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ENTOURAGE

"Hard Times"

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FADE IN:

INT. ARI'S OFFICE - MORNING

ARI GOLD is pacing up and down his office on his cell phone. A computer technician, MIKE SPICONI, somewhat nerdy in appearance, is at work at the desk trying to fix the problem

ARI

How long is this going to take?

MIKE

I'm running the final diagnostic test. You seem to have a really bad virus.

ARI

What I don't have is a fuckin' computer that I can work with. Let's go!

MIKE

I've seen this kind of problem from some porn sites that invade your hard drive.

ARI

Excuse me? Porn sites? Do I look like I visit porn sites?

MIKE

No, sorry, Mr Gold I wasn't implying that-

ARI

Hey take a look around here, Spumoni

MIKE

It's Spiconi

ARI

Okay Mike Spiconi. Do you see all those hot looking women that you don't have a chance of ever nailing?

MIKE

Yes, I do.

ARI

Now with that parade all day long and my desire to generate enormous cash flow, do you honestly think I have the time to browse tits on a fuckin' computer?

MIKE

I only meant that it was similar to viruses that can be downloaded from-

ARI

Okay, get out. You're done here.

MIKE

But I didn't finish the scan. There is an active code that is causing--

ARI

Well, times up. You're fired. Turn in your pocket protector and clip-on tie and get the fuck out!

MIKE

But--

ARI

LLOYD! Get me Bill Gates on the phone!

CUT TO:

INT. THE BOYS' CONDO - MORNING

VINCE is having a cup of coffee and nursing a slight hangover. He is wearing old sweatpants and t-shirt. A YOUNG WOMAN is just leaving the apartment.

YOUNG WOMAN

Bye Vince. It was great.

VINCE

Yeah, same here uh...uh. Bye now

She kisses him on the cheek and walks out of the apartment. DRAMA and TURTLE come into the kitchen. Drama is excited.

DRAMA

Baby Bro, today is the day.

VINCE

What day? Tuesday?

DRAMA

Have you forgotten? I'm disappointed.

TURTLE

Of course we haven't forgotten. Not with you reminding us for over a week now.

DRAMA

Well, nailing Celeste McGovern on camera is not something to forget.

VINCE

Johnny, it's a love scene. On camera, for the show. It's not real.

DRAMA

Sure, it's a love scene. But once that Johnny Drama charm kicks in she'll be all over me.

VINCE

No she won't. She's an actress. She's being paid to want you.

DRAMA

Well, I'm gonna prove you both wrong.

TURTLE

Really? I'd love to see that instead of running errands for you today.

DRAMA

Somebody's got to do the chores while us actors are...nailing Celeste!

TURTLE

Fuck you Drama. Next time you're going to Motor Vehicles, not me.

DRAMA

Listen, while I'll be sucking on those double Ds, you'll be sucking wind at the DMV.

VINCE

Johnny, don't be so cocky. Turtle does a lot so you can do your thing.

Vince pats Turtle on the back to show his appreciation.

DRAMA

I know that bro, I'm just busting with anticipation.

TURTLE

You better hope you don't bust that anticipation in your pants.

DRAMA

At least these tits are real.

(MORE)

DRAMA (CONT'D)

The last pair you had were stamped
Goodyear and inflated with an air
pump. You had vinyl burn for a week.

Turtle holds up his middle finger to Drama.

VINCE

Turtle may be right. You don't want
to embarrass yourself.

DRAMA

Not to worry. I have mastered the
situation.

VINCE

What do you mean? What did you do?

DRAMA

I popped some Viagra and when the
time comes Ms. Celeste will be looking
at Mr. Johnny "D"-licious.

VINCE

Have you lost all sense of reality?

DRAMA

What do you mean?

TURTLE

You're not making a porno. Did you
think you were really gonna fuck
her?

DRAMA

Well, I figured I needed to make it
look real.

VINCE

That's why it's called acting. No
one really fucks on camera.

DRAMA

I knew that, but I figured...

VINCE

What you better figure out is what
you're gonna do when you pop that
everlasting woody.

DRAMA

I have self control. I can master
the situation.

TURTLE

Sure. You'll get hard just looking
at the weather girl on NBC.

