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# Be Cool

By Peter Steinfeld

Sequels.

It's the only time I gave in in my life.

But sometimes,

you gotta do it the studio way.

What are you talking about?

- Get Lost?

- Yeah.

I thought the first one

was pretty good.

- Get Leo?

- Terrific picture. Terrific!

And you know what else?

It was good.

You know what I'm thinking, Tommy?

I'm thinking of getting out

of the movie business.

Go back to my old job.

- What, being a shylock?

- Yeah.

Why?

'Cause at least they're honest

about being dishonest.

Come on. Why would you

wanna leave all this?

Hello!

See? I'm telling you, this town.

Look, Chil.

You and me, we come out

to Hollywood, sniff the air,

and now look at us, man.

We made it!

And you know why?

'Cause we knew how to hustle a deal.

Yeah, like I got hustled

into doing the sequel.

That sucks.

Do you know that unless

you're willing to use the R rating,

you can only say the F-word once?

- You're kiddin' me.

- No.

You know what I say?

Fuck that.

I'm done.

Before you skate out of the business,  
I got a movie for you.  
Oh, yeah? What?  
About NTL.  
What's NTL?  
"What's NTL?"  
What, are you joking?  
- No.  
- You're pulling my chain.  
Nothing To Lose Records.  
Hello. Come on.  
It's, like, the indie label.  
I sign bands, I produce their albums,  
I sell the distribution to the majors.  
- Now you wanna make movies?  
- Yeah! Who doesn't?  
All right, can you pitch it  
in 25 words or less?  
I can do it in one word... Me!  
- You?  
- Me! Hello! Me!  
I couldn't get your mother  
to watch that movie.  
My life in the music business.  
Come on! Gangsta rappers,  
the Russian mafia, you know?  
All that goddamn payola crap.  
This place is  
like the wild, wild west, man.  
You're dodgin' the bullets,  
you're taking the arrows.  
And it's got a girl.  
There always is.  
Her name's Linda Moon.  
She plays a girl who wants to  
make it big in the biz,  
and I am the record mogul  
who makes it happen.  
Anyway, it's a musical,  
and Linda's been trying to get me  
on the two-way ever since,  
you know, she saw you  
on Charlie Rose.  
Where you were very smooth,

and found out that I knew you.  
I said you would help her out,  
and she left you on the list  
at the Viper Room  
expecting you to show up.  
So, Tommy, how's your wife?  
- Edie?  
- Yeah.  
Who gives a shit?  
Don't be a buzzkill.  
Where are you goin'?  
I gotta go to the men's.  
I just had two iced teas.  
But how about... Hey, Chili,  
how does the movie sound?  
Well, you don't have a movie yet.  
You've got a premise and a setting,  
but you don't have character arcs or a plot.  
Okay, but still. You know.  
Hey, who's gonna play me?  
Think about that.  
How about Carrot Top?  
Do svidaniya.  
Hey, Marla.  
Long time no see.  
Yeah.  
How's organized crime treatin' ya?  
A little more exciting now  
that you're in town.  
Oh, yeah?  
So, Mr. Palmer, we've got reason  
to believe that this was a mob hit.  
Trust me, if this were a mob hit, they'd  
have hired a man who knew how to shoot.  
He hit him in the chest.  
Finally.  
After he shot up my Caddy.  
What a shame.  
Can you confirm that this fella was  
wearing a toupee?  
Stevie Wonder could confirm  
that he was wearing a toupee.  
So out of the blue, this Mr. Athens  
just decides to look up your number

and give you a call?

I know what you're gettin' at, Marla.

You think I set him up.

The truth is Tommy wanted me

to do a movie about him.

But you can't do a movie

where the main character gets popped

in the first scene, now, can you?

Yeah. It's not a bad opening.

You know, you're right.

That worked for American Beauty.

Sunset Boulevard.

Or Casino.

Mr. Palmer.

I'm Glenn from Thrifty Executive Fleet.

May I escort you to your vehicle?

But of course.

Marla.

Detective.

There you go, sir.

What's that?

I asked for a Cadillac.

The Insight is the Cadillac

of gas-electric hybrid cars.

Not only is it fuel-efficient,

it's great for the environment.

- I got it.

- Thanks.

- Hey, Martin.

- Chili!

- How are you doin'?

- How are you doin', Chil?

- Good to see you, Martin.

- Good to see you.

- Good to see you.

- Good to see you.

You know why Gordon?

What's up, Chili Palmer?

He did the soundtrack for Get Lost.

What's up, man?

Sorry.

Hes taking me around.

I'm doing a little research.

For my next part.

I'm gonna play Johnny.  
The Man In Black.  
Hello. I'm Johnny Cash.  
- Oh, Johnny Cash.  
- Yeah!  
- But he's like six-feet-something.  
- That's okay.  
You don't... You know, low angles.  
You know, the movies?  
Hey, Chili, is that your car?  
Yeah, it's an Insight.  
It's the Cadillac of hybrids.  
It's a little tight for a big guy like you.  
Small price to pay  
for the environment.  
Fifty-seven miles to the gallon.  
But what about speed?  
No, Martin.  
If you're important, people will wait.  
Just one shot, Marty.  
Marty, one smile for me, come on.

,  
You've got the best of my love  
Demonstrated love and affection  
That you give so openly, yeah  
The way I feel about you, babe,  
I can't explain it  
Want the whole wide world  
to see that  
Oh, but in my heart  
You're all I need  
You for me and me for you  
It's growing every day  
You've got the best of me, yeah  
You've got the best of my love  
You got me, yeah  
Givin' you the best of my love  
You've got the best of my love  
Givin' you the best of my love  
You've got the best of my love  
That's true.  
You know what I'm sayin'?  
That's what it's about.  
You have to let it go halfway.

You can't be always tryin' so damn hard.

- Linda.

- Yo!

- Yo, I ain't sellin' that.

- Raji, no, I...

That ain't sexy. You better go

put your chick shit back on.

I can't put that on right now.

I have a meeting.

I'm telling you, there's people out here

paid to come see this shit.

Give me one second.

Baby, I just told you

to put your clothes on, didn't I?

- I can't!

- Did I not tell you that?

- Look!

- Don't "look" me again!

- Mr. Palmer?

- Call me Chili.

- It's an absolute pleasure to meet you.

- Thank you.

Please, have a seat.

- Can I get you something to drink?

- I have something coming.

- So, Tommy's gone?

- Yeah.

I can't believe it.

I guess this means

you're not doing the movie?

Well, I gotta be honest

with you, Linda.

I'm getting out of the movie business.

Here you go.

What's the matter?

I'm tired of this, Mr. Palmer.

Look, if I can get some cash,

I would buy my way out of my contract

and get out of music.

Are you kidding?

After what I just saw?

- Why would you do that?

- 'Cause it sucks.

Look, I could do the same thing topless

and make \$2,000 a week with tips.  
Well, why don't you do that?  
I'm Baptist.  
My father wouldn't approve.  
So then you're like Aretha Franklin.  
You learned to sing in church.  
I learned from my father.  
My dad was in a jazz band.  
Nothing big, though.  
See, everything I know about music  
I learned from him.  
I always thought we'd play together,  
but then...  
...then he died, so...  
Yo, Linda! Yo!  
I didn't dismiss you.  
You're on my time.  
That's my manager Raji  
with Miss Bangkok.  
I told him I want to quit  
and he's, like, "You quit me, girl,  
I'm gonna jack you up. "  
He talks like that?  
He thinks he's black.  
His real name is Roger Lowenthal.  
He's partners with this guy  
named Nick Carr.  
He's this music promoter?  
I know Nicky.  
They caught me  
straight off the bus from Texas.  
Said they'd make me this big star  
and like a fool, I believed 'em.  
When you done turnin' tricks,  
get your ass back over here!  
I ain't done with you yet!  
Look, I can't do five more years.  
Not with these guys.  
Who's the big guy?  
That's Elliot Wilhelm,  
Raji's bodyguard.  
He's got this thing  
that he can raise one eyebrow,  
give you that look.



He wants to be in movies.  
What, that's it?  
He just does the one eyebrow?  
As far as I know, he's gay, too.  
Word is he once threw a guy out of  
a 30-story building for calling him a fag.  
Well, he must've been mad.  
Maybe if you didn't blow  
all your energy bangin' tourists,  
your voice wouldn't sound so flat.  
Talkin' about a flat voice,  
you know what I'm sayin'?  
Yeah, that one was for me,  
so you just relax.  
You're gonna end up doing  
fifty-cent lap dances at the First King  
like Miss Bangkok.  
Chil, wait.  
You don't know these guys.  
They're bad guys.  
Trust me, Linda, I know 'em  
a whole lot better than you do.  
...doin' some ass-poppin'  
all up and down a pole.  
You'd be up in that place  
goin' pop, pop, pop.  
Pop, pop, pop.  
What are you gonna say?  
Nothing more than I have to, if that.  
Ass-poppin'.  
Snap, crackle, pop!  
Chili, wait.  
Man in the suit.  
You in town  
for some kind of convention?  
No, but if I was,  
you'd be the man to see, am I right?  
Why would you say  
somethin' stupid like that?  
The way you're dressed,  
you're either a pimp or a limo driver.  
We've got jokes?  
You some kind of weak-ass comedian?  
Raji, look at me.

