

SPECIAL AGENTS

by

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INT. NICK'S CAR - DAY

NICK JOHNSON, 58, looks up with weary eyes.

In the rearview mirror, we see a BOYISH FATHER enjoying ice cream with his 6-year-old SON.

EXT. ICE CREAM SHOP - DAY

The son accidentally licks all his ice cream off the cone.

INTERCUT - INT. NICK'S CAR / EXT. ICE CREAM SHOP

Nick winces, feeling for the kid.

His face is creased. Never used moisturizer a day in his life. His crew cut's for form, not fashion. His leather blazer? That's for fashion. Blazers are his trademark.

Seeing ice cream splattered on the cement, the son wails, and the father comforts him by handing the son his ice cream.

NICK

Are you fuckin' kidding me?

The father looks up, confused.

Nick sees his window's down.

He sticks his head out.

BOYISH DAD

Um. Excuse me?

NICK

No. I won't.

(to the kid)

Listen. This is important. Tears don't get you ice cream. Alright? You need to learn from your mistakes, so suck it up and give the ice cream back to your dad.

BOYISH DAD

Come on, Legend.

NICK

Legend?? Jesus, help me.

(as they leave)

He's the future of this great country, and you're shaping it, so shape up!

INT. BLACK VAN - DAY

Meet the ROGERS BROTHERS, 20s, veiny, juiced-up and too-tan in their muscle-shirts. LITTLE BRO flexes his biceps to awesome 80s hair band music, and BIG BRO watches.

LITTLE BRO

I bring it home with a double pump.

BIG BRO

Double pump! Shit, bro. Venice Beach ain't ready, bro. They ain't ready! Man, how the fuck are you single? If you were a chick, I'd slam it inside you every day.

LITTLE BRO

Bro, for real, female you is all I'm looking for.

ZANE PODALAK, 23, skater boy haircut in an oversized hoodie, taps on the driver-side window. As Big Bro rolls it down, Zane shows them a photo of an '84 Firebird. Sleek muscle car.

ZANE

That's his car. Pontiac Firebird.

LITTLE BRO

What the fuck's a Firebird?

ZANE

(texting)

Dude, he's so old, and it's this old-timey car, and he goes on and on about it like it's supposed to be cool or something.

BIG BRO

Fuck, man. Honestly, we should pop him for that alone.

LITTLE BRO

Let's go!

ZANE

Whoa. Chill. I only hear he's DEA.
(he HICCUPS)
Time to find out.

He slips Big Bro a bag of pills. Big Bro slips him a Glock.

Zane nervously shoves the 9mm into his hoodie. Skateboards across the parking lot of a strip mall over to Nick's car.

INT. NICK'S CAR - DAY

Zane gets in. Nick carefully watches.

NICK
Your shoes better be clean. Just put
in new carpeting. Upholstery, too.
You smell that? Corinthian leather.

Zane HICCUPS. Nervously looks around.

NICK (CONT'D)
Zane the Brain.

ZANE
Nick the, HICCUP, Dick.

He shoves his hand into the pocket of his hoodie.

Nick clocks this. Takes out cash.

ZANE (CONT'D)
Hey um, HICCUP, the stuff you want?
You can get it at a doctor.

NICK
Doctors. What do they know?

ZANE
Medicine.

A beat.

NICK
That's enough out of you, Brain.

Zane can't, HICCUP, stop, HICCUPPING.

NICK (CONT'D)
Jesus. Hold your breath or-

Zane pulls the 9mm on Nick.

Nick swallows. Heart racing. Trying to look calm.

ZANE
Ben Glass says you're a, HICCUP,
narc.

NICK
Ben Glass is a fuckin' junkie. You
know what he does for a living? Meth.

HICCUP. Every time Zane hiccups, he flinches.

NICK (CONT'D)

Think, Brain. Say I was DEA, I'd make sure I had backup. Right? I'd make sure that somewhere, out there, one of my guys had a Remington 700 trained on your fuckin' head, and the only thing keeping me from giving the word and ending your life is this new upholstery. You see, exit wounds aren't covered by my warranty.

(beat)

Want to see where he is? I'll move my arm slowly and point him out to you.

He points. Zane gives the slightest look. HICCUPS.

Nick dives.

Cracks Zane with his elbow! Grabs for the gun.

POP!!

INT. BLACK VAN - DAY

The Rogers Brothers jump, hearing the gunshot.

LITTLE BRO

It's bro time, bro.

INT. NICK'S CAR - DAY

Nick's taken the gun from a blubbering Zane.

ZANE

Don't shoot me, man, don't... Quiet, just be...!

NICK

A black van swerves in front of Nick's car.

Zane gets out.

The Rogers Brothers hop out of the van with assault rifles.

NICK

Jesus fuckin'-!

POP!! POP!! POP!! Nick shoots through the windshield.

Turns the ignition.

Shifts into reverse.

INT. ICE CREAM SHOP - DAY

The Firebird crashes into the store!

Nick leaves his car, firing three shots. *POP!! POP!! POP!!*

INTERCUT - EXT./INT. ICE CREAM SHOP - DAY

The Rogers Brothers return fire. *TA-TA-TA-TA-TA-TA-TA!!*

Nick ducks behind a fridge for cover. Ice cream and glass explode around him. He takes shrapnel.

The brothers run out of bullets. All is quiet.

LITTLE BRO
You think we got him, bro?

BIG BRO
Bro, we got everything.

POP!! Big Bro falls.

POP!! POP!! Nick steadily approaches, firing.

Little Bro retreats, screaming, tripping over himself.

Nick fires. Even after the gun's empty. *CLICK. CLICK. CLICK.*

EXT. ALLEY - DAY

Nick walks down an alley. A bystander points to a door.

INT. THIRD EYE CRYSTALS - DAY

'Soothing' sitar music plays as Nick enters a showroom of crystals, candles and creepy third eye imagery.

PANUKI, 29, urban hippy, comes out of nowhere, attacking Nick with a yoga mat.

PANUKI
Fuck the police!

Nick tries to restrain her, but Panuki squirms.

Bites.

Zane pops up from behind the cash register and runs towards the door. Nick throws a crystal at him.

PANUKI (CONT'D)

No!

Nick throws another crystal.

Zane's struck and drops.

Nick goes after him, but Panuki strikes Nick with her mat.

Nick takes the mat from her, wraps it around her, ties it off with a necklace and dumps her ass into a large, crystal bowl.

EXT. THIRD EYE CRYSTALS - DAY

Zane crawls outside.

Nick follows him. Taking off his belt.

ZANE

I'll, HICCUP, I'll talk.

The belt drops to Nick's side. He holds it like a whip.

NICK

(inner monologue)

Do the right thing, Nick. Kick his ass.

(he speaks aloud)

Hands behind your back.

LATER

Paramedics lift Big Bro into an ambulance.

Little Bro, bound by handcuffs, tries to get in with his brother, but Special Agents in DEA jackets hold him back.

LITTLE BRO

It's gonna be alright, bro! We're gonna get so swole in prison, bro! They ain't ready, bro!! They ain't ready!!

The agents drag him past Nick, covered in cuts and ice cream.

NICK

What a waste.

His Firebird's shot to hell.

BAM BAM, 32, hands Nick his belt. Also an agent, someone once told Bam Bam he resembled The Rock, now he thinks he is.

BAM BAM

You want a paper towel? You look like thirty-one flavors of hell.

NICK

My son was gonna put her in a movie.

BAM BAM

The car? Told you not to put in new upholstery.

(off Nick)

Just saying. She was a government vehicle. What were you thinking?

NICK

I thought my son would like it.

Bam Bam nods, understanding too well.

BAM BAM

I never met him, but I'm sure he'd rather have his dad in one piece.

NICK

You're right. You never met him.

INT. CASTING OFFICE - BATHROOM - DAY

A young man, 28, sits on a toilet, bent over, wearing a mustache, balding at the crown and praying. His tone is earnest, his words heartfelt. This is actor JORDAN JOHNSON.

JORDAN

Thank you for this opportunity to act today. May my performance be honest, my audience entertained.

OUTSIDE THE BATHROOM

Jordan steps out adjusting his sweater, khaki and tie combo.

He walks with a slight limp past slim, handsome actors, all with beautiful heads of hair. They sit outside an audition room and eye Jordan warily.

AUDITION ROOM

A SUPPORTIVE CASTING DIRECTOR, 40s, and WISEASS COMMERCIAL DIRECTOR, 50s, lean forward in their seats. They're watching-

Jordan. Fighting back genuine tears. He's good. Finally:

JORDAN

Like a good neighbor... State Farm is there.

SUPPORTIVE

That was great. Thank you. Tom?

WISEASS (TOM)

Where's this guy?

He holds up Jordan's headshot. Jordan's boyish. Lots of hair.

WISEASS (CONT'D)

Probably doesn't know dick about State Farm, does he? But you. I bet you have a story.

SUPPORTIVE

(Behave.)

Tom.

JORDAN

My wife, Angie, and I- we're crossing the street to our car... I didn't see it coming. I felt the hit on my left side. Suddenly, I'm spinning in the air. Each flip feels like a punch. Three surgeries, a metal rod and almost twenty scars later, I lost my job on the force. Ang left me for my partner. I was betrayed by everyone. Except State Farm. They kept me alive. With their dedicated service, and they're amazingly low rates-

WISEASS

Okay, okay- Jordan... God love you...

SUPPORTIVE

(trying not to laugh)

Tom!

WISEASS

Your resumé says you're The Man of a Million Faces. Know what yours is telling me? You're desperate.

Off Jordan, calm despite feeling a dagger to his heart-

INT. JORDAN'S CAR - DAY

Jordan looks at himself in the rearview mirror.

JORDAN
 You have something. You have
 something. You have something...

As he repeats, he starts to cry.

INT. JORDAN AND TIFFANY'S APARTMENT - DAY

TIFFANY SPIELMAN, 27, is on speakerphone, confidently popping the collar to a blazer she's wearing over a Joan Jett tee.

TIFFANY
 I'd like to shoot it as a oner like
 the car scene in *Children of...*
 (taking phone off speaker)
 Exactly. Brillz. 'Kay I'm thirty
 minutes out. ... Girl, it's LA,
 everything's thirty minutes.

Jordan enters the apartment.

JORDAN
 What am I doing wrong?

A beat.

TIFFANY
 Make it thirty-five.

LATER

Tiffany sits with Jordan on the couch.

TIFFANY
 You ever think about maybe not hiding
 yourself under all this makeup?

JORDAN
 I'm revealing the character, Tiffany,
 it's what all great actors do.

TIFFANY
 Darling, you know you want me to stop
 you when you're mansplaining? Stop.
 What about the Katherine Hepburns,
 the Denzel Washingtons, the Sandra
 Bullocks?
 (off Jordan)
 Hey now, she's a god damn delight.
 Not all great actors are chameleons.
 Maybe the makeup's getting in the way
 of a deeper vulnerability.

Jordan gets up, giving us a better look at their cozy apartment adorned with movie stills from classic films.

JORDAN

The opposite. It liberates me. I mean don't you love the work we do?

TIFFANY

I love your sweet, beautiful, expressive face, and I wish you'd share it with the world more often.

JORDAN

I just need to work harder. Go deeper into my characters. I'll get there.

She nods. Gathers herself to go.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

Don't forget your shot list.

TIFFANY

I was thinking about Cabo. I'd really appreciate it if you give me some dates so we can budget and plan.

He gives a nod, like it's something he's been putting off. She puts her head to his.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)

Don't despair, *mon frère*.

A kiss. Part of his mustache peels off, making them laugh.

She leaves. And his smile fades. Doubt returns.

INT. JORDAN'S CAR - MOVING - DAY

A DAD-BOD PASSENGER, 35, rides in the back while Jordan drives up front. No longer in his actor's makeup, Jordan wears overalls and looks like his boyish self.

DAD-BOD PASSENGER

I've seen you before.

JORDAN

Me? Uh. Well... Maybe you've seen *Sky Riders*? It was a TV show. I played a skydiving instructor.

DAD-BOD PASSENGER

Ah! It was Chuck E. Cheese. You sang at my kid's birthday. Remember?

Jordan closes his eyes. Another humiliation. He gets a text.

From BD: **U round?**

EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Rapper Ballz Deep, aka CHOOCH REYES, 31, fat cheeks and intimidating body dressed in streetwear, bobs his head to crappy rap on his phone.

On his phone, we see an album cover featuring Chooch wearing the same clothes. This is his crap-rap we're listening to.

Jordan rolls up to him in a used, scratched-up Prius.

INT. JORDAN'S CAR - MOVING - DAY

Jordan drives, lip syncing to music playing in his airpods. Chooch sits in the back, watching. Curious.

JORDAN

Oh. I'm a Little Monster, it's what Gaga calls her fans. Like, whenever I feel down, her songs are so fun to sing, you know? You can become the passionate lover in "Alejandro", or the country sweetheart in "You and I"-

CHOOCH

Yo, man, you do not need to tell me this, know what I'm sayin'? 'Cause I'm a Little Monster, too.

MOMENTS LATER

Jordan and Chooch sing along with their patronus, Gaga.

EXT. NORMAL-LOOKING HOUSE - DAY

Jordan rings a doorbell, holding a dufflebag.

Chooch watches from inside Jordan's Prius.

Jordan hands the dufflebag to a mother holding her infant.

INT. JORDAN'S CAR - DAY

Chooch looks at Jordan's Instagram. Tons of pictures and videos of Jordan "in character": fireman, soldier, grandad.

Jordan gets in.

JORDAN

She was so appreciative. I know I'm not supposed to talk about it, but you're really doing a good thing, you know? Giving back.

CHOOCH

(re: Jordan's Instagram)
You really all these people?

JORDAN

I'm the Man of a Million Faces. I could be your girlfriend and you wouldn't know. Not that- Not that I'd- I mean I don't have a problem playing a woman, I just wouldn't want to take a role from one. You know?

CHOOCH

Would you like an acting job?

JORDAN

(*You bet I would!*)
Would I???

He gets a call from **DAD**.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

Sorry, I have to uh...
(answering)
Hey, dad. ... What??

INT. NICK'S HOUSE - DAY

A rock song plays on a record player, something lyrical and bittersweet about time and loss. You know, a dad song.

TROPHY ROOM

Various mounted fish hang on the walls.

Nick stitches himself with fishing line. We hear the front door open. Nick looks up, alarmed.

HALLWAY

Nick quietly moves. Glock 26 drawn.

A shadow moves across the wall.

LIVING ROOM

Nick jumps into view, ready to shoot.

NICK

Down! Get down on the-!

JORDAN

Dad! DAD!! You gave me a key. You gave me a fucking key-!

NICK

Alright, calm down, I lost track of time, okay??

(turning off the music)

Jesus. Sound like a woman on the worst day of her period.

JORDAN

Don't hide behind a woman's menstruation, it's not a good look.

NICK

Neither are those overalls.

JORDAN

They're comfortable. Convenient. Keeps my little notebook handy.