Drama grabs his wallet and car keys off the counter and heads
to the door. Turtle follows him as Vince plops down on the
sofa to watch TV.

CUT TO:

INT. ERIC'S OFFICE - MORNING

ERIC is on the phone with a REPRESENTATIVE from a TV show.

ERIC

I really appreciate your interest
but Vince is focusing on movie roles
right now.

REP

Look Eric. Vince's "Q" is still
extremely high regardless of the
Medellin fallout.

ERIC

Look, Medellin-

REP

Eric, Vince has a built in following
with kids and teens. They love
Aquaman. They could give a shit about
some labor of love art film.

ERIC

Okay, but judging a talent show?
Come on.

REP

Sure it's not Citizen Kane but then
Medellin wasn't either.

ERIC

What are we talking about?

REP

We need to shoot the pilot episode
to present it to Zucker next week.

ERIC

What! So you're calling me now.

REP

Our acting star dropped out and is
headed to rehab.

(MORE)

REP (CONT'D)

We originally wanted Vince but we knew he would never go for it.

ERIC

Well you're right. He won't. Vince is not the sloppy seconds kind of guy.

REP

We'll pay you double the agreed fee our former star was getting.

ERIC

Let me think about it.

REP

We're doing a run-through this afternoon. I'm sure Vince is free.

ERIC

Yeah, well I'll talk to Vince and get back to you.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAR DRIVING THROUGH LOS ANGELES - MORNING

Turtle is driving down a street when he approaches a red light. There is a garage sale with clothes and old furniture. He sees some old baseball jerseys hanging on a rod and pulls over.

TURTLE

Wow! I can't believe this. A Brooklyn Dodgers uniform.

An elderly woman, CARMELLA APONTE, approaches from the house.

CARMELLA

Hello, there. It was my husband's.

TURTLE

Was he a collector? This looks real.

CARMELLA

Well, actually it was his playing uniform.

TURTLE

Your husband played for the Brooklyn Dodgers? I grew up in Queens. My friends call me Turtle. Do you think I could meet him?

CARMELLA

That would be very hard to do.
Dominick passed away many years ago.
I live here by myself. I'm Carmella
Aponte.

TURTLE

Why are you selling his stuff?

CARMELLA

Oh, I'm just tired of all this stuff.

TURTLE

Do you have any kids? You shouldn't
be alone by yourself.

CARMELLA

We had one son. You remind me of
him. He died in the war.

TURTLE

Iraq?

Carmella smiles at the thought.

CARMELLA

(giggles slightly)
Vietnam. I'm a little older than I
look.

TURTLE

Well you remind me of my Grandma, so
we're even. I really want this
jersey. How much?

CARMELLA

How about ten dollars? I also have
a shoebox with some cards and photos.

She walks to the garage and returns with an old shoe box.

CARMELLA (CONT'D)

You can buy these too since you like
baseball. Dominick loved baseball
but looking at the cards made him
sad.

TURTLE

Why? You said he played. Did
something happen?

The old woman's eyes well up and she is about to cry.

CARMELLA

Oh, it's not important. I'm a little tired now.

TURTLE

Okay, here's a fifty. You keep it.

CARMELLA

Oh, no. A deal's a deal. Take the shoebox also.

Carmella puts the jersey and shoebox in an old shopping bag and hands it to Turtle.

CARMELLA (CONT'D)

It's starting to make me sad too. I miss my Dominick so. Bye, Turtle.

Turtle takes the shoebox and the Dodgers jersey and walks back to his car. They wave to each other as he drives away.

CUT TO:

INT. THE BOYS' CONDO - MORNING

Eric arrives as Vince is watching TV and lounging.

VINCE

What's up E.?

Vince is unshaven and still dressed in old sweatpants. He is smoking a joint and offers it to Eric who politely refuses.

ERIC

Obviously it looks like I'm the only one awake and starting the day.

VINCE

Well, it's not easy waiting around for my next job. I sometimes think I'd be better off back in Queens.

ERIC

Doin' what? Hanging out? Getting stoned and banging chicks all day.

VINCE

And is there a problem with that?

ERIC

Not really except that's exactly what we do here. Don't be so romantic about Queens.