I'm lookin' at you, man.  
You say you're looking at me,  
but are you really looking at me?  
I'm really lookin' at you.  
You got somethin' stupid to say?  
Say it, so I can be done with you.  
Linda's quit.  
- She's out of the Chicks.  
- Man, miss me with that.  
She's got five years left  
on her contract.  
Well, I just cancelled it.  
You come walkin' out of the dark.  
Who you supposed to be?  
I'm the one settin' you straight.  
I'm Linda's new manager.  
Come on, honey.  
- Elliot, light his ass up.  
- Got it.  
You're Elliot Wilhelm, aren't you?  
You're an actor.  
Yeah.  
I'm sorry. Chili Palmer.  
I'm a producer.  
I did the film Get Leo.  
Do you remember?  
Sure, yeah.  
It's great to meet you.  
You know, I walk into a club,  
and I see a guy like you,  
and I say, "He's got the look.  
But does he have the talent?  
Can he act?"  
Watch this.  
Elliot! Elliot!  
Goddamn, what you doin', man?  
What?  
Breathe. Up. Up.  
You okay?  
Yeah.  
You can do better than him.  
Why don't you send me  
some pictures, I'll give you a call,  
set you up for an audition.

All right, I'm in the Will Smith building.

Linda, you better talk to me.

Good day.

It's like that, huh?

Okay.

Okay!

I got an audition, Raj.

I need to get my headshots.

Eddie?

Chili? Is that you?

Yeah.

Man!

So glad you came.

Well, I'm sorry,  
and if there's anything I can do...

Thanks.

So, how are you doing?

You know.

You were right there  
when it happened, weren't you?

Well, I was in the men's.

But you were with him  
in his last hour, right?

I... I've had him cremated,  
and I wanted to do something special  
with his ashes, you know.

Maybe something he'd like.

Do you got any ideas?

Well, nothing that makes sense.

Say, Eddie, is that  
an Aerosmith tattoo on your back?

Yeah.

You know I followed them  
on tour, right?

I didn't know that.

I thought Joe Perry was so hot.

Yeah?

So you were a groupie?

No, man, much worse.

I did their laundry.

They travel  
with their own washer and dryer.

I did everything  
except Steven's stage clothes.

You know, he likes  
to send those out.  
So, Edie, I was thinking, you know, maybe  
I could help you out with NTL Records.  
What makes you think  
I need your help?  
Nothin'.  
Look, Chili...  
let me tell you somethin'.  
I started NTL with Tommy.  
Right.  
- Equal partners.  
- Yeah.  
And who do you think  
found the Dub MD's?  
I did.  
Tommy's gone.  
And I'm devastated,  
but I'm not about to roll over.  
I can run my own label.  
If anybody could, it's you.  
Hey, Edie.  
Why don't you get your clothes on  
and let's get outta here, okay?  
Make you feel better.  
Besides, I wanna talk to you  
about this girl Linda Moon.  
- Linda Moon?  
- Yeah. She's a singer.  
Here, put this on.  
You know, I never made it  
with any of those guys from Aerosmith.  
Yeah?  
I played tennis  
with Tom Hamilton once, though.  
Christ.  
I was just a girl then.  
You'll always be a girl.  
Chil, thank you.  
- Who's this?  
- That's Tiffany, Tommy's intern.  
How ya doing?  
What's that?  
Pizza.

He means the urn, genius.  
Tommy.  
You know, the cops  
came by NTL last night.  
They were asking me about you.  
Yeah? What'd you say?  
Nothing. Just that you were  
gonna make a movie about Tommy.  
It'd have to be a short.  
They take anything?  
Some boxes, a few files.  
But I think  
what they were lookin' for was this.  
Thanks.  
Here.  
- Where'd you get this?  
- Some guy with a Russian accent.  
It's NTL.  
You know, about a month ago,  
he starts coming by,  
lookin' for Tommy.  
Tommy's in the office, what,  
like three hours a week?  
So, this last time,  
he takes a picture.  
He comes in,  
doesn't even ask for Tommy,  
lights it on fire,  
and just tosses it on my desk.  
No questions, no nothing.  
Two days later, he comes back  
and this time, Tommy's in.  
So I interrupt his meeting,  
and I buzz him.  
He comes flying out of his office,  
walks up to the guy,  
nails him right in the eye.  
Just like that scene in Get Leo.  
Then he tosses the guy on his ass  
right in the middle of the street.  
I'm like, "Tommy,  
who the hell was that?"  
Insurance salesman.  
Okay.

An insurance salesman.  
Insurance scam.  
I mean, geez, even I know that.  
Guy takes a picture  
of your business,  
says either you pay up  
or he puts your place on fire.  
Well, you know, Edie,  
that was Tommy's specialty in Brooklyn.  
He sold protection.  
He could write a book  
on the different ways to work it.  
Did this guy have a toupee?  
Not after Tommy hit him.  
Good morning.  
Carosell Entertainment.  
You see the Chicks International?  
I think these girls are gonna be big,  
the next big act to break.  
- Take my word for this.  
- What's up, Nick?  
I'm telling you!  
This Linda Moon.  
Is she a g-string diva or what?  
They give you wood?  
What's up, man?  
I need to talk to you, Nick.  
They give me mahogany.  
Goddamn teak.  
You could deck the QE 2  
with the wood they gave me.  
Who even cares if they can sing?  
Look, man, Chili Palmer  
came up in the club. I gotta...  
You're still my bitch.  
Love ya. Out.  
Man, we gotta talk  
about this Chili Palmer.  
Robin, who's on three?  
Robert's on three,  
Marty's on four.  
Don't be...  
Marty, you pimp.  
Make me smile.

Nick. Nick, for real.  
Look, I'm serious, man.  
I need to talk to you here.  
- No. No, you did not.  
- Can I talk to you for a minute, man?  
Marty, hold on a sec, will you?  
What do you want, Raj?  
It says in the paper that Chili Palmer  
used to be a gangster.  
He was a hired hand.  
You know him?  
Tell me what you want, Raj.  
Linda Moon says she's gonna leave  
and have Chili Palmer be her manager.  
She told you that?  
No, man, he told me that.  
What'd you do?  
I told him she's got five years  
on her contract, you know.  
You feel you had to explain it to him?  
You didn't kick his ass?  
Man, he hit Elliot  
right in the damn throat.  
He broke him smooth down.  
Wow. What a surprise.  
Elliot's a faggot.  
Pussy.  
You think it's cool to have a queer  
for a bodyguard?  
What good is he?  
Chili Palmer's no manager.  
He's a talker.  
You shoulda hit him in the mouth.  
What he does is make movies  
about shylocks, 'cause that's all he was.  
A shylock.  
That's right.  
He did that movie Get Lost.  
That's my shit, man.  
That shit was tight.  
There is no way  
we are losing Linda Moon.  
"A," she's under contract,  
and "B," she's under contract.

So, what's crackin'?

You want Joe Loop.

Man, all I want is  
for Chili Palmer to disappear.

You want Joe Loop.

Yeah. Joe Loop.

Loop. Nick Carr said should call.

Yeah, sure.

Well. got something  
for you to take care of  
or do need to call somebody else?

No, no, no, no.

You don't understand.

I would love to.

Here's your breakfast, sweetie.

Pancakes again?

Panca... Yes, pancakes again.

Baby, would you tell this girl  
when we were comin' up,  
all we had was sugar sandwiches?

Please. She does not know  
how good she has it.

She does not know  
how good she has it.

- Bye, baby.

- Bye, Mommy.

Bye, baby.

Deshawn, eat the pancakes, okay?

I put cinnamon on there,  
there's butter, they're very good.

The strawberries are fresh.

Eat up.

We got ten minutes, okay?

I don't want you to be late.

Top of the morning, Marge.

Top of the morning, Sin.

Ain't this somethin'?

What's up, dawg?

Must you play into the stereotypes?

Turn that mess down.

This is the suburbs.

I'm on the damn Neighborhood Watch.

- Who did it?

- Not me.



You know, that bitch  
owed me 300 grand.  
I shoulda sent the coalition.  
Now shit's gonna have to get ugly.  
Ugly?  
Why you trippin'?  
It ain't like you need it.  
Dabu, it's the principle.  
Today it's 300 grand,  
tomorrow it's three million.  
I gotta send a message.  
I feel ya, dawg.  
You talk to the PD?  
The police?  
"The poli... "  
The program director.  
Check this out.  
Well, hello, Mr. Program Director.  
You see what happen  
when you don't spin my records?  
Good morning, guys!  
Hey, y'all, speak to my daughter.  
Good morning, Deshawn!  
Deshawn, sweetie,  
why don't you go back inside?  
Okay?  
Daddy's having a little meeting.  
I'll take you to school in my car.  
Bye, guys!  
Good-bye, Deshawn!  
Okay, boo-boo.  
All right.  
Play my records!  
You hear me? Play! Play!  
Play my records!  
Play Dub Records! Dub MD's!  
- Move yo' head. Move it.  
- Stay still!  
She gone?  
I'm telling you, Edie,  
she's got a voice,  
she's got the attitude.  
- You're gonna love her.  
- Sounds like you love her.