NICK

Jesus, don't say little like that. Men don't have anything little.

JORDAN

Cue side-eye, and-

He shoots Nick major side-eye. Takes a breath.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

Can we talk about how this place reeks of McDonald's and stale farts?

NICK

Yeah, well, cause and effect.

JORDAN

Your face is... What happened?

NICK

It's fine. You don't need to-

JORDAN

I'm coming over to give you a hug.

NICK
Oh. How 'bout a beer?

Jordan opens a window.

NICK (CONT'D)
What are you doing? Keep it closed.

JORDAN
There's too much funk. If mom saw
what you did to this place...

NICK
She'd love it. Would prove her right.
(beat)
I bought *Exile on Main Street*.
Want to listen?

JORDAN
What happened to the car?

NICK
Does it have to be a sports car?

JORDAN
Yes. I told you, my character's
called Hot Rod Ron.

NICK
Okay, but it's not like I can request
a new '86 Firebird.

JORDAN
Well how lost is lost? I mean Tiffany
and I don't shoot the project for
another... Um. Dad?

Jordan gestures. Blood trickles down Nick's arm.

NICK
Eh. It dries.

JORDAN
Can the Firebird be fixed?

NICK
The government has plenty of sedans.
Mine is, does it have to be Hot Rod
Ron? What about Four-Door Ron?
Minivan Ron.

JORDAN
Maybe if you met him...

NICK

Aw, I don't- Don't need that.

JORDAN

(in a Cockney dialect)

"Oi. You expect me to drive a fucking Prius, do you? Limping around as if my asshole's just been fucked?"

A beat.

NICK

He's English?

JORDAN

"Oi. They don't have hot rods in England?? You xenophobic twat."

NICK

All the money and effort you put into your videos, you could have a down payment on a house, a wedding ring, a regular pair of pants. You could do anything you put your mind to. Why this?

JORDAN

Actually, someone saw these videos and offered me an acting job.

NICK

No shit. Is it paid?

JORDAN

I... I didn't ask.

NICK

You didn't ask?? Don't you care???

Jordan exhales with disappointment. He takes out a house key and lays it down on a coffee table.

NICK (CONT'D)

C'mon. I thought we could do something together. Does everything have to be a fuckin' drama?

JORDAN

You pulled a gun on me.

Nick considers this.

NICK

I'm having a pickle. Want one?

INT. JORDAN'S CAR - DAY

Jordan gets in his car. Yells out his frustration.

INT. NICK'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Nick picks up the key Jordan left.

NICK
 (inner monologue)
Really living up to your name.
Nick the Dick.
 (aloud, mad at himself)
 You dumb fuckin'-!

INT. BODEGA GROCERY MARKET - NIGHT

The store bell rings.

Jordan looks at cider in the back of a dingy grocery store.

In the front, a SHADY-ASS MAN raises a .45 hand-cannon to an OLD CLERK.

BLAM!! BLAM!! BLAM!!

Jordan drops out of sight. Breathing hard. Scared. He crawls away from the noise, right over to the sneakers of the Shady-Ass Man. Shady gestures with his gun for Jordan to stand.

Jordan's wet himself.

Shady laughs at him.

Jordan charges at Shady!

BLAM!!

Jordan drops, blood pooling around his chest.

Silence.

TIFFANY (O.S.)
 And cut! Terrific!

A film crew moves about, checking makeup, equipment, etc.

Tiffany addresses her crew while crossing to Jordan.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)
 Lovely work, all! Especially you, my darling.

SHADY-ASS

Jordan. Did you really piss yourself?

JORDAN

Don't worry. I drank two liters of water, it's like, ninety-nine percent mountain spring.

TIFFANY

Yes. Brilliant. Can you do it again?

INT. JORDAN AND TIFFANY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Quick shots of Jordan:

- Choosing an outfit from a vast collection in his closet.
- Choosing a brownish-red wig from a selection of wigs.
- Grabbing a pair of boots from a vast collection of shoes.
- Painting freckles on his cheek.

CHOOCH (V.O.)

I need to know if a place is safe to enter. There's a guy I need to talk to, but I don't know if he has it out for me or not, know what I'm sayin'?

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING HALLWAY - DAY

A one-gallon pump sprayer - the kind an exterminator uses - is set outside an apartment door.

A hand knocks on that door. Zane answers. Furrows his brow.

Jordan stands before him, dressed in an exterminator's uniform, his hair and beard full, red and wild. Like a viking. He smiles, showing off yellow, foul teeth.

JORDAN

(with a Southern accent)
You Zane? Morning! Tater the Exterminator. Hear about your neighbor?

ZANE

Oh, I'm good.

JORDAN

She got 'dem bugs. Bed bugs. Nasty critters. You ask me, they're the Adolf Hitlers of the insect world.

ZANE

You're saying bed bugs are committing genocide in a pursuit to acquire a living space, or *Lebensraum*?

Jordan blankly stares a moment. Pushes his way past Zane.

ZANE (CONT'D)

Don't!

INT. ZANE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Jordan walks past Zane into the apartment. Stops cold.

A really expensive-looking sex doll sits on a sofa.

ZANE

Wasn't planning on anybody, HICCUP, it's a joke.

JORDAN

Now never you no mind now. We exterminators don't judge humans.

ZANE

Oh you don't have to check in-!

Jordan opens a closet, revealing a second sex doll. Shares a quizzical look with Zane. *Really??*

ZANE (CONT'D)

She's my mistress. Jennifer Lopez. So um, since you're here, um, I guess you can take care of my rat problem.

JORDAN

Do what now?

IN THE KITCHEN

A large rat darts across the floor. Jordan's appalled.

ZANE

That's the small one.

JORDAN

Dang, they get bigger??

IN THE BEDROOM

Zane takes Jordan into his bedroom.

A rat darts between the legs of a third sex doll.

JORDAN

Buddy, you have a problem, alright.
Not enough dolls, amiright?

INT. JORDAN'S CAR - DAY

Jordan gets in front. Chooch has been waiting for him.

JORDAN

You're on. He's alone.
(*Not entirely.*)
Well...

INT. ZANE'S APARTMENT - DAY

A loud knock on the door. Zane walks towards it.

ZANE

Dude, new development.

He opens the door, revealing Chooch. Aiming a Beretta 9mm.

INT. JORDAN'S CAR - DAY

Jordan removes his wig and beard. Pleased with himself, he sings a song reflecting that, something like Carly Simon's "Nobody Does It Better" or Tina Turner's "Simply the Best". Or Kanye West's "Power."

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Zane drops from a balcony.

INTERCUT - INT. JORDAN'S CAR / EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING

Back to Jordan singing. Suddenly, he shouts.

Zane hops past Jordan's Prius as fast as he can.

One of his feet is bent like an L.

Chooch runs out of the apartment building.

CHOOCH (CONT'D)
 (pulling Jordan up)
No. No!

 JORDAN
I have to!

 CHOOCH
You clench those fuckin' cheeks, man!
That's DNA up in there! Know what I'm
sayin'?! Fuckin' evidence, man!

He points to the car. Jordan waddles back to it. Chooch shakes his head with disappointment.

INT. JORDAN'S CAR - MOVING - DAY

Jordan's eyes are a thousand-yard stare. Chooch checks in.

 CHOOCH
Feel better?
 (no response)
I'll get you a new costume, if that's
your problem.

 JORDAN
If that's my problem? Shitting into
my costume is like- it's the tip of
my problem dick.

 CHOOCH
Got it. You want to sing to Gaga?

 JORDAN
You know what I want? I want a time
machine. I want to go back in time
and stop me from ever meeting you.

 CHOOCH
Yo, I think enough feelin's have been
hurt today. Know what I'm sayin'?

EXT. LOS ANGELES INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - NIGHT

Jordan pulls over at the Bradley International Terminal.

INT. JORDAN'S CAR - NIGHT

Chooch leans through the window to speak to Jordan.

CHOOCH
I got another job for you. I'll hit
you up later, yeah?

A beat.

JORDAN
You have my number.

INT. JORDAN AND TIFFANY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Jordan enters. Chipper. As if nothing happened.

JORDAN
"Honey, you'll never believe what
happened to me today."

He stops. Sniffs.

Tiffany enters from the bedroom.

JORDAN (CONT'D)
Did you buy a grill?

Nick enters from the patio, drinking a beer.

NICK
I'll bet you've missed my burgs, huh?
Thought I'd surprise you.

TIFFANY
And me. Surpriiiiiise.

She kisses Jordan. Mouths, "What is he doing here?"

Jordan mouths, "I don't know."

Nick mouths, "I can read lips."

LATER, AT THE DINNER TABLE

They sit around the dinner table, eating.

Jordan blankly stares at his phone.

NICK
Something wrong with your phone?
Been calling you for days.

TIFFANY
Well did you try texting? E-mail?

NICK

Nope. I call. I'm more, adults talk to each other. Maybe that's just me.
(to Jordan)
You left this behind.

He slides a key across the table to Jordan.

Jordan slides the key over to his phone, which lights up with a text from BD: **u free next 2zday?**

Jordan flips his phone over. Calmly smiles.

But Tiffany and Nick share a look, sensing awkwardness.

TIFFANY

Your dad was telling me about a major breakthrough he had with a case.

Jordan's phone vibrates. He grabs it and leaves the table to go to the bedroom.

JORDAN

Go ahead, I'm listening.

NICK

Ever hear of a drug called Grease?

JORDAN (O.S.)

What's it do?

NICK

It kills you.

TIFFANY

Grisefanyl. It's essentially fentanyl but like a thousand times stronger, right? Ooh, tell him about Zane.

Jordan returns, ears perking up, recognizing the name.

NICK

Zane. Yeah. Zane the Brain. He's this lowlife dealer I busted. Works for this guy. Real piece of shit.

Jordan straightens, feeling his bowels clench.

NICK (CONT'D)

In Mexico, he's called The Butcher of Broken Men.

Jordan's stomach gurgles, loud enough for the table to hear. He laughs it off.

JORDAN

Just hungry, I guess. Interesting, dad- Hey, love? How was your day?

NICK

I wasn't finished. Usually, the cartels torture either to gain information or send a message, but this guy, this fuckin' guy, one minute he acts like he's your best friend, the next your god damn guts are on the floor.

Jordan twists his face and body. Hums "Let It Go".

NICK (CONT'D)

You alright? What's he doing?

TIFFANY

Darling, do you need to uh, collect your thoughts?

NICK

Oh. You're having the Scary Boom Booms, aren't you? I remember these. He used to get 'em as a kid. The humming's new.

TIFFANY

Yeah, he's found that "Let It Go" from FROZEN really helps him to uh, keep the dogs at bay.

NICK

"Let It Go"? What's that?

JORDAN

It's not your...

TIFFANY

Not for you.

NICK

Fine. Now as I recall, the Scary Boom Booms came when you... well, when you were really scared.

TIFFANY

Babe, what's giving you the Scary Boom Booms?

JORDAN

Nothing. I'm better. I'm better, okay? Crisis averted.

NICK

You believe him?

(Tiffany shakes her head)

Me neither. Let's figure this out. He was normal, then...

TIFFANY

Well you started talking about that Butcher.

JORDAN

(Stop.)

You all... please...

NICK

It was the phone. He received two texts, and after the first one-

TIFFANY

-he turned his phone over. Right! Oh my God. Darling, who texted you??

JORDAN

No one! I'm mean someone did, but...

(feeling "the urge")

Could you all please leave the apartment, please?

TIFFANY

Oh. You need to go?

(to Nick)

He needs to- He doesn't like going if I'm here. He'll wait for me to leave before he uh, releases the hounds.

NICK

Still?

JORDAN

(running)

Just go, thank you!

He goes into the bathroom, slamming the door closed.

EXT. JORDAN AND TIFFANY'S APARTMENT - PATIO - NIGHT

Tiffany and Nick stand in awkward silence. Finally:

NICK

Want to look on his phone?

INT. JORDAN AND TIFFANY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Jordan comes out of the bathroom. Nick's waiting for him.

NICK
Who's BD?

JORDAN
Aw, god damn it!

LATER

Nick and Jordan sit across from each other, almost like an interrogation. Jordan keeps his eyes to the floor.

NICK
Who's BD? And what's going down next
Tuesday?
(Jordan's silent)
Son, whatever it is, I want to help
you.

Jordan sniffs. Wipes tears from his eyes.

NICK (CONT'D)
Listen. There's nothing we can't do
if we do it together.

JORDAN
... I'd really like to believe you.

NICK
Hey. Believe me.

INT. DEA OFFICE - DAY

Nick walks in. In a funk.

Agents working at their cubicles greet him. He's well-liked.

The DEA looks like any corporate office, only with various anti-drug posters on its walls.

Nick stops in his tracks. Something's caught his eye.

Jordan.

Sitting in an office. His back to us. Shoulders quivering.

Nick frowns, blushing with embarrassment.

INT. PATRICIA'S OFFICE - DAY

PATRICIA VELASQUEZ, 59, hair pulled-back, conservatively dressed in a pants-suit and not giving a damn what anyone thinks about it, hands Jordan a tissue.

Her eyes go to Nick, stepping into the office.

PATRICIA

Your son's in a lot of trouble. He's an accomplice to murder.

JORDAN

When did I say that??

PATRICIA

You chased him down, you put him in your trunk. You did everything but pull the trigger.

(to Nick)

Your new CI. He's dead.

JORDAN

Zane no longer has a brain.

PATRICIA

Says Esteban Reyes killed him.

JORDAN

You called him the Butcher of Broken Men, but in the streets, or whatever, he goes by his rapper name. Ballz Deep. And I might as well tell you since you probably want to know, yes, it is spelled with a 'z'.

Neither Nick nor Patricia know what to make of this.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

He's a client of mine, I'd drive him around and help him make deliveries. He told me it was prescription drugs from Canada that he gave to the needy-

NICK

And you helped him??

PATRICIA

That's distribution.

JORDAN

I was passing them on to moms.

NICK

Drug moms.

Jordan shows them a photo of Chooch on his phone. It's an album cover of Chooch snorting blow off a stripper.

JORDAN

This is him. He's the Butcher, right?

NICK

No. The Butcher's son.

JORDAN

Oh. Guess murder runs in the family. Whatever, he reached out to me. He has another job for me.

NICK

This Tuesday?

PATRICIA

The son gives us the dad.

NICK

Fuck that. Respectfully.

JORDAN

Undercover work is just like acting.

NICK

Patricia, listen to me-

PATRICIA

It's either that or prison.

JORDAN

Prison? But... Prison? I came to you.

PATRICIA

With a confession. Thanks.

NICK

I want an undercover role.

JORDAN

Wait. I'm trying to help you.

PATRICIA

And you will. Or society won't see you again till you're old and unfuckable.

Jordan checks his nose for blood. Grabs the tissue box.

NICK

Me as a second undercover gives the US Government another option to obtain criminal evidence and another set of ears inside the organization to protect-

JORDAN

It's not that I have to work alone, but I don't want to work with you.