VINCE

That is true. You do have a point.
It's just like I'm stuck in neutral.

ERIC

Look, it's not over. Not by a long
shot. I got a call today for some
work.

VINCE

Really? Like a movie? What kind of
role?

ERIC

It's not a movie, It's TV.

Vince looks disappointed but then smiles.

VINCE

Well, TV's good too. Could be
something there.

ERIC

I don't know. It's hosting a new
talent show for NBC.

VINCE

Well, this really sounds like the
end.

Vince goes back to watching TV and lights up a joint. Eric
sits next to him.

ERIC

Vince, you did great at the Kid's
Choice Awards. People love Aquaman
and want to see you.

VINCE

I get that but where's the
credibility? Where's the art?

ERIC

Starving artists don't drive Aston
Martins. You do. You live large.
Nothing wrong with that.

VINCE

Well, does it pay?

ERIC

It pays very well. Enough to pull
us out of a hole for awhile.

VINCE
What does Ari think?

Eric gets up and walks to the kitchen to get a drink. He pours orange juice and continues.

ERIC
I haven't told him yet. Given how slow it's been going I think he'll agree.

VINCE
I doubt that. Ari was right about the awards show getting me back in the spotlight but that was an appearance, this is a job.

Eric picks up the phone to call Ari.

ERIC
Hey Lloyd. It's E. Can you put me through to Ari?

CUT TO:

INT. OUTSIDE ARI'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Lloyd is on the phone and looks into Ari's office. Ari is on the phone loudly arguing with his wife.

ARI
Listen Babe. I'm sorry. I'm fuckin' sorry.

Ari reacts stupefied by what he hears his wife say on the phone.

ARI (CONT'D)
No! No fuckin' way. Don't even think about it! I mean it.

Lloyd enters with a note. Ari sees it's Vince and quickly hangs up the phone.

ARI (CONT'D)
I have to go.
(pause)
Yes, I have to go. We'll talk later.

Ari picks up the other line calmly.

ARI (CONT'D)
Vince! How's it going? You looked great on the Kids Awards. Even with slime all over you.

INTERCUT TELEPHONE CONVERSATION - ARI, ERIC AND VINCE

ERIC

Hey Ari. That was a good gig for now. What else is happening.

ARI

Hello E. How's the growing empire? I hear there's a flea circus looking for a rep.

ERIC

Ari, cut the shit. This is about Vince. I got a call today--

ARI

(interrupting)

From the producers of the "You Be the Judge" talent show.

VINCE

How did you know?

ARI

Because they know who really manages Vince's career.

ERIC

Fuck you. I'm Vince's manager. Everyone knows that.

ARI

Well, Eric. Perception is nine tenths of the law.

Eric is fuming. Vince tries to calm him down. He offers the joint again. Eric takes a puff.

VINCE

Either way, what do you think?

ARI

I think that unless you want to become the next David Hasselhoff, then drop it.

ERIC

Maybe it's not that bad.

ARI

Listen, Hoff's drunken YouTube video has been the only thing he's done that's getting any airplay. You want to end up like that?

ERIC
They're paying well. That's something.

ARI
They're paying well because they are fucked! Without a bona fide movie star that pilot is D-fuckin'-O-A.

ERIC
But with Vince involved it could be picked up. Zucker loves Vince.

CUT TO:

INT. ARI'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Ari sits down and checks his watch.

ARI
Sure he does, But if it isn't bought with Vince attached to it then we're fucked. You should know that, Mr. Empire.

VINCE (V.O.)
Look Ari, I get that but I need something coming in. I'm going crazy.

ARI
I know things are tough right now. We have to move smartly if we're gonna put Medellin behind us.

Ari tries his computer and hits the keyboard in frustration.

ARI (CONT'D)
This show with a fuckin' insult comic as host is a disaster waiting to happen.

ERIC (V.O.)
Well sitting home doing nothing is not the answer. At least Vince will be where people can see him.

ARI
Why don't I just have Vince stand in front of Nobu with a cardboard sign that says "career over." That's what this show will bring him.

CUT TO:

INT. THE BOYS' CONDO - CONTINUOUS

VINCE

Come on. It can't be that bad.

ERIC

We can make this work Ari.