Well, if you're asking me  
if I think she's talented, yes.  
I can't believe this.  
Condolences on a two-way and  
half of them are Tommy's ex-girlfriends.  
Look, Chil, producing an album,  
you know, it's not like making a movie.  
Good.  
I think movies are too corporate.  
I like to be spontaneous and creative.  
I'm just saying, you know,  
the music biz is a bitch, you know?  
It's dangerous.  
It's rough out there.  
Believe me, I know.  
That's why I loved working at  
MoMo's club, if you know what I mean.  
What'd you do at MoMo's?  
You book bands?  
Not really.  
- Were you a bouncer?  
- Not really.  
You really were a shylock,  
weren't you?  
Did I tell you  
that she writes her own music?  
Here she is.  
Here we go.  
You ready to show off?  
Chili, look, I'm so sorry,  
but my damn replacement didn't show up.  
I ended up stuck in the drive-through.  
It's all right.  
Calm down, calm down.  
Edie, Linda.  
Linda, this is Edie Athens.  
This is Tommy's widow.  
Hi. Nice to meet you.  
- Look, I'm really sorry about being late.  
- Don't worry about it.  
So Chili tells me  
you've got a great voice.  
Really?  
Well, you do.

That is so sweet.

Thank you.

Is this where you play?

I can't really afford my own piano,  
so they let me play here.

Come on, let's go hear you.

Yeah? Let's go.

Life is what you make it

At least that's what they say

Well, I think I'm gonna make it

Fulfill my dreams someday

I feel this fire growing

Deep inside of me

I'm so inspired knowing

that it's my destiny

I breathe like a champion

I dream like a champion

I see I'm a champion

It's meant to be

My will's getting stronger

I can't wait any longer

I'm singing a song

that's inside of me

'Cause I'm a believer

I know that I can make it

no matter what they say

'Cause I'm a believer

The future is now

It starts today

I'm impressed.

Did you write that song?

Yeah. It's called 'm A Believer.

Just tell us you got

nine more just like it.

Forty more.

But as long as I can do 'em my way.

I like that.

- Let's get you in the studio.

- All right.

Good girl.

You weren't kidding.

I mean, the girl's got something.

- She's amazing.

- I told you.

I mean, the only thing is, you know,  
it costs a lot of money  
to break someone, you know?  
I mean, we gotta pay a mixer,  
a publicist.

Hey, look.

- Steven Tyler's in town.

- Yeah.

Aerosmith playing  
at the Staples Center.

Tell me Dream On is not the greatest  
rock 'n' roll song you ever heard.

You know what we oughta do,  
we oughta call him.

- Call who?

- Steven.

Why?

So he could listen to Linda's music,  
he could see for himself it's terrific,  
and maybe he'll help us launch her  
at his concert.

- That's a great idea, Chil.

- Yeah.

Hey, and maybe  
Bono and Sting'll come down  
and we could all cut  
a Christmas album.

You know him, don't you?

Know him? Steven Tyler.

Chili, I know his socks!

He's never gonna remember me.

Edie, you have a tattoo of Aerosmith  
on your ass.

You can't get a meeting with him?

We want Steven Tyler,

we get Steven Tyler.

Would let the music

do the talking to me

to tell me what lyrics to sing.

And even when got caught up

in not having anything pre-written.

Which never did. would scat to it.

It's just the music.

It's the funk.

It's the sound. It's the words.  
It's the rhyme. It's the shit.  
You can't be creative  
unless you step outside a little bit.  
T's...

A little early, aren't you?  
Open house is on Sunday.

- Yeah.

- Hey, it's Chili Palmer.

- Yo. Chil.

- How soon can you get here?

**2:**

And there's traffic on the 405.

- Who's your friend?

- I don't know.

I come home and he's bleeding  
all over my one-sheet.

Is this the guy that did Tommy Athens?

Nah. That guy had a black eye  
and was wearing a rug.

This ain't no rug, pal.

This guy's got plugs.

I hate plugs.

It looks like doll's hair.

Personally, I think grafting's  
the only way to go.

The look's more natural.

That's, of course,

'cause they use your own hair.

Very interesting.

Now are you gonna

help me out with him?

Is that why you called me here?

Yeah. You're a big guy.

I don't want to do it alone.

Come on, up.

Get this wallet outta here  
before the cops come.

All right, set him down.

Here we go.

Ivan Surva...

He's Russian.

Been here for five months.

The guy that killed Tommy,  
he saw you, right?  
- Yeah.  
- So you could I.D. Him.  
Then he sees your picture  
in the paper,  
then he sends doll hair guy  
here to take you out.  
So while he was waiting for me,  
he got depressed  
and shot himself in the back?  
Good point.  
Who are all these people  
trying to kill you?  
I don't know.  
But I'm in the music business now.  
It could be anybody.  
Mugambo, my brother,  
you check out the Chicks?  
I told you, bro.  
This Linda Moon... she's a belter.  
Mugambo, I gotta jump.  
Love you, bro.  
Get me Raji on the phone.  
What's up?  
It's Raji.  
Hey. Lowenthal. Joe Loops  
was supposed to kill Chili Palmer.  
Instead. He killed  
some goddamn Russian.  
For real?  
You two better work this shit out  
or your ass is next.  
Stupid-ass.  
I gotta tell you the truth.  
I never seen a hit like this before.  
I mean, you actually gotta get in line  
to whack this guy.  
,  
Why, you wanna be next?  
I'm asking you  
because you hit the wrong guy.  
They serve one hell of  
a stuffed cabbage here, you know that?

The thing that  
you wanna remember though is  
don't eat it too late  
because it tends to stay with you.  
Yeah. I'll definitely keep that in mind.  
Where we at, Joe?  
We ain't nowhere.  
I now gotta go find the right guy.  
The thing is it'll cost you  
another five grand.  
What are you talkin' about?  
Man, I already paid you.  
You're the one who did the wrong guy.  
Well, whose fault is that?  
It's your fault.  
Tough shit.  
That's the cost of doing business.  
Look, you tell Nicky  
that there's now a new contract,  
and I need another five grand.  
I can talk the deal with you,  
'cause it's my contract, all right?  
- That's why I'm here with you.  
- You can't talk shit.  
You're Nicky's girl.  
Me and Nick are partners.  
We discuss all facets  
of the business together.  
Be it music,  
be it underworld, girls.  
Let me ask you a question.  
Nice get-up you got.  
How come he calls you his bitch?  
What?  
His bitch.  
Why does he call you his bitch?  
What, mother...?!  
Did I stutter?  
What if I called you  
a fat, stupid guinea bee-yatch?  
Bee-yatch!  
I'd take this baseball bat that I got  
out in the back of my Cadillac,  
and I'd swat you

across the mouth with it.  
I said what if I called you that.  
Hypothetically, just a scenario.  
I wasn't actually saying it to you.  
I'm always lookin' out.  
I gotta operate.  
I wanna make sure  
I got the right guy.  
Now I need the right guy  
to get the right guy.  
Now I want the five grand up front.  
Tonight at the Mayan.  
What? The what?  
Take the wax  
outta your goddamn ears.  
The Mayan, downtown.  
I never happen  
to have heard of the Mayan,  
so I was making sure  
I knew where it was.  
You mean there's something  
you haven't heard of?  
Okay, man.  
All right, take off.  
Are we cool?  
Come on, man.  
J. Leazy! What's up?  
My man!  
- All right. I feel that.  
- Take off.  
Mad respect for not giving respect.  
I feel you.  
Let me tell you something.  
Don't do that "J. Leazy" shit.  
That's what your name is.  
I don't like that.  
Don't do it.  
I'll see you at the Mayan club, my man.  
Mad respect to you, Loop.  
Stone-face killer.  
Next time try to find  
something red to wear.  
The future is now  
It starts today



How about that?  
Yeah, that girl's voice  
is off the chain.  
But I gotta say, she needs a sound.  
What are you saying?  
That she can't sing?  
No. Chili, that girl can totally sing.  
- What do you mean?  
- But is she a star?  
I don't know what you're talking about.  
Okay. Take American dol. Okay?  
All those girls, they can sing, right?  
But who cares, right?  
Who are they?  
And then you take, like, J. Lo, and it's  
like that shit's been remixed so much,  
I could be Jenny from the block.  
Are you gonna produce this or not?  
Well, leave it to Tommy.  
I mean, the last of the great spenders.  
No wonder he kept  
the books locked up.  
All right, because they're empty.  
We don't own any of this stuff.  
We're broke.  
How can that be?  
I mean, you must have made a pile  
off of Dub MD's alone.  
That's Weapons of Mass Destruction.  
I know who they are.  
Yeah, well, whatever we made off them,  
I can't find it in the books,  
which means we can't afford  
to record her,  
which means no masters,  
which means no CDs,  
which sure as hell means  
no more NTL Records.  
Hello?  
So, what'd you think?  
I would love to produce your record.  
And because I am going  
to produce it, it will rock.  
That's great.