NICK

What? Why not??

Jordan turns to Patricia. Gestures. *You see??*

PATRICIA

So... I'm having a fantastic morning, don't ruin it. Nick, you will work undercover with Jordan.

JORDAN

But- You promised.

PATRICIA

That was before you confessed to being an accessory to murder, you accessory to murder.

BREAK ROOM

Jordan watches Nick fills a coffee mug. To the brim.

JORDAN

Uh... Since we're going to be working together, I don't want you to worry about me. My acting style's open to collaboration. I enjoy feedback.

Nick throws his cup. Porcelain and coffee shatter and splash!

Nick walks out. Jordan grabs paper towels.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

Constructive feedback!

BACK IN PATRICIA'S OFFICE

Patricia's speaking with Bam Bam, the Rock-looking agent we met earlier. Nick interrupts them.

NICK

There has to be another way.
Cooperating with the USG against a
drug cartel puts his life in danger
after the investigation. He won't be
able to have his face out there,
we'll have to put him in witness
protection.

(his point)

He doesn't know he won't be able to
act again.

Patricia considers this a moment. Shrugs. *Too bad.*

EXT. OUTDOOR GYM - DAY

Grips hang lights for a film shoot.

Tiffany watches a man performing triceps dips through a
viewfinder. Jordan holds a coffee cup before her eyes.

JORDAN

You were up and down last night. And
were you...? Were you sick?

TIFFANY

Hm? Oh. Nerves. I'm surprised. You
usually sleep like a log. Like...

She imitates Jordan sleeping. Mouth open. Snoring.

JORDAN

Me? You're all with the jimmy-legs.

He imitates her sleeping, legs flailing, etc.

TIFFANY

Hey, hey, can I just...? You're gonna
do so well with your dad.

(off Jordan)

It's true. Just remember, this is not
about winning his approval.

JORDAN

No, I know. I know. I know.

(beat)

Sorry this has to affect you.

TIFFANY

Make it up to me. In Cabo.
I'm seeing an all-inclusive resort.
Bottomless drinks. Whale watching.
And no kids for miles.

JORDAN

Listen, I know you're busy, I just...
I want to make sure you're good.
Are you?

TIFFANY

Be careful. The world you're going
into, the people are violent.
Unstable. And that's just your dad.

INT. JORDAN AND TIFFANY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Nick chomps down on a pickle. He looks pissed.

Jordan comes in dressed like a biker: jeans, leather jacket,
handlebar moustache, etc.

JORDAN

You're using a napkin, right? Tiffany
doesn't like food in the bedroom, and
I swear - watch - if you get pickle
juice on the sheets-

NICK

You don't need a character.

JORDAN

I did one for him last time. Believe
it or not, I am the Man of a Million
Faces, and he's expecting a face-

NICK

We're dickin' around here!

JORDAN

The juice! Please!

NICK

I sent you research on this fuckin'
guy. Did you read any of it??

INT. CLOTHING STORE DRESSING ROOM - DAY

Chooch kicks in a dressing room door!

A violent struggle between him and a big, tough-looking man,
ending with Chooch strangling the man with a shirt.

NICK (V.O.)

*Javier Reyes, aka Chooch Reyes, aka
Ballz Deep, works under his father
for the Oaxaca New Family Cartel.*

INT. CONVENT - NIGHT

BLAM!! Chooch blasts a nun with a shotgun.

NICK (V.O.)
His primary role-

JORDAN (V.O.)
Wait. Wait.

INT. JORDAN AND TIFFANY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Back to Nick and Jordan.

JORDAN
He killed a nun?

NICK
She was sixty-seven. And working for
a rival. Anyway-

EXT. STASH HOUSE - NIGHT

Chooch tosses a grenade through a window. Runs. *BOOM!!*

NICK (V.O.)
*His primary role is enforcer. We need
you to get in. Establish yourself.*

INT. LAVISH MANSION - DAY

Jordan sits with Chooch.

NICK (V.O.)
Build a relationship.

We go to a button on Jordan's shirt.

NICK (V.O.)
*Get Chooch to open up about all the
illegal shit he does. Names. Places.*

INT. JORDAN AND TIFFANY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Jordan slaps a hand on Nick's shoulder.

JORDAN
(in a biker dude voice)
"Listen. Listen, brother. I'm gonna
do that for you, brother."

NICK

What's wrong with you? Is nothing sinking in?

JORDAN

Dad, I know what I have to do, okay? Your research?

(re: a stack of papers)

I read it. And somehow, in the hundreds of pages, I missed the fact that Chooch killed a nun. I'm sorry. Pretty much, the job is he wants me to intimidate someone.

NICK

Well pretty much that worries me.

JORDAN

Well pretty much don't. 'Cause I'm capable of playing a badass. 'Cause if I'm not, and Chooch isn't happy... I know the stakes.

(as the biker dude)

"So. How do we feel about Carl?"

Off Nick's dismay, and the Gaga-esque pop song that emerges-

MONTAGE

Of Jordan emerging from the bathroom dressed as different tough-guy characters, a parade of machismo. With each new character, Nick's patience wears thinner and thinner, until-

NICK

Alright, I can't take anymore! Jesus!

END MONTAGE.

INT. JORDAN AND TIFFANY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Nick goes to the window to look outside. It's dark out.

NICK

Face it, you're not tough.

JORDAN

Not conventionally.

NICK

Son, there are guys that cry at movies and guys that don't.

JORDAN
Excuse me? That's your barometer?
Wait. No movie has ever made you cry?

NICK
You can't show weakness.
Not even in the dark.

A beat.

JORDAN
I understand so much about you now,
and it's tragic. You know what I'm
getting you for Christmas? Therapy.
I'm giving you a hug. Come.

Nick backs away, taking out his gun.

JORDAN (CONT'D)
Shit! Shit!!

NICK
At the meeting tomorrow, you eye the
guy you want to intimidate, and you
show him your piece. Like this.
(he demonstrates)
See? Like this. Here, you try.

He hands the gun to Jordan. Jordan tries.

JORDAN
How do I look?

NICK
Who cares? You have a gun. See?

INT. DEA OFFICE - HALLWAY - DAY

Nick and Bam Bam walk and talk.

BAM BAM
I don't like Jordan having a gun.
Goes against procedure.

NICK
Procedure? Since when do you use
three-syllable words?

BAM BAM
Since Patricia made me controlling
agent.

A LOCKER ROOM

Nick and Bam Bam find CHEERIO, 30, patchy-scruff covering a baby face, eating Cheerios from a plastic bag. He wipes Cheerio dust off his snug, ill-fitting polo.

NICK

Jesus, Cheerio. Can't you eat your breakfast at home? Or in a bowl?

CHEERIO

It's what's you call uh, heart-healthy snack.

BAM BAM

For babies with little tootsie-roll dicks. Almonds. Beef jerky. Margot Robbie's pussy. Those are snacks.

NICK

Where is he? You wire him up yet? How's he sound? Scared?

BAM BAM

Why's the shitter dark?

Bam Bam and Nick look towards the darkened part of the locker room. A torch flame lights a cigarette.

Jordan slowly emerges from the shadows, dressed in all black, his skin a chalky white. An red toupee sits atop his bald head, and dark circles surround his now emerald-green eyes.

It's an appearance that is both dark and strange, and the calm, good-natured manner Jordan carries himself with makes him downright chilling.

Bam Bam gulps, completely unaware of how scared he is.

BAM BAM (CONT'D)

We... We're a no smoking facility.

Nick watches, spellbound, as-

Jordan puts out his cigarette. On his tongue.

Nick and the agents jump and shout.

INT. SUV - MOVING - DAY

A torch flame lights another cigarette.

Chooch gulps, watching Jordan - in character - draw smoke.

INT. DEA VAN - MOVING - DAY

Cheerio watches Jordan and Chooch's conversation on a monitor in the back while Nick drives Bam Bam up front.

BAM BAM

Never told us your kid's a gangster.

NICK

Jordan?

(like he knew all along)

Didn't think I had to. Considering the source.

CHEERIO

Good gosh almighty. Uh. Okay. Bad news alert. Just found out who Chooch wants to target. And. It's an agent.

INT. HIGH-PROFILE TALENT AGENCY - DAY

MAGGIE, 20s, a friendly assistant, answers her boss's phone.

MAGGIE

Tyler Kretch's office.

Her demeanor changes, like she sees a ghost.

Chooch and Jordan pass her, going straight into-

TYLER KRETCH'S OFFICE

Top-notch agent TYLER KRETCH, 29, glances up from his phone. He's seen everything. Done every drug. Nothing phases him.

CHOOCH

Yo, you need to do more for me and my music, know what I'm sayin'?

INT. DEA VAN - DAY

Nick, Bam Bam and Cheerio listen in and watch.

NICK

When you said agent...

Cheerio shrugs. Eats a handful of Cheerios.

NICK (CONT'D)

Maybe this prick's connected to the cartel.

INT. TALENT AGENCY - TYLER KRETCH'S OFFICE - DAY

Chooch paces about Tyler's glass office while Tyler eyes-
Jordan. Standing by the door. Staring back.

CHOOCH

I'm booking my own gigs, man. That's
pathetic. Where my fuckin' tours at?

TYLER

Who's your friend?

(to Jordan)

Hey. You good? Did Maggie offer you a
coffee? Water? Sunblock?

(to Chooch)

I get it. You're frustrated. I'm
frustrated. I've been busting my ass
like you wouldn't believe.

Jordan laughs to himself.

JORDAN

I had a dream. Or maybe I'm dreaming
now. I set a man on fire.

TYLER

Cool. Creepy as fuck. But. Okay.

Jordan approaches. A torch flame emerges from his lighter.

JORDAN

I don't know this man. The fire tells
me I will know him by his dance.

He throws Tyler against a wall!

TYLER

Uh! Maggie!

Maggie and other stunned agents and assistants watch.

TYLER (CONT'D)

What do you want?

CHOOCH

I want my fuckin' tour, bitch.

INT. SUV - MOVING - DAY

Chooch celebrates. Shouts. Pounds on the roof. Jordan removes
his wig and eye contacts, no longer "in character".

INT. DEA VAN - MOVING - DAY

Nick, Bam Bam and Cheerio trail the SUV in tense silence.

EXT. CHOOCH'S MANSION - BACK YARD - DAY

Jordan's red wig flies into an infinity pool.

JORDAN

NOOO!!!

(beat)

That was real human hair.

Chooch dives in after it. He retrieves the wig and places it on his head, trying to get Jordan to smile.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

Can we talk?

CHOOCH

Get in.

INT. DEA VAN - DAY

The agents watch. Nick folds his hands as if in prayer.

NICK

Jesus.

BAM BAM

The wire?

NICK

We need to pull him out.

EXT. CHOOCH'S MANSION - BACK YARD - DAY

Jordan warily looks at the pool. Chooch clocks.

CHOOCH

Scared of gettin' wet?

He splashes Jordan. Jordan leaps back with a little scream.

CHOOCH (CONT'D)

Dude...

He gets out of the water and playfully stalks Jordan.

INTERCUT - EXT. CHOOCH'S MANSION - BACKYARD / INT. DEA VAN
Nick brushes sweat from his forehead. Stomach in knots.
Chooch grabs Jordan and drags him over to the pool.
Terrified, Jordan shrieks so loud, it hurts Chooch's ears.
And all the ears of the agents.

CHOOCH
Fuck, man!

JORDAN
(hopping and clenching)
It's coming! It's coming!!

He hops-dances his way towards the mansion, literally holding onto his butt.

CHOOCH
Shit, I forgot!

Chooch runs, escorting Jordan-

INT. CHOOCH'S MANSION - DAY

Chooch and Jordan run inside. Chooch leads Jordan to the bathroom, and Jordan runs in.

INT. DEA VAN - DAY

Nick turns off the monitors and kills the sound.

NICK
Let's give him a minute, huh?

BAM BAM
I'm just gonna say this. Damn.
What the hell's got into your kid?

INT. CHOOCH'S MANSION - LIBRARY - DAY

Now dressed in a robe, Chooch pours Jordan a Macallan.

JORDAN
I never learned to swim. I tried once
when I was five. It was at the
Newtown Swim Club. We were living in
Pennsylvania then.
(MORE)

JORDAN (CONT'D)

I wanted to swim but was scared, so my dad, he uh, he said there was nothing to be scared of, and he...

CHOOCH

He threw you in.

JORDAN

It's so fucking cliché. Makes it so much more pathetic, you know? So I'm drowning. He pulls me out. And he was so mad. I'm crying, and he, I swear to God, he literally says, "Quit crying, you pussy. Quit crying."

INT. DEA VAN - DAY

Bam Bam and Cheerio turn to Nick, appalled.

NICK

Now hang on a second, hear my side first, alright? I can explain. He was making an ass of himself.

(off the agents)

Hey. Kids were watching. I'm more, I'd rather be the mean dad than have all those little pricks see him as a cry-baby and pick on him.

(adding)

He should thank me.

CHEERIO

Boy, I could spit on you.

INT. CHOOCH'S MANSION - LIBRARY - DAY

Back to Jordan and Chooch.

CHOOCH

Probably thought he was doin' the right thing, yeah? Had no clue he was doin' the wrong. Mine made me go to Cornell.

JORDAN

Wow. We're pretty much twins. Okay, not gonna lie, the whole scholarly vibe of the place is throwing me off. Like... What does yours do?

CHOOCH

My dad? What does yours do?

JORDAN

Ex-military. Runs a charter plane business out of Vegas. And yours?

(Chooch doesn't answer)

Hey uh, word on the street, or whatever, is- I'm not helping you deliver prescription drugs from Canada. Am I?

(off Chooch)

On the news, the police said that Zane, the guy we- well the guy you, uh, how should I say...? Murdered.

CHOOCH

Yo!

JORDAN

It's cool! Hey I'm good with it, man. I'm good. Well, not, not with it, not with the, you know, the...

(reenacting the murder)

But I guess- I'm trying to say I'd like a job, you know? Selling.

Chooch's face goes blank. Hard to get a read on it.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

My acting career's not exactly... on schedule. And, well I'd like to propose to my girlfriend. Start a family. Provide. I mean Jay-Z sold crack.

CHOOCH

Dude, you are not Jay-Z.

JORDAN

And this is not crack. This is...? What is it?

Chooch frowns. Walks away, gesturing for Jordan to follow.

INT. DEA VAN - DAY

Nick watches with Bam Bam and Cheerio. Cheerio loudly eats Cheerios. Nick shoots him an annoyed look. *Stop.*

Blissfully unaware, Cheerio keeps eating, so Nick snatches the bag from him.

NICK

Pay attention.

INTERCUT - INT. CHOOCH'S MANSION - DAY / INT. DEA VAN - DAY

Chooch leads Jordan into a dark room. They're enveloped by darkness, which worries Jordan.

Lights come on, revealing a professional recording studio.

Jordan breathes a sigh of relief.

Just then, Chooch grabs Jordan.

Nick yells at the monitor, feeling so helpless.

