

AVI

~~ROB~~

~~change me whatever you want, it's
my parent's money.~~

~~Bridgette and the rest of the girls are impressed~~

~~BRIDGETTE~~

~~You're a boss, Franklin.~~

~~Off Franklin, the party's here~~

EXT. AVI'S HOUSE - DAY

Rob drives a red convertible with Franklin in the passenger seat and three blonde girls in the backseat.

They park in front of a large house. Rob pulls out a two hundred dollar bills and gives them to Franklin.

~~ROB~~

~~This guy is legitimately insane, so
just get in and get out.~~

~~FRANKLIN~~

~~I got it.~~

Franklin gets out of the car and walks up to the house. Knocks on the door. Nothing.

Franklin looks back at Rob, shrugs, then knocks again.

Eventually the door opens, revealing an Israeli man, AVI DREXLER, forty-three, wearing a YARMULKE and a white t-shirt covered with red splatters. He's in the middle of argument with people we can't see, all yelling in Hebrew.

AVI (IN HEBREW)

> You don't know anything about anything, and your mother has only nine fingers!

(to Franklin, in English)

What are you selling?

Franklin looks at what appears to be blood all over this guy's shirt, turns to Rob... Are you kidding me? Rob gives him the thumbs up.

FRANKLIN

Uh... I'm here to buy?

Surprised, Avi now clocks the convertible, notices Rob. After quick consideration, Avi is amused.

SNOW FALL

Start

1/5

AVI
 > The Volpe kid, huh? He send you up here because he's afraid?
 (off Franklin's grin)
 What a pussy. In my country, we kill people like him.
 (yells inside in Hebrew)
 I'm coming.

Avi smiles, has a thought. Franklin grins back, nervously.

AVI
 > Come with me!

Avi motions for him to come inside. Franklin looks back at Rob, then enters the house --

INT./EXT. AVI'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Franklin follows Avi through the house. There is AFRICAN ART all over the walls... Kenyan, to be specific.

AVI
 > You like art, kid?

FRANKLIN
 Art?

AVI
 > You know: Van Gogh, Pollock, Monet?

FRANKLIN
 Yeah, some of that stuff a'ight.

As they emerge into --

THE BACKYARD

And an art class. A MIDDLE-AGED MALE ART TEACHER teaches Avi and his two former-Mossad bodyguards, YUDA and MUIR(30's) how to paint a clipper ship. WE SEE THREE DIFFERENT PAINTINGS all on easels, while the bodyguards argue in Hebrew and point at them.

YUDA
 Who the hell is this?

AVI
 > This is...
 (to Franklin)
 Who are you?

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FRANKLIN

Franklin.

AVI

> Franklin. He's completely objective. He'll judge.

(then, to Franklin)

Which one shows the most artistic talent? Be honest.

MUIR

This kid doesn't know shit--

AVI

> Shut up!

(to Franklin)

I'm serious. Choose one.

Franklin looks at all three. They're all pretty bad. One seems less shitty. Franklin points at it, and the bodyguards break into laughter... but Avi explodes in anger.

AVI

> This kid doesn't know shit!

Yuda and Muir quickly stop laughing, but the art Teacher doesn't get the memo, continues chuckling. Avi grabs a BRUSH, walks up to the teacher, who's now scared, realizing he screwed up. Avi takes him by the collar, and PAINTS HIS FACE. Now Yuda and Muir crack up again, as Avi drops the brush, turns back to Franklin:

AVI

> You! Time to go.

Avi leads Franklin --

BACK INTO THE HOUSE

Avi ushering Franklin towards the front door.

FRANKLIN

Yo, but what about the coke--

AVI

> I don't sell coke to kids.

FRANKLIN

I look like a kid to you? I'm a grown ass man.

Franklin holds up the two one-hundred dollar bills.

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AVI
 V And I definitely don't sell two hundred dollars worth of coke.

FRANKLIN
 What do you sell?

AVI
 V I sell kilos, to people with money.

FRANKLIN
 Well I got two hundred cash, and a car full of rich white kids whose parents you already do business with.

(takes a breath)
 Front me a key, and I'll turn it around, quick.

Avi laughs. They reach the front door.

AVI
 V Why would I give fourteen thousand dollars worth of product to a kid -- sorry, "grown ass man" -- that I don't know?

FRANKLIN
 Where you sell most of your coke?
 (off Avi)
 Local, right? Rich guys in the valley? Maybe some Hollywood assholes? Point is, I bet you ain't never been down to my neighborhood.

AVI
 V They have money in your neighborhood?

FRANKLIN
 People I know do. Could mean a whole new client base for you, which means a whole new revenue stream.

AVI
 V If you're not full of shit.

FRANKLIN
 Look in my eyes: I will turn that key around lickety split, be back here looking for more. I sound full of shit to you?

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AVI
 (considers, then)
 No, you don't. But if I do this,
 and have to come looking for you...
 that's going to be a very bad day.

FRANKLIN
 I got family in the game. I know
 what happens to people don't pay
 their debts.

Avi thinks about it... then walks to the couch, pulls a PRE-
 WRAPPED BRICK from under the cushion, tosses it to Franklin.
 He then scoops up a couple grams from the community coke on
 the glass table, BAGS it, hands it to Franklin.

AVI
 This is for the pussy boy. Keep
 his money and spend it on a girl
 you like.
 (re: the backpack)
 You've got twenty-four hours to
 bring me my cash.

FRANKLIN
 Fine, but make it twelve g's.

Avi can't believe this fucking kid. Admiring the coke:

AVI
 You don't know what this is, do you?

Franklin's confused. Avi grins, shakes his head.

AVI
 You've got chutzpah, kid, I'll give
 you that.

FRANKLIN
 I dunno what that means, but twelve
 is fair.

AVI
 (contemplating, then...)
 Thirteen. And I'll see you
 tomorrow... otherwise, I'll see you
 after that.

Avi extends his hand, Franklin shakes it. Franklin puts the
 baggie in his pocket, the kilo in his BACKPACK, heads out.

AVI
 And kid...
 (Franklin turns back)
 You have shit taste in art.

Franklin grins, then walks out --

5/5