So Capitol can miss you  
for a few days?  
I think we can negotiate that.  
Wait, you were with Capitol?  
I was supposed to meet  
an A&R guy over there,  
but then I signed with Nick Carr.  
Excuse me, Linda.  
Did you just say  
you're under contract with Nick Carr?  
No, not anymore.  
Actually, Chili told Raji  
that it was cancelled.  
Linda? Why don't you  
take a break, honey?  
All right.  
Chili, it doesn't work like that, okay?  
I mean, you've gotta  
get the contract back from him.  
Otherwise, he still runs the show.  
Edie, I was a shylock.  
I know how these things work.  
I've known Nicky for years.  
You'll get your contract.  
Slight problem.  
This could be ugly.  
- Why is that?  
- That's Sin LaSalle.  
He manages and produces  
the Dub MD's.  
Tommy owe him money?  
I would say yes.  
- Tiffany, man the phones.  
- Okay.  
Hy, get in the office.  
Look like you know what you're doing.  
Edie, I want you behind the desk.  
You're still the boss.  
These guys need to see  
that NTL is still in business.  
Okay.  
Where should I hide the books?  
Leave them on the desk.  
And whatever you do,

don't mention the Russians.  
Don't mention the Russians.  
Okay.  
No. No, we're totally booked.  
But that would've been good.  
Hang on one second.  
Sin, honey!  
How are you?  
Enough with the pleasantries.  
Where's our money, Edie?  
Sin.  
Sin LaSalle. Man!  
What's up?! Come on!  
No?  
Okay, you know what?  
I totally get it, man.  
I totally get it.  
First of all, welcome to NTL.  
Second of all,  
I wanna introduce myself.  
Hy Gordon.  
I know who you are.  
- See?  
- Capitol Records.  
Eight years ago,  
you turned down our demo, Hyman.  
You know what, Sin?  
You know Capitol, man.  
It's like art by committee  
over there, okay?  
Personally, I totally, totally dug  
all y'all's sound, all right?  
Seriously, I'm thinkin'  
about leavin' Capitol.  
Look, Sin, you know,  
Tommy left his will a mess.  
You know, if you just give us  
a few weeks...  
Right. Then I'd call up  
and the phone is disconnected.  
Why don't you write us  
a check for 300 grand  
and we'll kindly be on our way.  
Sin, you know we don't have

that kind of money on hand.  
Then I need to check your books.  
Be cool.  
Be cool?  
You don't know me.  
I know you a whole lot better  
than you think I do.  
Ivy League rich kid.  
Goes to Wharton.  
Gets an MBA.  
Puts on some Timberlands  
and a throwback  
and suddenly you got street cred?  
Look, I'll tell you the truth, okay?  
The Russians took it.  
The what?  
The Russians.  
With one of those insurance scams.  
You know, like "give us half a mil  
and we won't kill you"?  
And, Sin, you knew Tommy, right?  
I mean, he never wanted any trouble.  
I mean, he gave him  
everything we have,  
but these Russians,  
okay, these monsters,  
they're animals.  
They kept on coming back  
for more and more,  
so Tommy told 'em get lost.  
To make a long story short...  
...I'm a widow now.  
Oh, my God.  
Excuse me, Chuckles.  
It's my wife's cousin.  
I really enjoyed that story, Edie.  
I mean, Russians.  
Russians.  
I know it's hard, but...  
I'm a highly educated man.  
Sincerely, you don't expect me  
to believe a story about some Russians.  
Now, I suggest  
that you open up those books

or things gonna get real ugly  
up in here.  
Sin, the books are  
none of your business.  
You'll get the money when NTL has it.  
Dabu.  
Thank you. Thank you!  
Poppin' me is not gonna  
do you any good.  
But if you wait till Friday,  
I get you your money plus the vig.  
Plus the vig. All right.  
All right, okay.  
Everybody cool out.  
Everybody calm down.  
Calm down, calm down.  
Wait, so you sayin' plus the vig?  
Plus the vig.  
All right. Okay.  
All right, all right, cool.  
All right, we gonna do this.  
Dabu. Bu!  
Never get to shoot nobody!  
Never!  
Don't never let me do  
what I wanna do!  
You know, it's a long day, man.  
You'll get a chance  
to kill somebody, all right?  
Calm down.  
We got some other stops to make today.  
All right, so I'm not gonna  
kill y'all today.  
Now, I'll be generous.  
But come Friday,  
if you don't have my money,  
the next meeting I arrange will be  
between you and Tommy Athens,  
if you get what I'm sayin'.  
I feel ya.  
You feel me. You...  
Dabu.  
Player.  
The vig.

I mean, what's a vig?  
Oh, my God.  
What are we gonna do?  
You're gonna give him  
your fancy equipment, okay?  
Or you're gonna have a garage sale.  
We're not selling anything.  
Hey, where are you goin'?  
Gotta see Nicky Carr.  
Black Eyed Peas are playing tonight,  
if you're interested.  
You say there's a dark parking lot  
by the Mayan, right?  
Why you trippin' on me, Elliot?  
Are you still crying  
over that Chili Palmer shit?  
No. He just... he said  
he was gonna call me, that's all.  
And did he call you back?  
He's just messing  
with your head, man!  
Ain't no Samoan faggot  
going by the name Elliot Wilhelm  
is gonna make it to the big screen.  
Raisin' a goddamn eyebrow.  
I understand shit like this  
'cause I ain't a homo.  
Once you turn faggot,  
you lose all self-respect.  
You're not wired right.  
Man, what the hell  
you stoppin' the car here for?  
,  
You move the car,  
we can all get to work.  
Man, why you  
stopping the car here, man?  
What are you doin'?  
- Get your ass back in the car.  
- I'm gonna kick your ass.  
Steering wheel's  
in the front of the car, fool.  
What's up? What?  
You say it again and I quit.

What'd I say?  
The faggot thing?  
The homo?  
Man, I'm walkin'.  
I ain't even trippin', man.  
I'm... What'd I say?  
What'd I say?  
Okay, Elliot, I know you frustrated  
with all this bodyguard shit and whatnot.  
I smell you, man.  
I feel you pain.  
This shit's temporary.  
Stop crowdin' my shit.  
When I signed you four years ago,  
I said, "Man, that man can sing. "  
I said, "He's gonna be a big star. "  
A big star, man.  
That's why I laid out all the paper  
to put you up in a video.  
I put paper down, man,  
to put you in a video.  
Right?  
No one else  
on this damn beach has a video.  
Man, I love you like a brother.  
I used to bag on you all the time.  
Man, you trippin'.  
Why you doin' that, man?  
Wanna take a shot at me, kid?  
Do it.  
Do it!  
I'm just sayin' if that's what this  
is gonna be, then it's gonna be that.  
But I would prefer to stay  
on the same page.  
Man, let your voice be your ladder.  
Man, I'm serious.  
This acting shit  
got you acting crazy, man.  
What's up?  
You know I love you, man.  
Come on, man.  
E. Weazy!  
Come on, baby!

E. Weazy!  
Come on, baby.  
E. Weazy.  
Come on, I'm clownin', baby.  
You know I'm clownin'.  
Turn around 'cause you know I'm clownin'.  
Come on, player, stop hatin'.  
Stop hatin'.  
Start participatin'.  
Start participatin', star.  
Come on, twinkle, twinkle, baby.  
Twinkle, twinkle.  
Come on, Larry.  
You sound like an A&R guy.  
I'm bangin' the phones  
like a goddamn wild man.  
Larry, I'll call you back.  
I heard Sean Penn lives up here.  
- You see him much?  
- Not as much as I'd like.  
How'd you get in here?  
Your maid left the back door open.  
- I don't have a maid.  
- I can tell.  
Come on. Get out of here  
before I have to shoot you.  
Nah, Nicky, sit down  
and stop being such a hard-on.  
So, Mr. Red Hot Chili Pepper.  
I heard you were at the Viper Room.  
So Raji told you about Linda Moon.  
She's something else, huh?  
The heart and soul of that group.  
I'm telling you, bro,  
the Chicks are gonna be big.  
How's that?  
By singing songs from the '70s?  
Don't laugh.  
You see, you're a movie guy,  
so you don't know,  
but the music biz,  
it goes in cycles.  
It's like Linda.  
When I signed her,



girl power was dead.  
It was the era  
of the singer-songwriter.  
But now the market's flooded.  
What do the labels want?  
Girl groups.  
Nicky, look at me.  
I am.  
I want Linda's contract.  
If you want to produce  
Linda's album, great.  
I'm sure you can even get  
a buck a record.  
But I got her booked  
into some major gigs, bro.  
And I'm two seconds away  
from getting her a deal.  
You mean you've had Linda for two years  
and you've never gotten her a record deal?  
Chili, a trio is not born overnight.  
I've had her for three days,  
and I already got her a label.  
So it looks  
like we don't need you, Nicky.  
Let's get something straight.  
This isn't the movies.  
You can't tell everyone you're a wise guy  
and charm their pants off.  
This is the music business.  
We're all wise guys.  
All right, wise guy, I'll make you a deal.  
Carosell, which is the dumbest name  
I've ever heard for a company,  
gives me Linda Moon's contract,  
and if you ever threaten her  
in any way,  
you'll regret it  
for as long as you live, if that.  
That's some deal.  
What's in it for me?  
I'll just make-believe that that dead  
Russian that I found in my house  
had nothing to do with you.  
You don't know

