

THE AMAZING DAYS OF ALEX MAZZE

by

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And

Alex Maisonette

(Based on, TRUE NYPD STORIES)

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INT. SOUTH BRONX HOUSING PROJECTS, APARTMENT - DAY

Sparse, damaged furniture, faded paint...adorns the rundown ghetto dwelling. Sounds of SIRENS, ARGUMENTS and BARKING DOGS penetrate the walls.

YOUNG ALEX MAZZE (12, Black/Latino) paces up and down the narrow hall outside of a door. Anguish on his face.

SUPER - SOUTH BRONX, LATE 70'S

Alex Mazze tilts his head to the heavens, but a torn up ceiling stares back at him. A exhale of frustration...

YOUNG MAZZE

Mom, I got to use the bathroom
really bad. Dad is still in there.

MOTHER OF MAZZE (O.C.)

(Spanish accent)

Dios Mio. Just go in. I have to get
ready for work.

Young Mazze rolls his eyes, shakes his head. He knocks on the door, again, while doing the I-gotta-pee-pee dance.

No answer. He turns the knob...walks in.

YOUNG MAZZE

Dad, I hope you didn't stink it up
too bad in here. I gotta pee, bad.

He inhales deep and holds his breath.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

When Alex Mazze enters, DAD (40's - light-skinned Black, rugged) graces the toilet, but his pants are on...eyes closed, he seems asleep.

Young Mazze studies him with curiosity. Dad breathes, but a small hose is wrapped around his arm. In the arm, a syringe.

First, horror. Moments later, fear and deep sorrow. A tear runs down his cheek. He whispers out loud...

YOUNG MAZZE

No. Dad. No...Why?

With head hung, Alex backs out of the bathroom in silence...as he tries to hold back sobs. He closes the door.

INT. SOUTH BRONX HOUSING PROJECTS, APARTMENT - DAY

Young Alex Mazze wipes the tears away, grabs his jacket and puts it on with the quickness.

YOUNG MAZZE

Mom. Go check on dad. I think he is, uh...Sick.

Out of the door, dashes the disillusioned son.

EXT. SLUMMY AREA - DAY

In an abandoned building's parking lot, Mazze does a 360 degree check, feels safe...relieves his bladder.

Ahead of him...urban blight of the South Bronx. Highlighted with burned-out buildings, garbage and pollution.

YOUNG MAZZE

God, I don't know if you are listening. Don't know if you turned your back to us or what. When I get big...help me to change this. Show me a sign.

A squad car pulls up on the street, not far from where Alex Mazze, pees. OFFICERS get out in a hurry.

As Mazze finishes, the cops give chase. He flees, terror on his face.

Young legs pump as he sprints farther into the midst of rusty cars, discarded sofas and of course, rats.

Checking behind himself as he gallops, he does not see what awaits in front of him.

BAM.

Knocked silly by a forearm. He crumples to the ground.

Alex Mazze peers upward. YOUNG CORTEZ (15, Latino), a wanna-bee gangster, wearing designer jeans...mad-dogs him.

Older and bigger, Alex eyes Cortez with caution, as he rises.

Several steps away, CORTEZ'S BOYS, beat up a KID even younger than himself. Blood runs from his nose, eye swollen.

YOUNG CORTEZ

Asshole, you almost knocked me down. Hey, I know you.

(MORE)

YOUNG CORTEZ (CONT'D)
Your ass lives next door with your
junkie dad, ain't it?

Other kids giggle at him, Alex Mazze squirms.

YOUNG MAZZE
Look, just passing through. I need
to go.

In a Mussolini stance, Cortez growls...

YOUNG CORTEZ
You leave when I say so.
(beat)
For now on, you work for me,
dealing. Might give your junkie
pops a discount. But don't end up
like this fool. Stealing from me.

A punch to the solar plexus doubles over the younger kid who
is surrounded by mini-thugs.

YOUNG MAZZE
Not me. That shit is poison.

Cortez grabs Alex Mazze by the scruff of the neck - then
bends down, so he is eye to eye with him.

YOUNG CORTEZ
You do it. Right now. Or you get
what this clown is getting.

Thrown to the ground, Mazze turns to the side. Cops, still in
pursuit...coming, fast.

Alex Mazze rolls away, jumps to his feet - sprints away. He
zig-zags around obstacles.

Cortez grabs pieces of bricks. Slings them at him. One hurl
busts a windshield on a car.

COP {O.S.}
FREEZE. PUT IT DOWN! NOW!

Bricks falls to the ground as Cortez spins around to face two
officers - sweaty and ready to whoop ass.

Alex Mazze hops a fence and observes the confrontation, from
the safety of bushes that give camouflage.

One cop attends to the injured kid, as the big one slaps the
cuffs on Cortez and his henchmen. Alex Mazze smiles.

FREEZE FRAME

MAZZE (V.O.)

Talk about a sign. I figured out quick, it's way better to be the hunter - rather than the hunted. And that realization...changed my life forever.

FADE TO BLACK.

SUPER - NEW YORK CITY, LATE 80'S

INT. NYPD SUBSTATION - DAY

A busy squad room. Uniforms and detectives interview suspects and victims. The outside door swings open.

A biker looking dude, who looks like he was eaten by a lion and then squirted out it's ass, is pushed inside.

Sporting NYPD blue, ALEX MAZZE's (mid 20s) muscular frame fills the doorway. His smirk, a trademark. Eyes, aflame.

MAZZE (V.O.)

Maybe...that's why I became a cop.

Anger boils as he shoves the suspect through the squad-room to the booking area, where other perps are getting booked.

MAZZE

Move that ass, scumbag.

SUPER - THE REAL FRIGGIN DEAL

They finally reach the booking area. The BOOKING OFFICER (50s - white) shuffles over to them.

BOOKING OFFICER

Alex Mazze. You don't let a day go by, without bringing us a donation. What you got here?

MAZZE

This clown decides he wants to be a boxer and uses his wife's face as a speed bag. She was messed up pretty bad. Then, he tried to swing on me.

The booking officer and the cops around him smile and laugh. They seem to know the answer already.

BOOKING OFFICER
Something tells me he made a bad
decision.

FLASHBACK

INT./EXT. SLUM APARTMENT - DAY

A BLOODIED WOMAN opens the door. She shakes with fear. In the doorway...Alex Mazze.

He turns away in disgust for a moment. Anger sweeps his face. Mazze growls.

MAZZE
Where is he?

A right cross comes from behind the door, knocks the woman to the side. Mazze's eyes get big.

He kicks the door with all his might, the man behind it, in BIKER clothes, flies into a table.

INT. SLUM APARTMENT - DAY

Mazze steps inside and closes the door behind him.

MAZZE
You're under arrest, pretty boy.

The biker gets in a fighting stance.

MAZZE (CONT'D)
Look pal, I ain't no lady. You see
a skirt on me? Although I could use
the work out, you better stand your
wild ass down, or I'll beat it
down. Understood?

To high to care, the biker charges Mazze and screams.

MAZZE (CONT'D)
I love it.

Mazze stares him down, then side steps him at the last second. The biker slams into the wall.

Officer Mazze grabs him by the hair and plants two quick jabs on his face. The excessively drunk biker smiles through bloody teeth and spits at Mazze.

Mazze ducks the red glob, then sends three haymakers to the solar plexus. The biker's face contorts. Then projectile vomits...just missing Mazze, who spins away.

Behind the biker now, Mazze pushes him face first, into the rancid puddle as he applies handcuffs.

MAZZE (CONT'D)
That was for the little lady.
(beat)
Damn drunks. Always want to start puking when the fun begins.

END OF FLASHBACK

INT. NYPD SUBSTATION - BOOKING SECTION - DAY

More cops are around now. Mazze is animated.

MAZZE
After I mop up the vomit with his face, had to bring his sorry ass down for booking...but we could have danced all night. Huh, tough guy?

The booking officer looks over the wife beater.

BOOKING OFFICER
Well, welcome to our fine dining establishment. Officer Mazze will show you to your table.

Mazze shoves the biker down the hallway.

MAZZE (V.O.)
So, it was like this every night. It's the Apple. Whadda-ya-want? Hey, I kinda like the action. Damsel in distress, super hero time, nice workout...and I get paid? Ha...pinch me.

Just then, BOSS (40s), a Jamaican Narco cop, ear to ear smile, surges through the door with ten perps.

BOSS
We have to stop meeting like this.

His big, toothy smile stands out against his dark skin. He honestly seems to enjoy his job too.

BOSS (CONT'D)
Hey Lone Wolf, let me rap to you a minute after I'm done here.

MAZZE
No problem. I'll be in the gym. I was a little disappointed that I didn't hear some ribs crack, when I punched that fool in the chest today. The streets of New York ain't no place to be soft.

Boss laughs and Mazze goes on his way.

INT. POLICE GYM - DAY

Sweat rolls off of Mazze as he cranks the big weights.

BOSS
Whoa. All that weight and no spotter, mon?

MAZZE
You ain't talking to some sickly in the dickly ass brotha here. When it comes to war with the weights, I got the guns to finish the battle.

Even more sweat drips off Mazze, as he sets the barbell back on its stand. He dries his hands off with a towel, shakes with Boss.

MAZZE (CONT'D)
Que pasa. My name is Alex, my friends call me Mazze.

BOSS
My friends call me, Boss. It's not an ego thing, it's the shortened version of my first name. Going for the pro wrestler look, huh?

MAZZE
Hey bro, I worked at Riker's Island. I didn't just want to stay in shape, I NEEDED to be BUFF. On the streets, the intimidation factor plays in your favor. The more Hulkster I get, the less fools want to 'try' me.

BOSS

Not if they got sense in them head.
Anyway, I see you're pretty active
out on the streets. Looks like you
bring in a bust everyday.

Mazze hits the water bottle.

MAZZE

Yeah, thanks. Gotta give taxpayers
their money's worth. Feels good to
get that scum off the streets. I
see you do pretty good at rounding
up cockroaches too.

BOSS

Cockroaches, yes, good analogy.
The more we stomp them, it doesn't
seem to make a difference because
there is another ready to take the
other one's place.

Boss stomps on the floor like he squashes one.

BOSS (CONT'D)

You saw the ten I brought in today?
A dope ring that sold to high
school kids. We got everybody, from
the top guy down to the mules.
Will somebody eventually replace
them? It is certain. But in the
meantime, those kids can go to
school and learn, with one less
distraction to worry about.

Emotion is detected in his voice. A pride.

BOSS (CONT'D)

That's one good thing about working
as an undercover narc. The ability
to change not just one person's
life, but the whole neighborhood
can be saved sometimes.

Mazze towels off and digests the weight of that statement.

MAZZE

Very true. This crack cocaine
explosion is devastating whole
communities, even taking down
entire cities. I wish you all the
luck in the world fighting that
demon, partner. You'll need it.

Boss steps closer.

BOSS
We don't need your luck, brudda.
We need YOU.

Mazze grins and answers in a half laugh.

MAZZE
What? Me? Dude, naw, that ain't my
kind of gig. I'm doing fine,
patrolling for hard heads and
thumping them when they don't
listen to daddy. Narc stuff? I
don't know about that. Why would
you want me?

Boss takes a seat next to Mazze on the weight bench. He
points to the near empty gym.

BOSS
Dedication, mon. Look, where are
all the cops? Why aren't they
trying to bulk up? Work ethic. I
don't see anybody around here
booking more of them blood-clots
than you do.

Mazze grins with pride.

BOSS (CONT'D)
Looked at your record, it's clean.
Think about it. Here's my card.
Anytime you want to talk, I be
there.

Boss leaves. Mazze rolls his eyes.

MAZZE (V.O.)
Who am I? Puerto Rican Serpico?
Get real homey.

INT. NYPD SUBSTATION - BOOKING SECTION - DAY

Mazze books another thug with daddy issues. Boss and his crew
come in with several clowns of their own.

BOSS
Hey, there's Collar Man with his
daily offering to the Gods. When
you gonna join my crew?

MAZZE

Collar Man has to consult with the
crystal ball and get back to you.

A hearty Jamaican laugh reverberates off the walls.

BOSS

Crystal ball, huh? Funny stuff,
mon. We need that spirit here.

SUPER - DOUBLE THINKING ON A DOUBLE LIFE

Mazze smiles as Boss comes closer to him.

BOSS

The drug-man, he wants everyone to
be slaves again. Have you ever had
someone in your family held a slave
to these chains? If so, then you
know what I mean.

MAZZE

Yeah, I know what you mean. Too
well, unfortunately.

Mazze avoids eye contact.

MAZZE (V.O.)

Those words hit the sweet spot for
sure. My first and only thought was
my father. Slave again? Yes sir,
chains, shackles and all.

FLASHBACK - SERIES OF SHOTS

1. Mazze's father leads a line of shackled inmates to a bus.

2. He is seen in prison looking through the cage that holds
him from his freedom.

MAZZE (V.O.)

A man kept from his dreams of
greatness, by a needle and spoon.

3. On a city sidewalk, the father tries to fend off blows in
the fetal position, from three officers who beat him with
nightsticks. Young Alex Mazze looks on from an alley.

MAZZE (V.O.)

Beaten on the street like a dog, by
bad cops.

(MORE)

MAZZE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Nnot even be able to file a report
because of his history as a junkie.

4. A line of Black and Puerto Rican men with sad faces and tracks on their arms, look like zombies, as they populate the street with hungry veins and ragged clothes.

MAZZE (V.O.)
The uncles, cousins and guys I grew
up with that were strung out now.
All were slaves again. From the
Plantation to the Crack-pipe. From
white cotton to white poison.

END OF FLASHBACK

Boss now has Mazze's full attention.

BOSS
Think of the satisfaction you will
have in yourself, knowing you may
have spared hundreds of people the
grief of being that slave. That
prostitute. That convict. Look at
our city. These assholes are eating
us alive. Mazze, if we don't stop
them, who will?

Long pause. His passionate eyes look for a response.

MAZZE
Sorry, I know it's been a while
since we last spoke. Let me give
you my decision tomorrow.

Boss diverts his eyes to the floor, dejected.

BOSS
Oh boy. Here we go. You had three
weeks to think about it. If you
don't want it, say so. Don't be a
wussy-mon. Me hate that.

MAZZE
A minute ago I was Collar Man, now
I'm a wussy-mon? Look, I admit
that before, I didn't take this too
seriously. After what you said
today...well I, it kind of touched
me, you know what I mean? Give me
24 hours. No wussy stuff, I
promise. Bet?

He flashes that Kingston smile.

BOSS

Ya mon, you gotta bet.

MAZZE

I know a homeboy who has been doing narc work for like three years or so. I'll speak to him and get a better idea. Whatever I do, I have to stay Collar Man, or else I get bored.

His strong Island laugh makes Mazze look around for the steel drums and virgin rum.