CHOOCH

(choking Jordan)

Did someone get to you? No way you're givin' up actin', man, no fuckin' way, you're too fuckin' good.

JORDAN

Pp, pleEEEE...

Jordan pleads with his eyes.

Chooch lets him go.

Jordan coughs as Chooch paces, conflicted.

CHOOCH

So out of nowhere you want to hustle?

JORDAN

Who said I was giving up acting, you fucking psycho? I just need extra cash. Shit.

CHOOCH

Okay. Okay, look... I don't do apologies, okay? So like, we good? Like, I like you, J, you know what I'm sayin'? But you don't belong out on them streets, man.

JORDAN

Oh and you do, Cornell?

CHOOCH

Look. You have the aura of a bitch.

Bam Bam and Cheerio cringe, which Nick clocks.

JORDAN

Respectfully, I disagree.

Chooch takes out his phone. Dials.

CHOOCH
 (into phone)
 Move your ass, Raj. Ballz out.
 (to Jordan)
 I'll prove it to you.

RAJ, 25, frighteningly big and mean-looking, comes in.

JORDAN
 Where did you come from?

CHOOCH
 I got a show comin' up and Raj is
 helpin' me out, know what I'm sayin'?
 Maybe I can do the same for you.

He pulls Jordan into a recording booth.

The agents in the van watch, confused.

Raj signals he's ready to record.

CHOOCH (CONT'D)
 Alright, J, when I signal, I want you
 to make that little bitch sound you
 made.

JORDAN
 I didn't... I don't believe I made a-
 (Chooch lunges)
 -EEEEEEEE!

Chooch nods to Raj. A beat plays. Chooch listens, then:

CHOOCH
*Yo, yo, you throw shade at me? /
 No, bro, gonna make you bleed. /
 Give your neck a squeeze, you go-*

JORDAN
 EeeEEEE...

CHOOCH
Little bitch. Little bitch.

Nick fumes as Bam Bam and Cheerio try not to crack up.

JORDAN
 EeeEEEE...

CHOOCH
Little bitch. Little bitch.

JORDAN
I put a lot of suckas in the ground-

CHOOCH
 Yo, Raj!

He gestures for Raj to stop the music.

JORDAN
 Wait, I listened to your songs - big fan by the way - and I noticed you rap a lot about killing people, but you don't get specific, and honestly, grain of salt, but I feel it's that lack of specificity that's getting in the way of you reaching that next level. You know? Let's. Get. Specific. I'm thinking names. Places. Thoughts?

A beat.

CHOOCH
 Yeah, uh, I think we got what we need from you, so...

JORDAN
 Well let me- how can I show you I'm cut out for the streets? Yo, Raj, give me a beat.

Raj mixes: EeeEEEE... eeeEEEEEEEEEEEE... eeEE eeEE... EEEEEEE.

JORDAN (CONT'D)
 Thank you, Raj.

CHOOCH
 Yo, Raj, if I tried to make you sound like a little you know what...

RAJ
 I'd snap you in half, fold you like a slice of pizza, and make you eat out your own ass.

CHOOCH
 That what you did, J?

Jordan blushes with embarrassment.

CHOOCH (CONT'D)
 No further questions, Your Honor.
 Excuse this bitch.

EXT. WEALTHY NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

A mobile pet salon called **Furrocious** sits parked along a street. Nick hops out of it, crossing over to meet Jordan.

Jordan's eyes are apologetic, knowing he came up short.

NICK

Chin up. You're fine. Alright?
You did good.

BAM BAM & CHEERIO

Little bitch, little bitch.

NICK

You fuckin' clowns shut the fuck up!

Bam Bam and Cheerio pipe down like scolded children.

Nick turns back to Jordan.

NICK (CONT'D)

I'll play what we have for Patricia,
and when she sees what a disaster it
was, she'll have to change her mind.
See? You did good.

JORDAN

Chooch said he has a show coming up.

NICK

Forget it.

JORDAN

I want to keep trying.

NICK

I want more hair on my head.

JORDAN

I didn't nail my first take. So?
I guess I'm not Meryl Streep.

NICK

How many times-?? Jordan, I don't
want you to be Meryl Streep!
(beat, calmer)
If your mom knew you were doing this,
what do you think she'd say?

JORDAN

"Don't listen to your father."

A beat.

NICK

She's a good woman. With questionable judgment.

JORDAN

Don't go to Patricia. Please. One more shot. Have a little faith in me.

Off Nick, taking Jordan's words to heart-

INT. DEA OFFICES - PATRICIA'S OFFICE - DAY

Patricia reviews evidence on her laptop.

Nick and Jordan watch. Jordan wears a scarf around his neck.

Patricia closes her laptop. She's seen enough.

PATRICIA

Is my English bad? I'm wondering why you're making me repeat myself. Chooch gives us Esteban. Now I-

NICK

Show her the bruises on your-

PATRICIA

Excuse me, Nick. Do not talk over me.

Jordan snaps, showing solidarity with Patricia.

PATRICIA (CONT'D)

The both of you: stop fucking with my morning.

(to Nick)

You. I appreciate your situation, but under no circumstance will I let Jordan off the hook till Chooch is Cheeched. You understand me?

(to Jordan)

And you. You were this close to literally shitting the bed. Behind your back, we call you Shit Boy.

(beat)

Do me a favor? Improve.

INT. RUN-DOWN APARTMENT - DAY

The Shady-Ass Man from earlier performs to a camera.

SHADY ASS

"I'm trying to, man! It's hard!"

Tiffany watches him on a nearby monitor. She struggles to focus, looking pale. Her skin clammy.

SHADY ASS (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 "But let me tell you something, and
 this comes from the heart."

TIFFANY
 Cut.

SHADY ASS
 Cut?? I was on fire.

Tiffany grabs her mouth like she's about to be sick and runs out of the room. A beat.

SHADY ASS (CONT'D)
 I might've overvalued my performance.

INT. TARGET - WOMEN'S RESTROOM - DAY

Tiffany pulls a pregnancy test off the shelf.

She grabs a bottle of water.

IN THE WOMEN'S RESTROOM

Tiffany stares blankly at the result of her pregnancy test. A knock on the door startles her.

ANNOYED EMPLOYEE (O.S.)
 You know you're paying for that.

TIFFANY
 Oh. Of course. Sorry.

ANNOYED EMPLOYEE (O.S.)
 Well? Spill the damn tea, girl.

INT. JORDAN AND TIFFANY'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Tiffany finds Jordan watching a movie on his laptop.

TIFFANY
 Are you watching THE DEPARTED?

JORDAN
 Come here. I missed you.
 (she curls into his lap)
 I have to immerse myself into the
 drug world.

TIFFANY

Oh?

JORDAN

That's where I screwed up. It has to feel like I belong, you know?
(sensing something's off)
How was your day?

TIFFANY

I take it you're... so you're building another character?

JORDAN

He's already built.

INT. PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT

Nick steps out of the DEA Van, investigating the sound of a sports car getting closer and closer.

A Chevy Camaro convertible rounds the corner.

Bam Bam and Cheerio stand beside Nick, watching the Camaro.

NICK

That's Jordan. Eighteenth birthday he asks if he can go to stunt-driving school. Man, you should've seen the look on my face. It was finally something I could get behind.

The Camaro roars past them and spins, doing a 180.

It zooms around the agents. Doing donuts.

Impressed, Bam Bam and Cheerio whistle and yell.

The Camaro skids. Smashes into a cement column!!

The agents rush over to help.

Jordan gets out of the car. He looks exactly like a younger version of Nick. Crew cut. Leather blazer. The only difference is their age.

JORDAN

I had it! I'm telling you, I had it!!
(examining the damage)
Jesus, help me. You wouldn't think an American car would...

Nick circles Jordan. Jordan mirrors his movement.

CHEERIO

It's uh, like looking at a live meme.

BAM BAM

(re: Jordan)

How it started.

(re: Nick)

How it's going.

JORDAN

Mine is, Chooch is used to seeing me in character. For me to get in, he has to see me in a different light.

Bam Bam looks through the Camaro.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

You fuckin' clowns get out of my fuckin' rental!

Bam Bam finds what looks like a screenplay. When Jordan's not looking, he slips it into the back of his jeans.

NICK

You know why you messed up with Chooch? It wasn't 'cause you acted like a...

BAM BAM

Little bitch. Little bitch.
Last time, I swear.

NICK

You tried too hard, and that's what you're doing now.

CHEERIO

All due respect, I uh, I'm swiping left on that dog of an opinion.

BAM BAM

You have to be a little crazy to do what we do. Let him be crazy.

NICK

None of you know what the fuck you're talking about.

(he sees it's three
against one)

Alright, I'm going in with him and I don't want to hear it. Fuck!

JORDAN

Fuck!

EXT. CITY SIDEWALK - NIGHT

Nick and Jordan walk to the club.

It's the slow-mo walk.

Nick adjusts his blazer. A beat later, Jordan adjusts his.

Jordan does this naturally, he isn't copying Nick.

He is Nick.

EXT. NIGHT MOVES - NIGHT

KILLER KYLE, 41, dressed in tight black, stands guard outside the club. He sees Nick walking over with Jordan.

KILLER KYLE

Nick. Welcome back, my dude.

He brings Nick in for a hug.

Jordan clocks their familiarity.

Kyle grabs Jordan's hand. Stamps a pair of giant breasts on it.

INT. NIGHT MOVES - NIGHT

Nick and Jordan walk into the lobby, a quiet space filled with neon artwork of nudes just outside the main floor.

JORDAN

When the bouncer at a strip club treats you like family, you may be going to that club too much.

NICK

The club's owned by Esteban. Been investigating the place for months.
(sensing judgment)
Just find Chooch. Get back on his good side, and whatever you do, don't look a stripper in the eye.

JORDAN

Jesus. They're human beings.

NICK

Eye contact tells a stripper you want her to come over. You want a lap dance, Mr. Feminist?

JORDAN

You know me. Nothing I love more than putting my face between a pair of first-class hoots.

He acts out motorboating breasts.

NICK

Hey! Stop! Don't put words into my mouth. I would never say "hoots".
(composing himself)
Keep your distance. We look like a couple of fuckin' assholes.

THE MAIN FLOOR

A stripper with a gnarly C-section dances around a pole as horny bros place ones and fives into her leopard g-string.

Half-naked HEATHER, 20, greets Nick and Jordan at the door.

HEATHER

Nick! Hi! Who's your... friend?

Jordan averts his eyes.

NICK

It's alright, you can look at Heather.

HEATHER

You here for dining?

JORDAN

Is anyone?

INT. DEA VAN - NIGHT

Jordan and Nick appear on monitors. Cheerio pulls out a bag of Cheerios to eat. Bam Bam watches him.

BAM BAM

Can I talk to you about something personal? The Cheerios. You want all the guys thinking you're a toddler?

CHEERIO

See, I'm a religious person, so I figure only Our Father can judge me. The rest can respectfully eat my butt. 'Kay?

(changing the subject)

(MORE)

CHEERIO (CONT'D)

Now speaking of religion, I uh, did see you breaking the ol' Seventh Commandment. Yessir, I peeped you taking something from Jordan's car.

BAM BAM

Oh shit!

He reaches under a seat and pulls out the script: **MAD DAD, a one-man musical written by Jordan Johnson.**

They look at it like they discovered treasure.

INT. NIGHT MOVES - MAIN FLOOR - NIGHT

Nick grabs a beer at the bar.

Jordan's exploring on his own. Any time a stripper tries to make eye contact, Jordan turns away.

SHARONA, 49, a six-foot tall wall of woman, appears through a metallic fringe curtain.

She and Jordan make eye contact. Knowing what this means, Jordan immediately turns and high-tails it away from her-

Too late. Her long press-ons dig into his skin.

Jordan gulps, intimidated.

SHARONA

As the spider said to the fly,
"You're mine."

CHAMPAGNE ROOM

Sharona escorts Jordan into a sad "Champagne Room".

JORDAN

I'm looking for tonight's entertainment.

(Sharona shimmies)

Oh. No. Not, not that you're not-

SHARONA

Shut up.

She shoves him into a booth. Sits on his lap.

SHARONA (CONT'D)

I'll give you a lap dance so good you'll spooj out your nose.

She jackhammers his groin.

Nick comes in.

NICK

Babe!

SHARONA

Babe? You said I'd see you later.

NICK

The fuck, Sharona?? He's my son!

SHARONA

Don't raise your voice at me!
(appraising Jordan)
Your son?

She crosses to Nick. Slides a hand between his legs.

JORDAN

Okay. Ohhhhhkay.

SHARONA

(to Nick, flirting)
I missed you. You and your mayonnaise
launcher.

JORDAN

You know what I fuckin' miss?
My innocence.

MAIN STAGE AREA

Strippers exit as the main stage becomes dark.

Horny bros get riled up, expecting some kind of headliner.

Instead, stage lights rise on Chooch.

CHOOCH

Yo yo yo! Let me show you how we do
it, we do it Ballz Deep!

Jordan, Nick and Sharona come out of the Champagne Room.

The crowd boos Chooch. Some toss shrimp at him.

Furious, Chooch dives into the crowd. Tumbles into Sharona,
knocking her over. She attacks Chooch. They tangle.

Nick and Jordan try to pull Sharona off Chooch, so Sharona
turns her rage against Nick, now pummeling him.

INT. DEA VAN - NIGHT

Bam Bam and Cheerio read Jordan's script. Seeing the melee on the monitors, they share a look, then go back to reading.

INT. NIGHT MOVES - MAIN FLOOR - NIGHT

Fights break out across the club.

A Kobe Jersey Bro sneaks up behind Chooch with a chair.

Jordan clocks this and steps in. Raking Kobe's eyes.

And kicking him in the balls.

Seeing what Jordan's done, Chooch nods a thanks.

Meanwhile, Sharona sits on Nick's back, choking him with her g-string. Jordan steps in front of them.

JORDAN

Let him go!

Nick gives him a thumbs up.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

Oh you've got this, huh?

(Nick nods)

'Cause to me it looks like you're getting choked out like a little bitch.

Taking offense, Sharona tosses Nick aside.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

Hey, relax, I said like a bitch not by one.

Chooch uses a stripper pole to fend off bros and bouncers.

Sharona chases Jordan around a buffet table, throwing crab legs and chicken wings at him.

Nick pulls Chooch on stage. They fight side-by-side, using the stage as high ground to fight off oncoming attackers.

Jordan grabs a bottle of hot sauce.

Sprays Sharona's eyes!

While Jordan watches Sharona flail around, we see Killer Kyle creeping up behind him.

A kitchen knife at his side.

Seeing this, Nick goes to help, but a fist catches his jaw.

Kyle raises the knife-

BLAM!! BLAM!!

INT. DEA VAN - NIGHT

The inside of the van is empty.

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - NIGHT

Bam Bam and Cheerio eat snacks and suck down slushies while making copies of the script.

Through the window behind them, we see strippers running.

INT. NIGHT MOVES - MAIN FLOOR - NIGHT

Killer Kyle lies dead.

