in the armored truck. Trent sits on the porch steps with a pitiful look on his face. Mamma Jenkins walks out and sits in a rocking chair.

MAMMA JENKINS
Why you got yo' head hangin', cuz of what Miss Lady said?

TRENT
She's right! I had no business letting a little girl take me to a damn mental hospital! Then, trying to hide it.

Mamma Jenkins rocks in her chair as she places custom stickers on a helmet between her legs. She peers at Trent over the top of her glasses.

MAMMA JENKINS
Boy, you don't know nuttin' about a woman! Don't you know if that gal didn't have feelings for you, she wouldn't be actin' like that? And that little girl is looking for a father figure. And out of all the mens around her, she looks to you.

Trent stares off into space.

EXT. TRENT'S DRESSING ROOM - DAY
Trent eyes Johanna who quickly turns away. He approaches her but she walks off. Sighing, Trent retreats.
INT. SOUNDSTAGE - SET

Trent and Puff take their places when three men, dressed as stage hands, suddenly place guns to their backs.

FIRST GUNMAN
Don't say anything! Just get in the fuckin' truck!

PUFF
Shit! Not 'less you got some bitches up in there.

(gunman cocks gun behind his ear)
I'm goin'! I'm goin'! I'm goin'!

With the muzzle of his gun, the gunman nudes Trent into the truck. Locking them up, the gunmen climb in and drive off.

Addressing his P.A.'s, Paul's mouth drops open when the truck rips through the stage sending props everywhere.

PAUL
What the fuck is going on with my set?

PAULINE
Trent and Puff just drove off with the truck!

Suddenly, police enter the studio in force along with Child Protective Services. Chief Evans walks up to Johanna.

CHIEF EVANS
Where is my daughter?

JOHANNA
What's going on here?

CHIEF EVANS
I'll tell you what's going on here. Those two bums are responsible for multiple armored truck robberies.

JOHANNA

That's not true!

CHIEF EVANS

You're missing a truck. Aren't you?

PAUL

(walks up beside Johanna)

Yeah! As a matter fact, we are.

CHIEF EVANS

Well, what happened to it?

PAUL

Well, uhhh . . .

PAULINE

Trent and Puff drove off in it!

CHIEF EVANS

Yes! Ahh! You see you don't know who you're dealing with!

(turns to Johanna)

Now, you've put my child in danger, so I'm here to take her indefinitely.

POLICE OFFICER

(approaching Chief Evans)

She's not in her dressing room.

CHIEF EVANS
Find her now!

Just then, another armored truck starts up. Alexis sticks her head out the window. Juicy is in the passenger seat.

ALEXIS
(to Evans)
I'm not going anywhere with you, asshole!

The two take off in the armored truck. Johanna jumps on the running board.

CHIEF EVANS
Go after them! See if there are tracking devices on those trucks!

CUT TO:

ARMORED TRUCK — PUFF AND TRENT

Guns pointed at them, Puff stares at the cab.

SECOND GUNMAN
What are you looking at, boy?

PUFF
(sobs and whines)
Nobody, man! I don't wanna die.

TRENT
Shut up, fool!

EXT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - ARMORED TRUCK

Their eyes adjusting to the light, Trent and Puff hear a familiar voice.

BOSS
Welcome back to work, boys.
TRENT
What the hell is this all about?

BOSS
I'm just collecting my property!

TRENT
The truck! Shit, you can have it and we'll be on our way!

CUT TO:

ARMORED TRUCK - ALEXIS, JOHANNA AND JUICY

As Alexis drives, Juicy pulls Johanna through the window.

JOHANNA
Are you crazy, little girl? Pull over right now!

JUICY
Oh, I don't got no license, sista girl!

ALEXIS
(trading places with Johanna)
Momma, I saw men take Trent and Puff away at gunpoint. We've been listening. The 2-way radio was left on. I heard everything. Listen!

BOSS (V.O.)
. . . years working for that fuckin' company. I think I deserve an early retirement.

CUT TO:

WAREHOUSE - ARMORED TRUCK

Still at gunpoint, Trent and Puff recognize the two homeless men now in street clothes.
TRENT

Damn!

PUFF

We shoulda let you muthafuckers burn!

  (gunmen punch them to the ground)

So what! Ya'll gonna frame all the hard working black people, huh?

INT. ARMORED TRUCK — ALEXIS AND JOHANNA

The radio signal fades in and out.

ALEXIS

Mommy, there's a tracking device on their truck!
Look!

  (points to screen with three blinking lights)

This one is us, and that's theirs.

JOHANNA

We'll just head that way!

  (under her breath)

I can't believe I'm committing a felony with a 12 year old!

CUT TO:

INT. WAREHOUSE - TRENT, PUFF AND BOSS

BOSS

Give me the key!

TRENT

What key?
BOSS
The key to the hidden cell!

Retrieving a key from Trent's pockets, Boss opens a hidden compartment under the floorboard and gleefully grabs a money bag until he realizes it is fake.

BOSS (CONT'D)
This ain't the right fucking truck!

FIRST GUNMAN
They must have gotten switched!

BOSS
Where's that key?

PUFF
Oh, he's talking about the key around the little girl's neck?

TRENT
Damn, man, you talk too much!

PUFF
Oh, my bad!

BOSS
Fuck! We gotta find that brat!

(walks away then stops)
Kill the fuckers! Keep it clean! Make it look like an accident.

INT. ARMORED TRUCK - ROLLING

We see Trent and Puff tied to one another's belt loops.

TRENT
Take off your pants!

PUFF
(shakes head)
Hell, no! Take yours off!

TRENT
Take 'em off, fool, or we gonna die!