BOSS

I guarantee, you'll have so many clean collars, folks will think you own a dry cleaners.

EXT. NYPD SUBSTATION - DAY

Mazze walks out of the door with a grin.

MAZZE (V.O.)

My man is corny as hell, but I see a chance here. I'll consult with those, in the know. My homeboy Agostin. Shit, known Ago since age twelve. Whatever he said about this job would have the most weight of all. And the other guy...is my dad. I'll go there first.

INT. VISITOR'S ROOM - DAY

Anxious, Mazze sits next to a cheap plastic table. He hears multiple footsteps and looks up. His DAD, (now 60's), frowns as he's lead into the room and is seated opposite his son.

DAD

What you want, boy?

MAZZE

It's been a while, Pops. Just wanted to say hello, ya know, see how you're doing.

DAD

Great, you see me. I wanna get high but can't, that's my news.

(MORE)

DAD (CONT'D)

You got something to tell me? I was in the middle of a checkers game I was winning.

After a deep breath, Mazze lets it out.

MAZZE

Well, I'm still at NYPD, and--

DAD

Don't remind me. Embarrassed enough about that shit.

Mazze pretends it doesn't hurt him to the core. He regroups.

MAZZE

Look, since I was a kid, I saw what these damn drugs did to our people. Did to you. It's evil and I want to fight it, directly. In the Narcotics squad.

He old man stares at his face like he has bugs crawling across it. A sneer develops.

DAD

A narc? A fucking what?

MAZZE

Narcotics detective.

His eyes, lock into his son's. He shakes his head in disgust, turns to the side.

DAD

Guard. Guard! Get me outta here.

CORRECTIONS OFFICERS help him up as his intense glare doesn't stray from his son. Disapproval? Yeah. Hell yeah. Mazze tries to show no emotion...but signs of his rejection, squirm out.

INT. JAMAICAN RESTAURANT - DAY

The Ziggy Marley body-double leads in AGO (mid 20s, Latino) He steps with swagger to Mazze's table where an ice cold RED STRIPE bottle is close to dry on the inside.

AGO

Mazze, what's up homey? Nice choice here, you smell that food? Mmm, brings back memories. I used to have a Jamaican girlfriend and damn, she could cook.

(MORE)

AGO (CONT'D)

The dinners she made weren't too bad either. Ya feel me?

MAZZE

Yeah, yeah, Studly, whatever. Have a seat. Your brewski needs a kiss.

He eagerly nurses the brown bottle, while he bops his head to a groove by BURNING SPEAR.

MAZZE (CONT'D)

Look Bro, I got an offer to become an undercover. I want you to give me your honest opinion about the gig. And since you knew me before I knew my first pubic hair, let me know if that is something that I could get into. Have fun with.

Ago peers at Mazze like he was joking at first, but sees that it's for real. He smiles, shakes his head then, drains his beer. He slams the empty on the table then signals Ziggy Jr., to bring two more.

AGO

Brother, brother, brother...ain't this about a bitch? I don't know what to tell you, man. I'm alright with it. Good pay, super overtime, not locked in a stuffy office and sometimes, even score some tail once in while.

Ago grins like a fox.

AGO (CONT'D)

If a chick has to bang me so I don't blow my cover, and plus I get paid while I'm getting laid? Yo cousin, you know me. I could do that till I retire, then come back and volunteer.

MAZZE

You're sick puppy my friend. So you think I should do it? Is this your endorsement?

Jerk chicken wings, served with two frosty Red Stripe beers are served. Ago motions for Mazze to 'chill'...with his index finger.

AGO

Hold up. My tongue and lips refuse
to say another word till I burn the
hell outta them with this fine
looking fire meat.

He snatches one, gobbles it down. The wing ends up cleaner
that the top of Charles Barkley's head.

AGO (CONT'D)

Oh yeah, that's the shit.

Ago chugs half of the beer down, urgently, then licks his
fingers. He then notices the anxious face of his buddy.

MAZZE

Well?

AGO

Well what? Good wings, didn't I
just say that?

MAZZE

Very funny. Don't make me beat that
wing outta you. What about the
undercover gig for me, Alex Mazze?
You think this is the right move
for me, or what?

Ago stares Mazze in the eyes. It seems like days before he
removes his gaze. He smiles, then motions to the plate.

AGO

Relax, big boy, have one.

MAZZE

That dead chicken ain't going no
where. I'd rather have my answer so
I can have some peace.

AGO

You get your answer after the wing.
This food has magic properties that
will expand your mind and enlighten
the inner you...that's smothered
under all those muscles. Then and
only then, will you be able --

MAZZE

Shut up and pass the plate...Dalai
Lama. Damn.

Mazze grabs a wing, munches on it. He smiles in culinary
delight. Soon, he acts like his mouth burns.

Sweat beads form on his forehead, his eyes get watery. Mazze reaches for his beer, takes a healthy swig.

AGO

Perfect. That spicy chicken wing, yo dude, it's a teaching tool...follow me. This job is very good at first with the freedoms and overtime, but I guarantee you that at some point - it's gonna get hot. Not hot sauce hot, I mean dangerous hot. Like, you might not survive, type hot.

He holds up his beer.

AGO (CONT'D)

That's when your team comes in. Your back-up. You have to depend on them to put the fire out. You trust each other with your lives a lot more than you do on patrol. If they suck...you burn up and die.

The undercover veteran slams the rest of his beer.

AGO (CONT'D)

But if it works out good . . .

Ago rears back...lets out a huge belch - that scares the kids two tables away.

AGO (CONT'D)

Ahh, satisfaction. Then you dig in for some more. Your appetite gets stronger.

He wrestles another wing from the pile and rips meat from bone. With his mouth full, he peers over at Mazze.

AGO (CONT'D)

You follow me?

Mazze grins, raises his bottle to Ago.

MAZZE

I do, my brother.

AGO

Good. But if you take the job and get shot -- we never had this conversation.

They both laugh.

MAZZE (V.O.)

I understand, but I'm kind of blown away by such a heads-on analogy. Despite all the bravado, my brother from another mother here, is pretty deep. Tomorrow, I go up to Sgt Rastaman, and tell him to sign me up. Hell yeah.

INT. NYPD SUBSTATION - BOOKING SECTION - DAY

Mazze spots Boss across the room. Both have females in custody.

MAZZE (V.O.)

It seems to be Ladies Night at the slammer. The one he is booking is a drug dealer who resembles Tina Turner. Mine is a prostitute who pick-pocketed a guy. She has them big ass, rubbery, wrap-around lips. Quite uncommon for a skinny white girl. I wondered if that physical feature had more to do with genetics, or her profession.

BOSS

It's a bird, it's a plane,
no...it's Collar Man.

Mazze grins at him.

MAZZE (V.O.)

Corny, corny, corny.

BOSS

That grin, mon. It's telling me something.

MAZZE

Yeah Sarge...did some thinking and I came to say, that I'm down with you. When do we start?

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

Now adult, CORTEZ (30), sports a beard and ponytail, but the mean streak seems deeper.

He goes to the trunk of his car and yanks out a teen....bound And gagged. Fear in his eyes.

Next to the vehicle, cigar in hand...Cortez's father, the KINGPIN (50s Latino). A rugged man, in fancy clothes. He smiles as his son Cortez, tosses the teen into trash cans... then pulls a gun.

KINGPIN
Hey, son. That boy needs an education.

CORTEZ
Steal cheddar from the Cortez family and you expect to live? No...now you pay.

BOOM. BOOM.

Shots echo through the alley. A cop car screeches to a halt. TWO POLICEMEN jump out.

POLICEMAN
Freeze. Drop the gun.

Cortez blasts off a shot towards them. They take cover.

Cortez and his Kingpin dad, dash to their vehicle.

Service revolvers return fire. Kingpin...struck twice as he gets into the vehicle.

CORTEZ
Papi? Noooo.

The car peels out as Cortez squeezes off rounds.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

The sign above the blackboard reads, 'NARCO UNIVERSITY'. The instructor is a graying man, known simply as, THE DON(60s - white) .

In Mazze's class, there are officers who represent police departments from all over the world.

MAZZE (V.O.)
Personally, I had some doubts about this teacher. The days of the French Connection kind of drug dealers was long over. How relevant could this class be to what I was about to face in the street?

The Don, at the board, outlines procedures, as Mazze takes down notes.

MAZZE (V.O.)

Once The Don began teaching, I saw that my fears were baseless. He was very much in touch with today's atmosphere and gave great instructions on how to make proper arrests that stood up in court and more importantly, how to survive. Not just avoiding getting shot by a dealer, but also how to not lose your mind while you are living a double life. The big thing I remember from the class...

THE DON

Every undercover is different. You have to develop your own style. Use everything you saw and experienced in life up to this point and then incorporate it into how you work the streets.

INT. NYPD SUBSTATION - DAY

Boss greets Mazze as soon as he reports. He wears plain clothes now.

BOSS

Heard you did a great job in class. Welcome to the team. Let me introduce you to the guys. 'War Room', first.

INT. WAR ROOM - DAY

All along the walls, photos of people under investigation. On the chalk board, a pyramid design is drawn. Seems like a depiction the organizational structure of a drug cartel. Some names had been crossed out, including Kingpin.

On the other wall is a map. Different color pins on the map are applied by a white guy in a suit, JOHNNY B.(30s). He seems to be deep in thought.

Boss takes Mazze over to him, then stands behind him and clears his voice...a cue for the man to turn around. He doesn't seem to notice, lost in the map. Boss rolls his eyes.

BOSS

Hey Johnny B., I got someone here to meet you.

Johnny B, turns his torso around to face the two. He spots Mazze, tries to ease out a smile, then looks back at Boss.

JOHNNY B
Is this Alex?

BOSS
In the flesh.

JOHNNY B
The Don is a personal friend of mine. He said you were one of his top students...of all time. Coming from that cranky, old geezer, that's one helluva compliment. You must be quite the bad-ass.

MAZZE
Thanks. I'm glad the Don had some kind words to say about me. He never showed it in class. He was kind of a hard ass, ya know? He was cool though. I learned a lot.

Boss puts his hand on Johnny B.'s shoulder.

BOSS
This cat here is the brains of our operation. The reason we have so many busts, is because we're well planned-out and our actions are designed ahead of time. Johnny B., is the reason for that. Once we see where your strengths are, we'll put you in position to shine.

MAZZE
So you are something like the offensive coordinator in football. You study the game films, figure out how to run the 'Xs and Os', then send us out to rack up the touchdowns.

JOHNNY B
You got a sharp one here, Boss. I think he'll do great out there. Yep, I call the plays. You like to get the ball?

MAZZE

Once I get my legs underneath me,
just hand the ball off to yours
truly. I'll run it right up the
middle and dare them to stop me.

Mazze strikes the Heisman pose.

MAZZE (CONT'D)

A workhorse running back with
breakaway speed. You watch.

JOHNNY B

That's what I like to hear. Boss
will let me know when you are
ready. Until then, learn as much as
you can from these schmucks around
here. Everybody here is a teacher,
right or wrong.

INT. POLICE GYM - DAY

Boss leads Mazze into a place he knows all too well, the
fitness room.

In the free-weights section, two puny ROOKIE COPS (early 20s)
who still look wet behind the ears are spotting a hulkster
doing bench presses. It is TURK (30s - Arab).

A huge amount of weight is on the barbell. Turk starts to
waiver. He shouts...

TURK

Take it! Now!

The two young cops seem to panic and have trouble with
stabilization of the weights.

Boss dashes over to them, Mazze follows. They get the weights
from the rookies and set it safely on the mount. Mazze
notices, up close that Turk is huge and...

Fuming mad. Boss spots it and tries to get between him and
his unsuccessful spotters. Turk glares at them, as Boss
speaks to him in his therapist voice.

BOSS

Turk...relax, Turk, I know what
you're thinking and it ain't good.

Boss turns to the rookies.

BOSS (CONT'D)
Boys, I think you better apologize
and leave.

All six foot plus of Turk leaps up. He towers over everyone.

TURK
(Turkish accent)
Boys? They are not even males.
Lift up your skirts and show them
your pussies. Wimpy pieces of shit.
You almost killed me here. Come,
let me crush your skulls.

He advances towards them, red faced and veins on the bulge.
His Middle-Eastern accent makes the threat seem more of a
direct menace.

Boss raises an open hand, as a signal to Turk to simmer down.

BOSS
Turk, please...You ladies better
come quick with the apology. It's
better for your health.

MAZZE (V.O.)
Personally, I'd like to see him
beat their asses. Just for the
entertainment.

The pale rookie speaks up as sweat runs down his face.

ROOKIE #1
I'm sorry Mister Turk. The weight
shifted. We're glad you didn't get
hurt.

He backs his way out of the gym. His eyes do not blink, the
other rookie follows the lead.

ROOKIE #2
I promise it will never happen
again, sir.

TURK
You're damn right it will never
happen again. Don't you bitches
ever come back into my gym until
you grow a pair of man's size
balls. You understand me? Does it
look like I'm playing with you?

They are too busy in exit-mode to answer him. Boss steps in
front of his annoyed detective...

BOSS

It's over, Turk. Calm down.
They're gone. They went to the
store to buy tampons and they won't
be back.

They all chuckle. Turk lets out a big breath. The rage that
had taken over his body subsides. Pretty much.

TURK

You should've let me go, Sarge.
Bunch weaklings and snowflakes.
What kind of losers are the
department hiring these days?

BOSS

Well, looks like they slipped up
and actually hired someone who was
worth their paycheck. Turk, I'd
like you to meet our newest team
member, Alex Mazze.

MAZZE (V.O.)

I wanted him to let Godzilla lose
his appetite for flesh before he
met the new meat on the street.
But hey, it's cool, Andre the Giant
don't scare me.

Mazze puts his hand out to huge gym rat, they macho-shake.

MAZZE

How ya doing?

TURK

I've had better days. Sorry for the
scene.

MAZZE

Hey, no prob, I know how you feel.
I crank some weights now and then.
I find myself using lighter weights
that I can easily handle, rather
than finding a spotter I can trust
and then really challenge my body.
I might have reacted the same way.
No shame in it.

The empathy generates a grin from the once furious Persian.

TURK

I want to look like super hero when
I kick down a door, not librarian.

(MORE)

TURK (CONT'D)
I can't do that when I have to
workout like, child.

MAZZE
I tell you what big man, I'll spot
for you, anytime. Just let me know.

TURK
Boss...I think you got a good one
here. I'll see you around, take
care.

As they depart, Boss lowers his voice...

BOSS
I'm glad you got to meet Turk when
he was in a good mood. You should
see him when he is pissed off.

INT. NYPD SUB-STATION - HALL - DAY

The precinct is busy with people.

MAZZE
So is that everybody?