The only people left on the floor are Nick, Jordan, Chooch, Sharona, and-

ESTEBAN REYES, 52, who emerges from the shadows with a smoking .45 and thugs at his side. Dressed in a suit as if he's coming from a board meeting, Esteban owns the room.

ESTEBAN

Chuchi, my precious boy.

SHARONA

(acting blind)

Who said that? I have hot sauce in my eyes, y'all are moving shapes.

Esteban aims at Sharona.

NICK

You don't want to do that.

Esteban turns to Nick. Studies him and Jordan.

CHOOCH

They're with me.

ESTEBAN

And the girl?

Chooch shakes his head.

The thugs grab Sharona and drag her kicking and screaming into another room.

NICK

Look, you don't know who we are, and you probably don't care.

(re: Chooch)

But if he's with you, that means we, my son and I, we're with you. Mine is, give me a chance to prove we're good.

CHOOCH

He's like, ex-military or some shit.

ESTEBAN

(to Nick)

You speak from your testes-cles. That is how it is said, yes? Testes-cles?

The room agrees. *More or less.*

ESTEBAN (CONT'D)

(re: Jordan)

What can this one do?

CHOOCH

He acts.

JORDAN

It can be useful.

NICK

(re: dead Killer Kyle)

I'm guessing asshole here's one of us, so no one cares if he goes missing, but the stripper isn't. Right? Someone will miss her. And you don't need her linked to you, so take my son, and give me a couple hours to take care of this.

ESTEBAN

(to Chooch, in Spanish)

Take him.

As Chooch pulls Jordan away-

NICK

It's alright.

INT. CADILLAC ESCALADE - MOVING - NIGHT

On Jordan, sitting in the back with a hood over his head.

 CHOOCH (O.S.)
 So you and your dad are close, yeah?
 (no response)
 That's cool. Mine's suffocatin', man,
 know what I'm sayin'? Like he still
 treats me like I'm twelve, you know?

INT. STASH HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Still on Jordan. Still with hood on head. He's walking.

 CHOOCH (O.S.)
 And I get that he's like - careful,
 there's uneven floor - like he wants
 to be supportive and shit, but I'm
 like, "Dad, it's so weird rappin' in
 front of you, man."

TV ROOM

Still on Jordan, hood on head. Now he's sitting.

 CHOOCH (O.S.)
 Your dad still kiss you? Mine does.
That's fucked up. I'm like, "Can't
 you act like a normal-?"

We hear whispering. Could be Spanish.

 CHOOCH (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 Already? Damn, dude. Yo, J, you like
 them pizza rolls? Benny! Get us them
 Totinos to go!

EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Esteban, Chooch and thugs wait outside their SUVs.

A white sedan rolls up to them.

Nick gets out. Crosses over.

 NICK
 Where's Jordan?

A thug opens an SUV door. Jordan steps out.

Nick hands Esteban a phone.

On it is a video of Nick and Sharona.

As Jordan reunites with Nick, we hear the video footage.

SHARONA (ON PHONE)

Nick, don't do this, baby, please-

POP!

Jordan jumps at the sound, betraying his character.

POP! POP!

POP!

Jordan looks at Nick, horrified. *What did you do??*

NICK

You satisfied?

Esteban nods. Hands the phone back.

Nick drops the phone.

Stomps on it.

ESTEBAN

My Chuchi tells me you are in the transportation business, no?

NICK

Something else I can do?

Esteban studies Nick a moment, then he, Chooch and their thugs get into the SUVs and drive off.

Jordan stares at Nick in shock. Nick walks back to his car.

INT. NICK'S CAR - MOVING - NIGHT

Nick and Jordan ride in horrible silence.

NICK

It was either her or all three of us.
She saved our lives.

Jordan looks down at his hands. They're shaking.

NICK (CONT'D)

You're pumping adrenaline.

JORDAN
 (agitated, as Nick)
You're pumping adrenaline. I'm fine.

Nick tries to touch Jordan's shoulder in a supportive way, but Jordan swats him off, which leads to an awkward pause.

NICK
 You know, when my hands shake, I um, well I found a trick that helps me.

INT. JORDAN AND TIFFANY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Nick pours Jameson into a glass. Fills it all the way up.

Jordan grimaces. The place is dark and they speak quietly.

JORDAN
 Big stretch. Turning to the bottle.

NICK
 You know what? You can drop the character now.

JORDAN
 Oh yeah? Well I'm standing here wondering where the hell is yours?

NICK
 You do what you have to do, you think I like it??

For a moment, Jordan can see Nick's racked with grief. Nick realizes this, grabs his glass and moves away.

NICK (CONT'D)
 The alcohol helps with... Just helps. Real trick comes from your mom. You must've been like, six or seven. It's no big deal, happens to all of us, but um, well I'd be in bed with your mom, and-

JORDAN
 Jesus, help me.

NICK
 Oh for fuck's sake! Forget it.

His hand shakes. Just a little. Enough for Jordan to notice.

JORDAN
 You said mom had a trick?

NICK

Yeah. There was a time with your mom when I was having trouble... sleeping.

JORDAN

Just sleeping?

NICK

Keep your voice down. Now your mom, she had me trying tea, which only made me piss half the god damn night. Then after that, we tried-

Tiffany flips on a light. Rubs her eyes.

TIFFANY

Hate to get all like, Bachelor-y, but, Jordan, can I steal you a sec?

JORDAN

Shit, babe. We being too loud?

TIFFANY

Oh I haven't slept. Kinda hard to do that when you don't know when your love's coming home. Or if. You know?
(noticing)
What's on your hand?

JORDAN

Huh?
(re: the giant breasts
stamp on his hand)
Oh shit.

NICK

Tiffany, he's had a very rough night.

TIFFANY

Oh. I'm sorry, darling. Was Brandy not working her pole?
(beat)
I'm pregnant.

Nick and Jordan cock their heads the same exact way.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)

(leaving)
No. Cut! Absolutely fucking not.

Nick and Jordan share a look of shock. *Pregnant?*

INSIDE THE BEDROOM

Tiffany and Jordan are in the middle of an argument.

JORDAN

Aw, Jesus, I can have a serious conversation and stay in character.

TIFFANY

For sure, but out of respect for me and the kind of big situation that we find ourselves in, could we maybe take a tight five on Mr. Nick, so that I can talk to my love and not my future fucking father-in-law?

JORDAN

... I saw a woman get shot.

TIFFANY

You...?

That's awful. She goes to comfort him, but-

JORDAN

Didn't get the Scary Boom Booms, though. Staying in character is the only thing keeping me from...

TIFFANY

Darling...

His phone rings. It's **Chooch**.

JORDAN

Fuck!

TIFFANY

Darling, you need to take a break.

OUTSIDE THE BEDROOM

Jordan comes out of the room, head hung, feeling like shit.

JORDAN

(inner monologue)
*Take a break. Feels like I am.
From reality.*

He looks to Nick, who's still in the living area. Drinking.

NICK

Sounded rough in there.

They hold eyes as Jordan's phone rings again. The sound of his ringtone becomes the sound of propellers, and we-

CROSSFADE TO:

EXT. MEXICO - DAY

A small, ATR cargo plane flies over lush coastline.

EXT. AIRSTRIP - DAY

The plane lands in a desert inland valley surrounded by mountains. It's like Burbank, only hotter and more dangerous.

The plane's cargo door swings down. Out steps Jordan and Nick. Nick holds binoculars to his eyes. Surveys.

NICK

Mexico. I fuckin' hate Mexico.
It's fuckin' hot as fuck.

Bam Bam and Cheerio appear at the doorway.

CHEERIO

I uh, believe we're missing something. Esteban's men? Are we early or are they late?

JORDAN

Guess we should unload the money.
Right?

BAM BAM

Shit, boy, you ever tried to move eight million dollars?

Cheerio smiles, "Shit Boy" being an inside joke.

Nick grimaces. Gives Jordan a look up and down.

NICK

What are you wearing? You're not coming out here like that. Go back in and put on your protective gear.

JORDAN

But-

NICK

No buts. Go. Get in there.

Jordan trudges back towards the door.

INT. CARGO PLANE - DAY

Nick follows Jordan back into the cargo hold.

NICK

In fact, you're not getting off this plane till we're back in the US.

(off Jordan)

You heard me. God forbid the drop goes sideways. Now put on your gear.

JORDAN

Put in your tampon.

Bam Bam and Cheerio shout, approving his retort.

Jordan grabs a bulletproof vest clearly marked: **For Jordan**

There's a stack of large plastic cases. Nick pulls one from the stack and opens it to reveal a 12-gauge shotgun over:

NICK

Don't take it out on me. Bringing you down here wasn't my fuckin' idea.

Or my fuckin' call.

(middle finger to Bam Bam)

But I will keep you safe. That's my call, and I'm fuckin' making it.

Fuckin' speed-dialing that shit.

He opens another case. In it is a LAR-15 semi-automatic.

BAM BAM

Damn, Nick. Who do you think's coming? Satan?

Intrigued, Bam Bam and Cheerio mozie over.

NICK

C'mon. Quit dickin' around. Someone needs to keep watch.

BAM BAM

Look at all this. An RPG?

CHEERIO

Gentlemen, I believe the army no longer has a surplus.

JORDAN

You should see him pack for a road trip.

BAM BAM
Oh shit, we did! The cabin?

CHEERIO
The cabin. Brother...
(to Jordan)
Here's a story for your musical.

NICK
His what?

Jordan stiffens. He hasn't told Nick about MAD DAD.

CHEERIO
Tell you later.

BAM BAM
The three of us were going to Big Bear for the weekend - a weekend, mind you - and we're going up in one car, and your dad shows up with five bottles of bug spray, five bottles of sunscreen and enough food to feed the fifth fuckin' infantry. Being Nick, you know he's got to bring his Kosher dill pickles with him.

CHEERIO
Pickle Nick!

BAM BAM
But then he brings all this other shit, too. Cheetos. Cheez-its. A fuckin' charcuterie board.

CHEERIO
That peppered Salome, though...

He gives a chef's kiss.

NICK
You fuckin' cum stains. I texted you. All I wanted to know was what kind of snacks you liked, and you both said, "Whatever." Whatever? What the fuck am I supposed to do with that information??

BAM BAM
You bring whatever, you don't bring a whole fuckin' Seven-Eleven!

NICK
You bring back what you don't eat!

JORDAN

Alright, take it easy on the old man.

NICK

I'm good. I'm doing my job. A job you put me in charge of, Bam Bam. If Esteban's crew tries anything, anything... I'm doing my job. Do yours. Ingrates. Everything I brought we need.

BAM BAM

You brought a hazmat suit.

NICK

I'm not the asshole who put me in charge! You want to blame someone? Blame yourself.

He sees something far away take shape and holds the binoculars to his eyes for a better look. What he sees drains his face of color.

NICK (CONT'D)

Start the plane. Bam Bam, start the plane.

BAM BAM

Yeah. Copy.

CHEERIO

What is it? Federales?

Nick hands Cheerio the binoculars.

Through them, we see six jeeps. Far away but closing fast.

NICK

Would you bring a shitload of jeeps for a simple drop?

BAM BAM (O.S.)

I think we're being ripped!

NICK

No shit! I told you! Didn't I tell you we need to be prepared?!

BAM BAM (O.S.)

I need to clear four thousand feet to take off! Who's defending the plane?!

Nick looks to Jordan.

JORDAN

I... I can copilot. If you need a...

Nick responds a withering look. He grabs Jordan. Ushers him.

NICK

We're being ripped off and I need your help.

EXT. AIRSTRIP - DAY

The plane's propeller begins to twirl as-

Machine gun-toting, guerilla-looking thugs converge upon it.

INT. CARGO PLANE - CARGO HOLD - DAY

Jordan heaves large duffle bags over to Nick, who stacks them as a barrier between them and the wide-open cargo door.

MOMENTS LATER

Nick hoists up an M2 - a huge, belt-fed machine gun - and falls to a knee, clutching his back. Jordan rushes over.

POP-POP-POP-POP-POP!! Bullets pierce holes through the walls.

Jordan and Nick duck. Bits of dollar bills explode out of the duffle bags.

When the shooting's over, they mount the heavy M2 onto a tripod resting on the barrier.

IN THE COCKPIT

Bam Bam and Cheerio sit pilot and copilot. They've got the plane on the move, but jeeps are surrounding them.

CHEERIO

Good gosh! These dudes are like my eczema rashes: they're everywhere!

BAM BAM

What?? What the hell are they doing back there??

IN THE CARGO HOLD

Jordan's ready to feed Nick a belt of 6-inch bullets as Nick looks for a shot.

He needs an arm to support his lower back, the other he uses to steady the gun. It's a struggle. Jordan taps his shoulder.

JORDAN

Switch.

(Nick ignores him)

Dad.

POP-POP-POP-POP-POP!! Black smoke enters the plane. Nick nods to Jordan. *Okay.* They switch.

NICK

Make sure you aim for the chest.

Jordan looks through the scope. Backs off. Troubled.

NICK (CONT'D)

It's tough. I know. But I believe in you. I know you can light those fuckers up as good as I can. Better.

Jordan furrows his brow. Not the advice he wanted to hear.

A jeep full of guerillas pulls alongside the cargo door, right in front of them. Jordan fires. *BOOM-BOOM-BOOM-BOOM!!*

Blood and guts spray onto Jordan.

IN THE COCKPIT

Bam Bam and Cheerio watch the jeep get cut to ribbons.

BAM BAM

Oh shit! Did Nick bring a Ma Deuce?!

BACK IN THE CARGO HOLD

Jordan sinks behind the barrier, shaking. Bathed in blood.

NICK

How'd you do?

Vomit rockets from Jordan's mouth.

Unfazed, Nick takes over. Fires. *BOOM-BOOM-BOOM-BOOM-BOOM!!*

EXT. AIRSTRIP - DAY

The jeeps back off, allowing the plane to gain speed.

INT. CARGO PLANE - COCKPIT - MOVING - DAY

Cheerio looks out the window as Bam Bam prepares for takeoff.

BAM BAM
Come on. Couple more seconds...

IN THE CARGO HOLD

Nick runs out of bullets. Jordan grabs a belt to reload.

POP-POP!!

Jordan falls. Shot.

NICK
NOOOOO!!

Jordan looks down. The vest he's wearing saved him.

NICK (CONT'D)
See? Told you.

Rage seizes Jordan.

He takes control of the M2.

EXT. AIR STRIP - DAY

A hail-storm of bullets.

Jeeps flip and explode.

INT. CARGO PLANE - CARGO HOLD - MOVING - DAY

Jordan fires round after round, shouting. Purgig.

Nick watches him. Stunned. Even... proud?

Suddenly, the plane pitches up.

Bags, guns and Jordan go sliding. Nick grabs him with one arm and holds onto a cargo net with the other.

Up and up they climb until the plane finally levels.

Nick and Jordan help each other to their feet. There's a pause. As if they're about to hug. Then-

Turbulence. And more smoke. Heavier.