ARI (V.O.)

Trust me. Let it go. I'm only your agent but I'm looking out for you.

ERIC

Well, I'm his manager and we'll decide.

CUT TO:

INT. ARI'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

ARI

Don't think too hard, Eric. Vince, trust me. You want to judge talent pick a bikini contest. At least you can fuck the winner. I gotta go boys.

Ari hangs up the phone and runs out of his office.

CUT TO:

INT. BEACH HOUSE - LATE MORNING

Drama leaves his trailer dressed in a robe to get to the bedroom set. He gets into the bed which faces a private beach. CELESTE, a very buxom and beautiful brunette, enters the set. She disrobes and is topless but wearing sweatpants.

DRAMA

Hey Celeste, Are you ready for our big scene?

CELESTE

Cut the shit Drama. I'm really fuckin' hungover. The last thing I want to be doing, right now, is a love scene.

DRAMA

Sure, but let's make the best of it. You never know, you might get into it.

CELESTE

Trust me, there's one thing you're not getting into.

DRAMA

No, sorry...I only meant, you know, you might enjoy it.

Celeste ignores Drama and gets into the bed. The crew continues to set up the lights.

CELESTE

It's fuckin' cold in here. It makes my nipples so hard and uncomfortable.

Celeste turns to show him her breasts. Drama tries to look away but he can't. His eyes widen.

DRAMA

I can see that. Hard. Very hard.

CELESTE

It's going to be really hard to make it through the shoot.

DRAMA

Well we certainly don't need to make things harder than they have to be.

Drama peeks under the covers. TONY EVANS, the Director comes over and sets up the shots.

TONY

You guys okay? Celeste? Drama?

CELESTE

Hey Tony, I'm okay but feeling a little queasy. Too much partying last night with the girls.

TONY

Well let me know if you need anything. We'll shoot quick. Okay with you Johnny?

DRAMA

Sure quicker is better.

The crew places the cameras and the scene is ready.

TONY

Okay, Celeste, Drama let's roll.

Celeste and Drama start to kiss passionately and really get into it until Celeste pushes Drama away fast.

She looks ill and suddenly violently vomits, just missing Drama.

TONY (CONT'D)
Oh shit! Cut! Celeste?

CELESTE
I'm sorry. I really don't feel well.
I think I had too many martinis.

She motions she's going to throw up again and runs into the bathroom. Loud vomiting noises are heard through the door.

DRAMA
Does that mean we're done?

TONY
Well Celeste is. We'll shoot out of order for the rest of the day.

Drama is relieved at first. He stands up and his erection is noticeable.

TONY (CONT'D)
Hey Drama, the scene's over. (points to his erection)

DRAMA
Yeah, I know. Oops. Well I'll go change. He runs to his trailer covering his crotch

CUT TO:

INT. RESTAURANT - AFTERNOON

Ari is seated at a table with two studio executives, JULES STEINBERG and MYRON BURNS. They are discussing a new movie about to be released.

ARI
This isn't just any tentpole movie we're talking about. This is the fuckin' Circus Maximus.

JULES STEINBERG
You know Ari, what makes you so sure? They said "Speed Racer" had great crossover appeal.

ARI
No, what they meant was great crossdress appeal. Have you seen that fuckin' Larry Wachowski recently.

MYRON BURNS

It certainly didn't help the picture when he showed up as Lana not Larry at the junkets.

The waiter comes with the check. They reach for their wallets.

ARI

No boys, this one is on me.

Ari hands the waiter an American Express Titanium "Black Card."

MYRON BURNS

You seem very sure of yourself, Ari. Don't be so fuckin' arrogant.

JULES STEINBERG

You're gonna make Cameron jealous.

ARI

This is going to make Titanic look like a fuckin' tippee canoe.

The waiter is talking with his manager. The manager rolls his eyes and comes back to the table.

MANAGER

I'm sorry, there seems to a problem with the card.

ARI

Excuse me. Problem?

MANAGER

I'm sorry Mr. Gold. We've never had a problem like this before. It's quite unusual but you're overdrawn.

ARI

Do you know what it takes to overdraw that card? I could buy fuckin' all of General Motors on that thing.