They venture down the hall that leads to the front door.

BOSS
Well, that is everybody that is
easy to see. I'm sure the Don told
you about the phantom figure that
is crucial to the team. The guy
that can blend in anywhere and
while doing that, he radios the
team to keep them updated about
what's going on up close.

MAZZE
Yeah, I remember. Important guy.

BOSS
We have our own master of disguise
who goes behind enemy lines on the
daily. We call the position, Ghost.
The man who handles that position
for our team is called 'Q'. He's
like our own little Casper.

MAZZE
Q?

A voice is heard behind Mazze.

Q (O.C.)

That's my name, don't wear it out.

Mazze spins around. No one is there. Turns back, and Q, (50s) is in front of him. A graying Black man who wears a suit.

MAZZE

What the...how did you get there?

Boss and Q have a hearty laugh.

MAZZE (CONT'D)

Now I see how you got your job.
That was pretty good. I saw
vampires do that in movies. I warn
ya, if you bite me, my blood is
full of hot sauce, hard times and
battery acid. I'm not even a little
bit tasty.

Q

Don't worry, kid. You ain't my
type.

A female officer with tight pants passes by them.

Q (CONT'D)

That there, is my type. If I was a
vampire, I'd suck on more than just
blood from that mommy. Even
daylight couldn't keep me away from
that.

BOSS

Put it back in your pants, Q. I
have to introduce you to the newest
member of our team, Alex Mazze. I
have a feeling he'll be one of our
best undercovers ever.

He grabs Alex's hand and gives it a shake.

Q

I guess I won't be losing this big
fella in a crowd. Welcome aboard.
I'm just glad you aren't playing
for the other team. You gotta lotta
beef there, son.

BOSS

Take a close look at Q now. If I
see him wear a suit more than once
a decade, it's a miracle. What's
the occasion today?

Q seems to try and hold back emotion.

Q

Well, a nice lady upstairs moved into the building when I did. She had a baby then. A month ago he turned twenty. Two days ago he got shot dead. Stray bullet from a bad drug deal across the street. In a few minutes, we have to bury him.

As he pauses...his upper lip trembles in grief.

Q (CONT'D)

That boy was like a son, I watched him grow. He could have been somebody. Damn drug shit. Man. I tell ya, it's a blight on humanity and I will dedicate the rest of my life to fight this bullshit. I owe him that.

His eyes...water up, he turns away.

MAZZE

Q. I'm sorry, man. That shit tore up my life too. If you need a soldier to go shoulder-to-shoulder in battle beside you, I'm the man. I got no love for any of them assholes. I look forward to taking them down, together.

BOSS

After the services, take the rest of the day off. We can hold it down for you, brother. Be strong for the mom. Tomorrow, we go to war.

Q hugs them both and shuffles away in sadness.

INT. CORTEZ'S OFFICE - NIGHT

In semi-darkness, Cortez throws down a shot from a Rum bottle nearby. He pulls a briefcase from under his desk, then hands it to a thuggish looking guy in a METS jacket (30s - Black).

CORTEZ

You popped his ass good on the drive-by. Here you go. Heard a kid caught some lead, nearby. Be more careful next time.

The Mets loving thug takes the case, opens it quickly, grins.

METS

Nice. Yeah, dumb kid. Slug to the melon. Yo, Cortez, sorry to hear about your pops going out like that, bro.

Another shot is poured.

CORTEZ

Goddamn cops. This is my cartel now. I want blood, and I'll get it.

The new boss, slams down the booze with a grimace.

INT. VISITOR'S ROOM - DAY

Sitting alone, Mazze is approached by a female CORRECTIONS OFFICER (30's) who seems uneasy.

CORRECTIONAL OFFICER

Mr. Mazze, I'm sorry, but you dad declined to see you today.

Mazze hangs his head, eyes trained on the hideous tile under his feet. He gets up without eye contact.

MAZZE

Thank you. Maybe next time.

INT. MAZZE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Mazze tosses and turns in bed, eyes open. He swings over the side and gets on his knees.

MAZZE (V.O.)

I sure hadn't done THIS in a while. I prayed. I prayed for all the mothers who lost sons because of this madness. For all the kids growing up without a dad. I prayed that I could somehow make a difference. Tomorrow, my tour of duty begins.

Mazze closes his eyes tight.

INT. POLICE GYM - DAY

The next morning Mazze arrives before everyone else. He starts cranking weights.

MAZZE (V.O.)
Rough time trying to sleep last
night. May as well hit the gym.
Feed those butterflies in my
stomach, some freshly pumped iron.

INT. WAR ROOM - DAY

Soon everyone gets there. All grab a doughnut and get briefed for the day. Boss conducts the session.

MAZZE (V.O.)
The first thing he does is
acknowledge me to the team. They
seem attentive and friendly.

Mazze stands as cops applaud, he waves back. Next, Johnny B., brings over the map he was working on when Mazze was introduced to him.

JOHNNY B
This entire block is getting over
run by rock-slingers. Our job is to
bust all of the various cells, one
at a time.

Johnny B., points to the map that shows where the various units will make buys.

Later, Mazze is given his assignment, the BIM (Buy money) and the location where to purchase. He makes sign of the cross over his chest as they get him wired-up and ready.

BOSS
You're riding with me. Let's go.

INT. UNDERCOVER VEHICLE - DAY

Other Undercovers are with Mazze in the same car. A thugged-out hooty with dark tinted windows. The first Undercover steps out of the car and goes to his assigned location.

He returns to the car after his purchase. In his hand, he then shows what he purchased. A vial of crack for ten dollars.

MAZZE (V.O.)
Boy it took him over an hour just
to buy that one vial and he's a
veteran undercover with over three
years of buying. I can't imagine
how long it's going to take me.
What the hell am I doing here?

Next up, Mazze. He crosses himself again and does as silent
prayer after he gets out of the car.

EXT. STREETS OF NEW YORK - DAY

He approaches the location. There are three guys in front of
the ugliest building ever seen by man.

Mazze bops up to the one guy who stands in front of the
others. Hopefully he is a CRACK DEALER (20s). As he starts to
open his mouth, then dude asks...

CRACK DEALER
How much you want?

MAZZE (V.O.)
My heart beat is racing so fast, I
think I might puke it out by
accident.

The dealer looks around like his head is on a swivel.

MAZZE
Three, my man.

He then reaches inside a brown paper bag and gives Mazze
three vials with red caps, containing crack cocaine. At three
dollars a piece, he then gives a dollar bill back as change.

MAZZE (V.O.)
As he gives it to me, I feel like I
should jump up and yell out, THANK
YOU!...But then I get my thoughts
together. My job was not just to
buy the crack. I had other things
to do, which comes with the buy.

FLASHBACK

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

Back in class with the Don. He points to the written words on
a board as he speaks on each subject.

THE DON

You must remember what each individual looked like so you can identify them. Remember their clothing what they were wearing. Name each of them with a JD, aka John Doe name. To do that you must remember a distinguishing thing about that person.

BACK TO SCENE

Mazze looks around, furiously.

MAZZE (V.O.)

I now had five seconds to remember all of this. I also had to remember things such as the street address, who the real players are and who is just hanging around...and if anyone has a gun.

As Mazze stuffs the dollar into his pocket, he tries to absorb everything needed. He then scoots away.

MAZZE (V.O.)

This gig as an Undercover was not an easy one. You are supposed to do mental gymnastics while you try to blend in with a bunch of strung-out thugs. This was my first buy and the one buy that I will never forget.

INT. NYPD SUBSTATION - BOOKING SECTION - DAY

Fellow cops congratulate Mazze upon his arrival back.

MAZZE (V.O.)

Later, I then identified all of the three individuals for a positive I.D., to complete the bust.

The crack dealer and others stand for a line-up.

MAZZE (V.O.)

Then...something else hit me. It only took me five minutes to complete my purchase. It took the other undercover over an hour to complete his buy and he was a three year vet. Wow!

SERIES OF SHOTS - MAKING DRUG DEALS

Mazze makes buys in different places...from different faces.
Transaction after transaction, flash by.

MAZZE (V.O.)

Undercover work was falling into place amazingly fast as I went out month after month. You cannot compare yourself to another undercover's style, only the results. Every time I went out, I was racking up 'results' that made everybody take notice.

EXT. STREETS OF NYC - DAY

Winter. Snow falls. Mazze is bundled up and patrols the block in search of dealers. One large snowflake hits his sleeve.

MAZZE (V.O.)

The busts were like snowflakes. No two were alike. But, when seen stacked on top of each other and from a distance...it all looks like the same pile of shit.

Mazze makes a buy from a Puerto Rican guy.

MAZZE (V.O.)

Just like snow, the more you walk on it, the harder it gets. Unlike snow, this blizzard unfortunately featured mostly black and brown snowflakes. No matter the color, these snow drifts had to be moved out of the way, quickly, to prevent a public safety hazard.

Boss's car pulls up. Mazze gets in. The car inches down the road through snow and slush.

Mazze gets out of Boss's car a few blocks down. Boss drives away. Mazze heads towards three knuckleheads.

MAZZE (V.O.)

The main problem with the crack buy is that sometimes they would want you to smoke some, before the deal is complete. As an officer and sane person in general, I cannot do that. This is where it gets...complicated.

Mazze approaches guys standing outside an abandoned building, as they shamelessly hawk their wares.

The main guy stands there in a red Houston Rocket jacket, higher than a spaceman, on his own product. JD name, ROCKETMAN (20s - Black).

ROCKETMAN

My man, my man, we got that sweet crackalacka. We ain't got rocks son, we got boulders up in here. You'll think you been hiking the fucking Rocky Mountains when we hook you up. What will it be brother, what will it be?

MAZZE (V.O.)

I love to bust a big mouth like this. I'm wearing some modest sweats. This jerk didn't know if I was a mechanic, lawyer, preacher or brother in recovery. Selling the shit is bad enough, but don't get up in the face of every stranger going by, pitching this poison.

ROCKETMAN

It's cold in this bitch, whatcha need, homey? Make it quick.

MAZZE

I'll take a 'Jum' and three-for-ten.

ROCKETMAN

That's my boy. I'll hook you up. Yo Holmes, follow me.

MAZZE

Where to?

Rocketman smiles at him. He points to an abandoned building.

ROCKETMAN

You ain't scared are you? It's just over in this bitch here. Bip-bap, we'll be in and out.

MAZZE

No problem.

Mazze follows after him. The two goons standing around the entrance are given the names JD UGLY BEARD (20s) and JD JERI CURL (20s).

INT. ABANDONED BUILDING - DAY

They all saunter into the entrance.

MAZZE (V.O.)

This place is a nightmare. A run
down shithole...that smells like
pee and misery.

As they enter, Mazze looks outside and spots Q move into
position to watch better.

They cruise past a couple of crackheads as they inhale their
destruction, and then over to a far wall, where they stop.
Rocketman happily disappears behind a wall. Mazze turns to JD
Jeri Curl.

MAZZE

He gotta go far?

JERI CURL

Naw, man. That fool be back in a
minute.

The man with the hair-juice stained collar tries to reassure
his customer. Sure enough, in minutes, Rocketman lands in
front of Mazze with a full payload.

ROCKETMAN

Yo son, this here is some fresh
shit. Smells newer than a baby's
bottom. I want you to smoke this
shit first before you cop it. My
shit is the bomb. Here, hit this.

Rocketman passes Mazze a crackpipe that looks like it's been
in a wino's butt a week or two. He waves it off.

MAZZE

Naw man, thanks. I don't wanna get
lit now.

Puzzled, Rocketman's face contorts.

ROCKETMAN

Yo man, I'm gonna lace you up with
some free hits and you ain't down?
What the fuck? You a cop or
something? Look, you either take a
blast or get your ass walking.

The air...tense. The palms of Mazze's hands get sweaty, but
he plays cool.

MAZZE

Yo man. I gotta work tonight. I really can't get down right now.

Rocketman is frustrated.

ROCKETMAN

Look-a-here dude, smoke the shit so I know you ain't no cop. That's the only way we deal. I don't know you from muthafucking Adam. Even though you do look like my cousin, Junebug.

UGLY BEARD

Ain't your cousin Junebug in jail?

ROCKETMAN

Nigga, all my cousins is in jail. That ain't the point.

Rocketman is ready to throw a tantrum, but pulls himself together. He eyeballs Mazze and violates his personal space with his nappy head.

ROCKETMAN (CONT'D)

I ain't got time for this. Do the deal my way...or walk.

MAZZE

Yo, I need my job. Guess I'll walk.

Mazze turns around and heads to the entrance.

MAZZE (CONT'D)

I usually deal with that brother the next block over anyway. Since you was boasting, I figured I'd give y'all a try. But that's okay, peace-out.

Only about four more steps are taken, then Mazze hears his ass...begging.

ROCKETMAN

It's cool, yo bro, come back. I got that shit for ya. You know, just business.

They make the deal. Mazze strolls out.

INT. MAZZE'S DESK - DAY

Mazze types out his report as he sips coffee.

MAZZE (V.O.)

I get back to the team. Make my report. Rocketman, Ugly Beard and Jeri Curl got picked up and charged. Now they can spend some quality time with Junebug and the rest of his kinfolk, behind bars.

Turk goes by his desk and salutes him. They laugh.

MAZZE (V.O.)

Good thing Rocketman called me back. In Q's position as 'ghost', he was watching me very carefully. Much like baseball, we use hands signals to communicate. The next thing the bad guys know, they get their door kicked in. That measure wasn't needed, but I didn't like the way the deal went down. I was put into a position where I had to explain too much stuff. The less talking the better, I don't care whose cousin I look like.

INT. CORTEZ'S OFFICE - DAY

Leaned back on his chair, Cortez rages into his phone.

CORTEZ

Listen. I just got six soldiers yanked by the pigs, not cool. For now on, they use in front of you, or no sale. Got it? Pass it on.

He slams down the phone in anger...stares at it.

SUPER - THE BIRTH OF SIR STINK-A-LOT

INT. BASEMENT - DAY

The menacing guy in front of Mazze is a Puerto Rican with long hair he tied up.

To Mazze, he is JD PONYTAIL (30s). The barrel of his gun points at Mazze's head and Ponytail looks angry.

PONYTAIL

Look, fucker, either fire up that pipe, or we might have a problem.

Tons of tension. Just then, there is commotion by the door. Ponytail's boys let a homeless guy into the room. He has some dollar bills in hand to show he is a paying customer. He stumbles over.

MAZZE (V.O.)

I look at Ponytail like he farted.
He looks at me like I farted. Then
at the same time, we turn to face
the President of I-Never-Wash-My-
Balls University...Professor Do-Do
Pants himself.

Ponytails' lip begins to twitch as both eyes become red and watery. His skin turns pale since he absolutely refuses to breathe through his nose anymore.