IN THE COCKPIT

Flashing buttons and warning alerts. Cheerio and Bam Bam do damage control as Nick and Jordan enter.

BAM BAM
We lost an engine!

A beat. Jordan makes a split-second decision. Grabs Nick.

BACK INTO THE CARGO HOLD

Jordan hands Nick a parachute harness.

JORDAN
(shouting to cockpit)
Let's go! We have to evacuate!
(putting on a parachute)
You heard him, dad. We lost an engine.

NICK
Son... you don't know how to skydive.

JORDAN
I played an instructor on-

NICK
Fuckin' *Sky Riders* doesn't count!

JORDAN
Look, I don't have time to-
Look around! The plane's going down!

NICK
We don't know that for sure!

The plane pitches.

Jordan attaches himself to Nick.

JORDAN
Don't argue with me, I'm saving your life!

He launches them both out of the plane!

INT. SKY - DAY

Jordan and Nick fall. Wind rippling.

Nick screaming.

The parachute opens. And-

Father and son calmly glide towards earth.

Their cargo plane getting smaller and smaller.

JORDAN

Huh. Plane's still flying. How 'bout that?

(Nick fumes)

You're right. No talking.

We'll just... enjoy the ride.

The long, slow ride.

NICK

Do you have to hold me like that?

JORDAN

Yes. Yes I do.

The ground gets closer.

They brace for impact, and-

EXT. PALATIAL ESTATE - FIRE PIT - NIGHT

A cherry falls into a cocktail glass.

Nick and Jordan sit across a fire pit from Esteban and Chooch.

NICK

So there we were, middle of nowhere Mexico with our dicks out. It's a hot fuckin' feeling, man, let me tell you. It was um, it was hairy.

JORDAN

Like if Big Foot banged a werewolf.

NICK

... Sure. Anyway, we had no way to contact our guys flying the plane. None. Thank God they got a hold of your guys and found another airstrip, otherwise... no sense in coming back. Right?

ESTEBAN

And how did you make it back?

Nick and Jordan share a weary look.

NICK

Story for another day.

He and Jordan share a nod. There's definitely more to this.

ESTEBAN

Well, rest assured, I will never forget your loyalty. You have saved my organization nearly eight million dollars.

INT. BUDGET INN - HOTEL SUITE - NIGHT

Patricia, Bam Bam, Cheerio and other agents watch on a monitor, having turned a Budget Inn into a command center.

PATRICIA

He said the figure. Fuck yes.

EXT. PALATIAL ESTATE - FIRE PIT - NIGHT

Back to Nick, Jordan, Esteban and Chooch.

ESTEBAN

And Jordan, you have now murdered a great many men, yes? How are you doing with this?

JORDAN

I'm definitely not seeing a therapist, if that's what you're wondering. And I'm not having nightmares, either. And my drinking's totally under control.

(a butler hands him an Old Fashioned)

Thanks, I'll take another.

ESTEBAN

Your situation reminds me of one of my Chuchi's rap songs.

CHOOCH

Ugh. Don't be annoyin'.

ESTEBAN

I am not being annoying, I am being inspired by one of your amazing songs. "Shit Happens to Bitches." Have you heard this song?

CHOOCH

They don't want to hear this.

INTERCUT - INT. BUDGET INN / EXT. PALATIAL ESTATE - NIGHT

Patricia pours herself coffee.

PATRICIA

They really don't.

Back to Nick, Jordan, Esteban and Chooch.

ESTEBAN

He says, "You can either be a bitch or a baller with an itch." He is so smart at the rhyming, no?

CHOOCH

You're embarrassin' me.

ESTEBAN

Chuchi?

CHOOCH

Come on. Not in front of...

ESTEBAN

Chuchi...

Chooch lets Esteban kiss him on the cheek. Then he gets up-

ESTEBAN (CONT'D)

Where are you going? Chuchi!

Not listening, Chooch heads inside in a huff.

ESTEBAN (CONT'D)

He hates it when I compliment him.

Jordan smiles, feeling a pang of jealousy.

ESTEBAN (CONT'D)

I have hired him the best music agent, I have let him play at all my clubs. Why has his music not found the success it deserves?

NICK
It's a mystery.

JORDAN
I don't get it. You're surrounded by
killers.

Armed thugs patrol the rooftop and garden.

JORDAN (CONT'D)
Aren't you afraid that if they see
you kiss your boy like that, they'll
think you're... weak?

ESTEBAN
Do you have a son, Jordan?

JORDAN
If you could call him that.

NICK
Hey.

JORDAN
You're right. Still early in the
game, but so far, so disappointing.

NICK
That's bullshit.

ESTEBAN
I agree. I cannot believe you feel
this way about your son.

NICK
He doesn't. He um, he just um...
You know. He rides him hard.

JORDAN
Too hard.

NICK
We're getting off track. Mr. Reyes-

ESTEBAN
Horses are for riding. May I show you
how we treat a horse in my country?

He pinches Jordan's cheeks. Then smacks him hard!

The DEA agents watching wince and shout. That had to hurt.

Without hesitating, Nick grabs a skewer off the fire pit-

Grabs Esteban.

Holds the skewer to his neck.

Nick's eyes are furious.

Thugs train their assault rifles on Nick.

ESTEBAN (CONT'D)
Nick, think of your son.

Nick weighs his options. It's tough. Adrenaline's pumping.

ESTEBAN (CONT'D)
Think of your son.

Tears catch Nick by surprise. He backs off, letting the skewer fall to the floor.

Esteban waves off his men. He's fine.

Nick's in a chair, collecting himself.

Jordan watches. Dumbstruck. He's never seen his dad cry.

Chooch comes out with a plate of pizza rolls. He pauses. Did he just walk in on a fight?

CHOOCH
Yo, what I miss?

LATER

A butler sets down a large hookah.

Nick and Jordan regard it with suspicion. They, along with Chooch and Esteban, are now at a sitting area near the fire.

JORDAN
What's the flavor?

NICK
It's not tobacco.

JORDAN
Oh.
(taking a pipe)
Well, when in Rome, right? Or I guess Rancho Palos Verdes.

NICK
I didn't know you um... You...?

Jordan smokes. Like a pro.

Nick averts his eyes, wearing an uncomfortable smile.

ESTEBAN

You two have never...? What a shame.
My Chuchi and I smoke all the time.

CHOOCH

Yeah, and all you do is talk.

JORDAN

You two talk?

ESTEBAN

Of course. We are best friends.

Jordan takes that in. Turns to Nick. Slides the hookah over.

NICK

Let's get down to business, huh?
Now my charter company's prepared to
continue to run drugs for you, cash-

JORDAN

Dad. Read the room.

INT. BUDGET INN - HOTEL SUITE - NIGHT

Patricia's shoulders slump. She turns to Bam Bam.

PATRICIA

Is SWAT in position?
(Bam Bam nods)
Good. Tell them Mad Dad and Shit Boy
are getting high, so be prepared
for... a lot of bad decisions.

EXT. PALATIAL ESTATE - FIRE PIT - NIGHT

Nick smokes.

Not like a pro.

He's hacking. Coughing.

He may die.

JORDAN

Jesus. I'll get you water.

INT. PALATIAL ESTATE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Jordan walks. Red eyes. Goofy smile. He stops. Turns.

A MENACING THUG, 30s, trails behind him about 15-feet away.

Holding a machine gun.

The thug gives an eerie whistle. Like a bird call.

Jordan whistles back at him. Badly.

JORDAN
Whatever, you don't scare me.

A BATHROOM

Jordan shuts himself inside.

JORDAN
(to himself)
Don't you break character, you pussy,
just get him off your fuckin' tail.

INT. BUDGET INN - HOTEL SUITE - NIGHT

Agents yell various, "No's" and "Don't do that's".

INT. PALATIAL ESTATE - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Jordan "falls", making a loud thud.

JORDAN
Ahhhhhhhhhh! Help! Somebody!!

The thug comes in. Sees Jordan clutching his leg.

The thug puts his machine gun down on the sink.

Jordan kicks him in the balls!

He goes to strike the thug's eyes. The thug grabs at Jordan, pulling his shirt open and revealing the wire on his chest.

The thug blinks. Stunned.

Jordan wallops him with a punch to the jaw, knocking him out!

INT. BUDGET INN - HOTEL SUITE - NIGHT

Bam Bam stands beside Patricia.

BAM BAM

He's been made. We have to send in SWAT. Patricia.

PATRICIA

Let's see what he does.

EXT. PALATIAL ESTATE - BACK YARD - DAY

Nick puts the hookah to his lips. Takes a long pull. He's much more comfortable smoking now.

Jordan appears, marching towards Esteban. With a machine gun.

ESTEBAN

What is this about you Johnson's??

Jordan drops the gun before Esteban. Like a trophy.

JORDAN

Taught your whistle man a lesson.

ESTEBAN

Pepe?

JORDAN

Don't spy on us. We fuckin' bled for you in Mexico, so don't ever question me or my dad's loyalty again. Ever.

INT. BUDGET INN - HOTEL SUITE - NIGHT

Bam Bam gives a victory pump.

BAM BAM

Anybody else rock hard right now?

EXT. PALATIAL ESTATE - BACK YARD - NIGHT

Nick looks at Jordan, confused and amazed.

NICK

Holy shit, son. I mean. Holy shit.

ESTEBAN

What did you do to my Pepe?

The butler stands by the house, gesturing for Esteban.

Esteban nods to Chooch. *Let's go.*

CHOOCH
 (leaving, to Jordan)
 You turnin' a corner on me, man.
 Might have to tear up your bitch
 card. Just might.

Soon as they're out of earshot:

JORDAN
 You need to get rid of your wire.

NICK
 Holy shit.

JORDAN
 Oh my God, are you fuckin'...?

Nick giggles till he cries. He. Is. Stoned.

JORDAN (CONT'D)
 It's alright, I'm gonna help you,
 here, come here, let me...

Keeping watch, Jordan lifts up Nick's shirt. Nick becomes
 moved at the gesture. He tries to touch Jordan's face.

JORDAN (CONT'D)
 Dad, swear to God, we don't have-

INT. BUDGET INN - HOTEL SUITE - NIGHT

Video monitors go dark.

Agents turn to Patricia for guidance.

PATRICIA
 Our case isn't strong enough. They're
 not running, they're trying to save
 it. I say... I say we let them.

EXT. PALATIAL ESTATE - BACK YARD - NIGHT

Jordan helps Nick straighten his clothes.

Esteban and Chooch return with a team of thugs and a beat-up,
 pissed-off Pepe.

INT. PALATIAL ESTATE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Thugs throw Jordan and Nick against a kitchen island, patting down their bodies. Searching their clothes.

JORDAN

What did I tell you, huh? No wires.

Esteban looks through drawers as Chooch is on a laptop.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

No wires, see? Your Pepe's a lying piece of shit.

CHOOCH

Check it out.

On the laptop is a website for Nick's private jet company, with a photo of Nick proudly standing next to a Gulfstream.

ESTEBAN

Prestige Charter Jets. Legitimate.

A beat, then he resumes looking through drawers.

NICK

Hey haven't we been good to you?

ESTEBAN

Look at all these packets of soy sauce. You are right. You have been good to me. And you are right. Pepe is a piece of shit.

Pepe recoils, shocked.

ESTEBAN (CONT'D)

Here is my problem. How can I be sure that you are not undercover agents? Torture? A man will say anything when tortured. No. Torture I do for fun.

(taking out a butcher
knife)

I find lie detectors to be useful, however, this is an Airbnb and the Kempers do not have one.

He slices his finger, checking the blade for sharpness. Satisfied, he licks his wound.

ESTEBAN (CONT'D)

I cannot be sure. And so, there can be only one solution.

Jordan and Nick are pale as ghosts.

ESTEBAN (CONT'D)
I will let you walk away.

Jordan exhales with relief.

NICK
Thank you.

ESTEBAN
With a warning.

Thugs bend Jordan over the island.

NICK
Esteban, Esteban, wait!

Esteban places a game spinner on the island, divided into four sections: **DEDO**, **NARIZ**, **GARGANTA** and **PENE**

NICK (CONT'D)
Whatever you want to do, do it to me,
okay? Do it to me.

ESTEBAN
Dedo. Nariz. Garganta. Pene.

CHOOCH
Seriously?
(pointing to his finger)
Dedo.
(nose)
Nariz.
(throat)
Garganta.
(penis)
Pene.

JORDAN
Oh fuck me.

ESTEBAN
(to Nick)
Spin.

JORDAN
It's alright. Dad? It's alright.

Nick hovers over the spinner.

JORDAN (CONT'D)
Just don't land on *pene*.

Nick steps back, so Pepe grabs him and holds the muzzle of his gun against Nick's head.

ESTEBAN
(to Jordan)
Convince him or he dies.

JORDAN
Jesus Christ, you turned into a sick
fuck fast. Uh... dad...?

Nick shakes his head. He can't do it.

JORDAN (CONT'D)
Let's go home. Okay? It's alright.
I'd rather have you than a finger.

Nick takes a deep breath.

Flicks the spinner.

Round-and-round it goes.

Everyone anxiously watches. It lands on...

JORDAN (CONT'D)
Nariz. That's-

Suddenly, Esteban grabs the back of Jordan's head and-

THWACK!

Blood streaks across white marble.

Chooch turns his head.

Nick charges at Esteban. He's restrained by thugs.

NICK
YOU'RE FUCKIN' DEAD, YOU FUCKER!!
YOU'RE ALL FUCKIN' DEAD!!

Esteban pretends to cry like a baby. Just how Nick's acting.

Off Nick, screaming-

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Darkness. Then, through Jordan's eyes, we see ceiling tiles and fluorescent lights slowly come into focus.

NICK (O.S.)
We're lucky we made it out alive.

PATRICIA (O.S.)
That's why you have to go back in.

HALLWAY

Patricia huddles close with Nick.

PATRICIA
Going back to them would prove you're
not an agent, because what agent,
after being accused of being an
agent, would go back to them?

NICK
A dead one.

BACK IN THE HOSPITAL ROOM

Cheerio and Bam Bam sit, each reading their own copy of
Jordan's script, **MAD DAD**. Cheerio reaches the end. Sighs.

CHEERIO
I uh, I ought to call my dad.

He gets up and leaves, revealing Jordan stirring in bed,
groggy, a huge bandage across his nose. From here on out,
Jordan drops his "Nick" character.

JORDAN
Tiffany?

BAM BAM
She's getting your house ready, my
man. Oh yeah. She's buying you
pillows. Ice. Lingerie. I'm serious,
you're about to get some mad nursing
sex.

JORDAN
How do I look?

BAM BAM
Looks aren't important. Heard you
took that knife like a champ.

He leaves.

Jordan slowly exhales, not feeling good.

Nick comes in, followed by Patricia.

JORDAN

I need an actor. Get me an actor or someone who was one. Go. It's LA, it won't be hard to find.

