

SCRIPT TITLE

Written by

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Based on, If Any

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EXT. 48TH STREET ENTRANCE TO ADLEY'S AUCTION HOUSE - DAY

Gooey exits clutching the small box that contains the opal. Howard is right on his tail. Gooey rushes down the sidewalk towards a waiting limo service sedan.

GOOEY

(furious)

That's one hundred and ninety grand
Howard! One hundred and ninety
grand!

HOWARD

I'm sorry. I'm sorry. Didn't I
tell you I was gonna stop pressing
him to...

GOOEY

(cuts him off)

Yeah, yeah! Didn't I tell you that
was gonna happen????!!!

HOWARD

I'm sorry. I'm sorry.

GOOEY

So now what????!!!

HOWARD

Your money is gonna go into my
account. I will wire it right back
to you.

GOOEY

Including my 20%.

HOWARD

Absolutely! It comes right out of
my account.

GOOEY

That's 38 grand, Howard. 38 Grand!

HOWARD

I know that.

GOOEY

Almost 38 grand!

HOWARD

I am gonna need a couple of weeks
on that, but it will be done. I
promise you.

They walk past Aaron who is chatting with his uncle, Arno, while Arno's two heavies, Nico and Phil look on.

GOOEY

Aaron, c'mon, let's go. C'mon!

Aaron falls in behind his father and Howard. The three of them head down the sidewalk toward a waiting town car and driver. Arno waves at their retreating figures.

ARNO

See ya', Gooley.

AARON

Dad! I got like six autographs!

GOOEY

Now!

Howard slows and gives Aaron a pat on the back. Gooley rushes ahead toward the waiting car and driver.

HOWARD

You got the autographs. That's great!

The town car driver opens the rear door for Gooley. Gooley motions for Aaron to get in the car first.

HOWARD (CONT'D)

Wasn't Garnett a champ!

Aaron gets in the car. Gooley gets in after him.

HOWARD (CONT'D)

Please. Please don't be mad.
Please don't be mad at me.

While the driver holds the rear door open, Howard leans to address Gooley.

HOWARD (CONT'D)

Can I get the opal? Let me get the opal.

GOOEY

What for?

HOWARD

Because I need to sell that...

GOOEY

(fed up)
Take the fuckin' opal

Goey thrusts the box containing the opal into Howard's outstretched hands.

HOWARD
Yes. Alright.

Howard steps back. The driver starts to close the door.

HOWARD (CONT'D)
Close the door. Get'em going

The driver closes the rear door and reaches for the handle to the driver's door.

HOWARD (CONT'D)
(suddenly angry)
Open the fuckin' door! What's he waitin' for you for?!

Howard watches the sedan start to pull out.

HOWARD (CONT'D)
Okay...alright.

Howard turns toward where Arno and the heavies are standing. They all glower at Howard. Howard approaches .

HOWARD (CONT'D)
I know...I know...I know.
(pause)
I know. Let him go. Let'em go and then we'll talk.

ARNO
(he's pissed)
What the fuck was that!!!???

HOWARD
I know...I know. I fucked up. It was a mistake, alright? I know. I admit it.
(pulls out his phone)
Just hit pause for one fuckin' second, and I am gonna call Kevin, cuz I know he fuckin' wants it, and he's got the one seven five, and then everything will be copasetic. Alright?
(into his phone)
KG...it's me. I got great news for ya...

Arno reaches out and grabs Howards phone...holds it to his ear.

ARNO

(loud)

Hello!

(pause)

Hello???

(to Howard, pissed)

No one on the fuckin' phone!

Arno throws the phone into the bushes next to the sidewalk.

HOWARD

Alright. If you just give me two
fuckin...

Nico charges Howard and throws a karate style elbow punch to Howards neck, partially crushing Howard's windpipe. Howard grabs his neck and gasps. Arno turns and walks off, flanked by Nico and Phil. Howard, holding his throat, gasping for air digs his phone out of the bushes. He finds the phone, pockets it and rushes after Arno.