MANAGER

I don't know what to say.

ARI

Let me tell you—

MYRON BURNS

Ari, calm down. (hands his black card to the manager) I got it.

Ari is furious and leaves quickly. The two executives laugh.

CUT TO:

INT. THE BOYS' CONDO - LATE MORNING

Turtle is online checking the value of the baseball memorabilia in the bag. He can't believe their value. It is a small fortune.

TURTLE

This is unbelievable. Holy shit!
Man, that old woman has no idea what
this shit is worth. I'll be loaded.

Turtle continues to pick through the bag. He finds an envelope and opens it. He is reading the letter and his eyes widen in surprise.

TURTLE (CONT'D)

Fuck me!

Turtle is staring at the letter and then the computer screen. He picks up the phone and dials a number.

TURTLE (CONT'D)

Bennie? It's Turtle.

Turtle listens to Bennie on the phone.

TURTLE (CONT'D)

Yeah, good. Yeah, he's okay too.
Listen, I got some stuff here I need
you to price.

Turtle is holding the phone listening to Bennie.

TURTLE (CONT'D)

No, legit stuff. Very legit. Can I
come by?

Turtle listens to Bennie's response.

TURTLE (CONT'D)

No. Now. It has to be today. I'm
leaving now. Prepare to be fuckin'
amazed.

Turtle hangs up the phone. He carefully places the memorabilia back into the shoebox. He starts to walk out of the apartment but runs back to take the Brooklyn Dodger jersey with him.

TURTLE (CONT'D)

Can't leave this.

He holds the jersey up and stares at the Brooklyn Dodgers logo.

TURTLE (CONT'D)

Fuck that. I can't be too nice.

He puts the jersey back on the table and leaves the apartment.

CUT TO:

EXT. BEACH HOUSE - LATE MORNING

The cast and crew are assembled on the beach to begin shooting the next scene. The actors are all wearing tight swimming briefs. The director is pacing and calling for Drama.

TONY

Where the fuck is he? He's holding up the whole fuckin' scene.

Drama opens his trailer and comes walking towards the set in a funny manner and wearing baggy athletic shorts.

DRAMA

Okay, sorry guys. I'm ready now so let's get--

TONY

Drama! What the fuck? Where's your swimming trunks?

Drama acts surprised. The director is looking for the wardrobe assistant. He calls over to her.

TONY (CONT'D)

Cindy! Where's Drama's trunks? He can't wear fuckin' basketball shorts. This is a beach scene with buff lookin' guys.

CINDY

I left him the swimming trunks in his trailer. I don't know why he's wearing those things.

Tony walks over to where Drama is standing with the other actors.

TONY

Johnny? What the fuck are you doing? You're dressed like you're gonna shoot some hoops with Kobe.

DRAMA

Well, Tony. I thought it might make me stand out. A little improvisation.

TONY

Johnny, you're not here to improvise.

DRAMA

(whispering)

Look, Tony. I really think it would be better if--

TONY

No Drama. Take the shorts off or take a walk off...MY FUCKIN'SET!

Drama quickly pulls the shorts off. Everyone starts snickering and laughing. One of the actors grabs the shorts and begins to toss them around the set.

TONY (CONT'D)

Okay, what the hell is going on here?

The cameraman points to Drama who is unsuccessfully trying to cover his crotch with his hands. Tony is not amused.

TONY (CONT'D)

What the fuck? Drama! You gonna walk around with a hard-on all day?

DRAMA

Yes, I mean no. It just won't go down.

TONY

Well, take care of it. You know--

Tony makes a masturbation hand motion.

DRAMA

I did. Twice. It's like it has a mind of its own.

TONY

Well, you better do something.

Drama tries to run back to his trailer but he is having trouble since he is still erect. The crew is laughing.

CUT TO:

EXT. ARI'S CAR -- LATER

Ari is on the phone with his wife. They are continuing the same argument. Ari is completely wound up now.

ARI

How could you overdraw my credit card? This will be all over town.

CUT TO:

INT. ARI'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Mrs. Gold is on the phone arguing with Ari.

MRS.GOLD

I have no idea what you're talking about. I didn't use your fuckin' credit card.