The smokestacks from Mr. Funk Factory run full blast and Ponytail is fading fast. He slides his chair farther from his skunk-ish guest.

PONYTAIL

What the fuck!

The fear of death is in his voice. He now points the gun at the new buyer. Mazze grabs his chance to get out quick.

MAZZE

Turn away and breathe through your
mouth if you wanna live. Yo man,
gimme my shit so I can get outta
here. I'm about to vomit all over
this bitch.

Ponytail wastes no time doing the deal at that point. The homeless guy observes it all, with no shame.

PONYTAIL

Let's make this quick so I can get
this stinky fucker outta my spot.

As soon as Mazze's deal is complete, he snatches some tissues, sprays them with Right Guard and holds it under his nose.

Just as Mazze leaves through the door, he turns back to see Ponytail spray this dude head to toe, with the pit-spray.

Mazze stands by the door and smiles.

MAZZE (V.O.)

The idea light goes off in my head. I had found another weapon to use as an undercover. Perhaps the ultimate weapon. One that would get me in and out of spots quickly, minimize cross examination and cause them to avert their eyes even when face to face. Ah, the sweet smell of butt stench. I think you just found a new home.

INT. NYPD SUBSTATION - DAY

Mazze is animated as he sits next to Boss's desk and tells him the story, amid Jamaican laughter.

BOSS

Anything to make you safer is okay with me, mon. But I guess we won't be carpooling anymore. I can barely stand the smell of you, now.

INT. GOODWILL STORE - DAY

Mazze, at the check out line with the baggiest and most worn out clothes in the store. People look at him strange.

MAZZE (V.O.)

Now came time to spice them up. It was the weekend so I plan to wear this outfit all day, everyday, without washing either my body, or the clothes.

INT. POLICE GYM - DAY

Mazze works out on the life cycle. Sweat pours as he wears the same outfit. Other cops move away from him.

MAZZE (V.O.)

To ramp up the stink level I ate food from India and the Middle East...exclusively, then worked out in the same clothes at the gym. It was too much for Turk to bear and it was one of the few times I saw him cut his workout short.

TURK
You smell like Russian bull who
fell in sewer...then took bath with
dead people.

EXT. NYPD SUBSTATION - NIGHT

Mazze goes behind the building, to where trash is collected.

MAZZE (V.O.)
Great, I was on the right track,
but had farther to go. When I walk
into a room, I want noses to bleed.

He puts on a surgical mask and jumps in the dumpster behind the building. Mazze tumbles and wallows around in that pit of putridness.

Mazze does the unthinkable. He removes his mask...breathes deeply. And then...it comes.

MAZZE (V.O.)
I never puked like that in my life.
Funny thing about projectile
vomiting, it's hard to puke on
yourself. I had to use the bank-
shot-off-the-side wall technique
and get the ricochet effect.

Violent barf-blasts, splashes off of the dumpster walls and back onto himself.

MAZZE (V.O.)
I barfed so hard I think I dented
the walls of the dumpster with each
discharge. My innards were very
pissed off at Alex Mazze and his
crazy undercover bullshit - and
they let me know about it.

With stomach fully evacuated, Mazze collapses into a heap as rats around his feet snap up semi-digested chunks of pita bread and gyro.

That sight and the smell of, well everything, make him dry heave, harder.

Mazze gets up to his knees and braces himself. He pulls something from his pocket.

MAZZE (V.O.)

And now to put the cherry on top.
A bottle of MD 20/20 to anoint
myself with. Now...I'm ready for
the prom.

He douses himself with the rot-gut, drop kicks a few rats
away from him, then hops out of that shithole - pronto.

Behind the dumpster he changes into regular clothes and puts
the B.O., enhanced clothes into a plastic bag.

MAZZE (V.O.)

I'll let this marinate for a while.
Right now, it's shower time.

INT. NYPD SUBSTATION - NIGHT

Mazze stuffs his bundle of joy under his desk and heads to
the shower room like a ten year old on his way to Disneyland.

SUPER - 45 MINUTES LATER

Mazze goes back to his desk to get some paperwork and Boss is
opening every window in the room.

BOSS

Holy shit, Alex, you smell that? I
think a rat died behind the wall.
Help me get some fresh air in here.

MAZZE

Um, it's not a rat. It's this.

Mazze pulls out his simmering sack and holds it up to him.
Boss takes several steps back.

BOSS

And what, in the name of fuck, is
that? Have you lost your entire
mind, boy? Get that shit outta
here. If I wanted to smell
something like that all day, I'd
move to Buffalo.

Boss backs farther away as he shields his nose.

MAZZE

Naw Boss. This is my undercover
gear.

(MORE)

MAZZE (CONT'D)

I want it as stinky as possible so the perps get the deal done and I'm outta their face like rapido. I got this feeling it's gonna payoff big-time.

Boss sticks his head out the window.

BOSS

If you take another step with that goddam bag I'll shoot you dead where you stand. You hear me, boy? I ain't bullshitting here. It's self-defense, any jury would agree.

MAZZE (V.O.)

Of course I have to fuck with him. I'm from New York, heh?

Mazze charges at him like he is going to dump it on him. Boss puts his hand in his holster and gives Mazze a bug-eyed look that just busts him up with laughter. Boss doesn't see the humor.

BOSS

Not funny, Alex. You dick. You stinky dick. I'll blow your knee caps off if you don't get that away from me. That is disgusting, mon.

As Mazze backs away from him, tears fall from hard laughter.

MAZZE

Sorry man, I couldn't help it. You should see your face. It was a Kodak moment.

BOSS

Really? Here's another!

Boss flips Mazze the bird.

MAZZE

Okay, I deserved that. Here's the thing, I want to at least try it out. I think my theory will prove itself. The problem is the clothes. What should I do with them?

Boss eases his head back into the room.

BOSS

You want to be Stinkasaurus Rex, you figure it out.

INT. WAR ROOM - DAY

Johnny B points to another map of mob hierarchy.

JOHNNY B

...So if we get these two scumbags,
the whole thing will collapse in,
on them all. Okay, go out there and
round them up.

As the meeting ends, Mazze goes to the window and pulls up a rope. At the end of it is a large plastic bag. He takes it directly into the john.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Mazze fights back the urge to puke as he takes the rancid clothes from the bag.

MAZZE (V.O.)

Talk about marinating, whew...sweet
Jesus. I want to take my nose off
my face and shoot it. When I
inhale, it feels like my brain
wants to vomit.

As he puts on the pants, a small bulge is seen, crawling up from the ankle towards his knee. Mazze crushes whatever it is before it chomps a chunk out of his balls.

A grossed-out look is on his face. The sound of its crunch, then squash is heard. Mazze gags.

MAZZE (V.O.)

Almost barfed. Ain't nothing like
the taste of scrambled eggs, the
second time around.

Mazze pulls off his pants as the intruder's bodily juices run down his leg. The remains of a sewer roach look up at him. And yes, some of its legs are still move.

Boss KNOCKS the door, hard, then shouts.

BOSS (O.C.)

Hey Princess, you done in there
yet? We gotta job to do.

MAZZE

Yeah yeah, just a minute.

He wipes up the bug carcass and the juices the bug left as a souvenir, off his leg and sends it down the swirly tube, back to the sewer, for a proper burial.

In the First-Aid gear is some VICKS VAPO-RUB. Mazze scoop out a glob and stuff it in his nose.

MAZZE (CONT'D)
Ahh, much better.

INT. WAR ROOM - DAY

The door swings open and Mazze struts out like he wears a tux. Boss knew what he was up to and has already claimed pole position in the far corner near an open window. The others are not so fortunate.

Q
Oh my god! Whoa my man, what did you do? Fall in the sewer and dry out in a shit house? Back up dude, you make my eyes water.

Q staggers backward. He bumps into Turk who acts like he can't see.

TURK
I think I'm blind.

Turk's dry humor draws laughs. Mazze takes it farther.

MAZZE
Very funny. So who am I riding with today?

They go around the room, like the Harlem Globetrotters passing the ball back and forth as they warm up.

DETECTIVES
Not me...No thanks...Not today, my brother...Hell no...Not even... You better get out my face with that nonsense.

MAZZE
Wow, a herpes outbreak would get more love around this place. Come on, which one of you ugly step-sisters is riding with Cinderella to the ball today?

Mazze gets a lot of laughs and 'talk to the hand' action.

TURK

Maybe we strap him to roof like
buck I shoot in countryside. Who
got rope?

Q

I know you are from Turkey man, but
try not to mention getting rope
when it pertains to black folk. It
triggers a reaction.

BOSS

We don't have all day ladies.

Boss reminds them, as his body dangles perilously, half way
out the window. Mazze pulls out the Vicks.

MAZZE

Okay you babies, here. Mix this in
with your boogers and let's get
stepping. You first Sarge, I don't
want to watch you fall out that
window and see you get your
Jamaican Jerk sauce all over the
sidewalk. Here, catch.

The underhand toss, catches Boss off-guard. He juggles the
little blue jar as it slips through his fingers and out the
window.

Boss lunges for it and secures it by his fingertips. All in
the room applaud. He breathes a sigh of relief.

BOSS

Whew, almost, huh? I sure would
have went down after it because
it's better than suffocating in
here.

Boss takes a scoop with his finger and hits both nostrils,
quick. He caps it and throws it to Turk. Turk takes his
finger, does up one nostril, then uses the same finger to dig
in it again for the other blow hole.

Q gently lets him know that he made an error in nasal
etiquette.

Q

You nasty mothafucka. You don't
double dip that shit. Urrg! That
shit is sick. Between you and
Mazze, I don't know how I'm keeping
my breakfast down. Gimme that shit,
Christ almighty.

(MORE)

Q (CONT'D)

Now I gotta go fishing for Turkish boogers before I use this bullshit?

Turk passes it to him amid laughter.

MAZZE

Yo Bro, you should eat them boogers. You'll get big and strong like Turk. I've seen him eat five or six boogers a day.

Q

Don't laugh, Alex. It's your fault I have to mix snot with this fool.

Even the stoic Johnny B gets into it.

JOHNNY B

So if two guys get into booger on booger action, is that considered gay? I'm just saying.

As everyone is busting up, Q opens the lid and examines the aromatic goo closely. He stops just short of sending it to the forensic lab, then finally administers it to his nose.

Applause breaks out.

BOSS

I know pronounce you man and wife.

Boss heckles from the side. Another hearty laugh rolls through the room.

BOSS (CONT'D)

Now let's get out of here before I make one of you kiss the bride.

INT. UNDERCOVER VEHICLE - DAY

Mazze is given as much room as possible in the backseat.

MAZZE (V.O.)

Yes it's Summer, yes it's the hottest day of the year, and no these clowns don't stop giving me shit.

The car cruises through godforsaken neighborhoods as Q hangs his head out the window, cursing every stop light.

Q
Oh God, the stink. What'd I do to
deserve this? Just kill me, Lord.

MAZZE
Get your nappy head back in the
car. It looks like we are driving
around town with the ugliest dog in
the world.

Q
If I was a dog...I'd lift my leg
and piss on you.

Boss pulls over on a side street.

BOSS
Finally, we made it. Now get the
fuck outta my car. Had the A/C on
full blast, windows down, and still
felt like ripping the roof off this
bitch to get some fresh air.

TURK
You should have said something
earlier. I could have made that
happen.

EXT. STREETS OF NYC - DAY

They pile out the car and Mazze smudges up his face a little
with some hobo makeup.

Boss and Turk take off and leave Mazze and Q to wander the
Earth in search of man made rocks. Q shadows Mazze.

A half a block ahead are some possible perps. The front man
is a skinny black dude with no shirt on, JD MC RIBS (late
teens).

Flanking him outside a boarded up drugstore are his partners,
JD ACNE (teens) and JD DARRYL STRAWBERRY (20s).

MAZZE (V.O.)
Dude is a drop dead look alike to
Strawberry, but it's doubtful that
it's the baller. But with Darryl,
ya never know.

Mazze signals his ghost Q, and approaches.

Just then, a car pulls up to them and a white woman signals
them to come over.

MAZZE
Ladies first.

Inside the Honda Accord are some spoiled brats from the other side of the tracks.

Mazze can't see the driver, but the girl has her hair dyed all different goofy colors. She becomes JD CYNDI LAUPER (late teens).

Both Mazze and Q see the money exchange for vials go down.

MAZZE (V.O.)
You can kiss Ivy League goodbye,
Miss Cyndi. Q has got the license
plate by now.

Mc Rib steps to Mazze, then recoils.

MC RIB
Oh man. Don't you believe in
washing your balls son? Yo, what
you need man? Can't you see I'm
serving white girls up in this
bitch? Your stink ass gives brothas
a bad name.

MAZZE
Hook me up for two.

Mc Rib takes the money and Darryl Strawberry gives Mazze the dope. Now closer, it isn't the slugger, thank God.

He squinches up his face and turns his head to the side as he puts it in Mazze's palm.

MC RIB
Go. Please.

With evidence secured, Mazze nods to them and slinks off. Another car of crackhead Barbie dolls pulls up as Mazze turns the corner. Boss and Turk go after them.

INT. NYPD SUBSTATION - NIGHT

Later, the crew meets up. Turk has a fat lip.

MAZZE (V.O.)
Seems Mc Rib hit Turk with a sucker
punch and tried to get away. I
guess he didn't want to give up his
white women without a fight.
(MORE)

MAZZE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Unfortunately he picked the wrong
dude to punch. I guess we have to
change his JD name to Mc Broken
Ribs now.

Series of shots of Mazze...in his Sir Stink-A-Lot outfit.
Makes buys...moves on.

MAZZE (V.O.)
The rest of the buys that I do that
Summer are zip in-zip out,
especially if I have to go inside.
They hook me up and get me out of
their faces before they need to
inhale twice. Our team is at a
record breaking pace. The better we
do, the less grief I got about
being Sir Stink-A-Lot.

INT. LUXURY CAR - DAY

Cortez sits next to Mets in the back seat with a gangster
grimace on his face. He slides the hitman an envelope.

CORTEZ
This, it's seed money. The one
that's been giving me crotch rot
has got to be an undercover. Use
this to open doors and find him. I
assume you know the next step.

Mets winks at him, makes his fingers like a gun.

METS
Bam.

SUPER - SIR STINK-A-LOT VS THE ROCK-SLINGERS

INT. STREETS OF NYC - DAY

Mazze strolls down the street looking for bad guys.

MAZZE (V.O.)
To be honest, we were losing the
war on drugs, but our unit was
winning battles left and right.
Every buy was different. Sometimes
shit got crazy and I had to get
crazy right along with it. Nobody
liked the way I smelled, especially
during the Summer.

(MORE)

MAZZE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Nobody will tell you that you got a
 funky ass, faster than a Black
 woman.