PUFF
This some bu-u-ll---shit!!!
(Trent tugs at Puff's pants, which fall
revealing Ironman underwear)
Don't judge me! Hell!

With one violent tug, Trent rips Puff's pants off, but Puff grabs them. Trent jerks them back from Puff. They panic as they try to ram the door, which won't budge.

PUFF (CONT'D)
We gonna die, man!

TRENT
No, we ain't!

Through the cage, Trent grabs for the gears but can't reach them. He grabs screwdrivers within reach. He opens the secret hatch and they both unscrew bolts from the frame. Trent places a screwdriver in one of the holes.

TRENT (CONT'D)
Get in the hole!

PUFF
Fuck that! You get in!
(Trent pushes Puff into the hole and
dives on top)
I'm not about to die with you on top of me!

TRENT

Shut up! I'ma save your life, fool!
(grabs screwdriver and bends compartment frame)

Hold on!

EXT. ARMORED TRUCK

Compartment separates from the truck as it nears a cliff.

TRENT/PUFF


Sparks fly as Trent and Puff glide along the ground. The truck careens off the hill and explodes. Just as the compartment holding Trent and Puff reaches the cliff's edge, it hits a bump and tips over. Puff hits a tree but Trent falls off the cliff.

PUFF

(coming to, looks around for Trent)
Tee! Aww, my nigga! Damn!
(sniffles)
You . . . you was my nigga, man! I'm sorry I blamed you for getting us into this shit.
(sits on a tree trunk in his underwear)
I would ride or die for you.
(lights up a blunt)
I'm gonna miss you, dawg!
(takes a big puff, chokes)

TRENT (O.S.)

(struggling)
Help me, man!
PUFF  
(runs to cliff's edge)  
Oh, Shit!

Trent hangs by a limb as he holds onto Puff's pants.

TRENT  
Come on, man! Pull me up!

PUFF  
Hold on, my nigga! I gotcha!

Puff bends over the edge of the cliff with his buttocks sticking up, grabs the pants and struggles to pull Trent up. He lets out a loud fart. Trent grimaces.

TRENT  
(spying a bird's nest)  
Hurry up, man!  
(bird appears, pecks at his eye)  
Shit! Hurry the fuck up! This bird about to steal my eyeball!

With all his might, Puff heaves on the pants but his underwear slip. Clutching his underwear, he loses his grip on the pants and tumbles to the edge. He pulls on the pants with both hands, and Trent reaches one hand over the edge. As Puff grabs Trent's hand to pull him up, Puff's underwear fall.

TRENT (CONT'D)  
Put yo' damn drawers back on!

Breathing heavily, they both fall on the ground.

PUFF  
That shit I said earlier, I was just . . .

TRENT
Just what? Scared a nigga was dead?

Silence. Puff grabs the blunt off the ground and hands it to Trent who takes a hit. Suddenly, headlights appear.

**TRENT (CONT'D)**

Come on! Let's go!

Trent hands Puff his pants, and they run into the woods.

**INT. ALEXIS'S ARMORED TRUCK**

**ALEXIS**

The truck stopped blinking. They're over there.

**EXT. ARMORED TRUCK**

Stops at the edge of the cliff. Juicy and Johanna get out.

**JOHANNA**

Alexis, stay in the truck!

**ALEXIS**

Mama?

**JOHANNA**

I'll be right back!

**CUT TO:**

**JUICY AND JOHANNA**

observe a burning truck.

**CUT TO:**

**TRENT AND PUFF**

Watch Johanna and Juicy from nearby woods.
TRENT

That's them! That's them! Come on!

Right then, the forest explodes with a LOUD ROARING SOUND, and two helicopters appear in the sky.

CUT TO:

CLIFF

Police helicopters land by the truck. Chief Evans and police swarm out, surrounding Juicy and Johanna.

CHIEF EVANS

I don't know what you're thinking, trying to get away with my child.

JOHANNA

What did you do to them?

CHIEF EVANS

(glancing down at the burning wreckage)

I think they took an extended vacation from the movie industry.

A policeman opens the truck door and slings Alexis onto the dirt. Johanna runs over and grabs Alexis.

CHIEF EVANS (CONT'D)

That little stunt you pulled could land you all in jail.

Three cars abruptly pull up. Boss gets out and walks over.

BOSS
Look, I don't know what the hell is going on here but I kept my end of the bargain.

CHIEF EVANS
Okay, fat boy! Don't get beside yourself. You're gonna get paid.

BOSS
(approaches Alexis, snatches key from her neck)
This little brat of yours is holding up progress!

Boss pulls back the truck's floorboard to reveal a secret compartment. Unlocking it, he pulls out a small bag.

BOSS (CONT'D)
(scratching his head)
Where's the rest of the money?

CHIEF EVANS
That's your share.

BOSS
Bullshit! If it wasn't for me, none of this woulda worked!

Chief draws a gun but Boss has fallen to the ground, snoring.

EXT. BUSHES

Boss is tied up to a tree with a sock in his mouth wearing nothing but a pair of Hawaiian underwear.

CHIEF EVANS
(smiling contemptuously, looms over Boss)
Welcome to your early retirement.

CUT TO:

TRENT AND PUFF

Exchange glances, their eyebrows raised.

EXT. ARMORED TRUCK

Chief Evans walks over to Johanna and Alexis.

JOHANNA
How could you do this in front of your child?

CHIEF EVANS
(grabs Johanna's hair)
For the last time, I can do whatever I want. I'm the Chief! I would let you and the princess join your two friends down there, but this is more fun.

Alexis runs in front of Johanna, but Chief Evans pushes Alexis to the ground. Johanna rushes to pick her up.