what you're doing, Chil.  
What makes you even think  
Linda could make it on her own?  
She's got me.  
He's gonna cry till I tell him  
that I'll never roam  
So, Chattanooga Choo-Choo,  
won't you choo-choo me home?  
So, you're like a rapper now?  
Sniff Doggy Doo-doo.  
You clownin' my gear again?  
You know you like this, Joe.  
Come on, Joe!  
You know my style  
makes the ladies smile.  
They just started  
Chattanooga Choo-Choo.  
I love that song.  
I can't believe they did that.  
Damn, man.  
I wish I coulda heard that.  
I like a good choo-choo song.  
Look, do you want your money  
or what, my man?  
First off, I ain't your man,  
you asshole.  
You remember my driver Elliot.  
Elliot, give this man the envelope.  
Ain't you gonna count it?  
Nick ain't got the balls to stiff me.  
I like that idea you had  
about having a bat in the car.  
I had my man Elliot  
go out and get one.  
A red bat!  
You don't send a queer to get a bat.  
They like these shiny queer things.  
What you want... It's not your fault...  
What you want is a wood bat.  
See, like a Louisville Slugger.  
Let me see.  
Hold this for me, please. Thank you.  
You see, a bat like this,  
it messes up a kid's swing.

You gotta take too long of a swipe  
across the plate, you see?  
He never develops those fast hands  
you're gonna need for the majors,  
you understand?  
I don't know how fast  
it's gotta be for my needs,  
you know what I'm sayin' to you?  
I ain't gonna be up in no majors...  
You like that one, huh?  
Here's your sandwich.  
What's up?  
Raji, I think he's chokin'.  
You clownin' me?  
Joe, are you clownin' with me?  
You don't ever disrespect me!  
One!  
Raji, Raji, Raji.  
Damn.  
He's dead.  
Man!  
Talk all that shit, man.  
This right here,  
this was the cost of doin'... business!  
All I want is some appreciation, Elliot.  
Chili Palmer don't realize  
how hard I work for Linda Moon.  
I tried to make her a superstar!  
What do I expect in return?  
What do I expect in return?  
My name on the damn CD so small  
you can barely read the damn thing!  
And where's that at?  
Where's that always at?  
On the back, at the bottom.  
"Produced by Raji. "  
In tiny little letters, man!  
And I will not let him  
take that from me!  
Now it's time I got some respect!  
I will straight smoke Chili Palmer!  
I didn't take you  
for a Black Eyed Peas fan.  
Well, when they hooked up

with Sergio Mendes, they won me over.  
Do you ever think  
about becoming a singer?  
- A singer?  
- Yeah.  
Me?  
Nah.  
But I was a real live  
Vegas showgirl once.  
- Really?  
- Yeah.  
As soon as I was  
done washing clothes, I got lucky.  
One of those Tropicana revues,  
you know?  
Thanks.  
Chili, I worked so hard starting NTL.  
I'm a bit too old to go back to Vegas.  
I want you to stop worrying.  
We're gonna meet Steven Tyler.  
You know, I would've liked  
to seen you dance.  
Yeah?  
Well, you still can.  
Yeah? How's that?  
Do you dance, Chili?  
Me? I'm from Brooklyn.  
Okay, so we walk in the Staples Center  
with Linda's CD.  
- Right.  
- And then what?  
We put a gun to Steven's head  
and say, "Linda's playing  
with Aerosmith. "  
You really like the music business,  
don't you, Chil?  
Love it.  
Me, too.  
Tommy and me,  
we had a few records on the air,  
but I'd just like one time  
to turn on the radio  
and say, "That's my song.  
I produced that. "

Somethin', somethin' with soul.  
You know?  
Your hair's different, huh?  
Yeah.  
I had it trimmed.  
Good night, Chili.  
All right.  
Drive safe.  
That's the pawn shop my friend  
from the OC told me about.  
It's surrounded by the Feds.  
They're watching these Russians.  
There he is.  
- Oh, yeah.  
- His name's Roman Bulkin.  
What are you doin'?  
Are you crazy?  
They know what you look like.  
What are you gonna tell 'em?  
No more than I have to, if that.  
- One twenty-two. George.  
- That's 4-8-8 Sunset.  
Subject's approaching  
northwest corner.  
You've got a lot of balls.  
I wouldn't do that if I were you.  
There's half a dozen  
undercover cops outside.  
Don't give 'em a reason to come in.  
Nyet!  
Now, did you take this picture?  
Go to hell, you greasy wop  
son of a bitch.  
Now you're the one  
that's gonna need protection.  
You go now.  
Is that chest hair real?  
Roman, look at me.  
The next time you send someone over  
to kill me, make sure I'm home.  
Have a nice day.  
Yes!  
Like that?  
Scorchin'!

Mr. Palmer.

- How are you doin', Marla?

- All right.

- You got a second?

- Sure.

So, what are you  
doing here, Mr. Palmer?

Well, you know, when I was a kid,  
I went to a Jimi Hendrix concert  
and this pawn shop here

has got a '68 Stratocaster,  
the same guitar he used to play.

And the guy won't sell it to me.

This guy look familiar to you?

Maybe from back

in your Brooklyn days?

Yeah. That's Joe Lupino.

Joe Loop.

Is that his head shot?

Couple's in Griffith Park last night,  
two dudes pulled in,  
one of them's wearing  
one of those pimp hats,  
they pop the trunk, toss out a body  
that's been worked over by a baseball bat.

It's Joe Loop.

- Baseball bat, huh?

- Baseball bat.

Yeah, and they pulled  
a Mama Cass on him, too.

The coroner found half a ham sandwich  
stuffed down his throat.

You wouldn't happen to know  
what Joe was up to, now, would you?

No, but I wouldn't be surprised  
if he was in the record business.

Think it coulda been a mob hit?

Maybe. Except for the ham sandwich.

There he is.

Right there.

See the two seats next to him?

That's where we are. Come on.

Chil. Do you think Steven's  
gonna remember me?

Edie, believe me,  
you're hard to forget. Come on.  
- Edie, over there.  
- Got it.  
- How'd you get these seats?  
- I have a friend.  
They're incredible.  
Your attention. Please.  
At the conclusion  
of tonight's game.  
Listen for the Laker wrap-up show  
on your Laker flag...  
Oh, my God!  
Look at you!  
Baby, you look gorgeous.  
Oh, my God!  
You look incredible!  
- How are you?  
- I'm great!  
Well, look at you.  
Look how those legs go up  
and make an ass out of themselves.  
You still got that Aerosmith tattoo  
on your ass?  
Where would it go?  
It's working.  
Well, I tell you what,  
why don't you park that right there?  
Tell me something.  
What was that stuff you put in our clothes?  
Do you mean the lavender water?  
Yeah, the lavender water.  
- I can't believe you...  
- I'll never forget that smell.  
Joe Perry's still talking about that.  
Oh, my God!  
Steven, I want you to meet  
my very good friend.  
It's an absolute honor to meet you.  
The shylock.  
Yeah.  
I saw you on Larry King.  
It was you and...  
- Ariel Sharon.

- That was a hell of a show.

- Yeah, thanks, man.

- Yeah.

Robert, listen to me.

There's no problem.

No one's left the Chicks.

We're gonna play the gig, bro.

Ciao.

Linda's gonna play the gig?

What do you think?

Where the hell is Joe Loop?

I haven't seen him.

Not since I paid him.

Gave him what he had coming.

Christ.

I'm bangin' the phones

from dawn till dusk.

Bobby finally wants the Chicks

to play Last Samurai,

but we don't have Linda.

I feel you, man.

- My man.

- My man.

You guys will never guess

who I saw today.

Chili Palmer.

Has anyone not seen him?

I'm at the Boot Barn on Sunset,

and I see him talking to this cop

in a Crown Vic.

You guys remember the pawn shop

by the bakery?

Yeah, I know that place.

Stolichnaya?

It's thick with Russians.

Well, one of 'em walks out,

points his fingers like a gun at Chili.

Jesus Christ.

The guy in Chili's house,

the dead guy?

I read in the paper he was Russian.

So?

So these Russians are probably

the ones that killed Tommy Athens.