Mazze turns the corner and goes down another street. Q is not far behind.

MAZZE (V.O.)
 The crack game was mostly a guy
 thing. It takes balls to sling
 rocks out in public and know you
 could get robbed, shot by rivals or
 end up in jail for a very long
 time. It must be something in the
 testosterone.

Mazze takes a seat at a bus stop. A loud car stereo is heard blasting rap music. A WOMAN WITH A GOLD TOOTH and wide brim hat drives her red and pink Continental by him.

MAZZE (V.O.)
 As for Gangsta females, I have no
 idea what the hell is running
 through their blood stream. Must be
 ice water straight from the Arctic
 Circle, mixed with cayenne peppers
 from Satan's own garden.

Seconds later, an obvious JUNKIE zips right in front of him. Zoom, down the street he goes.

MAZZE (V.O.)
 The only time crackheads move that
 fast is when they are going to cop.
 They got that zombie look in the
 eyes. They take those short quick
 steps, rather than long strides. I
 call it the penguin walk.

His comical strides makes Mazze laugh a bit. He follows.

MAZZE (V.O.)
 This clown is wearing oversized,
 baggy shorts that make his skinny
 legs look even funnier. He really
 needed to give them back to the
 auntie he stole them from. No
 problem, his bust name will be JD
 GIRLY PANTS.

His narrow ass leads Mazze straight to a first floor apartment in the projects. Mazze signals Q that he will go in. Mazze steps over to GIRLY PANTS (20s - Black) and chats him up.

MAZZE

What's haps, doc? This place got
good shit or what?

Like a man on a mission, he barely notices Mazze.

GIRLY PANTS

Yeah dude, its nice. Sweet rocks.

He finally looks over at Mazze.

GIRLY PANTS (CONT'D)

Did you step in dog shit or
something?

EXT./INT. APARTMENT - DAY

Girly Pants knocks. A woman with CORNROWS (30s - Black) opens the door and lets them in. She makes a face as Mazze squeezes by her. On the couch, two other women, absorbed in TV soaps.

MAZZE (V.O.)

It's such a strange contrast to
stand in the squalor of an unkept,
rat hole in the projects, watching
these women transfixed on some
skinny white lady who lives in a
mansion with servants. Maybe, they
should be more concerned about
their own real-life situation, than
this over-dramatic cougar with a
boob job. But, what do I know?

The two females are so deep in the 'sunken place', that they don't allow themselves to blink, much less breathe. The older one seems to be the leader and needs a JD name.

MAZZE (V.O.)

She is way, way on the chunky side,
mos def. The chains don't hang.
No, no...them titties are way too
big for that. They come off her
neck and are bent in an 'L' shape.
The end of the chains, rests on
acres and acres of mammy meat.
She earns, JD BOULDER BOOBS.

BOULDER BOOBS (40s - Black) has several gold chains she wears, which makes her gold teeth more pronounced.

BOULDER BOOBS

Be right witcha on the next
commercial.

Next to her is a skinny broad with fingernails so long, you wonder how she can wipe her ass without needing stitches. Her name, NINE INCH NAILS (20s - Latina). Suddenly she spins around, then nudges Boulder Boobs.

NINE INCH NAILS
Hey, you smell that?

JD Cornrows pipes up and points to Mazze.

CORNROWS
It's this nigga here. Smells like
he ain't washed his balls since
Moses was in kindergarten.

Boulder Boobs sits forward in her seat and gives Mazze the evil eye.

BOULDER BOOBS
Muthafuka, you come up in my house
disrespecting me like that? You be
giving me a headache...ya stank-in-
the-ass bastard.

NINE INCH NAILS
Yukk!

Nine Inch Nails grabs a can of GLADE air freshener and fires on Mazze at point blank range. Up and down his body she goes as she holds her nose.

Boulders Mc Boobalous...pulls a handgun from between her gigantic breasts.

MAZZE (V.O.)
Surprising she doesn't have a
shotgun down there...Or a tank.

BOULDER BOOBS
I would pop you in your cap but I'm
afraid maggots would fly outta that
nappy head. Got me smelling all
your old crusted nut juice and wet
farts. Get the fuck out of here
till you figure out how to use soap
and water. Git!

MAZZE
Can't I just get my yellows and go?

BOULDER BOOBS

Hell, fuck no! If you stay in here
another second I'll throw up
everything I ate for the last three
weeks. Get outta my face, boy.
Move!

She points the gun barrel in Mazze's direction. Mazze hangs
his head and shuffles towards the door. Girly Pants avoids
eye contact.

MAZZE

I-I can't wash. Can't afford to buy
soap, ma.

Boulderific rolls her eyes. Cornrow reaches for a bottle on
the counter and shoves it in his hand. It is PALMOLIVE dish
detergent.

BOULDER BOOBS

Find some water, wash your funky-
funky ass, then bring my goddam
soap back.

MAZZE

Thank you, ma'am.

Boulder Boobs...still outraged as Mazze exits her palace.

BOULDER BOOBS

The nerve of that bitch. Burn some
incense in this muthafuka and you
best not be coming in my face with
one stick.

(growls)

That nut sack stink will seep into
the walls, I'll be sleeping and
dreaming that somebody's balls are
on my upper lip.

(to Nine Inch Nails)

You better light so many of them
damn things that the neighbors
think our house is on fire.

Nine Inch Nails and Cornrow follow her instructions.

BOULDER BOOBS (CONT'D)

I'm missing my goddam soaps. Now I
don't know if Ashley was gonna tell
Spencer about the baby! Fucking
around with this poo-butt asshole.

EXT. APARTMENT - DAY

Once outside, Mazze hesitates.

MAZZE (V.O.)

Is this really worth it? Since she has crack and an illegal gun, I figure it's a good idea to take these Queens of Comedy down. Where the hell am I going to find a place to bathe in this neighborhood? Then it hits me.

Later, Girly Pants comes outside...starts laughing. He calls for the three witches to join him at the door. They start cracking up too. Mazze is the source of their entertainment.

Somebody (wink wink) opened up the fire hydrant in front of their place.

Mazze takes this opportunity to strip down to his under-drawers and take a high pressure shower with the soap they gave him.

He puts on a good show. Folks gather from all over the hood to watch the crazy man play in the suds. Mothers cover their kid's eyes...while chicken-heads are scoping out the angle of his dangle.

Q rolls his eyes and chuckles to himself.

When Mazze is done, he just lets the water run so the kids around could play in it later and cool down.

Mazze grabs his unloved clothes, signals to Q, and goes back to the apartment.

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

Boulder Boobs greets him in the spirit of brotherhood, kinda.

BOULDER BOOBS

Asshole. I didn't mean for you to do a goddamn strip show in front of my house and draw attention. You got as much sense as a retard in a room full of mirrors. Get your sorry ass over here so I can send you on your way. How many?

MAZZE

Three, please.

BOULDER BOOBS

Don't get my carpet wet, boy. My heater's just a flick away.

MAZZE (V.O.)

She gets the vials from, where else? Her titty warehouse, of course.

They complete the deal and Mazze scoots away.

INT. NYPD SUBSTATION - DAY

Back at the office, Q and Mazze have the team in stitches as they re-tell the tale.

Q

Them titties was so big, she had to use the Grand Canyon as her bra.

More laughs.

MAZZE (V.O.)

After Turk books them, he tells us that big mama had 50 vials, two guns and a crackpipe hidden in her booby hatch. Such a talent, gone to waste.

Mazze stands, puts his jacket on.

MAZZE

I gotta check something out.

Q

What?

MAZZE

With a rack like that, I gotta see if she has a sister.

Leaving them laughing...Mazze flashes a sly grin as he slips out the door.

INT. VISITOR'S ROOM - DAY

Dad sits across from Mazze, but this time he's laughing so hard that tears fall from his eyes. The son smiles at the effect his story has on the old man.

DAD

Oh yeah, Boulder Boobs, huh? I knew big titty bitches like that, back in the day. Smother a muthafucka to death. Wake up in heaven, happy as shit, ha.

Mazze grins back. He is studied by his dad.

MAZZE

And that was just, one day.

DAD

Goddamn, boy. That kinda sounds like fun.

MAZZE

She did have a gun. I wasn't trick or treating.

DAD

Right. Look, I dig them stories. What til' I tell it on cell block. We all know bitches like that. Hey, get me more like that. And you do what you have to...in order to get back here. Understand?

MAZZE (V.O.)

What is this in his eyes? Concern? Naw, can't be.

The Corrections Officer looks at her watch and goes to stand next to Dad. He raises to his feet as Mazze bathes in that semi-toothless smile.

MAZZE

Understood.

Touched by the moment, emotions swirl inside the hardened cop. His face reflects it. He fights back tears of his own.

SUPER - PIN CUSHIONS R US

INT. PHARMACY - DAY

In workout gear, Mazze does some shopping.

MAZZE (V.O.)

All that titty talk caused me to set up a date with this hot chick I know.

(MORE)

MAZZE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Instead of boulder boobs, she had
 perky peaks, and that was fine by
 me. But...The Jimmy Hat is where
 it's at. For real.

In the condom aisle, Mazze first grabs regular size, then
 picks up the Magnums.

MAZZE (V.O.)
 My nasal offensive now seems to
 have a down side that I didn't
 expect. I needed something new to
 add to my act. A reason for me not
 to go into places that I didn't
 need to. Boulder Boobs wasn't
 bullshitting with that piece. If I
 said the wrong thing, she would
 have wetted me up.

Mazze goes up to the cashier line. He notices the guy, later
 named JD DUTCH BOY (30s, white) in front of him buying
 syringes.

The guy is wears a painter's outfit. White jumpsuit with
 different color blotches, randomly placed from gigs gone by.

MAZZE (V.O.)
 Hmmm, junkie or diabetic condition?
 If I find him to be a lead, his JD
 name will have to be DUTCH BOY.
 Seems only natural.

EXT. PHARMACY - DAY

A light rain and dark skies greet Mazze as he leaves the
 store. He catches up with Dutch Boy on the sidewalk.

MAZZE
 Yo man, I'm looking to cop. You
 know any spots in this hood?

DUTCH BOY
 Oh these? I only bang coke, not
 heroin.

MAZZE
 Perfect, man. That is what I'm
 scouting for.

DUTCH BOY
 I was just going there. It's just
 around the corner here.

MAZZE (V.O.)
He had a condition alright...drug
addiction.

It rains harder. They scoot faster. As Mazze passes the car that Q and he arrived in - he flashes him a hand signal to let him know he was going to make a buy.

As Mazze gets to the corner with Dutch Boy, he sneaks a peek to observe that Q is out of the car...follows on foot.

INT. SADDAM'S APARTMENT - DAY

The guy who answers the door looks like SADDAM HUSSEIN, especially the moustache(40s - Latino). Dutch Boy is greeted and ushered inside. They enter the living room. The TV is on.

SADDAM
It's getting nasty out there. It
was so sunny this morning. Sent you
home early huh?

DUTCH BOY
Yea, can't paint in this shit. I
wasn't too much into working today
anyway. Ran into my man here, he
wants to cop too. My shit over
here?

SADDAM
Yeah man, same place. How do you
know your new friend ain't a cop or
some shit?

Saddam's voice has a menacing tone.

Dutch Boy plops on the couch. He then takes a syringe out and prepares it. Dutch Boy then reaches under the couch and pulls out the IV user's starter kit. A small bag of white powder, a spoon and lighter.

MAZZE (V.O.)
If Flash the super hero was his
daddy and Betty Crocker was his
momma, he couldn't get the goods
cooking any faster than that.

SADDAM
How many?

MAZZE
Two is cool.

He walks off into another room. By this time, Dutch Boy has filled his mini-machine gun with cocaine bullets. The load is ready, he places the rig on a coffee table.

Dutch Boy stands up and unzips his jumpsuit all the way down, then starts to step out of it. Underneath he only has a T-shirt and some raggedy-ass jockeys.

Mazze sits down in a chair and taps the handgun that is strapped to his ankle.

MAZZE (V.O.)

These fools ain't stupid enough try to rape me when I'm not in a coma are they? If Saddam comes out that room with his dick out, I'll blow his balls off and put them where his eyeballs used to be.

DUTCH BOY

I'm glad it's warm in here.

MAZZE (V.O.)

Dutch Boy wears some 'Tighty-Whiteys', that seem to be neither. Number one, they are droopy and ripped. Number Two, well, it looks like he did a number two in them, or damn close. I suppose he could say that the brown stain down the back of them was paint, but paint don't smell like that.

DUTCH BOY

Sorry dude.

Amazement is on the face of Mazze...as Dutch Boy starts to slide them down.

MAZZE

Ain't you supposed to buy me dinner first? What the fuck?

At that moment Saddam comes back into the room. He frowns.

SADDAM

Yo man, you gotta warn somebody when you do that shit.

DUTCH BOY

Dude, sorry man. It's like this--

Dutch Boy's much anticipated explanation is cut off by the man with the bushy moustache.

SADDAM

(laughing)

Sorry...Yea, that is the best word
to describe your pussy-whipped ass.
Go ahead, show him the routine.

Saddam laughs even harder.

DUTCH BOY

Look, I shoot up in my balls, okay?
I got popped for coke a while back.
The wife went loco. Said she'd
leave if I mess with it again.

Dutch Boy reaches for the needle and has a seat with his
nearly bare ass. That poor couch will never be the same.

DUTCH BOY (CONT'D)

The hair covers the tracks. It's
all good.

MAZZE (V.O.)

This would truly qualify as a train-
wreck moment. You know that the
sight you see, will turn your
stomach, but you just have to watch
the carnage in spite of yourself.
Needles don't make me
squeamish...in the arm. But in the
ball sack dude? I'm glad I didn't
eat lunch before I got here.

On the couch, Dutch Boy prepares the meat for seasoning. He
moves his junk to the side and takes aim behind his right
'nad'. To make it worse, his hand is shaky.

DUTCH BOY

It hurts a little at first, but you
get used to it.

MAZZE

Ya get used to it, huh? Okay.

Saddam is still laughing.

MAZZE (V.O.)

The look on my face must have been
priceless.

A shaft of sunlight twinkles off the syringe as the lazar
sharp needle gouges its way into the family jewels.

MAZZE (V.O.)

What really sends a chill up my spine is when he pulls back blood into the syringe to guard against air bubbles. I actually shudder.

DUTCH BOY

Ouch!

MAZZE

Oh my sweet Jesus.

Saddam just grins at the freak show, fully entertained.

SADDAM

It is sick, no?

Dutch Boy slams down the hammer and empties the warm liquid cocaine into his scrotum.

DUTCH BOY

Sometimes I blow my wad after I do it this way.

Mazze scoots farther away.

MAZZE

Don't do me no favors, dude.
Please. I can live without seeing that. Ever.