JOHANNA
If you ever touch this child again, I swear, I'll kill you!

CHIEF EVANS
Fair enough!

JOHANNA
You're setting them up, aren't you!

CHIEF EVANS
That's right! Now, I can just sit back and collect the five million-dollar reward for their arrest. Load them up. Let's go.

Policemen lock Johanna, Alexis and Juicy in the truck.

EXT. BUSHES

PUFF
They settin' us up! We need to call the police!

TRENT
He is the po po, fool! We gotta get to my Grandma's house.

INT. BIG RIG TRUCK — DAY

Trent and Puff screw up their faces as TRUCKER, with a patch over one eye, chews and spits tobacco.

TRUCKER
Sorry, fellas! Sometimes, I go four, five days without a shower.

(scratches genitals)
That's the real life of a trucker.

(Puff moves towards Trent)
You boys sure look familiar!

PUFF
Yeah. We stars, man! We superstars!

Trent nudges Puff and puts a finger over his lips.

TRUCKER
That's right! You them boys what was in that armored car chase. What the hell you boys doing out here in bum-fucking Eygpt?

TRENT
We're shooting a film. We missed our ride home.

TRUCKER
That's no way to treat stars. I would drop you fellas off where you need to go but I'm on a tight schedule. There's a bar and a payphone up ahead.

TRENT
That's good enough for us.

Trucker turns on the radio.

VOICE (V.O)
Breaking news in the Shield armored robbery case. LAPD confirms that the two drivers, who received worldwide attention for their heroic actions, masterminded the robberies.

Trucker looks at Trent and Puff, who remain motionless.

TRUCKER
Hell, I don't give a shit! I woulda taken the money too, if I could get away with it.

VOICE (V.O.)
The FBI released a statement that Shield has posted a five-million dollar reward for the capture of Trent and Puff Jackson.
The truck slams to a stop. Trent and Puff slowly look at the trucker who stares ahead. He slowly turns toward them.

**TRUCKER**

You know what I can do with 5 million bucks?

(pulls out a shotgun)

Now, you boys gonna go with me quietly or . . .

Trent deftly pushes the gun away, and it goes off, shattering the windshield. Trent and Puff jump out of the truck.

As Trucker steps out, a huge semi steams past pulling the door off and knocking Trucker out cold on the ground.

**INT. BIKER BAR IN COUNTRY TOWN**

The bar is filled with WHITE TATTOOED BIKERS and STRIPPERS.

**BARTENDER**

What you boys want up in here?

**TRENT**

You got a payphone?

**BARTENDER**

Across the street.

Trent and Puff's faces appear on the TV screen.

**PUFF**

That ain't us!

**BARTENDER**

Got on the same outfits. Boys, that look like them, don't it?
Everybody agrees as they watch Trent on TV giving the finger and Puff mooning. Chief Evans appears on screen.

CHIEF EVANS (ON TV)
These individuals have been implicated in over 20 armored truck robberies. They are considered to be armed and extremely dangerous. The 5 million dollar reward is for their capture.
(turns red, grows horns with a devilish voice)
Dead or alive!

BARTENDER
Get'em, boys!

Trent and Puff race out of the bar with everyone in pursuit.

EXT. BARBERSHOP - PAY PHONE OUTSIDE - TRENT AND PUFF
Grab phone. Trent yanks it from Puff but there's no dial tone. A young African American BOY walks up with a cell phone.

BOY
. . . yeah, baby, I wanna come chill with you, too.

Puff runs over and grabs the boy's cell phone.

PUFF
You too damn young for a phone! Go home and do yo' "Hooked on Phonics"!

They take off with the cell phone. BOY’S MOTHER walks out of the barbershop conversing with two men from the barbershop.

BOY
Them bitch-ass niggas jacked my phone!
BOY'S MOTHER

Black motherfuckas!

People both from barbershop and hair salon pile into the streets. Bar crowd marches up the street.

BARBER

Chasin' black men, huh? So, ya'll the new Ku Klux Klan or sumin'?

BARTENDER

Didn't you see those niggers on the news?

Stunned, the bikers look first at the bartender, then at the black crowd. Then, the black crowd glares at the bartender.

BARBER TWO (O.S.)

Awww! Damn! There go the "N" word! Why you gotta go there and shit?!

The barbershop crowd begins to shout and bikers flex their muscles to prepare for a rumble.

BARTENDER

Hell, the motherfuckers' wanted for 5 million dollars!

The black crowd gasps and their jaws fall open.

BARBER

Whatcha waiting for? Get them motherfuckin' niggas!

The black crowd merges with the white bikers as both groups take off after Trent and Puff.
BOY’S MOTHER
You bitches gonna buy my son more than a new cell
phone! Uh-hmm! And you can take that to the
bank!

EXT. SIDEWALK
Trent dials a number on the cell phone.

EXT. MAMMA JENKINS'S BACKYARD
Picking vegetables, she comes across something hard in the ground. Her sidekick begins
to ring and she flips it open.

MAMMA JENKINS
Now, who this? . . . Hello!

EXT. STREET
Trent and Puff run as more and more people join the crowd following in hot pursuit.

TRENT
Grandma! It's Li'l T. I need a ride!

MAMMA JENKINS (V.O.)
Where you at, baby? I can't drive no mo’, suga’, but
I can have one of my lady friends from the church
to come pick you up.

TRENT
Grandma! I don’t need a ride. I need a ride!

EXT. MAMMA JENKINS'S HOUSE

MAMMA JENKINS
Oh, OH! Okay, Son! Mamma gotcha!
TRENT AND PUFF

TRENT
O.k., Grandma, meet me near the Morgan Bridge in twenty minutes.