PATRICIA

I... I was. I was in a Fanta commercial. Remember? *Wanna Fanta?*

Jordan pulls off his bandage over everyone's protests.

The area around his nose is red and swollen.

The tip of his nose is gray. Attached by big, ugly stitches.

JORDAN

Tell me. I need to know. Will anyone cast this face again?

PATRICIA

(to Nick)

You haven't told him?

Jordan looks to Nick. *Told me what?*

NICK

Think of it this way. I'm more, your Uncle Sam gave you a free nose job from the absolute best surgeon. That was in the area. And available.

PATRICIA

And willing to do it at our price.

JORDAN

You gave me a government nose job? This is a government nose?!

EXT. NICK'S CAR - NIGHT

Nick opens the door and helps Jordan get in. Walking around, Nick stops. Cowers, feeling the urge to cry.

He closes his eyes. Breathes. Composes himself.

INT. NICK'S CAR - NIGHT

Jordan flips down the passenger visor to look at himself. Nick gets in the car.

NICK

Doctor said the color will come back
soon as the blood gets flowing.
Listen, before I take you home...
I bought you these.
(holds up a tissue box)
You know, in case you want to...

Jordan examines his face, trying out different angles.

JORDAN

I don't think it's that bad. Do you?

Nick shakes his head. Sniffs. Swallows back tears.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

Awww. Don't cry. You big baby.

NICK

Sure you're alright?

JORDAN

I could use a drink.

Nick opens the glove compartment, revealing a fifth of Beam.

Jordan takes the bottle. Drinks. Coughs. Winces. Drinks.

Nick watches, concerned.

Jordan finishes. Wipes his mouth.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

Oh. Did you...?

He offers Nick the bottle. Nick shakes his head.

Turns the ignition.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING HALLWAY - NIGHT

A hand unlocks the front door.

INT. JORDAN AND TIFFANY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Hearing the door unlock, Tiffany puts down the book of poetry she's reading and hops off the couch.

Jordan enters, holding his shirt over his nose.

JORDAN

You're up. Good.

He lifts the bottom of his shirt to expose his lips, keeping his nose hidden. He kisses her. Winces from pain and crosses into the bathroom. She follows.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

Bandages?

She crosses over to the kitchen area. He follows.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

So I don't know what they told you,
but- What are they doing...?

(grabbing the bandages)

Thanks.

He hurries back-

INTO THE BATHROOM

Jordan unintentionally closes the door on Tiffany. Locks it.

As he talks, he searches through cabinets and grows frustrated. Slamming doors. Tossing out toiletries.

JORDAN

So I don't know what the DEA told
you, but everything's... I thought we
had ointment. Fuck!

TIFFANY (O.S.)

Everything you need's out here.

Jordan grimaces.

OUTSIDE THE BATHROOM

Tiffany waits. Jordan opens the door and passes her on his way into the living area. Shirt back over his nose.

JORDAN

Ointment. Funny word. Ointment.
Oint-ment.

She gently takes his face into her hands.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

I'm a little drunk.

TIFFANY

(feigning shock)

No.

He laughs. Winces. But looking at her, he smiles. Softens. He shows her his nose. She gasps.

JORDAN

I'm fine. When the swelling comes down and the stitching comes out and the color returns to the tip- I mean, sure, it may alter the kind of roles I'm offered, but you know what?

(taking out a bandage)

Acting is acting, and as long as I'm acting, I'm acting. Right?

TIFFANY

Oh maybe wash first? But no ointment.

JORDAN

Lot of successful actors have fucked up- no- interesting noses. I have an interesting nose. This nose is one of one, and I'm one in a million, and you're one in billion-

TIFFANY

Babe, you can just talk to me. You know? How are you? I mean really.

JORDAN

Did they tell you I established my dad's cover? The DEA has no more use for me. I'm done.

TIFFANY

Oh. Okay, great. Then I definitely think we should go away, like, ASAP.

JORDAN

No no no. No. Not with a baby on the- Darling, I need to get my career...

He acts out climbing a ladder.

TIFFANY

Uh-huh. So we're at the level of drunk where you talk in charades.

(Jordan signals we are)

That's a bingo. Okay, thing is, I would really appreciate it if you would stop acting a sec.

He pauses, not knowing how to respond.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)
 Nothing you're doing reads fine.
 It reads like you need help.

JORDAN
 (a snide character)
 "You read like you're on my balls."

TIFFANY
 Oh my God! You do this. You use acting as a way to shut me out, and it sucks. I want this baby, but honestly, I'm worried you won't be emotionally there for them, the way someone wasn't there for you.

JORDAN
 Wow. That's fucked.

He gathers himself to go.

TIFFANY
 And now you're walking out like him.

JORDAN
 I'm walking out on ridiculous. You're being ridiculous. And using my dad is pretty low. How am I?? Look at me!

TIFFANY
 Hey, I have a charade for you.

She gestures a film projector.

JORDAN
 Movie.

She gives him the finger.

JORDAN (CONT'D)
 One wor- Oh.

We hold on Tiffany, defiantly flipping him off.

NICK (PRE-LAP)
 She has a point, son.

INT. NICK'S HOUSE - FAMILY ROOM - NIGHT

Nick takes a crunchy bite of pickle while Jordan sits on the couch, mindlessly channel surfing.

NICK

Even when you were a little, you spent a lot of your time pretending to be other people.

JORDAN

You do eat other foods, right?

NICK

It was either the eighth or ninth grade. What was the year you spent trying to be Al Pacino?

JORDAN

It wasn't a year. It was a year and a half. Hey, you showed me DONNIE BRASCO. After that, how could I not become obsessed with The Patch? And you loved him.

NICK

"Forgeddaboutit."

JORDAN

Seriously? That's your best Pacino?

NICK

"Hooah!"

They share a laugh.

A pause.

JORDAN

(he sighs)

Patch has a sweet nose. An actor's nose.

NICK

Listen, I think you have a much bigger problem here.

JORDAN

Yeah. There's shit on TV.

NICK

C'mon, I'm trying to talk to you. Now quit dickin' around and turn that shit off. I mean it.

(Jordan complies)

You know... your mom felt like she couldn't talk to me, and look what happened. Mine is, a man has to work hard, be hard, but only because...

(MORE)

NICK (CONT'D)

When you lay your head down in an empty bed, in an empty house, you learn there are more important things. You understand?

JORDAN

You think I don't know that? Growing up in your house, you think I don't...?

(reigning his frustration)

If I'm worried how this little setback to my face affects my acting, it's because I have a new mouth to feed, and a girlfriend, a partner, who doesn't need to worry about whether or not I'll hold up my end of the partnership. Do you understand??

Nick leans back, agape.

NICK

Jesus Christ. I finally get "Cats in the Cradle".

JORDAN

What is that reference? I mean I know it's supposed to mean something, but I don't know what-

NICK

Look... I have to tell you something.

JORDAN

They still make these?

He picks up an old *Rod and Reel* magazine. Underneath is a copy of Jordan's musical: **MAD DAD**

NICK

It's not about that. It's about your acting.

(with difficulty)

We may have to put you in witness protection. You may have to testify. This makes you a target.

JORDAN

I don't... What?

NICK

Any profession that puts your face out there to the public makes you easier to find, so... you can't...

JORDAN
No. No. You fucked me.

NICK
Hey, don't put this on me, you fucked yourself.

JORDAN
How? How??

NICK
I said there's nothing we can't do if we do it together. Had you come to me instead of Patricia...

JORDAN
Let me ask you something. Do you like getting punched in the face? That's how I feel every time I'm around you. You ever wonder why I spend so much of my life wanting to be someone else, like... anyone else??

Nick grimaces. He doesn't want to hear this talk.

JORDAN (CONT'D)
Whatever. What about Tiffany? She needs to be here for work.

NICK
Like I said, there are more important things than-

JORDAN
No, stop, stop your mouth! God...
Oh my God.

NICK
Alright. No whining. You get served a plate of shit, you eat it.

JORDAN
What? That's a dumb way to live.

NICK
Well that's a dad's life, so...
Dig in.

JORDAN
Do you...? Could you maybe show me a touch, like just a dab of affection? I mean if Esteban Reyes, the Butcher of Broken Men, can do it...?
(gathering himself to go)
(MORE)

JORDAN (CONT'D)
I know I didn't turn out the way you
wanted me to, but neither did you.

NICK
Boo hoo. Go cry somewhere else.
Pussy.

Jordan stops.

NICK (CONT'D)
Go. I'll clean up your mess. So you
can go home, light a candle, get into
one of your snuggler blankets and
have a real good cry.

JORDAN
Dad... What the fuck is a snuggler
blanket? Are you trying to say my
huggle or my snuggie?

NICK
Jesus, you have both??

INT. CHOOCH'S MANSION - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Chooch enters dressed in silk pajamas.

INT. NICK'S CAR - NIGHT

Nick sits.

His eyes are cold. Blank.

He sniffs.

Stashes his Glock in the glove box.

INT. CHOOCH'S MANSION - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Chooch sits at the edge of his bed and gives himself these
affirmations:

CHOOCH
I did my best today. I am ready to be
recharged. I am the future of rap.

CRASH!!

Chooch pulls out his Beretta 9mm.

EXT. CHOOCH'S MANSION - FRONT YARD - NIGHT

Nick puts his hands up, surrendering as Chooch approaches, aiming his Beretta at Nick.

CHOOCH
You fuckin' crazy?? I could fuckin'
kill you, man.

NICK
Relax. You still could.

INT. CHOOCH'S MANSION - RECORDING STUDIO - NIGHT

Chooch sits across from Nick, gun resting on his lap.

NICK
We're good for each other. I'm more,
if you want to end this, fine, but I
want to keep going.

A beat.

CHOOCH
You said, "You're dead, you fucker.
You're all dead."

NICK
I was out of line.

CHOOCH
So out of line! Yo, I was like...
(reacts with shock)
I thought my dad was gonna cut your
ass for sure, know what I'm sayin'?
Like one time he stubs his toe on a
kitchen chair, yeah? I was like, nine
or somethin', and he's all hoppin' up
and down and shit, and it's makin' me
laugh, yeah? You know what he does?

He takes off his Gucci slipper. Shows Nick his right foot.

His middle toe is sliced off.

NICK
Jesus, help me, that's disgusting.
What he did.

CHOOCH
When dads cut, they cut deep.

Nick absorbs. He's right about that.

CHOOCH (CONT'D)
 They also have the power to heal.
 (making up a tune)
Healin', is the feelin', that I need.
 Can you sing?

Nick hesitates. So Chooch cocks his gun.

NICK
Healing, is the feeling, that I need.

CHOOCH
 Mmmm. Keep singing that.

NICK
Healing, is the feeling, that I need.
Healing, is the feeling, that I need.

INT. DEA OFFICE - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

On Nick, telling this story to Bam Bam and other agents.

NICK
 We ended up recording for over three hours. He made me do thirty-five god damn takes, I'm telling you, for a shitty musician he's one fuckin' perfectionist. Anyway, good news is I won him over. He offered me a job.

BAM BAM
 Backup singer?

NICK
 Delivery. Product's coming up from Mexico, and here's the kicker: Chooch said he'll be there.

Agents sitting around a conference nods their heads in approval, including Patricia.

NICK (CONT'D)
 One thing, though. He insists that Jordan's on the job.

Everyone turns to Jordan, a small bandage covering his face.

JORDAN
 I thought my part in this was over.

PATRICIA
 I can do whatever I want with you,
 Shit Boy.

(MORE)

PATRICIA (CONT'D)

I can put you in a dress, give you a sad backstory and make you my very own American Doll.

(to Nick)

Chooch said he'll be there?

(Nick nods)

We arrest him, get him to flip on his dad. Works for me.

JORDAN

So we're all just trusting Chooch?

He and the other agents turn to Nick, waiting his response-

INT. DEA MOBILE UNIT - NIGHT

Patricia and other agents watch Nick and Jordan on monitors from a mobile command center.

EXT. ABUELITA'S CAFÉ - NIGHT

Nick and Jordan in an alley. Waiting. In awkward silence.

NICK

"Hooah! I'm Al Pacino. I talk like this. Hooah!"

Crickets. More silence.

JORDAN

Hey uh, you never told me mom's trick. The thing she did to help you fall asleep.

NICK

Having problems?

(off Jordan)

She um... she told me to make a list of all the things I'm grateful for.

JORDAN

A gratitude list?

NICK

I need you to walk away.

JORDAN

Dad, I'm not busting your chops-

NICK

No, I know, I know, listen to me, I need you to walk away from this.

INT. DEA MOBILE UNIT - NIGHT

Patricia pinches the bridge of her nose. *God damn it.*

EXT. ABUELITA'S CAFÉ - NIGHT

Back to Nick and Jordan.

NICK

This is probably a trap. And it's not that I don't think you can handle yourself or that I don't believe in you or any of that shit. I'm always rooting for you. You're my son. You don't have to be anyone but my son for me to love you.

Jordan takes a breath. This is a lot.

NICK (CONT'D)

I ride you hard because I believe in you. That day at the pool all those years ago, I wasn't mad at you because you nearly drowned, or because you cried in front of all those kids, or because you got the Scary Boom Booms and you shit your trunks, and some of it came out and Danny, that little fuckin' prick lifeguard who used to twirl that fuckin' whistle of his like a fuckin' douche, made me clean it.

(his point)

I was mad at you because I know you can swim.

Jordan fights to stay composed.

NICK (CONT'D)

Can I tell you a secret? I'm your number one fan.

(beat)

Now go. Go.

JORDAN

Not this time. There's nothing we can't do if we do it together.

Nick nods. Appreciative.

NICK

Help me move that dumpster. We might need it for cover.

Jordan crosses to the dumpster.

Nick slips off his belt.

JORDAN

Hey!

Nick uses his belt to handcuff Jordan, then-

He tosses Jordan inside the dumpster.

A delivery truck pulls into the alley.

Nick crosses to meet it. Chooch leans out the driver's side.

NICK

Jordan couldn't make it.

Chooch studies him a moment.

Nick hops onto the loading dock and helps back Chooch in.

INT. DEA MOBILE UNIT - NIGHT

Patricia advises her agents.

PATRICIA

Nothing's changed. We move in once we
have eyes on the package.

EXT. ABUELITA'S CAFÉ - NIGHT

The back of the truck opens, revealing several armed thugs.

Nick's heart drops into his stomach.

Chooch aims an assault rifle at the dumpster.

CHOOCH

Tell your boys to stand down, man!

EXT. BUILDING ROOFTOP - NIGHT

We're looking through the crosshairs of a sniper rifle
searching for a clear shot. The delivery truck's in its way.

NICK (O.S.)

Patricia!

INTERCUT - EXT. ABUELITA'S - NIGHT / EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Chooch pulls Jordan up onto the loading dock.

CHOOCH

You have cameras, we have cameras.

He points to a security camera watching the dock.

Through the rifle's crosshairs, we see the sniper now has a clear shot on Chooch.

CRACK!!

The sniper's bullet slices through Chooch's shoulder!