SADDAM

You're already getting skid-marks from your ass crack all over my couch. You let one go and you'll be licking up your own protein shake for dinner.

Saddam doesn't grin anymore.

MAZZE

So like when dogs sniff your balls, does their nose go numb?

They all have a laugh. Saddam gives Mazze his shit and he leaves as Dutch Boy turns from nude pin cushion, to painter.

INT. COP'S BAR - NIGHT

The team laughs their asses off as Mazze has center stage.

MAZZE (V.O.)
As me and the boys knock back cold
ones, I re-tell this ball-wrenching
tale in all its gory glory.

The team is in tears from laughing.

TURK
You should have joined him, you are
used to having a little prick
between the legs.

MAZZE (V.O.)
These guys. Ya gotta love 'em.

SUPER - IT'S GETTING NUTTY UP IN HERE

INT. MAZZE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

In bed, Mazze lifts up the sheets to studies his lower half
and chuckles out loud.

MAZZE (V.O.)
As I went to bed that night, I
thought about how crazy Dutch Boy
was. Then it hit me. Maybe he gave
me a way of infiltrating IV users
by faking that move. So do I start
making Amtracks on my nut-sacks or
what? If I just shoot it on my
groin without puncturing skin, that
wouldn't work. It would leave a
puddle under my balls. When I stand
up, I'd look like diarrhea.

Mazze lifts the sheet again, this time longer.

MAZZE (V.O.)
Sure, my cock is large enough to
make a Disneyland-sized water slide
out of, but my Matterhorn is off
limits to sharp objects of any
kind. Maybe I could use a balloon?
Too thin, might stick the spike
through by accident. Numb-nut-itis
is not an affliction I care to
explore.

He sits up, starts digging through the night-stand drawer
next to his bed. Finally he pulls out a tube.

MAZZE (V.O.)

This is perfect. It has got to be a bit hard and leak proof. Hook that bad boy up so it has some blood in it too. When I do the 'air bubble check', they will be as grossed out as I was.

Mazze chuckles to himself and he twirls it in his fingers.

MAZZE (V.O.)

Oh man. Paint it the same color as my hair and let a jungle grow down there. Use some glue to hold it in. Aww, it's so perfect.

Alex Mazze cannot stop laughing.

MAZZE (V.O.)

The giggles only hit me twice in my life. When saw a naked lady for the first time...and tonight in this bed. Damn near giggled myself to sleep.

EXT. HOME DEPOT - DAY

Mazze waits for the staff to open the doors, goes in.

INT. MAZZE'S BEDROOM - DAY

At home, Mazze makes sure all the doors are locked, windows covered up. He dumps out various size black tubes from his Home Depot bag and stares at them.

MAZZE (V.O.)

First I see which ones are syringe friendly and separate them. Then I, well, have to see which size fits better.

He pokes a few with a needle. Picks three.

MAZZE (V.O.)

So I'm standing in my living room in only a T-shirt and socks, with a variety of black tubes on the table in front of me. What's wrong with that?

He puts on one tube, walks, tosses it. Grabs another.

MAZZE (V.O.)

Going back and forth across the living room, trying on different size hoses, felt pretty weird. What the hell am I, some kinda runway model? One tube size in particular seems to be the most comfortable. Suddenly, the thing I most dread happens.

Keys are heard rattling at the outside door. Mazze sprints to the bathroom, fear on his face.

MAZZE (V.O.)

My old lady is home. If a buck naked hooker was underneath me, I couldn't have got out that room faster. It would make sense if I had to explain it all, but it's easier to do without your ding-dong dangling during the oratory.

INT. MAZZE'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

Half asleep, he sheers off some hair from his armpits. He caps one end of the tube and puts a little fake blood from last Halloween inside. Glue and the hair are put on it too.

INT. WAR ROOM - NIGHT

Johnny B., stands in front of a board with photos on it. The one in the middle is an attractive Latina.

JOHNNY B

This female, Princessa, was living with a kingpin, got tired of being slapped around and decided to turn informant for the cash. It seems the informant and the whole ring are Cubans. She is going to use this opportunity for payback and money to relocate. Depending on the size of the bust, this little informant could make a phat stack.

Q

Good, then she will need a fat boyfriend to spend it on. I volunteer.

JOHNNY B

Very funny.

Johnny B., points to two men's pictures on the board as the laughs die down.

JOHNNY B (CONT'D)

The name of the big boss is Jose.
We had our eye on him for a while,
but couldn't get close. Mr. Slap-
Happy has a little brother named
Constantino, who is on psyche meds.
The informant let us know that the
best way to get Jose, would be
through Constantino.

MAZZE

Gimme the ball, Johnny. You know
how I hate women-beaters.

INT. APARTMENT FOYER - NIGHT

The hallway up to the door is filled with brazen cockroaches.
Mazze knocks. The door opens and a meaty arm blocks the way.

VOICE (O.S.)

(Spanish)

What you need?

MAZZE

Three.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

The door opens and a buff looking dude (30s - Black), who
will get the name, TWISTED SISTER is there. He leads Mazze
into a living room.

MAZZE (V.O.)

By his walk, I could tell that he
is probably wearing his sister's
thong. In the brighter light, I can
also see he has plucked his
eyebrows and wears eye liner. His
JD name is TWISTED SISTER. He was
born for it.

Two guys on a couch play a very violent video game on the
large screen TV. The one with the wild eyes and big torn-up
afro looks like the drivers license photo of CONSTANTINO (20s
- Latino).

MAZZE (V.O.)

Constantino and his brother have
unique features.

(MORE)

MAZZE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

The informant said that their mother was a whore in Havana. She got knocked up by two different Korean tourists. I guess that makes them...Kore-ubans?

Twisted Sister ushers Mazze closer.

MAZZE (V.O.)

The other dude he plays against is very dark skinned. Straight African blood, uncut by any other gene pool. I renamed him JD EL NOCHE. He looks like he has done a few bids in his time.

Twisted Sister waits until Constantino's game character finishes off the one run by EL NOCHE (20s, Black - very).

Decapitation is always a good way to end any fight, as long as you are not the loser. Constantino raises his arms in victory.

CONSTANTINO

I chopped your shit clean off...ughh! Headless fucker.

TWISTED SISTER

Yo, Con. My man here wants to do some business. He wants three.

Con scopes Mazze up and down, then motions for him to come over.

CONSTANTINO

Got the cash?

Mazze hands it to him. He digs in his pocket and pulls out the heroin bags.

MAZZE

Thanks, later. Merry Christmas.

Straight towards the door goes Mazze.

EL NOCHE

Dude, you gotta sample that here. House rules.

MAZZE

No problem.

Mazze pulls the bags back out and offers them to Con.

MAZZE (CONT'D)

That's cool. I'll come back later.
I can't get blasted now. Have to
meet relatives at the airport.

Con looks at Mazze and shakes his head, no. Twisted Sister
invades his personal space. Mazze plays along like he is
intimidated.

TWISTED SISTER

No. You do it now!

MAZZE

Okay. I got ya. No need for muscle.
I'll do it, but...I go to great
lengths not to get caught. I hope
this don't gross you out.

Con laughs.

CONSTANTINO

We come from Havana, my friend.
There is nothing that we haven't
seen.

Mazze sits on the chair farthest away from them. He takes out
his rig, heats up the goodies and fills the syringe with it.
Now comes the fun part. He suddenly starts to pull down his
sweat pants.

EL NOCHE

Yo man, your boy is tripping over
there.

CONSTANTINO

What the fuck you doing, holmes?

TWISTED SISTER

Hold on. Don't shoot him till I see
how this ends.

MAZZE (V.O.)

Yeah, he sounds like he's from the
Castro district...But in a
different City than Havana. His
flames are seen through his
muscles.

A Glock is seen on El Noche's lap.

MAZZE

I gotta shoot this shit into my
balls...so that my wife don't see
it and neither does my boss.

(MORE)

MAZZE (CONT'D)

Sure you want me to do this dance
here and now?

As he poses there in his boxers, Mazze observes Con as he
thinks it over. Twisted Sister comes to his defense.

TWISTED SISTER

Con, don't let him destroy those
nice little chocolate balls...right
in front of me. I couldn't take it.
It's so, so yucky.

He recoils and shudders at the thought of it.

CONSTANTINO

I admit, this is a new one for me.
But hey, house rules are house
rules.

MAZZE

No problem.

MAZZE (V.O.)

And it isn't. Except for the fact
that I never did this in front of a
gay guy before. I know that if a
woman wanted to shoot it, let's say
in her pussy lips, I doubt I would
turn away. I might just rest my
head on her knee, just to get that
close-up angle. I don't want this
butterfly to float too close and
see my tube. Either tube.

Mazze sits down, grabs the rig. When he flops his balls out,
Con and El Noche turn away. Con jokes.

CONSTANTINO

Remind me to re-upholster that
chair, ASAP.

They laugh. On the other hand, Twisted Sister whips himself
into hysteria. He stands by the Christmas tree.

TWISTED SISTER

No, no. Please don't. A man's nuts
are a sacred thing. I can't look.
I gotta look. I just can't. It's so
wrong. Con, please.

CONSTANTINO

Will you shut the fuck up? Let the man do his thing and get out of here. It ain't your sack, relax fool.

The needle and tube are lined up, then Mazze jabs it in. Twisted Sister moans and swoons.

TWISTED SISTER

Oh God.

When Mazze pulls the fake blood from his nuts into the syringe cylinder, one can almost hear the impending doom.

It runs up the back of Twisted Sister's throat and splashes down hard on the tile floor.

The next vomit blast hits the back of the couch that Con and El Noche are on. They both jump up and face the Twisted one...ready to cuss him out.

The last blast from Twisted Sister's innards is the best. Right on the front of both of their shirts.

MAZZE (V.O.)

Ain't no reaction like a chain reaction.

The first to return the favor is El Noche. Right back on Twisted Sister.

MAZZE (V.O.)

Showing true leadership, Con holds his semi-digested lunch to launch last. You got to admire that.

Con lets out a blast that would make the little girl in the Exorcist movie, jealous.

MAZZE (V.O.)

What a shame the boys downtown can't see this.

EL NOCHE

You son of a...(barf).

MAZZE (V.O.)

Those fancy alligator shoes he wears just lost one hundred percent re-sale value in five seconds.

MAZZE

Sorry about that fellas, but I
warned you. Okay if I leave now?

Con can only utter one word.

CONSTANTINO

GO!

He then barfs all over his big screen TV.

MAZZE (V.O.)

My work here is done. I let myself
out before the smell gets to me.

EXT. APARTMENTS - NIGHT

Mazze strolls over to his car with swag.

MAZZE (V.O.)

Later I heard that during the raid,
Jose got popped as he was making a
delivery to his brother,
Constantino. Jose, the woman-
beater, got feisty with Turk.
Instead of getting feisty...Turk
got fisty. Gave Mr. Happy Hands a
taste of what he had been dishing
out to his women. I assume that
from the broken jaw he got, Turk
served up quite a mouthful.

SUPER - EVEN NUTTIER

INT. MAZZE'S CAR - NIGHT

Styling in his ride, Mazze drives through the City streets.

MAZZE (V.O.)

What a job. I had it where I wanted
it now. No more stinky clothes to
get a bust. Whenever I had a
problem, I just whip out my big
black raviolis, a little slight of
hand, then presto-change-o,
somebody is in handcuffs.

The car finds a parking spot and Mazze gets out.

EXT. COP'S BAR - NIGHT

The tavern lights reflect off of Mazze's leather jacket as he goes to the door.

MAZZE (V.O.)

By this time I was such a pro at the game, I rarely even had to use my gadgets and gizmos. When I did, I was sure to share my stories with some of the other cops at a local dive near the station.

INT. COP'S BAR - NIGHT

The crowd inside greets Mazze warmly as he enters. Hi-fives and smiles come from everyone. Q gives him a beer.

MAZZE (V.O.)

One thing I love to see is grown folks pissing themselves. I'd wait till they get hammered, then go into my fables of my tube and my testicles. I'm no Eddie Murphy or Damon Wayans. I don't know if I could do stand-up, but my happy-hour horror stories ruined many a pair of slacks.

As Mazze acts out a story comically, all who listen are doubled over with laughter. Tears flow from the hardest looking cops as his hilarious facial expressions and physical antics bring out the belly busters.

INT. CORTEZ'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Cortez kicks back in the recliner, as his scantily clad 'girlfriends' decorate a Christmas tree.

CORTEZ

More tinsel. Make that fucker shine, mamasita.

Mets enters with a folder.

METS

Can we talk?

With sweeping hand motions, he instructs the hotties to go.

CORTEZ

They're gone. What's up?

METS

I think we know who that fucking
cop is. Black, big and bald. We
think he goes by, Al.

CORTEZ

Good. Find Al. Then give him that
gift we spoke on earlier.

Cortez tosses his boy a stack of Benjamins. Mets smiles.

INT. MAZZE'S CAR - NIGHT

As the car drives down City streets, Mazze sees Christmas
decorations lighting the evening sky of the gritty streets.

MAZZE (V.O.)

Around the holidays things really
pick up in the world of dope.
Dealers try to make some extra bank
so that they can play Santa. Often
they let their guard down, just to
make more sales.

The car goes by some street hustlers getting busted by some
fellow badges. Mazze shakes his head.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

After he locks the car, Mazze heads to the main doors.

MAZZE (V.O.)

A few others get extra tough on new
customers because they want to eat
turkey and stuffing with their
family...not getting their turkey
stuffed in prison.

INT. VISITOR'S ROOM - DAY

Clad in a suit and trench-coat, Mazze looks around at cheesy
Christmas decorations as he kicks back on the same cheap
chairs. He glances over as prisoners speak to girlfriends,
old buddies and family members.

His dad is ushered out, and he is...Smiling?

MAZZE (V.O.)

A smile? Dad never smiles. He tells me who got popped, who got sprung and who got shanked. Then, usually...what a loser I am.

He immediately hugs his son. The guard sees the Alex raise his eyebrows in surprise. Dad sits down on his side of the table. He just stares at his Mazze, without a word. A single tear runs down.

DAD

Son, I love you. My stupid ass never said that enough. I'm thankful for you and proud of you.

MAZZE

Uh, are you okay?

DAD

On Thanksgiving, it all hit me at once. I couldn't be thankful. I hated myself. The way I look.

Mazze gives him the side eye, still confused.

DAD (CONT'D)

My moms and pops were dark, I came out light-skinned and dad hated me. Teased me and beat me until I finally left home for the service.

With furled brow, Mazze stares back at the unloved old man with such pain in his heart.

MAZZE

Grandpa used to beat you?

DAD

Clenched fist, to the face, many times.

(beat)

Dope. It eased the pain for me. But I put you through hell because of it. Please forgive me.

