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Billionaire Boys Club

By James Cox

DEAN (V.O.):

little secret about being rich.
It's not about the money.
It's about the way people see you.
The way you see yourself.
Fuck money.
For kids like Joe Hunt and me,
being rich is about respect.
(ROCK MUSIC PLAYING)
My name is Dean Karney.
I grew up with parents
who were middle class...
the opposite of rich.
But they wanted the best for me...
scraped together tuition
fees to send me...
to the most elite prep
school in Los Angeles.
The Harvard School for Boys...
where I first met Joe...
the scholarship kid with no friends.
The only thing we had in common
is that neither of us belonged.
I learned early on that
the key was to fake it...
until you make it.
I'd use my charm,
wit, and backhand...
to hang out with the
sons of movie stars...
CEO's, actual royalty.
I played the part perfectly.
By the time I was 25...
I signed a deal worth a
quarter of a billion dollars.
I had it all, the house,
the money, the girl.
And I had the best
partner, Joe Hunt.
In Beverly Hills, the
dream isn't a better life.
It's the best life.

So, let me go back.
It all started six years after
high school and let's just...
say that I wasn't exactly
living up to my full potential.
Are you ready to buy a car,
you handsome son of a bitch?
What do you got?
Well, I got a Bentley.
Boring.
What? You don't like a Bentley?
I got a 1979 IROC driven by
Stallone for three months.
I got a Corvette.
Let me see the 'Vette.

DEAN (V.O.):

he was, my old classmate.
He hadn't changed a bit.
If we take the over and the under...

DEAN (V.O.):

the smartest guy in the room.
Still wearing the cheapest suit.
Sorry, ahh...
Corvette.
Mr. Ioku... thank you.
- Dean.
- Joe.
- It's been forever.
- Way too long.
Come here, man.
So, making moves, what have you been up to?
I am working at the Pacific Stock Exchange.
Wall Street of the West, nice.
And what are you up to?
A bit of this, a bit of that.
Are you living downtown?
I'm still living with my father.
Are you shitting me?
Are they not paying you?
Barely.
Is that cash?
Yeah, I just sold the Biltmores a Corvette.

Joe, you shouldn't be
working for these guys.
You should be these guys.
You've gotta get your own thing.
Thanks, I appreciate it.
That would take investors, and
money, and things I don't have.
You know, we would make the perfect team.
Come to Spago tonight. It's
Charlie Bottom's birthday.
We could go talk to him.
Charlie Bottoms from high school?
Yeah.
Yeah, I don't think he's gonna
want to give me his money, Dean.
Of course, he will. Just do
what you did to those guys.
You know, pitch 'em gold.
I don't think so. These
guys hated me in high school.
I can't.
Yes, Joe, you can.
With your brains and my connections.
Think about it, we could own this town.
That's a yes, right? That
looks like a yes to me.
- Okay.
- Yes, Joe!
Okay.
So it is Spago at 9:00
and it's a costume party.
We'll both go as Reagan's.
You're going come, right? Promise?
Yeah.
Okay, cool.
See you later. It's great to see you, man.

DEAN (V.O.):

never a nine-to-five town.
Deals were made at night
at places so exclusive...
just getting in meant you
had your checkbook ready.
Most exclusive of all was

Spago, which is where...
Charlie Bottoms was holding
his 23rd birthday bash.
Halloween in July.
Sorry, kid, it's a private party.
Oh no, I'm invited. I'm
here with Dean Karney.
- Oh yeah, sure you are.
- Yeah.
I pity tha muthafucka'! Back of the line!
No, it is Charlie Bottoms
birthday and I'm joining him.
Make a hole! Make a hole!
Get out of the way.
Ladies.
Dean! Hey!

- DEAN:

- There he is.
Joe, what are you doing? Come on in.
Charlie will be 24 by
the time we get inside.
Come on, Mr. T, may we?
- You got it.
- Thank you.
- Thank you.
- See you later.
Dude, what happened to
us both being Reagan?
We are both Reagan, I'm Nancy.
It's called edge, come on.
Holy shit.
Right, I told you, dude.
Ladies, it is so good to see you.
You're late.
And you are beautiful.
You are forgiven. Charity case?
- Old friend.
- I'm Joe.