Two thugs run out of the truck, firing assault rifles.

Two different thugs push Nick and Jordan into the truck.

DEA agents move in with armored vehicles, trying to cut the truck off from two sides, but-

The truck passes through and escapes.

INT. BACK OF CHOOCH'S TRUCK - NIGHT

Two thugs are left with Nick and Jordan. One ties up Nick and Jordan, the other sprays bullets out the back.

CRASH!!

The truck swerves!

Rolls!!

Everyone flies in mid-air, then-

INT. DARKLY-LIT ROOM - DAY

Nick wakes. There's faint, diffused daylight across his face.

He's tied to Jordan. They're both naked, their hands, feet and chest bound by duct tape.

A small window crudely covered by a sheet is their only source of light.

Nick's movement causes Jordan to stir.

NICK
 (whispering)
 Quiet. We don't know who's around.
 (wriggling)
 I need you to brace yourself against
 me. Keep solid like a wall. Been a
 while since I've done this.

JORDAN
 You've done this??

NICK
Quiet.

He wriggles.

Sweating.

His hands break free.

MOMENTS LATER

There's a strip of duct tape stuck across Jordan's chest.

Nick counts down on his hand. 3... 2... 1...

RIP!

Jordan contorts his face in pain and buries down a shriek.

Nick crosses to the sheet covering the window. He pulls the
 sheet off, revealing a porthole.

Nick looks out. Winces. This is the last thing he needs.

EXT. PACIFIC OCEAN - DAY

They're on a luxury mega-yacht surrounded by miles and
 miles... and miles of sea.

INT. ESTEBAN'S YACHT - DINING ROOM - DAY

Esteban sets a chainsaw down on a table in front of Chooch.
 Both wear painter's coveralls.

CHOOCH
 Spin you for it.

Esteban spins the chainsaw like a game of Spin the Bottle.

As the chainsaw goes round and round-

CABIN

Jordan stares out the porthole. Calm. Nick looks around.

NICK
You need to hum, or sing, or...?
I'm confused. Why aren't you...?

JORDAN
Shitting myself? I've accepted my
fate. We're doomed.

NICK
We just need to get off this boat.
I promise, we're gonna be alright.

HALLWAY

Chooch charges.

Chainsaw in hand.

CABIN

Jordan and Nick hear the chainsaw.

NICK
I'm asking you to believe me.

OUTSIDE THE CABIN

Chooch revs the chainsaw. *GRRRR-GR-GR-GR-GR-GR...*

INSIDE THE CABIN

BAM!! Chooch kicks open the door.

Nick and Jordan are gone.

LAUNDRY ROOM

Nick puts on a robe.

Jordan finds a pair of pants. Putting them on, he discovers they're stained with blood. Around the crotch area.

Nick and Jordan share a worried look.

GRRRR-GR-GR-GR-GR-GR...!

MOMENTS LATER

Chooch comes into the laundry room.

It's empty.

Chooch looks around, zeroing in on a set of industrial-size steel washers.

GRRRR-GR-GR-GR-GR-GR...

He opens the first one. Nothing's inside.

Chooch goes to the second one.

Nick and Jordan explode out!

Knocking Chooch back.

Blood sprays.

Chooch wails!

THE BRIDGE

Esteban giggles, watching cat videos on his phone.

Autopilot steers the ship.

EXT. ESTEBAN'S YACHT - PROMENADE DECK - DAY

Nick and Jordan move towards the back of the boat.

LOWER DECK

Nick finds a life raft tied to the boat and stored inside a metal case. Jordan keeps his distance.

JORDAN

You you want to get on a smaller
boat??

Nick ignores him and unties the raft.

Jordan inches towards the edge of the boat. Seeing how close they are to the ocean, Jordan panics and reels backwards.

Almost right into a bloody Chooch. And his chainsaw.

GRRRR-GR-GR-GR-GR-GR!

Chooch backs Nick and Jordan towards the edge.

The ocean waiting below.

Chooch goes to strike, and in the blink of an eye, Jordan grabs the raft and uses it as a shield.

The chainsaw digs into metal.

SNAP!!

The chain strikes Chooch!

He falls overboard!

Nick and Jordan stare a moment, amazed, then:

JORDAN (CONT'D)
 (doing Al Pacino)
 "Yeah, bring it, motherfucker! You think you're big time?! You're gonna fuckin' die big time!"

Nick shows Jordan the raft. It's destroyed.

JORDAN (CONT'D)
 Is there's another?

INT. YACHT - THE BRIDGE - DAY

Esteban presses the intercom. Chooch is taking too long.

ESTEBAN
 Chooch? Chuchi?

BACK OF THE BOAT

Chooch clings for life to the ladder below.

EXT. YACHT - OUTSIDE THE BRIDGE - DAY

Nick and Jordan spy on Esteban through a window.

NICK
 It looks like Esteban's the only one left. Now he probably has a gun or two, so let me handle him.

JORDAN
 Dad, I'm good. I'm full Pacino, baby.
 "Now let's bury this cock-a-roach!"

NICK

Al? Calm down.

(Jordan relents)

Now here's what I want you to do.

I want you to find the engine room
and disable the engines, 'cause
wherever we're going, we sure as hell
don't want to end up there.

INT. YACHT - CABIN - DAY

Esteban walks into an empty bedroom. .45 in hand.

NICK (VIA INTERCOM)

Esteban...

HALLWAY

Jordan listens. Nick's voice is coming through every speaker.

At the other end of the hall, Esteban comes out of a cabin,
and Jordan quickly ducks around a corner and into the-

ENGINE ROOM

Jordan weaves between loud motors and engines. In the back,
he finds a control panel full of buttons and switches.

Jordan stares at the panel. It makes no sense.

He starts flipping switches.

Sparks fly from a battery.

Then smoke.

THE BRIDGE

A fire alarm indicator blinks on a control panel.

THROUGHOUT THE BOAT

A fire alarm sounds.

ENGINE ROOM

Jordan exhales, feeling awful.

MAIN CABIN

Esteban enters. Gun drawn.

Nick's hiding behind the door. He creeps over.

Esteban catches Nick's reflection in a mirror.

Turns!

Nick swats the gun.

The .45 falls far away.

It's just Nick and Esteban now. Mano a mano.

Nick drops his robe. Now naked, he shakes what his mama gave him. He shakes and shakes, tempting Esteban, until-

Esteban finally glances down, and as soon as he does-

Nick attacks!

EXT. MAIN DECK - DAY

Jordan runs outside, coughing from all the smoke.

A dark silhouette makes its way through the smoke.

Chooch.

Holding the broken chainsaw chain.

INT. MAIN CABIN - DAY

Nick and Esteban battle, hand-to-hand, the .45 automatic lying on the floor and always just out of reach.

EXT. MAIN DECK - DAY

Chooch beats the hell out of Jordan.

INT. MAIN CABIN - DAY

Nick mounts Esteban, putting him in a front naked choke hold.

Esteban passes out.

Nick rolls off him. Panting.

EXT. MAIN DECK - DAY

BOOM!! A chunk of wall explodes, scattering splinters and kitchen debris, sending Jordan and Chooch flying.

Chooch is lying face-down. Knocked out.

Jordan grabs a large splinter. Crosses to Chooch-

Chooch STABS Jordan with a splinter of his own!

THROUGHOUT THE YACHT

Fire spreads.

EXT. MAIN DECK - DAY

Nick makes his way out. He sees a life raft drifting nearby.

NICK

Jordan!

EXT. LIFE RAFT - DAY

Chooch lies on the raft, breathing, gathering his strength.

EXT. THE OCEAN - DAY

Nick dives into the water and swims over to the raft. Trying to climb in, Chooch reaches over and drags Nick aboard.

EXT. YACHT - MAIN DECK - DAY

Jordan hobbles over to the side of the yacht. He sees Nick and Chooch battling on the life raft.

Jordan looks at the sea below. Shivers with fear.

EXT. THE OCEAN - DAY

Jordan drops into the water.

He bobs.

Thrashes.

Disappears under.

EXT. LIFE RAFT - DAY

Chooch grabs an emergency kit and smashes it down on Nick!
Emergency supplies sprawl across the floor.

EXT. THE OCEAN - DAY

Jordan pops up out of the water! Begins to doggie paddle.

JORDAN

(singing "Let It Go")

*"The snow glows white on the mountain
tonight / Not a footprint to be seen.
/ A kingdom of isolation / And it
looks like I'm the queen."*

INTERCUT - EXT. LIFE RAFT / EXT. THE OCEAN

Chooch pounds on Nick.

Jordan's doggie paddling turns into swimming.

JORDAN

*"The wind is howling like this
swirling storm inside / Couldn't keep
it in, heaven knows I've tried. /
Don't let them in, don't let them see
/ Be the good girl you always have to
be. / Conceal, don't feel, don't let
them know. / Well, now they know."*

Chooch is still pounding on Nick.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

*"Let it go, let it go / Can't hold it
back anymore. / Let it go, let it go
/ Turn away and slam the door. / I
don't care what they're going to s--"*

Jordan throws himself onto the raft.

Chooch groans with exhaustion. He goes to Jordan-

Rips out the splinter he stuck into Jordan's side, and-

STABS NICK.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

No!!

The bloody splinter drops to the ground.

Jordan aims a flare gun at Chooch.

Chooch laughs. Fearless.

BAM!!

A flare launches into Chooch!! It sticks to his skin. Fire spreads across his body, and Chooch dives off the raft.

Jordan rushes over to Nick.

Applies pressure to his wound.

NICK
Did you swim here?

Jordan nods. A little proud of himself.

NICK (CONT'D)
See? Nothing to it.

There's a twinkle in his eye... that fades...

JORDAN
Dad? Dad!

Jordan reloads the flare gun.

Fires.

The flare arcs into the sky. Off it falling-

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

Rain falls onto a coffin.

Now with a faded scar across the bridge of his nose, Jordan watches mourners take turns throwing dirt onto the coffin, holding in his grief as an OLD PRIEST presides.

OLD PRIEST
"For I know that my Redeemer lives,
and at the last He will stand upon
the earth."

Tears stream down Jordan's cheeks.

TIFFANY (O.S.)
And... cut. Really great, all!

Jordan's acting in a movie.

Tiffany approaches the cast. Her baby beginning to show.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)

We're going to try to squeeze in a quick setup, so please stay close by.

Everyone takes out their phones.

Including Jordan. Tiffany crosses to see what he's reading.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)

"Creating an Emotionally Supportive Home Environment."

JORDAN

Step one: listen first, talk second.

TIFFANY

Feeling okay? Acting without all the...?

JORDAN

The fixins'? I feel a little naked, a lot scared, but... you'll help me through it.

She looks around. Sneaks in a little kiss.

TIFFANY

Bet your sweet ass.

EXT. NICK'S HOUSE - BACK YARD - DAY

Nick lays hamburger patties on a grill.

NICK

You want yours well done, you cook 'em yourself.

SHARONA (O.S.)

You kiss my flaps.

Sharona - alive and well - hands him a plate of fixings.

SHARONA (CONT'D)

I don't trust anything that bleeds.

A glass jar of pickles shatters across the patio.

Jordan stands above it. He can't believe his eyes.

INT. NICK'S TOOL SHED - DAY

Nick offers Jordan a work rag to blow his nose.

NICK
 Guess I should've given you a heads
 up, huh?

Jordan takes the rag. Blows.

NICK (CONT'D)
 I did it for your protection. In case
 Esteban hooked you up to a lie
 detector, which he's been known to
 do, I needed you to pass.

JORDAN
 I thought you were a murderer.

NICK
 Well... technically...

Jordan exhales, overwhelmed.

NICK (CONT'D)
 Take all the time you need.
 My therapist says that-

JORDAN
 Wait. Wait. WHAT??

INT. NICK'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Various agents now casually-dressed converse over drinks.

Patricia proudly shows a video to Tiffany. On her phone, we
 see Nick shooting Sharona. It looks very real.

TIFFANY
 Hm. I would've shot it differently.

EXT. NICK'S HOUSE - BACK YARD - DAY

Nick grills.

Bam Bam and Cheerio watch from the other side of the yard.

BAM BAM
 Can't believe Nick's in therapy.
 Whatever happened to just beating one
 out? Is everyone in therapy?

CHEERIO
 (ruefully)
 Not everyone.

Jordan sidles up to them.

JORDAN

So is this getting my dad a promotion
or something?

Cheerio and Bam Bam share a knowing look.

BAM BAM

Refuse it if he did.

CHEERIO

You uh, notice how Nick's older than
all the other street agents?

BAM BAM

He's been offered tons of promotions.
Shot down every one.

JORDAN

Why?

Cheerio and Bam Bam turn to him. *Why do you think?*

INT. NICK'S HOUSE - JORDAN'S OLD BEDROOM - DAY

On Nick, sitting on Jordan's childhood bed, answering his
question.

NICK

I love what I do.

JORDAN

I know, I know that, but I remember
something about... Promotions come
with a transfer, right? Like an agent
can't be promoted without having to
move somewhere else. Right?

(Nick's silent)

Did you stay here all these years...
for me?

NICK

I read your musical.

He reaches into his pocket. Hands Jordan a business card.

JORDAN

Martin Post?

NICK

He's a theater producer. Owes a New
York colleague of mine a favor.

(MORE)

NICK (CONT'D)

I told him about... your musical.
Said he wants to read it.

Jordan's blown away.

NICK (CONT'D)

Did you know a lot of actors wrote
themselves into projects that
jumpstarted their careers? This can
do that for you.

JORDAN

I mean... I mean... wait. What did
you say about it?

NICK

Aw, c'mon. You know, I wouldn't call
me a Mad Dad.

(off Jordan)

Well I'm working on it, alright?
Jesus. You weren't exactly Mr.
Wonderful yourself. Look around.

Posters of indie dramas, Broadway musicals-

Barack Obama.

Meryl Streep.

NICK (CONT'D)

These aren't the kind of girls on
walls I'm used to, you know? Believe
it or not, you were hard to talk to.

JORDAN

Well you were never interested in
what I was doing-

NICK

Well you weren't interested my shit,
either, son! Made talking hard.

(beat)

We both like different things. Fine.
That doesn't mean... I want you to
know I'm not just a Mad Dad, you
know? I'm a Glad Dad. Whenever I made
a gratitude list, I always put you at
the top. My biggest regret is that I
never made you feel that way.

JORDAN

... You just did.

Nick pulls Jordan in for a hug.

Jordan holds his dad tight. Tears beginning to form.

NICK

You have something. You really do.

Jordan acknowledges.

They both wipe their faces. Give embarrassed laughs.

JORDAN

I'm making sure you're getting a promotion. I'm talking to Patricia. Writing my congressman. Whatever it takes.

NICK

Let's head back, huh?

JORDAN

Wait. I want to take a picture.
(off Nick)
Come on, please? I want to remember this.

NICK

... Make sure you get my good side.

They pose for a selfie.

JORDAN

Johnson Boys on three. And one, two-

We hold on the image they take.

Father and son.

THE END