He hangs his head in sorrow and sobs. Mazze puts his hand on the shoulder of the quivering man and fights tears himself.

MAZZE (V.O.)

I haven't wanted to hug this man since I saw a needle hanging out of his arm when I was a kid. At this moment -- I wanted nothing more.

Mazze goes into a bear hug, under the eye of security staff.

DAD

When I get out. New man. I promise.
My father was an asshole and his
spell is broken. I want to be a dad
that you can be proud of.

The big bad cop cannot hold back tears any longer.

MAZZE

Pops...I'm proud of you already.

INT. MAZZE'S CAR - DAY

In the driver's seat, Mazze starts the car. He adjusts the mirror and looks at his reflection. His face twists as tears start to flow. Closing his eyes, he hangs his head.

MAZZE

That poor bastard. Dope was a
better comfort to him than his own
dad was. Fuck.

His fist slams the dashboard. As he lifts his head, he wipes the tears. Mazze backs out of his parking space.

MAZZE (V.O.)

You like being proud of me, old
man? I'm just getting started.

SUPER - GIRAFFE JUICE

INT. WAR ROOM - DAY

Johnny B., stands in front of a new board, and seemss pissed.

JOHNNY B

We got a tip from a guy who works
at a methadone clinic a few blocks
away. He smelled something fishy
going on with his clients. He plays
detective and decides to trail some
of the patients after they leave.
He finds out that they are selling
the methadone they get, so they can
buy street heroin.

MAZZE

Capitalism finds a away.

JOHNNY B

Here is the tricky part. When they are dispensed, the methadone is in a liquid form. They have to drink it in front of the clinic staff.

Q, next to Johnny B, empties a Dixie cup of juice in his mouth but doesn't swallow it down.

JOHNNY B (CONT'D)

What's happening is that the patients will empty the cup into their mouths, then walk off, but they don't swallow it. They hold it in their throats. Later they spit it out into a baggie, then go and sell that.

Q spits out the juice into a sandwich bag, saliva too.

BOSS

Sick, mon. That's Giraffe Juice? I heard of that. Disgusting shit.

JOHNNY B

Yes on both. The street name for this regurgitated drug is "Dirty 30" but as Boss says, it is commonly called, 'Giraffe Juice'. The money they get back, goes to buy real heroin. Charming.

The pointer Johnny B uses, highlights a storefront.

JOHNNY B (CONT'D)

They sell it out of a bodega posing as a candy store. Your job is to make some buys and crush the ring.

MAZZE (V.O.)

This was about the sickest shit I ever heard of. Made my stomach churn just hearing about it. Hey, how could I say no?

EXT. CANDY STORE - DAY

Snow falls as Mazze comes to stop in front of the bodega. He wears a lighter version of the Sir Stink-A-Lot uniform. Only someone near homeless and half crazy, would even consider buying that shit. To be dressed for the part is essential.

INT. CANDY STORE - DAY

Christmas decorations adorn the store. Behind the counter a skinny, scraggly dude in an elf hat. He scratches his arm as he strolls towards Mazze. JD ITCHY (30s-white), grins.

MAZZE (V.O.)

Poor junkie. The JD name, ITCHY,
fits him like a glove, I mean rash.

ITCHY

Can I help you?

MAZZE

Yeah, uh, I was looking for a gift
for my kid. A toy giraffe would be
perfect.

Mazze winks at him. He peeks around and peers outside to make sure he is safe. All the while he scratches his mangy body.

ITCHY

I think I got what you need in the
back. Stay put.

He bounces to the back office, while he itches himself like his skin is his enemy. Mazze shakes his head in disgust.

Itchy comes back out with a doctor's bag that appears to have been in the refrigerator.

ITCHY (CONT'D)

How many?

MAZZE

Two is cool.

He reaches in the bag and pulls out two little plastic jars. The kind that meds come in at the hospital. Lid and all. Itchy slides them over.

ITCHY

That will be sixty dollars.

MAZZE (V.O.)

That is why they call it Dirty 30.
It costs thirty bucks a hit and
unless you happen to like the taste
of a junkie's trachea, it's as
appetizing as Satan's hemorrhoid.

The sixty bucks is handed over and Mazze scoots out of there.

INT. POLICE LAB - DAY

TECHNICIANS in hazard gear, open the samples as Mazze inspects from a distance.

MAZZE (V.O.)

At the crime lab we open those jars of liquid joy to see what's really inside. I'll tell you what. If cousin Itchy pulls a gun and says, "Drink this or die"...I'll just have to take a bullet to the face...and see how that works out for me.

Mazze moves closer to view the putrid plasma.

MAZZE (V.O.)

Staring me in the face was the most disgusting goo that I'd ever seen. Someone's mucus was floating on top of the fluid, all brown and slimy looking. Some other shit that looked like bile was mixed in too.

In self defense, Mazze must turn away.

MAZZE (V.O.)

Whew! How hard-up do you have to be to drink this shit? Is it really possible to hate yourself so much that you could actually ingest this cauldron of bacteria, dope and possibly HIV into your system?

(beat)

Dear God, please heal our world.
Love always, your boy, Mazze.

EXT. CANDY STORE - DAY

As Mazze saunters up to the storefront, he hears something in the alley. He peeks around the corner.

A junkie vomits up the methadone into a baggie. Saliva hangs off his chin like the money shot in a porno movie. Mazze cringes.

INT. CANDY STORE - DAY

Itchy is rakes over his chest with his nails, as Mazze comes in. The junkie is happy to see him.

MAZZE

What's up, Candyman? I'll take
three, no, four.

ITCHY

My man.

He goes in the back and comes out with four containers.

MAZZE

This is good shit. Next week,
before Christmas, I got a homey who
wants a dozen. I'll be back.

Itchy is so excited his elf hat falls off.

SUPER - ONE WEEK LATER

INT. CANDY STORE - DAY

Mazze and Q step through the door and go inside.

MAZZE (V.O.)

Finally time to take down Itchy the
elf and his evil eggnog. This time
Q comes with me. As we enter, we
see that Itchy isn't there.

An old GEEZER (70s, white) works the register.

MAZZE (V.O.)

Great, he probably got cold feet.
Looks like this one fell through.

Just as Mazze and Q turn to leave, the Geezer calls them.

GEEZER

Hey you two, you looking for Paulo?

They turn back and go to the counter.

MAZZE

Yeah. I think that's his name. He
was supposed to give me a special
gift for my homies. It's a
Christmas thing. Tell him I stopped
by, please.

Geezer leans in and whispers.

GEEZER

I have it for you.

MAZZE (V.O.)

Say what? This Papa Geppetto
looking codger is in on spreading
this disgusting filth too? Say it
ain't so, Joe.

GEEZER

The deal was for twelve full jars,
right. I've got all twelve. Fresh
stuff too. Be right back.

As he limps to the back room, the tassel on his elf hat
swings from side to side.

Once he's out of sight, Mazze and Q, both have an expression
on their faces that says, "What the fuck?"

After a short time, Geezer limps his way back to the counter
with two medical bags. He opens them and counts out all
twelve canisters of Giraffe Juice.

MAZZE (V.O.)

This guy is no innocent bystander.
He is in it up to his neck. Dummy.

GEEZER

As you can see, it's all there,
fellers.

Q hands over \$180 dollars and Mazze follows suit. Geezer
flashes a toothless smile, as they grease his palms with the
marked money. Mazze and Q both take a bag and turn to go.

GEEZER (CONT'D)

Merry Christmas. Don't mind the
mucus.

He chuckles.

MAZZE (V.O.)

I'm pretty sure that is the first
time I heard that phrase in my
life. I pray it is the last.

Mazze turns to Q and tries not to laugh.

Q

The mucus is the best part.

Mazze now busts out laughing. Now they all do.

MAZZE

Merry Christmas you sick old
bastard. Hope Santa is good to you.

(MORE)

MAZZE (CONT'D)
Might get some Viagra in your
stockings if you quit playing with
people's vomit.

Geezer turns his head to the side and spits on the floor.

GEEZER
Fuck Santa.

Mazze and Q walk out with a hearty laugh.

INT. POLICE LAB - DAY

The technicians wrap the Giraffe Juice tight and slap a
'HAZARDOUS WASTE' sticker on the evidence.

MAZZE (V.O.)
The Giraffe Juice crew was facing
some serious time. They deserve it
too. Those poor junkies at the
clinic were trying to kick that
garbage and here these clowns are
making it easier for them to
backslide. It's shameful and
heartless.

A technician holds a jar of the 'Dirty Thirty' up to the
light. A jar of Lucifer's diarrhea, is the only thing, one
could compare it to.

MAZZE (V.O.)
And they sold that crap to their
fellow citizens? Yecch. Death
penalty please.

The gag reflex hits Mazze and he leaves the room abruptly.

EXT. STREETS OF NYC - DAY

Heatwaves hover over city streets. Some citizens jog, walk
dogs and show off their newest mini-skirts under sunshine.

INT. WAR ROOM - DAY

The team is seated, chomping donuts as Johnny B talks. He
passes out photos of Cortez to the detectives.

JOHNNY B
We got reports of activity near
this City park.
(MORE)

JOHNNY B (CONT'D)

From what other uncles said, they want you to use in front of them or it's no deal. Anyone interested? It's that new kingpin, Cortez.

MAZZE

Oh God, I know this asshole from the hood. He was a goddamn bully. I want this one, bad.

Q

What if he recognizes you too?

MAZZE

Last time he saw me I was around twelve. I doubt it.

BOSS

I don't know, so dangerous, mon.

MAZZE

Fellas, I could talk them into selling, without their heroin getting in to my blood stream. Uncle Mazze has that secret invention.

BOSS

Oh no. He's gonna spike the volleyballs again.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

The lock is applied to the door and Mazze takes out his tried and true crotch toy. He drops his pants, fits it into place.

EXT. PARK - DAY

Flags and banners are everywhere. The area is filled with people of all ages. Mazze, perches on a bench.

MAZZE (V.O.)

Of course to make things even more interesting, it happens to be the Fourth of July. Cortez works out of an old house across from the park. I scope the place out early and see traffic walk in - and stumble out. Not only will I have to fake an injection...but also fake the heroin high.

Mazze creeps around, analyzing his target. He gets a glimpse into the backyard. Red, white and blue banners and balloons can be seen.

MAZZE (V.O.)
A patriotic heroin dealer? Only in
New York.

As Mazze gets closer, he spots a familiar face.

MAZZE (V.O.)
A ways back, I saved this junkie
from rape, here she is...setting
herself up for it again.

JD PUERTO RICAN BARBIE (LATE TEENS) is headed to the address with a friend.

Another fake Latina blonde with heavy make-up and lips so red and shiny that they glow in the dark. She becomes JD REVLON.

MAZZE (V.O.)
My teeny-bopper can probably get me
in. If she is still a minor,
stiffer penalties for the dealers.

Q reads Mazze's signal as he strolls over to the property. Night is falling and the park, even more packed. A local band is already jamming away on stage.

MAZZE (V.O.)
Nothing says 'Happy Fourth of July'
like a rendition of Tito Puente
songs. At least not in this
neighborhood.

Mazze slinks in closer. Barbie chats with Revlon.

Cautiously, Mazze wheels up behind them and just listens. He sprays on some cologne and gets into Barbie's line of sight and smell so that she will recognize him first.

BARBIE
Ayy hombre. I know you. Remember?
We copped from the guys in the van?

MAZZE
Hey, oh yeah. Girl, how could I
ever forget that? That was the best
time at a dope deal I ever had. How
are the twins?

He nods towards her breasts. Barbie giggles.

BARBIE

They are Bueno. Maybe you can inspect them later.

(seductive overtone)

After you left that day, bad shit went down. Almost raped. The van got pulled over and it didn't happen. I think those boys will be locked up a long time though.

Mazze acts surprised.

MAZZE

Really? Wow! Glad that you got away. I was kinda worried about you anyway. Those guys were dangerous looking.

BARBIE

Awww. You hear that? Big papi worried about me. How sweet is that?

REVLON

(strong Latin accent)

I tink he like you.

BARBIE

You like me, Papi? You get me high tonight...we have our own fiesta, no?

All at one time, she flutters her eyes, pouts her lips and rubs her nipples against Mazze's arm. Synchronized seduction with all weapons blazing.

MAZZE

That would be a dream come true. Where can I get done?

BARBIE

Right over here. In fact we were going to a party there. We can cop, drink for a while then see where I can put your Roman candle tonight.

MAZZE

Cool. Let's roll.

Barbie puts his arm around her waist. She smiles back, satisfied with the power of her charms.

EXT. CORTEZ'S HOUSE - DAY

They come up to a house that appears like it was built around the time of World War II. It seems well maintained and for NYC, it sits on a lot of land.

In the backyard, the party has already started. The hip-hop is so loud it drowns out the live sound of the Tito Puente clones. Barbie approaches a big dude by the door.

BARBIE
Hey, is Cortez in?

He points over his shoulder towards the inside of the house.

INT. CORTEZ'S HOUSE - DAY

All three bounce through the doorway and into - Babylon. The living room has been cleared out and tables of booze and food now fill it.

As they slice through crowd, some of these folks seem to be minors. Oh oh. One of them is sitting in the corner with a pile of puke in her lap, just nodding away, alone. The sight of that doesn't make Mazze happy.

One room they pass, they hear girls giggle. From underneath the door, it's seen that the room is dark except for a strobe light.

MAZZE (V.O.)
An orgy room? Hey, what better way
to celebrate this great country?
I'll have to look into making that
mandatory.

They go through the kitchen and into the backyard.

EXT. CORTEZ'S BACKYARD - DAY

The real party is there. The music booms and blasts.

MAZZE (V.O.)
I doubt that my wire is going to
work well out here. Music is too
loud. I might be off the grid...and
on my own.

The whole place is covered in red, white and blue. That includes the strippers who grind around on raised platforms on opposite ends of the party.

The colors of America are on tassels that swing to the beat,
from the end of the silicone mountains on their chests.

BARBIE

That's Cortez over there. Let's cop
now and get blasted so I can do you
during the fireworks show.

MAZZE (V.O.)

How come all the chicks that like
wild sex are the crazy ones? Why
can't a lady lawyer, without a
substance problem, roll up to me in
her BMW and ask to bang me under a
fireworks display? Life isn't fair.

Mazze smiles back.

MAZZE

Sounds good. Let's do it.

They step towards the man she pointed out. Cortez downs a
shot and grins. His long brown hair is tied into a ponytail,
steel blue eyes and a long ZZ Top beard - look ominous.

MAZZE (V.O.)

Puerto Ricans come in every hue of
skin known to man. From Barcelona
white to Congo black, we have
representatives at each point along
that spectrum. I dig old school,
but this seemed downright colonial.
The blue eyed conquistador
surrounded by darker people who
just happen to be his slaves. The
chains have been replaced by heroin
needles. I'm not loving it.