CUT TO:

EXT. ARI'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

ARI

Really, the card's overdrawn. You did this last time we argued.

CUT TO:

INT. ARI'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

MRS.GOLD

The last time you were a complete dickhead so I made you pay.

ARI

And this time I'm not a dickhead?

MRS.GOLD

Fuck you Ari. Who gives a shit? You were with your friends anyway.

ARI

Babe, this is Hollywood. Nobody has friends here. This will be all over town. How could you embarrass me?

MRS.GOLD

The same way you embarrass me. How could you--

Ari's wife is heard yelling through the phone. He puts the phone in the glovebox and continues driving. Her muffled screaming is faintly heard.

CUT TO:

INT. GAME SHOW STUDIO - AFTERNOON

Vince is sitting on the set of the "You Be The Judge" studio set. Next to him are his two co-stars, BRENDA RAINES, a one-hit wonder singer and Tony Withers, a child star from the 80's. The host of the show is the notorious DEVIN GRAY, an insult comic with a nasty edge. A singer has just finished performing and Devin motions to the panel for their scores.

BRENDA

I have to say I thought the material was a little weak. I didn't feel--

DEVIN

(interrupting)

Well, you would know about weak material. Having one hit in a career that spans 2 decades says enough.

Brenda tries to offer a reply but the cheering from the audience drowns her out. She smiles but is clearly annoyed.

DEVIN (CONT'D)

Let's hear from Pablo...I mean Vinnie Chase.

The audience starts cheering. There are shouts of Aquaman and "We Love Vinnie" from shrieking girls. Vinnie smiles.

VINCE

First, let me say--

DEVIN

No, first let me say this. You're Aquaman, King of the Sea. Right?

VINCE

Well, I guess you could say that. It is one of my--

DEVIN

(interrupting)

So you would know know a lot about singing? How is that?

Jeers are heard coming from the audience.

VINCE

Well, not exactly. I'm really an actor and singing--

DEVIN

(interrupting)

You're not really an actor either. I've seen your movies.

More jeers are heard from the audience.

VINCE

Look, I came here to help out on the show. If I'm not welcome--

DEVIN

You're another one hit wonder, Aquaman. Just like Brenda.

CUT TO:

INT. TV STUDIO CONTROL ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Eric is standing with the producers and not happy with Devin's verbal attack on Vince.

DEVIN (O.S.)

I'm probably the only one here that's seen Medellin. Is that right everybody?

ERIC

What the fuck? Vince came here to help you guys out. This fuck is ripping into him.

PRODUCER

Eric, it's part of the schtick. You knew that. Relax. It's funny.

Eric is not amused. He walks out of the control room.

DEVIN

See Vince. You're not that good at judging good material. So you sitting here is an insult--

VINCE

You got that right, You stupid fuck. Who the fuck are you? You're just as washed up as...

Vince stops talking and realizes what he is saying. He takes the microphone off and places it on the table.

VINCE (CONT'D)

You're right. Who am I to judge? I'm sorry this isn't for me.

Vince walks off the stage and down the aisle where the audience is sitting. The audience starts booing. A voice is heard yelling "You suck!"

Eric catches up to him and they walk out of the studio.

CUT TO:

INT. ARI'S OFFICE - LATER

Ari is sitting at his computer and banging on the keyboard. Lloyd opens the door and motions for two men to enter. Ari looks up and is surprised.

LLOYD

I'm sorry Ari. These two gentlemen would like to have a word with you.

ARI

Lloyd, I'm fucking busy here. Who the fuck are you two--

Lloyd mouths the letters F-B-I. Ari looks surprised.

FBI AGENT 1

We're sorry to intrude Mr.Gold.

ARI

(apologetically)

Look, if this is because of that Mexican gardener, I swear we didn't know he was a wanted--

FBI AGENT 2

Mr. Gold, do you know this man?

The agent holds up a photo of Mike Spiconi, the computer worker Ari fired earlier.

ARI

Yeah, I know him. That's Spumoni.

FBI AGENT 1

You mean Spiconi. He's been on our most wanted list for computer crimes.

FBI AGENT 2

We picked him up late this morning. He was traced hacking into a secure banking institution.

ARI

That fuck! I mean that...fuck!