And they know Chili can identify 'em.  
Why you trippin', man?  
Why am I trippin'?  
I'm trippin', G,  
'cause there is actually  
someone who wants  
Chili Palmer dead more than me.  
I say we help him get what he wants.  
Bam!  
'M a believer  
The future is now  
t starts today  
Damn, she's good!  
She sings, she writes her own stuff.  
She got it going on.  
Not only does she write  
her own stuff,  
I mean, she's got the voice,  
she's got the look.  
This girl's the whole package.  
She wanted me to put her  
in a movie.  
- You know, struggling singer...  
- That makes it big.  
Exactly.  
Look, she sounds cool,  
don't get me wrong,  
but I gotta tell you guys,  
I'm not one of those singers  
who shows up in movies.  
I made it this far  
without having to do it.  
No, Steven. We don't want you to be  
in a movie with her.  
Then what's this all about?  
I know that look, Chili.  
I mean, what are you thinkin'?  
I'm thinkin' of a song.  
One of yours, Steven.  
Sweet Emotion.  
Sweet Emotion.  
I love that song.  
I mean, it's a classic.  
Do you mind my asking you,

what were you thinking  
when you wrote that?  
What was I thinking about?  
Man, at that point in my life, Chil,  
we were neck deep  
in Toys in the Attic.  
I mean, I had this high.  
This buzz was going on, see?  
This incredible emotion  
like I never felt before.  
Or maybe it was just the rock 'n' roll.  
That is interesting.  
Would you like to know what I think?  
I don't think it was the rock 'n' roll.  
I think it was your daughters.  
My daughters?  
Mia, Liv.  
Nah. They were babies back then.  
That's right.  
And you were a father for the first time,  
feeling things you had never felt before.  
It's different than music and tours.  
This was pure.  
You wanted to be with them,  
you wanted to protect them.  
No. This high you were feeling,  
that wasn't rock 'n' roll.  
It wasn't?  
It was the love you felt for your girls.  
That sweet emotion.  
It was. You're right.  
I never thought about it like that.  
You see, Steven, you and me,  
we're not that different from each other.  
That's why you can understand  
why we care about this girl Linda Moon.  
I'll give it some thought.  
Yes!  
You know what else...  
I can't believe Linda's gonna play  
with Aerosmith.  
How about this idea?  
We get Linda to do a duet with Steven  
and use his name to promote her CD.

Oh, my God,  
that's genius, Chil.  
You know, there's something  
I've been wanting to do for a long time.  
Yeah? What is that?  
Don't move.  
Did you put the TV on?  
No.  
I didn't think so.  
Stay here.  
He took a second look at you  
But he's in love with me  
Well. don't know  
where that leaves you  
Oh. But know where stand  
'Cause you ain't woman enough  
to take my man  
Elliot, what are you doing?  
I've been waiting  
on your ass all night.  
Got so goddamn bored,  
I made some tea, I put in my video.  
You broke into my house?  
You told me you were gonna call me.  
I left you a message two days ago.  
Elliot, I said I would  
get you the audition, and I will.  
When? When?!

What the hell are you waiting for?  
If you don't mind my saying,  
I don't like your attitude one bit.  
Now apologize.  
I'm sorry, Chili.  
All right.  
It's... I bought a brand-new suit,  
I bought new shiny red boots,  
I got my new headshots done.  
I even prepared a monologue  
from Bring t On.  
Well, then do it.  
Well. don't know  
where that leaves you  
Oh. But know where stand  
said...

You guys have to go to nationals!  
What is this, hush money?  
We don't need you.  
Why are you so mean?  
I'm just trying to be strong  
for my squad.  
And I'm trying to make it right.  
You wanna make it right?  
Then when you go to nationals...  
...bring it!  
I'll bring it!  
Don't worry.  
I never do.  
Scene.  
Is that the only monologue  
that you got?  
- Yeah.  
- Okay.  
Well, that wasn't bad,  
but you gotta remember,  
when you're doing a monologue,  
you don't do both parts  
of the conversation.  
You choose one continuous speech.  
And you might think about  
doing a part that's written for a man.  
Right.  
Now, you sing, right?  
Yeah.  
- Raji directed the video, though.  
- Well, I like it, I like it.  
But you might think  
about singing a man song.  
Okay.  
Yeah. Thanks.  
- Thanks. Thank you.  
- All right.  
Come on,  
give me that eyebrow thing.  
Look at that.  
I mean, that's somethin'.  
When are you gonna call me?  
When your phone rings.  
Okay. All right.

You guys can keep the tape.

I got another one.

- Thank you.

- All right.

- Thank you.

- See you, Elliot.

Red aluminium.

I hear we can help each other.

So I've got ten seconds alone

with Madonna, right,

and I'm like, "Look, I sat front row

at Blonde Ambition tour.

I am not intimidated

by your sexuality... "

What's up?

- We heard about Aerosmith.

- How about that?

Where the hell was I, you guys?

I mean...

- Where's Linda?

- I don't know, man.

Linda hasn't shown up.

I haven't seen her since yesterday.

What do you mean

she hasn't shown up?

I'll call her.

Linda.

Do sound like Linda. Bitch?

Who is that?

Yo, Vanilla Ice, just put her

on the damn phone.

Miss Moon's about ready

to go on stage right now.

You wanna talk to her.

You best wait till after the show.

Bee-yatch!

What are we gonna do?

They're making her perform.

I'll handle this.

Itchi gitcky ya-ya da-da

Mocha-choca-latta ya-ya

Creole Lady Marmalade

Voulez-vous coucher avec moi

ce soir?

Voulez-vous coucher avec moi?  
We come through with the money  
and the garter belts  
Let 'em know we 'bout that cake,  
straight out the gate  
We independent women,  
some mistake us for whores  
I'm sayin', why spend mine  
when I can spend yours  
Disagree? Well, that's you,  
and I'm sorry, I'ma keep playin'...  
This ain't no damn negotiation.  
We got a contract.  
You're making a mistake here,  
believe it.  
You want your money, you better  
get your ass out there on stage.  
I ain't doing this.  
You gonna perform or not?  
How about not?  
Hi, honey.  
Hiya, Chil.  
We were just talking  
to your friend Linda here  
about the kind of Spice Girl cash  
she can make if she stays with the Chicks.  
Well, I can see  
by the dressing room  
that it's just a preview  
of good things yet to come.  
At least we can afford to record her.  
Don't think I don't know  
that NTL is broke.  
Come on, honey.  
Let's go.  
You know what?  
This is bullshit.  
You wanna go?  
After all I did for you?  
Fine. But let me tell you  
something, sweetheart.  
- You're a dime a dozen.  
- That's right.  
We got gigs lined up,

recording sessions scheduled.  
There are dozens of girls  
who are dying to take your place.  
Here. You want her so bad,  
you're gonna need this.  
What is this?  
It's where Linda's contract is.  
Are you trying to set me up, Nicky?  
I don't go by that name anymore.  
Then why don't I call you Joe Loop?  
Seeing how he doesn't  
use his name anymore, either.  
What are you talking about?  
Nicky, look at me.  
Do you even know  
where Joe Loop is?  
How the hell do I know where he is?  
Why don't you ask Sisq?  
Man, we can handle this shit  
like gentlemen,  
or we can get into some gangsta shit!  
You shouldn't talk shit  
about what you don't know.  
What? Do you mean  
that you beat Joe Loop with a bat  
and dumped his body in Griffith Park?  
Raj, what the hell is he talking about?  
He's just talkin'.  
It's impossible  
that you're this stupid.  
That's probably his gun  
you got stuck in your waist there.  
Look, all I know is  
Raji told me to come here  
if I wanted my money  
for the Viper Room gigs.  
,  
Am I gonna pay you or not?  
Are you gonna honor  
your goddamn contract or not?!  
Then you get paid!  
This man can't do shit for you!  
Oh, yeah?  
Then why is she playing

with Aerosmith this weekend?

What?

- Yeah!

- Oh, my God!

We'll leave some tickets for you  
at will call.

- You didn't tell me!

- Yeah!

You hit the goddamn hit man.

The man was bad at his job, man!

Yeah. Just like you, stupid-ass.

- Look, you know what?

- What?

- I'm so sorry, Chil, for real.

- Why is that?

Because I didn't even  
wanna come here.

Raji said he was gonna pay me  
the money he owes me,  
and I'm broke, so...

Look, at least we can  
get my contract back.

Believe me, honey,  
there is no contract.

This whole pawn shop thing's  
a set-up.

It's Nicky Carr's way  
of getting my head blown off.

What's this?

Well, now imagine my surprise.

We out getting Mongolian barbecue,  
and we come across  
your little weak-ass ride.

Did you leave any food in Mongolia?

What do you get on those Hummers,  
about, what, 12 miles to the gallon?

Nine.

Thank you, Mr. Goodwrench.

Now, I told you you had till Friday.  
Your time is running out.

I know how  
the days-of-the-week thing works.

You'll get your money.

Well, consider this a courtesy call.