Cortez greets Barbie like the past conquest that she probably
was. Cortez kisses her cheek.

CORTEZ

Hey baby girl. Que Pasa? Glad that
you could make it.

BARBIE

Wouldn't miss it. Good music, great
dope and free fireworks. Let's
party. You got a little something,
something? My man wants to cop.

The one time bully of Mazze looks him over. No sign of
recognition in his expression.

CORTEZ

What up, Holmes? So you hooked up with the firecracker, huh? Since I never met you before, you gotta use in front of me. Problem?

BARBIE

We were counting on getting blasted and watching the fireworks here. You got a perfect place to trip on the show.

She points to the open sky.

CORTEZ

Yeah, no doubt. How many you need buddy?

MAZZE

I'll take four. Hook up cutie pie here and her friend, then have some for tomorrow.

He pulls out about ten bags from his bulging pocket and counts out four. They do the deal.

CORTEZ

You got your own rig? If not, we got some clean ones in the rose room over there.

Behind him is a trestle of rose bushes that almost obscures a bench within its walls. How romantic.

MAZZE

Yo man, you gotta a less public place to spike up?

CORTEZ

You allergic to roses, Holmes? What's the problem?

Cortez's voice is sprinkled with agitation.

MAZZE

Uh, I don't spike my arm anymore. I gotta keep it secret. So I kinda shoot it into a hidden place.

Embarrassed and shy is how Mazze plays it.

BARBIE

Yeah, I know what you mean. I pop between my toes. Nobody sees it, nobody asks questions.

CORTEZ

Fine, you guys can shoot in your toes or whatever. Nobody will bother you, unless of course you refuse to do it.

MAZZE

Toes? Damn, I was gonna suck them toes tonight till the nail polish came off on my lips. Now I might end up with a mouthful of scabs and blood.

All laugh as Mazze makes a face.

BARBIE

I got other things for you to suck on, baby boy. Don't you worry. Mama feed you good.

MAZZE

Well boss...Here's the thing. The place where I shoot is in my nut-sack. That rose canopy thing can't cover me for that.

Mazze studies the reaction.

MAZZE (V.O.)

That split second, when the imagery of my balls being skewered, flashes in their mind...is a beautiful thing.

Barbie and Revlon cringe like they were born with testicles themselves and could relate.

MAZZE (V.O.)

Between the two of them, they probably handled more balls than Michael Jordan did his entire career. They know 'nads'.

In unison, they squeal in revulsion.

CORTEZ

Fuck you, man. In the balls? No way, man. Fuck that. I don't believe you. No one is that crazy.

MAZZE

Hey, I got to hide it from work and
I got to hide it from my bitches.
What better spot? Who would think
to look there?

Mazze smiles as stomachs churn.

REVLON

You loco, Poppi.

MAZZE

If I have to go on a needle ride
outside, so be it. I ain't afraid
to drop my drawers and show my
shit. I'm packing like a porn-star.
I just figured since you are the
host, I should tell you what's up.

CORTEZ

Gee thanks. You're like the 'Miss
Manners' of smack, aren't you? I'm
kinda torn. That shit is pretty
sick stuff. To see it, may scar me
for life. I can imagine the
nightmares.

(beat)

But on the other hand, rules are
rules. That's why I'm not in jail
yet. Plus, I kinda want to say that
I actually saw some shit like that
with my own eyes. Make a good war
story when I retire.

BARBIE

Hey, while you boys ponder the
universe, hook me and my sister up.
I need to get lit. Real bad.

CORTEZ

Okay, okay. Dude, go on over with
them and salt them nuts up. I gotta
see this shit.

They all step into the rose bush enclosure. Next to the bench
is a metal garbage can with over forty used syringes.

Behind the bench is a bag of about sixty new ones still in
the plastic. Barbie grabs three virgins and passes them out.

By this time, Mazze has already cut out a 'spoonful of sugar'
for each of them. Now to BBQ it. After the opium crystals
have turned into opium milk, Mazze lets the girls go first.

As they lift their legs up to prepare their toes, they both slip Mazze a healthy 'beav-shot'. Talk about your fringe benefits.

As, AMERICA THE BEAUTIFUL, is played in the park...Barbie feeds her monkey. What an ironic moment.

She digs the needle in between her toes without a shudder. Yuck, Mazze shudders for her. Revlon follows suit. Not a word is said, it's all business.

In seconds, the girls go from slutty playgirls, to teen zombies. They collapse onto the bench, wasted. Gone. Barbie's speech is slurred as she throws down the gauntlet.

BARBIE

Ha ha. Your turn big boy. Let's see them big, black balls get poked.

The two girls giggle. It's showtime. Mazze grabs a 'joystick' and unwraps it.

Cortez has called some friends over to watch. Barbie and Revlon struggle to keep their eyelids open. Mazze leans into the undercover role.

MAZZE

First I poke this nut, then you can be by slut. How that sound?

BARBIE

Yeeeah, papi. It's soooo juicy.

She flickers her tongue at Mazze, trying to be sexy.

MAZZE (V.O.)

In reality I wouldn't touch this HIV hooker with a ten foot condom, but to play it up. I blow her a kiss. Now to play with Cortez and his crew. I don't want him looking too closely, they might just see my game. I throw a cock-blocker in his head as I stand up, to pull 'em down.

MAZZE

Uh, none of you guys are gay are you? Be honest.

They are taken back by it and Cortez overcompensates on the response. Just as Mazze planned.

CORTEZ

Faggots? Not here, my friend. We'd stomp the shit outta them if they showed up too.

He laughs, then his crew joins in.

CORTEZ (CONT'D)

Ask your sweetheart there. I'm all about the pussy.

MAZZE (V.O.)

Is he trying to rank on my skank? Awww, how cute. She's a dope whore, duhhh...everybody has fucked her. Did he think we were going to the chapel to get married after this? Am I supposed to cry now? What a dickhead. I want to be there when they cuff this fool.

MAZZE

I ain't hating on the gays, just wanna know who has their eyes on my shit. All I'm saying is that if anybody gets a hard-on from this, they owe me some money.

They laugh on it, but they will be mindful not to stare too long and they will police each other.

With needle loaded, Mazze drops his sweat pants. Baggie boxers enjoy the summer breeze.

MAZZE (CONT'D)

By the way, where is the bathroom at? I usually gotta piss right after I do this.

Cortez points to the house.

CORTEZ

In through the kitchen, turn right, the second door. My man...maybe that ain't piss. It's probably your balls crying teardrops, cuz of what you did to them.

MAZZE (V.O.)

That was a good one, I admit. Reluctantly I join in the laughter. But...I have to top it.

His partners give him high-fives.

MAZZE

Yo man, you should see all the money they take outta my check for child support. Fuck these nuts. I outta be taking a machete to these baby making bitches.

Even the spaced out hoes laugh out loud. The stage is set, the audience is trained and ready. Let the show begin. Mazze sits on the bench with his pants around his ankles.

He grabs the inseam of the boxers and slides it to the side. Holy Macadamia, Batman. Check out those nuts. Barbie rubs his leg and smiles.

BARBIE

Nice package, Papi.

MAZZE (V.O.)

It's one thing when a church girl says you've got a big cock. It's quite another when a whore does. They have seen more swinging dicks than a urinal at Yankee Stadium. I take their analysis as expert opinion.

REVLON

Yeah, Chica. You might need me to help you with that.

They giggle.

MAZZE

Nothing like a threesome for the Fourth of July. It makes me proud that you ladies love your country that much.

The great thing is that no one seems to notice the tube. Mazze eyeballs Cortez's crew. They turn away, terrified of being tagged as gay. Not Cortez, he smiles back.

MAZZE (V.O.)

Quickly, I move my sack to the side and cover the tube with my fingers. I smile at my fans, then go for it. The needle hits the target perfectly. I hear a lot of...

CROWD

Oh my God...No he didn't...

The tube is penetrated for all to see. Mazze, the actor, twists his face in fake pain.

BARBIE

My God, Papi, you okay?

MAZZE (V.O.)

Now the good part. Audience participation. I pull up the fake blood into the syringe chamber and wait for the screams. My future felons don't let me down. Party people in the house say, holy fuck.

CROWD

HOLY FUCK! SICK. CHRIST!

Men and women turn away in disgusted horror. Two folks even barf. Everyone squirms in empathy to the self-imposed testicular torture scene. The smile on Cortez's face is gone, replaced by repulsion.

CORTEZ

Dude. That is some sick-ass shit.

MAZZE (V.O.)

In my quest for a Tony Award, I kick up the acting on this Off-Broadway show. With agony on my face and in my voice, I let out a little scream. Then empty the contents of the hypodermic into my groin-tube.

MAZZE

Arrrrgh!

When the syringe is heroin free, Mazze raises it above his head in victory. Heads that had been turned away in squeamishness, swing back for the grand finale.

MAZZE (V.O.)

Of course they applaud. They had better.

EXT. CORTEZ'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The now black sky seems to sense the fireworks to come. For now, Mazze is still center stage.

REVLON

That was sexy, do it again.

MAZZE (V.O.)

Now for the second part of my
acting gig. Pretending to be high.
I have the perfect role model to
draw from. My own dad.
Unfortunately I have seen his post-
injection nod, thousands of times.
All I do is follow his blueprint.

The eyes start to close, the body turns to jelly.

MAZZE (V.O.)

I learned well from him. How could
I not?

The used needle gets tossed in the trash and the nuts get
covered back up. Mazze struggles to stand up. To make it more
real, he falls over trying to pull his pants back up.

Waves of laughter drown him as he is on the ground. Such a
pitiful junkie.

CORTEZ

Senor, if I was rich, I'd buy you
your own TV show. You sooo funny.

Cortez laughs as do the others. Barbie reaches out a hand and
helps him up. Truly a hooker with a heart of gold. Mazze gets
his pants back on and tries to sit up.

Now to put the cherry on top. As he nods, slack-jawed, a
little drool falls from the corner of his lip. Sweet.

BARBIE

Papi...Papi, you okay?

Mazze slurs his words.

MAZZE

Yeah. I'm nice. Need to piss real
bad. Could you help me up?

Barbie and Revlon help Mazze to his feet, just as the first
fireworks go off. Attention is diverted from Mazze and
towards the sky.

Not only do they help him up, but they assist him all the way
to the house. They really didn't have to do that.

MAZZE (V.O.)

I'm touched that they helped me
like this.

(MORE)

MAZZE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
When I get in that bathroom, I'm going to call in the exterminators to squash all of these smack-roaches, especially Cortez. I decide to give the girls a chance to avoid it.

BARBIE
Did you need help in the bathroom too? I don't mind.

Mazze pulls out forty dollars.

MAZZE
Hey. Go over to the park. Get a blanket and some cold beer. I'll meet you there. I don't want to stay here. They were all laughing at me. Be there shortly.

They look at each other. Revlon nods approval. They take the money and both give Mazze a kiss.

BARBIE
See you there.

MAZZE (V.O.)
No you won't. I wave goodbye to them. I hope that one day they will get their lives back on track. Such a waste. I hate dope.

INT. CORTEZ'S HOUSE, BATHROOM - NIGHT

Since it is enclosed, the crew can hear the wire on Mazze better over the loud music. He speaks into the microphone.

MAZZE
We'll need about 70 cops. Cortez has blue eyes, brown ponytail, ZZ Top beard and shit eating grin. The quicker the better so that we can use the distraction of the fireworks to our advantage.

EXT. CORTEZ'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Mazze stumbles back out and posts-up near Cortez. He doesn't even notice. All eyes are on the aerial display.

At ground level, Mazze sees cops get into position in the backyards of the two houses that flank Cortez's.

Soon the regular show winds down and the grand finale is launched. The sky is blasted with a shitload of rockets all at one time. The visuals overhead are awesome and the sound...deafening.

During the 'rocket's red glare', Mazze turns to the house and notices that the raid has started. The cops work their way to the back of the house. They arrest everyone, unnoticed.

Over the backyard, the grand finale trickles down to a stop. The crowd there applauds. No sooner does the sky clear, than a police helicopter comes from nowhere and hovers over the party. Its bright lights...blinding.

An amplified voice of the COP from inside the chopper is heard, loud and clear.

COP (O.C.)

This is the New York City Police Department. You are all under arrest. Drop your weapons and lay face down on the ground, immediately!

Cortez...in shock. His jaw drops as he spots two dozen cops converge on the crowd from the neighboring yards.

He draws his gun in fear and tries to back up.

MAZZE

Yo man, you should drop that. Ain't no where to go. We're surrounded. Don't make it worse.

Panic. Cortez tilts his head to the sky, prays for a miracle. None comes.

He runs to underneath the platform where the strippers, on top, crouch low.

CORTEZ

Goddammit!

He fires the gun at officers. Mazze sneaks over to the platform. Cortez does not see him.

On the opposite side of the platform, the poles holding up the stage are wobbly.

Mazze pushes the stage with all his might.

The platform collapses on Cortez and knocks his gun free. One of the STRIPPERS slides off, lands on him, feet first.

The problem being, the six-inch, spiked heels. They both penetrate the chest of Cortez.

Blood squirts, women scream. The stripper pulls one heel out from near his heart. Now it is a geyser. More screams.

Cortez struggles to breathe, sees Mazze. His eyes go big.

CORTEZ (CONT'D)
YOU? South Bronx, junkie dad.

MAZZE
Good memory for a scumbag about to die. Yep, that's me. And payback never felt so good. You won't be creating - junkies, no more.

As Cortez bleeds out, he gives Mazze - the finger.

MAZZE (CONT'D)
Alright then. Mr. Cortez, you have the right to remain silent...

The villain, draws his last breath, impaled by Prada.

STRIPPER (O.S.)
His ass dead yet? I need my shoes back. Fuck the blood. I got soap.

EXT. NYPD SUBSTATION - DAY

Mazze steps outside the building, takes several deep breaths. Sunny, but windy, he struts across the parking lot.

MAZZE (V.O.)
Our efforts gained attention across the board. Soon we were offered to work on big cases. I needed a new challenge and the idea of taking down huge drug rings with my crew sounded good to me. And imagine all the new stories I could tell to my dad.

He reaches his car and opens the door. Alex Mazze looks around for a moment and takes it all in.

INT. MAZZE'S CAR - DAY

He sits down, closes the door...then makes a face, as he suddenly winces in pain.

Mazze makes more faces as he digs around in his pants. Finally he smiles. In his fingers is a small black tube with hair glued on it. He laughs.

MAZZE (V.O.)

Ah, life at the NYPD. Ya gotta love
it. Just got to.

The Mazze-mobile fires up and he drives off through the crack-filled streets of the Big Apple...for more adventure.

THE END.