They run through an alley and jump into a LARGE DUMPSTER.

INT. MAMMA JENKINS'S BEDROOM

Mamma Jenkins pulls out a box and takes out a racing suit. On top, she sees a photo of herself and Trent's father. She gently touches the photo and sighs.

MAMMA JENKINS
One last ride for you, honey!

INT. JOHANNA'S HOUSE

Chief Evans and Johanna sit in the living room surrounded by police officers when there is a knock at the door. Chief Evans looks out the window and cocks his gun.

CHIEF EVANS
Get rid of him or I will!

EXT. JOHANNA'S HOUSE

Johanna opens the door and faces Paul.

PAUL
My God, Johanna! How are you? I've been so worried about you guys.

JOHANNA
We're okay! We've had a long night.

PAUL
Have you seen Trent and Puff? They're all over the news! It's not like them.

JOHANNA
(looking down)
Well, maybe they did do the robberies.

PAUL
You don't believe that! Do you?

JOHANNA
I have to go now, Paul.

PAUL
Are you sure everything's okay?

Johanna stares at Paul. Chief Evans appears beside her.

CHIEF EVANS
Everything is all right here!

PAUL
I don't know where Trent and Puff are, but they're my actors and, most importantly, my friends.

CHIEF EVANS
With all due respect, Mr. Fitzgerald, I understand you are a very powerful man in the entertainment industry. But this is my city. I run it. So, go on back to your little studio and let us do our job. We wouldn't want to lock you up for hindering my investigation.

PAUL
With all due respect, Evans, if anything happens to my friends, I will set this bitch on fire! I will own the LAPD! I will launch an all-out assault on your ass and they'll have to relocate you to an island so far out in the middle of a foreign country in the middle of the fucking ocean in order to bring the heat down in this place! I will drop a hydrogen bomb on your ass and wipe LAPD off the face of the planet!

CHIEF EVANS

(smiles sardonically)

Good day, Mr. Fitzgerald.

Chief Evans shuts the door. As Paul walks away, he sees an armored truck at the side of Johanna's house. He opens his cell phone.

PAUL

Hey, I need a favor. Get your stunt crew together.

EXT. ALLEY DUMPSTER

A lone dumpster is seen amidst silence. Suddenly, you hear whispers.

TRENT

Lift the door and see if they out there.

PUFF

Fuck that! It's your turn to do something first!

Puff accidentally kicks the dumpster.

TRENT

Shss! They can hear that, fool. Let's both do it.
The dumpster lid slightly rises and you see two pairs of eyes peer from the darkness. The coast seems clear as Trent and Puff climb from the dumpster. But just then the crowd of intrepid black and white faces appear. Trent and Puff's faces become three shades lighter.

BARTENDER         BARBER         BOY'S MOTHER

There they go! Get them niggas! Come here, you bitches!

Trent and Puff run for the bridge. Puff spots Trucker regaining consciousness directly in their path. Trent tramples Trucker. As Trucker rises, Puff sprints by and punts his head like a football, knocking him out cold again.

As they reach the bridge, Mama Jenkins speeds by.

    TRENT (CONT'D)
    There she go!

They run full speed, and Mamma Jenkins swoops them up.

    CUT TO:

INT. MAMMA JENKINS'S BUICK SKYLARK

    TRENT
    Way to go, Grandma!

They follow Mamma Jenkins's gaze and watch as the crowd stampedes over the barely conscious Trucker.

    MAMMA JENKINS
    Now, I knew you boys were popular but I didn't know you were that popular!

They speed off, and the bikers continue chasing them. Trent and Puff grab their seats as Mamma Jenkins manoeuvres around traffic, employing many of her former stunts.
MAMMA JENKINS (CONT'D)

Hold on, boys!

Trent and Puff scream as Mamma Jenkins floors it. As bikers close in, Mamma Jenkins spins her car, driving them into a ditch. She speeds away.

PUFF
Shit! We alive, man?!

TRENT
(touching face)
Yeah, we alive!

MAMMA JENKINS
Don't be such scaredy asses! Gotta live your life in the fast lane sometime before you die!

Mamma Jenkins pulls out a gun and hands it to Trent.

TRENT
What you givin' this to me for?

MAMMA JENKINS
I been watching the news. I know my grandson! You need this! You need to come to terms with this thing with your father.

Trent stares at the gun then into space as they speed across the bridge.

INT. MAMMA JENKINS'S HOUSE

Two gardeners knock on the door, and Mamma Jenkins opens.

FIRST GARDNER
Hello, Ms. Jenkins! It's time to harvest those tomatoes. We don't want them to get too ripe.
MAMMA JENKINS
That's right! Go on back there, suga'!

The men walk to the back of the house with shovels in hand.

EXT. BACKYARD
The men dig up the case that Mamma Jenkins uncovered earlier and open it to reveal a trove of money. Trent, accompanied by Puff, appears and places a gun to one of the men's heads.

TRENT
Move! I'll splatter you all over this yard, turning you into fajitas!

Chief Evans appears with his backup.

CHIEF EVANS
Might wanna put that gun down, son!

Trent points the gun at Chief Evans.

CHIEF EVANS (CONT'D)
We all know you're not going to use that gun.

Policemen appear, holding Johanna and Alexis hostage. Trent lowers his gun. The armored truck backs into the yard. Chief Evans walks over and looks at the money.

TRENT
So, it's all about the money!

The gardeners load the money into the back of the truck.

CHIEF EVANS
Yep, and with all of you out of the way, I can . . .

TRENT
What? Retire early?