Because come tomorrow,  
my nine gonna be a lot less courteous.  
Since you are being so courteous,  
I'd like you to meet Linda Moon.  
Linda, this is Sin.  
And Dabu.  
Yeah, I know who you are.  
You did the remix  
on Samurai Soul's album, right?  
Linda Moon.  
You the girl with...  
Could you make your dining experience  
a little less obtrusive?  
So, you the girl with that big voice  
I've been hearing so much about.  
If you ever decide  
to get out the bargain basement,  
maybe I can remix a song for you.  
No. You're too pricey for us, Sin.  
A brother gotta get paid, right?  
Miss Moon.  
Chop, chop.  
Yeah.  
Dabu.  
Player.  
Damn.  
Can you stop playing with that thing?  
You ain't gonna figure out  
your two-way, Elliot.  
Why don't you take a break  
and daydream about things  
that you like, man?  
Like, you know, flying on a unicorn  
with chocolate-covered cherries raining.  
I'm not the one  
who disrespected you, Raji.  
Nick did.  
Not me. Nick.  
Man, Nick ain't even my boss.  
How's he gonna do me like that?  
We're supposed to be partners.  
Damn.  
Raji, Nick left a message for you.  
If you go near Linda, he'll see

that you suffer excruciating pain  
and never walk again in your life.  
In other words, he'll break your legs.  
Why's he gotta say it  
all poetic like that?  
Why can't he just say  
"I'm gonna break your legs," man?  
Nice ass won't get you  
through your whole life!  
When you turn 30,  
you better have a personality.  
You don't need him anymore, Raj.  
I say it's time you took Nick out.  
What about Chili Palmer, genius?  
Man, you can't even work your pager,  
you sittin' there schemin'.  
You'll get to Chili in good time.  
Don't worry about Chili.  
Nick's the problem.  
Man, if I take Nicky out,  
all roads lead to me, Elliot.  
You don't think about shit, man.  
Not if it ain't you who does it.  
I'm talking about a set-up, bro.  
Hello.  
- Sin LaSalle?  
- Yeah. Who wants to know?  
Shut your punk-ass mouth!  
NTL owes you 300 large. Right?  
Chili Palmer was gonna pay you,  
but Nick Carr says, "Sin LaSalle?  
Man, I wouldn't give my money  
to that Alabama porch monkey. "  
Alabama porch mo...  
Nick Carr said that?  
Man. You heard me. Fool!  
He told Chili to give him  
the 300 grand instead,  
in exchange for some contract  
and whatnot.  
Look, man, you want your chips?  
Do you want your chips?  
Then you best see Nick Carr.  
C-A-R.

If I want my chips?  
Yeah, I want my chips.  
Who is this?  
I'm the one schoolin' you, son.  
That is beautiful.  
You did it.  
Man, let's get some Roscoe's  
up in this bitch.  
You want some chicken breast?  
Some collards?  
Some yams?  
Some waffles, man?  
Extra syrup.  
I love Roscoe's.  
You know, I never told you this.  
You know what I love about Roscoe's?  
I could take one drumstick  
and put it in my mouth  
and suck all the meat off it at one time  
and then just pull out that bone.  
Don't be puttin' your sucked-on drumstick  
with my chicken breast.  
You better keep that shit...  
I'm serious, man.  
You better keep that shit separate.  
The only thing wet on that shit  
better be the syrup.  
What's up?  
It's Raji.  
- Hey, baby.  
- Hi, Daddy.  
- How you doin'?  
- Good.  
Yeah.  
- School was good?  
- Yeah.  
You had a good day at school?  
You know what,  
we gonna skip ice cream today.  
Let's drop her off real quick.  
Yeah.  
Detective, my husband was  
an amazing man.  
Please.

But he didn't leave NTL  
in the best financial position.  
Well, we spoke  
with his assistant Tiffany,  
and she told us about an incident  
involving an insurance salesman?  
Yes.  
Are you okay?  
Yeah. Fine.  
Mrs. Athens.  
Please, call me Edie.  
Well, Edie, we have reason to believe  
that this gentleman  
was not an insurance salesman at all.  
Really?  
I don't understand.  
Do you think it's possible  
that your husband was involved with the...  
...the Russian mafia?  
The Russian mafia?  
I mean, not that I know of, but...  
I did find something.  
Maybe this will help.  
I found it in Tommy's desk drawer.  
"Nick Carr. "  
It's a pawn ticket.  
Pawn ticket.  
I wanna pick this up.  
Get your black ass out of here.  
You know what you tell a man  
with two black eyes?  
Nothin'.  
He's already been told twice.  
Now, are you gonna  
get me what I came for  
or are we gonna have a problem?  
Da.  
- An envelope?  
- That's it.  
They bought it.  
You're up.  
How much can I get for this?  
And don't worry, your hair looks fine.  
Damn! I'm walkin', man!

I'm walkin'!  
Have you lost your...  
Sit yo' ass down.  
I'm fine, I'm fine!  
Hang up the phone, Nick.  
Stop it! Shit, man.  
Good-bye, Marty.  
Sin, good to see you, bro.  
Sit yo' ass down.  
Sin, I can explain it to you.  
You best hope you didn't lie to us.  
I'm just sayin'  
if I could explain what happened,  
we could maybe get  
on the same page here.  
You know what I'm sayin'?  
Jesus Christ.  
What the hell's going on?  
- It's a misunderstanding.  
- Shut yo' ass up!  
Your man here says  
you got our money.  
I can explain it to you.  
- Raji said that?  
- It's a misunderstanding.  
Would you shut it up?!  
...excited here, man.  
Let me tell you something.  
NTL owes us 300 grand.  
Now, from my understanding,  
Chili Palmer took that money,  
gave it to you for some contract.  
Raji said that?  
He's full of shit.  
Watch what you say,  
'cause we will drop his ass.  
Take him outside.  
Fine.  
Come on, man, easy!  
Don't land on my Porsche.  
Man!  
This ain't cool, man!  
Come on, man.  
Pull me up, man!

You can't hang me like this!  
Stop this shit, man!  
It's a long way, man!  
Come on, man.  
Pull me up, man!  
Come on.  
There's cameras all over this bitch, man.  
You're gonna be  
all over the surveillance, man.  
I'm asking you, please!  
Help! Help!  
Stop playin', man!  
Stop bullshittin', man!  
Man, there's a law office  
down there, man!  
I'ma wake the lawyers up.  
Lawyers, what's up?  
Lawyers, can you see me?  
It's Raji from Carosell.  
C-A-R-O...  
I'm gonna drop yo' ass.  
You can't hit me, man.  
You can't hang me over a thing  
and hit me!  
Pull my ass up!  
Sin, my bro.  
Would you cut the "my brother" shit?  
You're insulting my mother.  
I'm not in business with Chili Palmer.  
I'm the one trying to get him out.  
The piece of shit stole my act.  
You son of a bitch.  
You set me up.  
Who the hell are you?  
I give you ticket,  
and you tell me Chili Palmer come  
to my store and I kill him.  
But nyet.  
No Chili come.  
Yo, Tolstoy.  
Take a number.  
The cops come with ticket.  
Cops? What cops?  
Excuse me, Vladimir?

I don't know how they do it in the Ukraine,  
but I believe I was here first.

Be cool, nigger.

Nigger?

Look, you don't understand.

This is how Chili Palmer operates.

It's like a game between us.

He knows I tried to set him up,  
so he did it right back to me.

Then game is over.

No more set-ups.

- No more...

- You know that video's got you!

Nigger cops.

Have you lost your mind?

I mean, how is it that you can  
disrespect a man's ethnicity  
when you know we've influenced  
nearly every facet of white America,  
from our music to our style of dress,  
not to mention your basic imitation  
of our sense of cool...

walk, talk, dress, mannerisms.

We enrich your very existence,  
all the while contributing  
to the gross national product  
through our achievements  
in corporate America.

It's these conceits that comfort me  
when I'm faced with the ignorant,  
cowardly, bitter and bigoted  
who have no talent, no guts,  
people like you who desecrate  
things they don't understand  
when the truth is  
you should say, "Thank you, man,"  
and go on about your way.

But apparently,  
you're incapable of doing that.  
So...

,  
And don't tell me to be cool.

I am cool!

Racial epithets.

Why does it always come down to that?  
Makes me sad for my daughter.  
You need money?  
I got you!  
I got you.  
Focus.  
Sin, I'm the one who promoted you.  
I'm the reason  
you're even owed 300 grand.  
I'm telling you, you want Chili Palmer.  
Pull my ass up!  
Bring his ass back inside.  
All right, I want y'all to give it up  
and lay it down  
for a good friend of mine... Linda Moon!  
There was a time  
when I was so broken-hearted  
Love wasn't much of a friend of mine  
The tables are turned, yeah  
'Cause me and them ways have parted  
But that kind of love  
was the killing kind  
Yeah  
All I want is someone  
I can't resist, yeah  
I know all I need to know  
by the way that you kiss  
I was cryin' when I met you  
Now I'm tryin' to forget you  
Your love was sweet misery  
I was tryin' just to get you  
Now I'm dyin' 'cause I let you  
Do what you do down on me  
Baby  
'Cause what you got inside  
It ain't where your love  
should stay, yeah  
Our love, sweet love, ain't love  
till you give your heart away  
Yeah  
I was cryin' when I met you  
Now I'm tryin' to forget you  
Your love was sweet misery  
Baby



I was tryin' just to get you  
Now I'm dyin' 'cause I let you  
Do what you do down on  
Baby, baby, baby  
Baby, baby  
She's a diva.  
Told you.

She's gonna be huge.  
Ain't that right, Joe Perry?  
Baby, yeah

I was cryin' just to get you  
Now I'm dyin' 'cause I let you  
Do what you do,  
what you do down on  
Baby, baby, baby, baby  
Baby, baby

Yeah

Linda Moon!

- Linda Moon!

- That's right.

Give it up, L.A.!

I said Linda Moon!

You expect me to follow that?

That was incredible.

I feel like I can't even breathe right now.

Well, 20,000 people will do that to you.

Oh, my God.

Listen, you were great.

Good luck.

And you know, the crowd's  
only gonna get bigger for you.

- Thank you.

- See ya.

Linda Moon!