FBI AGENT 1

Any trouble recently with your banking or credit cards?

ARI

Hey! My black card was overdrawn this afternoon. I thought my wife was using it.

FBI AGENT 1

No, Mr Gold. It seems Spiconi was hacking into your online identity.

ARI

Well, I guess that explains it.

FBI AGENT 2

He's in our custody now so there won't be anymore problems. We'll be in touch. Thank you, Mr. Gold.

The FBI agents leave the office. Ari picks up the phone to call his wife. He looks at his computer terminal. His screen is back to normal. Ari hits a few keys and up pops an online porn site displayed with a message that says "Told you so, Mr. Gold. You're a bad boy!"

CUT TO:

EXT. CARMELLA APONTE'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Turtle knocks on the door. Carmella opens the door and is surprised to see Turtle.

CARMELLA

Why, hello Turtle. This is a surprise.

TURTLE

Yeah, it is. I found this in the bag you gave me.

Turtle holds up the letter. Carmella starts to cry.

TURTLE (CONT'D)

No, don't cry. I have a something for you. This.

Turtle hands her a check. She looks at it wide-eyed.

CARMELLA

This is a lot of money. I can't take this.

TURTLE

You have to. This will pay off the bank. They can't foreclose on your house now.

CARMELLA

But where did you get so much money.

TURTLE

Those baseball cards you sold me were worth a fortune. I sold them to a collector friend.

CARMELLA

But why didn't you just keep the money? You don't know me.

TURTLE

Because you're just like my Grandma. I didn't sell everything, just enough.

Turtle hands the shoebox and the photos to Carmella.

CARMELLA

She would be very proud of you. Dominick would be too.

TURTLE

I couldn't believe your husband had all this stuff. Did he really play for the Dodgers?

CARMELLA

He sure did. We moved out here when the team moved to L.A. in 1958.

TURTLE

Was that really Joe DiMaggio in the photos? Could you tell me about him?

CARMELLA

Sure, come inside. I made some fresh braciola this morning.

Turtle enters the house. The door closes behind him.

CUT TO:

INT. THE BOYS' CONDO - LATER

Drama enters the condo. He is walking funny because of his erection. He opens the refrigerator and takes out a bag of frozen peas. He walks to the living room and lays down on the couch.

DRAMA

(talking to himself)

What a day. My dick is so sore from trying to get rid of this hard on.

He places the bag of peas on his penis and is momentarily startled.

DRAMA (CONT'D)

I haven't yanked it like that since I was eleven. Four times and still hard as a rock.

He reaches over to the answering machine but stops and looks down at his penis. His erection is subsiding.

DRAMA (CONT'D)

Finally. Man, I'm lucky if I can pee without it hurting. Ouch!

Drama leans over and turns on the answering machine to play back the messages. A message is from Celeste.

CELESTE (O.S.)

Hey Johnny, It's Celeste. I'm sorry about today. I was really a fuckin' bitch. I'm feeling much better now.

Drama sits up attentively. The message continues.

CELESTE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Come by after the shoot and I'll make it up to you. I promise, you won't be disappointed.

Drama looks down at his penis and shrugs. He places the bag of peas across his forehead and closes his eyes.

FADE OUT:

EXT. CAR DRIVING THROUGH LOS ANGELES - LATE AFTERNOON

Vince and Eric are driving towards the beach.

VINCE

I hope Ari won't be too mad at us.

ERIC

I have to admit he was right. What a sorry ass show that would've been.

VINCE

He's not going to be too pleased when the pilot hits YouTube.

ERIC

Well, he might be impressed when it gets more hits than Hasselhoff's.

VINCE

I'm not so sure.

Suddenly Vince hits the brakes at a sign advertising a bikini contest at a beach bar.

VINCE (CONT'D)

What do you say, E. Shall we go? A chance to redeem myself.

ERIC

Sounds good to me.

VINCE

Hey, call Turtle and Drama and have them meet us here. I'm sure Johnny can use some relief after today's shoot.

ERIC

See, I told you. It's not so bad here.

VINCE

How could I have ever doubted you?

Vince and Eric continue driving down the street towards the bar. The sun is still bright but beginning to set.

FADE OUT:

END OF EPISODE