CHIEF EVANS
You got it! Kill them all!

FBI and S.W.A.T swarm the backyard. The police drop their guns and put their hands in the air, including Chief Evans. SWAT MEMBER ONE points his gun right in Chief Evans's face.

S.W.A.T. MEMBER ONE
Make a move and I'll turn this place into a pot of vegetable stew!

PUFF
Stew! Fajitas! What's up with all this turning people into food?! This shit is making me hungry!

TRENT
(studying S.W.A.T. Member One, rolls his eyes)
Aww, Hell!

CHIEF EVANS
I'm the Chief of Police. Who's in charge here?

SWAT MEMBER ONE
I am! Special Agent Freddie
(clears throat)
Freddie Krueger!

Some of S.W.A.T. laugh. Even Puff laughs loudly.

PUFF
Freddy Krueger! I can't wait to see what this mothafocker look like when he takes off that mask!
CHIEF EVANS
I have two very dangerous fugitives here wanted for
bank robberies.

S.W.A.T. MEMBER ONE
(whispers into Chief's ear)
I told you I'd set this bitch on fire!

Paul takes off his mask.

PAUL
These guns might be the real thing, then, again,
maybe not! But you don't want to find out. Cuff'em,
boys!

Paul accidentally drops his gun, which shoots Chief Evans in the chin. The Chief's face freezes. Then, he looks down and sees what looks like blood dripping.

PAUL (CONT'D)
Oops! That's gonna leave a mark!

Stroking his chin, Paul looks into the sky quizzically for a moment then, with his free hand, reaches into his back pocket and pulls out a handful of french fries. He passionately sniffs then dips them into the red substance on Chief Evans's face then chews it.

Chief Evans pulls a gun from his back pocket, pushes Paul aside, and grabs Alexis while the fake S.W.A.T. officers shoot at the gardeners, fake blood oozing from their wounds.

CHIEF EVANS
Now, I'm going to have to kill her for the extra inconvenience.

He puts Alexis in the back of the armored truck with the money. One gardener crawls inside and takes off.
Trent and Puff run to the S.W.A.T. truck and get in. After his culinary interlude, Paul jumps in the back of the truck. The fake S.W.A.T. officers follow.

INT. SWAT TRUCK

PAUL
I know you two weren't going to try and leave me again. Round Two, motherfuckers!

Trent and Puff stare at Paul then shake their heads.

TRENT
How did you ever manage to pull that off?

PAUL
What? My name is Paul Fitzgerald!

Paul's PHONE RINGS and he answers.

PAUL (CONT'D)
Where's my Chopper? Get it all! We're going documentary-style on their asses.

EXT. AIR - OVERHEAD

Overhead, a helicopter follows the chase.

INT. SWAT TRUCK

PUFF
That's why you the shit!

PAUL
If you think I'm the shit now, then wait 'til you see this.
Paul pushes a button on the panel. A metal arm attaches to the back of the armored truck and pulls the door open. Suddenly, Trent and Paul are eye-to-eye with Trucker.

**TRENT**

Fuck!

Trucker rams the S.W.A.T. truck.

**PAUL**

Who the fuck is that?

**PUFF**

This nigga gonna kill us, man!

Trent looks in his rear-view mirror and behind him sees the entire community of bikers on their motorcycles and the barbershop crowd in their cars giving chase.

Trucker rams the S.W.A.T. truck again, and both the armored car and S.W.A.T. truck tip over, spilling all the money.

Trucker runs into the railing of the bridge, and the impact sends his body hurling through the broken windshield straight into the river.

Trent, Puff and Paul get out of the truck. People begin picking up money off the road. Chief Evans pops out with Alexis still in his grasp.

**TRENT**

Come on, man! Just let her go!

**CHIEF EVANS**

All you had to do was just die, and everything would have been set.

**TRENT**

She's just a kid! Take me instead.
Trent moves closer. Suddenly, Alexis elbows Chief Evans in the nuts, and he drops the gun. As he grabs his midsection, Alexis steps on his foot. Chief Evans bends to grab his foot, and Alexis slaps the taste out of his mouth. Then, she slaps him on the other side.

ALEXIS
That's for my both of my mommas!

As Alexis runs, Trent dives for the gun. The two men wrestle, but Trent grabs the gun and throws it off the bridge.

CHIEF EVANS
I don't need a gun to take you out. You're nothing but a punk!

Chief Evans pepper sprays Trent. He gets the best of Trent with a few gut punches, but Trent comes back strong. The chief delivers a low blow to Trent, who falls near the edge of the bridge. Chief Evans kicks him over and over.

Arriving in one of the S.W.A.T. trucks, Johanna jumps out and runs to Alexis. Puff moves to help Trent, but Paul stops him.

PAUL
No! He's got this!

Trent is on the ground bleeding. As Trent pulls himself up, Chief Evans rushes him. Trent throws Chief Evans over his shoulders and Chief Evans lands backwards on the bridge railing, falling into the water.

TRENT
Happy early retirement, motherfucker!

As Trent falls to his knees, Paul and Puff run over to help him. Johanna and Alexis join them and hug Trent.

ALEXIS
Thank you!
JOHANNA

Thank you so much!

Trent and Johanna look into each other's eyes, but, out of nowhere, Raymond appears.

RAYMOND

Oh, my God, Honey! I thought something had happened to you!

Raymond hugs her and kisses her on the lips, which she shyly accepts. Trent looks disappointed. She turns around, drawing close to Trent's lips, but kisses him on the cheek. She smiles shyly and walks away with Raymond.

ALEXIS

(puts hands on her hips)

Isn't this the part in the script where you're to supposed to get the girl?