Careful what you wish for.

What about our girl, huh?

- She was amazing!

- Amazing.

- To Linda Moon.

- To Linda Moon.

To you.

You know, you said something  
when Elliot was here,  
that you wanted to do something.

What was that?

I think it might've been  
something like this.

Are you just using me  
to get into the music business?

Edie, I like you.

Good.

Wake up.

- What is it?

- Listen!

What's wrong?

I didn't leave the stereo on.

It sounds like

Knockin' On Heaven's Door.

All right, I'll check it out,  
I'll check it out.

Evening, gentlemen.

Interesting choice of music.

That cold black cloud's comin' down.

Gotta love Dylan, man.

Biograph. It's a great album.

You know, we wouldn't have  
this song without it.

But we would've.

Because, you see, Dylan wrote that  
originally for that Peckinpah movie  
with James Coburn.

You're in no position to correct me.

It was to a soundtrack.

Pat Garrett and Billy the Kid.

Yup. Same song they played  
when Slim Pickens died in his wife's arms.

Right?

This man knows his westerns.

Good movie.

Gentlemen, thank you very much  
for that VH1 moment in music history.

Time's up.

I want my money.

All right, well, tomorrow  
you come by the office  
and we'll deal with it.

How bad you want this?

Know what that is?

It's Linda Moon's contract.

- Nick Carr give you that?

- Much to his dismay.

,

I just doubled it.

And you got one minute  
to come up with my money.

And at the end of that time,  
I wanna smell money or smell blood.  
It's your choice.

Sin, I want you to hear something.

I don't wanna hear shit.

You call that a minute?

You don't even have to say nothin'.

I already know. I know.

I can't help it, man!

Don't give me no gun, then.

You know what I'm gonna do.

Look, Sin, you're a music producer.

You gotta hear this.

Look, shoot me later,

but hear this now.

Like you've been left alone.

But you know deep down you're wrong  
wonder. Have you ever. Ever felt  
a little unsure

But then again secure?

Tell me. Have you ever felt  
just like letting go?

What the hell is going on here?

Ain't no reason...

I'm playing Sin the CD.

Yeah. I noticed.

Sorry to wake you, Edie.

But your girl here's got a good voice.

I mean, the first song was nice,  
but this one...

powerful lyrics...

just resonates with me.

You know what Sin said,

he said it's all there,

he just needs to put his touch on it.

That's it.

That's exactly what I said.

So, how is Sin proposing to do this?  
Let me produce her.  
I'll fatten up her sound,  
give her some edge.  
Maybe even add in a little... a little...  
...a little blues guitar.  
Yeah, huh?  
Man's got a point, Edie.  
Nothin' against Hy Gordon,  
but the man is white.  
That's true, Sin.  
But what's that gonna cost me?  
Well, just a producer's credit.  
And a little something  
on the back end.  
Which could end up being millions.  
Only if I make it a hit.  
Tea?  
What's with the finger?  
What's that?  
That's not gangsta.  
That's not gangsta.  
Got you.  
- What do you want. Raj?  
- Sin LaSalle produced her single.  
So?  
Man, that bitch hung me out a window!  
Now he gets to be a producer?  
I ain't havin' it.  
At least he's not hanging out at strip clubs  
in the middle of the day.  
Listen to me.  
Chili called.  
He said Linda played with Aerosmith  
and killed.  
Tried to offer me some kind of a  
back-end bullshit deal to promote her.  
Can you believe the balls on this guy?  
So what you sayin'?  
He's gonna make her a big star?  
Not if he's dead.  
Are you sayin' we can smoke him?  
I'm saying you and Elliot  
take care of him.

And I'll forget you tried to take me out.  
Elliot, you home?  
Elliot? Chili Palmer.  
Got you an audition  
on a Nicole Kidman picture.  
T's next Tuesday at 3.00.  
Give me a call.  
No, he ain't.  
Delete that shit.  
I love that blues guitar.  
It's nice.  
I mean, it's lyrical, but it's tough now.  
I could almost see the video.  
We should get Shotgun  
to do the video.  
Now, he tight.  
We'll never get him.  
The man's the Scorsese of music videos.  
It won't happen.  
The man was my production assistant  
on Get Leo.  
I'll get him.  
Linda! T was beautiful.  
But when you do the hip thing.  
need like a... more hip.  
Like a... sexier hip.  
Like a bigger. Sexier hip.  
You... you'll do it.  
I'll be back.  
Okay? Right on action.  
It's late. Shouldn't you  
and Baby Huey be sleeping?  
That's it?  
No "Hey, Nick"?  
"Good to see you, man"?  
"Did you lose weight?"  
She's good, bro.  
You get Miss Bangkok in there  
and you've got something.  
Well, you always had an eye  
for talent, Nick.  
I think it's time you, me, and Edie  
had a little talk.  
You wanna talk business,

you talk to me.  
You leave Edie out of this.  
I'm already in negotiations with Edie.  
I'm just coming to get you.  
Is that right?  
Well, if it isn't Flea Diddy.  
It's P. Diddy.  
Don't be comin' up in here  
like you know anything about rap.  
I bet I know more than you do.  
You probably don't even know  
who the Sugar Hill Gang is.  
But I know who  
the Bust A Cap In Yo' Ass Gang is.  
Let me tell you something, Chil.  
When I told you I wanted us  
to work together, I was being genuine.  
I could tell.  
But now that Linda's making  
a name for herself,  
she's gonna need a real professional  
managing her career.  
So I'm gonna need  
that contract back.  
You know, just take it.  
It's yours.  
It takes a big man to realize  
a bigger man swings a bigger dick.  
Nobody's a bigger dick than you, Nick.  
So what the hell is this?  
That's Linda's contract.  
We thought you'd appreciate the irony.  
You know how turnabout's fair game.  
Fair game. I like that.  
That could be the name  
of my next girl group.  
Take care, Chil.  
You disrespected me.  
Move yo' ass.  
It's a damn shame, Chili.  
'Cause now what you're gonna do  
is have to go commit suicide  
up in a dark alley, man.  
There goes your audition.

What audition?  
I left you a message.  
Stop bullshittin', man.  
- At home and on your two-way.  
- You didn't leave me a message.  
I checked my messages.  
Nobody called me.  
Sounds like maybe  
somebody erased your messages.  
Check your two-way.  
Go ahead.  
Stop this shit.  
We got business to take care of.  
- You need help?  
- All right.  
There you go.  
Is that it?  
Just hit that button?  
How could you do that, Raj?  
What are you talking about, man?  
Why am I standin' here?  
You've been erasing my messages?  
I have an audition on Tuesday.  
What?!  
Ain't no damn message on that thing.  
Green light's on, man.  
- How could you do that, man?  
- Why you trippin' on me like that?  
- E. Weazy!  
- Elliot, be cool, man.  
Cap easy in yo' ass!  
- How could you do that?  
- You actin' crazy, man!  
Put the gun back  
where it belongs, man!  
You never wanted to see me in movies!  
- Come on, sugar tank.  
- After all these years, "sugar tank"?  
- Come on, man. Check in.  
- You afraid of the big gay man?  
I'm your ace, man!  
I've been your ace!  
What? They got me!  
Get 'em! They got me, Elliot!

They got me, man!

- Tuesday, right, Chili?

- That's right.

Sorry about your comrade, comrade.

- What the hell is this?

- Don't know.

- What the hell?

- Nick Carr!

You're under arrest

for the murder of Joe Loop.

And now, the final nominee

for MTV's Best Video of the Year.

Linda Moon, with her performance

of her smash hit Ain't No Reason.

Tell me, have you ever felt

like the sky was falling down

But the sun is gonna shine again?

Tell me, have you ever felt

like you've been left alone

But you know deep down you're wrong?

I wonder, have you ever,

ever felt a little unsure

But then again secure?

Tell me, have you ever felt

like you've been left alone?

But you can't 'cause you know

Ain't no reason to

No, no, no, no

No, no

Have you ever felt like giving up

But you know you love him

way too much?

I wonder if you've ever felt

Yeah

To

No, no, no

Ain't no reason to

No, no, no, no

Somethin', somethin'

Somethin' goin' down

Yeah, yeah, yeah

No, no, no, no, no

Ain't no reason to

No, no, no



Ain't no reason to  
No, no, no  
Ain't no reason to  
No, no, no, no  
Ain't no reason to  
No, no, no  
Tonight, you've heard  
the five nominated songs. Dabu.  
Yeah, I'm Dabu the Great,  
you know what I'm sayin'?  
We got the Dub MD's in the house.  
Yeah.  
The Best Music Video Award  
goes to...  
Tell 'em, Dabu!  
First Believer. And now this.  
Ain't No Reason To.  
Linda Moon.  
Fourth award of the night!  
Yes!  
- Sin.  
- Linda Moon, what up?  
Thank you.  
Thanks.  
This is amazing.  
First, I would like to thank  
my producer Edie Athens.  
I'd also like to thank Hy Gordon  
and Sin LaSalle.  
Thank you.  
And last, but not least,  
I would like to thank the guy  
who has believed in me  
from the very beginning.  
He made all of this happen...  
Chili Palmer.  
Thank you.  
Thanks.