TRENT

Well, he seems to be the lucky man of the hour.

ALEXIS

(throws hands in the air)

You need to get your head checked out! You can't tell that she really likes you, or am I the only person around here who has any sense?

TRENT

Maybe so, Shorty, but at least I got you!

Alexis puts her arms around Trent, and they walk away.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. "LAST DELIVERY" SOUNDSTAGE - DAY
Alexis has her arms around Trent as they walk off into the sunset.

PAUL
And CUT! That's a wrap!
(round of applause)
Good job, everyone. Now, up next, the movie premiere!

Raymond walks over to Johanna.

RAYMOND
Everyone, I have an announcement! Gather around, please.

Everyone stops working and turns in the direction of a spotlight focused on Raymond and Johanna. Pulling out a diamond ring, he bends on one knee. Her face lights up but then dissolves to a straight face.

RAYMOND (CONT'D)
Johanna, I know you have been through a lot, and together we have been through so much. But, with every day that goes by, I know that my love for you grows stronger and stronger. Johanna, Johanna Brown, will you marry me?

The room is silent. Johanna looks around and sees all eyes on her. She finds Trent who wears a straight face. He turns away, and she looks at Raymond.

JOHANNA
Yes. Yes, I will!

Amidst applause, Raymond places the ring on her finger. They embrace and kiss. Johanna looks over at Trent one last time, but he turns and walks away.

Paul walks up behind Trent and touches his shoulder.
PAUL
What are you doing?

TRENT
She's gotta have some kind of happiness.

PAUL
If she marries him, she will have a lifetime of hell.

Trent turns and walks away.

PAUL (CONT'D)
And to think I looked up to you.

(Trent's eyes widen)
I know about the script! I did some research. I know you brought a script to Hourglass.

(Paul throws Trent the script)
It seemed like our script was too much like what was happening to you in real life so I got a copy from the copyright office. I compared it with a copy of your script that I saw in your grandmother's garage.

TRENT
I did everything right but it still got me nowhere. Just like my father. Maybe it just wasn't meant for me to be a writer.

PAUL
I've been very successful but I've failed at many things. Friendships! Relationships! I've never been with anyone who loves me for me and not status or money! Truth is I'm a big fat jalopy with a lot of money but no true happiness. I'm a failure. But
you're not. You've come this far. Raymond stole the
script but don't let him steal the girl, too.

(Paul pauses)
Don't let him steal your happiness.

Trent stares at Paul.

EXT.CROWD

People are congratulating Raymond and Johanna as they make their way to the exit. Alexis notices Trent. Grimacing, she nods her head toward Raymond and Johanna.

TRENT (V.O.)
Johanna!
(eagerly, she turns toward him)
Alexis told me to tell you not to marry him.

RAYMOND
You're joking, right?

TRENT
Yeah, I'm joking! It was me who said that!
(looking at Johanna)
I know you might not wanna be with me but you
don't wanna be with this fool! It's written all over
your face!

JOHANNA
Trent, please don't do this here. Not now!

TRENT
He's no good! He stole my work! My script! My
story!

RAYMOND
He's lying. He'll say anything to get you to leave me. He doesn't care about you. I care about you!

Paul motions to the cameraman who nods and hits the record button on the action. The red light comes on.

TRENT
I might not have money or stuff, but I'm real! He's a fraud! If he'll take something from someone like me who never had nothing, I can't imagine what he'll take from you if you marry him.

JOHANNA
Why would you make such accusations?

TRENT
Remember the day I came to Hourglass and pitched my script?

Johanna's eyes widen, then she turns and looks at Raymond.

RAYMOND
He has no way to prove these accusations.

ALEXIS
Okay. I know how to settle this.

Paul hands her Trent's original script.

ALEXIS (CONT'D)
Whoever wrote this should remember things about it only the original writer would know. I'll ask you both questions from the back of the script forward. The real writer should know it right off the top of his head.
(turning to Raymond)
On page 80, the character Trayvon makes what comment to the woman who walks by?

RAYMOND
Are you kidding me? I refuse to answer to a child!

PAUL
Just answer the question! Unless you don't know it!

RAYMOND
(sighs)
The question again?

Raymond wears a look of cluelessness on his face.

ALEXIS
The character Trayvon says what to the woman who walks by on page 80?

It is obvious that Raymond doesn't know the answer.

RAYMOND
"Can I come home with you tonight?"

Silence fills the room.

ALEXIS
Ewww, gross! And that's wrong!

She turns to Trent.

TRENT
She walks by and he says,"Damn, baby! You so fine!"

Johanna has a flashback.
FLASHBACK INT. SIDEWALK (JOHANNA WALKING)

TRENT
Damn, baby! You so fine!

FLASHBACK ENDS — BACK TO PRESENT

ALEXIS
That's right!

RAYMOND
I knew that! I got confused. Give me another question! I'll show you!

ALEXIS
It's not your turn!

(flips pages, then stops and turns to Trent)

On page 30, which bank did the main character work at?

TRENT
(Smiling)
Freddie Mac.

ALEXIS
(nodding in agreement)
Absolutely right! Last question! What was the name of the street that the main character grew up on?

RAYMOND
(pauses then answers)
I remember that! It's the name of the tree. It's, uh, Spruce Street!

Trent laughs out loud.

TRENT
You remember! You suppose to know it if you're the writer.

ALEXIS
Yeah! Sorry, dude. Wrong again.

People begin to shun Raymond. Alexis turns to Trent.

TRENT
It's Bruce Street! The street my grandma lives on, or is that just a coincidence?!

People cheer. Juicy pulls a nail file from his hair.

JUICY
(losing his Latin accent)
Now, I have to cut this sonofabitch!

Everyone stares at Juicy who clears his throat.

PUFF
I knew it! I knew Juicy was a nigga!

RAYMOND
Look, this is not funny! Johanna, let's go!

Raymond grabs her arm and pulls her, but she doesn't budge.

ALEXIS
My mama ain't going nowhere with you!
Johanna looks directly at Raymond.

JOHANNA
How come you didn't come looking for me when all this was going on? When I was being kidnapped?

TRENT
I can tell you why! Because he was in on it! The whole thing! The kidnapping! The armory robbery! Everything! See, he read my script and he thought the concept wasn't original but the idea of stealing the money made you rethink it. It's funny that your boy Chief Evans was always around on the sets. You approached him about it and you set the plan in motion. So, you got the help of your boss. The only problem was your plan didn't work like you planned it when Paul cast us into the movie. So, then you framed us.

RAYMOND
You can make accusations all you want but I already got paid for the script. It's your own fault you're too stupid to protect your work. You're a failure just like your father.

(Trent pulls gun, points it at Raymond's head)

Go ahead. Shoot me in front of all these people! You will never get out of jail!

PAUL
Don't do it! You have a bright future ahead of you. I promise you. Don't let this fool ruin it.
Trent looks over at Paul who aims his head towards the camera. Johanna walks over and looks directly at Trent.

**JOHANNA**

Trent, don't do this! He's not worth it. I need you!

We need you!

Johanna clutches Alexis. Trent lowers the gun. Raymond pulls a gun from Puff's holster and puts it to Puff's head. Trent points his gun at Raymond.

**RAYMOND**

I know you're not gonna use that gun!

Voices ring out in Trent's head.

**CHIEF EVANS (V.O.)**

We all know that you're not going to use that gun!

**MAMMA JENKINS (V.O)**

You need to face this, son!

Trent shoots. The bullet travels in slow motion under Puff's arm, striking Raymond in the chest. Trent drops the gun.

Puff pops up unharmed, and Security cuffs Raymond. Raising his shirt, they find a red mark but no other injuries.

**PUFF**

I'm shot! I'm shot! I'm shot!

**TRENT**

Fool, I didn't shoot at you!

**PUFF**

That was too close, my nigga!

**TRENT**
(rolling his eyes)
It was just rubber bullets, dummy! We on a movie set! You think I would shoot at you with a real gun!

Johanna comes over and puts her arms around Trent.

ALEXIS
Go ahead! She's been waiting all this time. Hook her up!

Trent leans in, kissing Johanna passionately.

RAYMOND
Johanna! Don't do this to me!

Tracy, the professional hugger, comes over and hugs Raymond.

TRACY
Ahhh! You finally need a hug, hon'!

Raymond cries as he is hauled away. Trent takes the diamond ring off Johanna's finger.

TRENT
You ain't gonna be needing this!

Trent tosses the ring over his head, and Juicy catches it.

JUICY
I'll take this off your hands, sista girl!

Juicy goes over and kneels in front of Puff along with everyone else, Trent and Johanna laugh.

JUICY (CONT'D)
Puff, will you marry me?

Puff looks around at everyone staring at him and Juicy.
PUFF
Hell, naw, but we can go pawn this mothafucka and split the money.

JUICY
(stands up)
That's all right with me, Poppy!

Puff and Juicy walk off.

PUFF
You a cool mothafucka, Juicy!

Juicy slips his arm around Puff, but Puff smacks it away, and Juicy puts it back. Puff starts to smack it again but stops. Smiling, Trent and Johanna watch as Puff and Juicy exit. Then, Trent looks deeply into her eyes and takes her in his arms.

INT. OCEANMYST STUDIOS BOARDROOM - DAY

The Hollywood executives to whom Trent first pitched his script sit around the table. In walks Ron, the CEO.

RON
It's all over the news that Trent Jackson came in here with a script that Hourglass has made and grossed over 500 million dollars in just one month! The biggest gross in the history of Hollywood! How did we manage to overlook this?

MEG, the woman with the big bifocals responds.

MEG
You... I mean, we, all agreed that it wasn't an original idea. So we all passed on it.

RON
And where the hell was I in all of this?

MEG
You were sitting here, right here, with bird shit all over you, sir!

Ron's mouth flies open. He grabs his tie and clears his throat.

RON
Very well! Find this . . . Trent Jackson and see what else he's got!

Ron turns around and walks out.

INT. JACQUES'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Jacques sits in his living room rubbing his pet lion. His BUTLER enters the room and serves him coffee.

JACQUES
What's my name?

BUTLER
Jacques . . . Valdez!

Jacques pulls out his rapier and smacks the butler on the buttocks. Jacques then turns on a huge flat-screen television.

INT. LARRY KING LIVE

Camera focuses on Larry King.

LARRY
. . . Paul Fitzgerald's film breaks all records: 700 million dollars worldwide. He is considered one of the greatest movie directors of all time, right up
there with Jacques Valdez, who didn't receive a single nomination this year.

The camera slowly pans toward Paul's face.

TRENT (V.O.)
Wow! What a ride! Paul finally got his first Oscar.

PAUL
Better luck next year, Valdez!

INT. JACQUES'S LIVING ROOM

JACQUES
My name is Jacques Valdez. I'm the greatest director in the world!

Jacques slams his rapier down hard on the table, spilling the coffee on the ground. Sniffing it, the lion lumbers in their direction, and the two men run for their lives.

INT. LARRY KING

The camera pans to Trent who is holding an Oscar.

TRENT (V.O.)
I didn't win an Oscar for best actor but I did win for best original screenplay.

The camera then pans to Puff, who looks high. Surrounded by various women, he holds a bong shaped like an Oscar, and the face on this Oscar-bong looks suspiciously like Puff. Behind the women, Juicy smiles and holds out a finger with the diamond ring. Then, the camera moves to Alexis.

TRENT (V.O)
Alexis also won for best supporting actress, but she took her award and gave credit where credit was due.

EXT. ST. ANTHONY MENTAL HOSPITAL — DAY

Lisa, who is sitting in her chair, is handed a box by a staff member and armed security guards from Shield. She opens the box. She digs through the peanuts and paper and pulls out an Oscar. Attached to it is the following note: "To: Momma. From: Alexis, your daughter." With it is a photograph of Alexis. Lisa hugs the Oscar and card.

Out of the corner of Lisa's eyes she sees orderlies drag a resistant Chief Evans into the room. Their eyes meet. As he hangs his head, a bird flies over and shits all over his neck. The trucker hysterically laughs across the room as he points at Chief Evans. Lisa laughs outrageously and waves the Oscar in the air victoriously!

LISA
Victory!

Other patients cheer loudly and crowds surround Lisa as she waves the Oscar. She looks directly into Chief Evans's eyes.

LISA (CONT'D)
Vic....tory!

INT. PRESS CONFERENCE - DAY

Mamma Jenkins stands in front of many cameras.

TRENT (V.O)
Although me and Puff couldn't collect on the 5 million dollar reward since we worked for Shield, it's okay 'cuz we was already millionaires. The movie to date has made 700 million dollars, so me and my nigga Puff just split 70 million dollars. How
many other actors can say that! So, my grandma
was able to claim the reward. After all, we wouldn't
have made it this far without her.

Mamma Jenkins is handed a large check for 5 million dollars.

MAMMA JENKINS
God is good . . . all the time!

TRENT (V.O)
She got the money and took her whole church
congregation to Hawaii then took the rest of the
money . . .

CUT TO:

INT. JERRY JACKSON WRITING ACADEMY FOR INNER CITY YOUTH -
HALLWAY

Camera slowly zooms in on engraved letters atop the entrance: "Jerry Jackson Writing
Academy for Inner City Youth."

TRENT (V.O) (CONT)
And started the Jerry Jackson Writing Academy for
Inner City Youth in memory of my father!

CUT TO:

INT. CLASS ROOM

Trent and Paul are teaching young, inner-city kids the elements of screenwriting and
filmmaking.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY
TRENT (V.O.) (CONT)
And the first award placed in the building was an Honorary Oscar awarded my father for the script he wrote that was stolen from him. Redemption is always bittersweet!

Camera zooms in on an Oscar statuette with these words below: "Honorary Oscar to Jerry Jackson."

EXT. CRYSTAL SANDERS CHILDREN'S CENTER GROUNDBREAKING - DAY

Carrying a pair of scissors, Paul stands in front of a group of people holding a long red ribbon.

TRENT (V.O) (CONT)
Paul also donated his entire salary for the film, 200 million, to a nonprofit organization to build a research center for children. He realized there are more important things in life.

Paul cuts the ribbon and the celebration begins. Paul's eyes fix on an African American male, 50, CHRISTOPHER SANDERS, standing next to a photograph of a young Crystal Sanders.

Paul walks up to him and puts his head down. Christopher, who has a blank look on his face, extends his hand. Paul looks up at Christopher, who pushes his hand in closer. The two men shake hands. Christopher then turns and walks away.

Paul's eyes fix on Tracy who gives him a big kiss on the lips. Paul gives her another look, then they kiss again.

TRENT (V.O) (CONT) (CONT'D)
Oh, and I cannot forget!

INT. PRISON — DAY
Raymond, wearing an orange jump suit and a white towel turban and, is surrounded by a group of hostile, burly Aryan brothers, some of whom are eyeing his butt as Raymond writes at a table.

As sweat drips from Raymond's brow, a bird sits on the turban, as it flies away, leaves droppings on the end of Raymond's nose.

TRENT (V.O.) (CONT)
Your boy Raymond is in prison writing letters and performing various services for the other inmates while his buddies profit. Since he got ten years for his role in the armored truck robbery, he'll have plenty of time to become a great writer.

INT. MOVIE SET - CAMERA CAR

Trent and Puff are driving the pimped-out armored truck.

TRENT (V.O) (CONT)
As for me and Puff, you know they had to bring the world's two greatest armored truck drivers back for a sequel, which was written by "yours truly" . . . with a little help from my two women. In order to avoid a lawsuit, Hourglass turned over the rights to the sequel to our production company, Tentpole Pictures. Puff and me even get a percentage of the film's gross, which, if it's anything like the last movie, will be all gravy. And you can bank on it!

The song "All the Above" by T-Pain and Maino rings out as Trent and Puff are being pulled by a camera car. In the rear of the car, Paul sits in his chair. Underneath the word "Director" is "Trent and Puff Go to Hollywood."
Johanna sits in the "Executive Producer" chair. Even Alexis has her own chair. The camera pulls away for an overhead shot as the production proceeds down the street.

INT. WOODS - DAY

Boss awakes to find himself still tied to a tree. His entire body is covered in bird droppings. The birds have even made a nest on the top of his head. With the sock still in his mouth, he tries to scream but only makes muffled sounds.

Out of nowhere, a bear appears and sniffs Boss's Hawaiian underwear. Boss's eyes widen, and he falls asleep snoring. The bear opens his mouth wide. Screams ring out as the screen goes black.

FADE OUT

See big end act two note on 84. It would change your act 3 somewhat, but it might work...