DEAN (V.O.):

Spago were out of control.
We ran with a pack of
babes called, The Groovers.

When any new scene hit LA...
they were always on
the crest of the wave.
They're making
it your intention
Love those dreams
Scheme those schemes

DEAN (V.O.):

California for the sunshine.
You come for girls
like Sydney Evans.
Mean Dean.
Hey, Delicious.
- You know her?
- Are you ready?
- What was that for?
- Edge.
There they are! My boys!
Gentlemen, allow me to introduce to you...
our semi-assassinated
President, Joe Hunt...
a very close friend of mine.
Joe, you remember Kyle and Scott Biltmore.
Man, that shit is twisted! I love it!

DEAN (V.O.):

the epitome of a good time.
Which meant the world
clamored to be around them.
I once watched Tom Cruise's
date excuse herself to go...
to the ladies room, only to
leave out the back door...
with both Biltmores.
Then there was Charlie Bottoms.
Aside from being blessed
with good looks...
he was a mastermind in business.
And what did all three of these
Harvard alumni have in common?
Money.
These were the richest
kids in Beverly Hills.

Happy birthday, Charlie.
Thanks for coming.
(FUNK MUSIC PLAYING)
Got you a gift, Charlie.
What's this, gold?
I've been studying the market
going back forty quarters.
And if we invest in gold right now.
My dad is in gold.
And he says the market's gonna tank.
How is the system going to handle that?
That's why we reverse gold.
We buy and sell a pair of puts and calls...
and set a spread against volatility.
Hold on, shut up a minute.
Hey, did we go to high school together?
No, no, seriously he looks familiar.
Shit! Yeah! Hey, I fucking know this kid!
He was the one who was thrown
off that debate team, right?
And then I stuffed the guy in a locker.
We reverse gold.
- Okay, I've got a Macallan...
- We reverse gold.
Macallan 12, a Glenlivet, a Makers.
Happy birthday, Charlie.
Hey!
So, Dean, you got that
ten grand you owe me?
Or my Corvette?
No, it's back at my house. I'll
bring it to you in the morning.
Dude, we gotta get you outta the valley.
Dean, I will never
freeze up like that again.
I know, brother. I believe in you, man.
(TV BLARING)
ED MCMAHON (OVER TV):
Here's... Johnny!
Thank you, the recession
has hit Rodeo Drive.
I saw a guy filling up
his Rolls-Royce today...
at the self-service island.

Yes, and it's depressing
in Beverly Hills...
during a recession.
It's depressing, you
see people lined up...
with food stamps to buy Haagen Daz.

(DRAMATIC MUSIC PLAYING)

(ALARM BLARING)

Took you long enough.
I called you hours ago.
Have you even slept?
No, Dean, sit down, the
Biltmores, Charlie, all them.
Their names have given them
everything they could ever want.
Except purpose and
responsibility and self-respect.
They've never had to worry about
how to cover a car payment...
or how to make rent.
Things everyone else stays
up nights worrying about.
So, of course, when I showed
up with a flake of gold...
and asked them to invest, it
didn't mean anything to them.
These guys, they don't care
about market analysis...
or projections or any of that shit.
They want to be part of something?
Exactly.

And every business needs
its founding principles.
You've heard of Steve Jobs?

Yeah, of course.

Remind me?

Steve Jobs, he is 26 years old.
He's living the American dream.
He dropped out of college and
now he's worth \$149 million.

How?

Because he took computer
technology and made it simple.
He's selling the future.

Read this.
Paradox Philosophy.
Turn bad into good,
even wrong becomes right.
In the right context, you could
take yesterday's failures...
and turn them into tomorrow's successes.
This is rad.
What's the BBC?
It's the name of our company.
What does it stand for?
Remember that poker game...
we could never get into in high school?
No one will know.
But, to us, it'll mean
attaining the unattainable.
What's that?
Kyle's apology. Ten grand.
Holy shit.
Turn it into 20 and everyone
of Kyle's friends and family...
will be lining up to give us their money.
Between word of our success, and this...
it'll spread across Beverly
Hills like wild fire.

DEAN (V.O.):

turn your nose up...
at a measly ten grand...
remember, these were
the Reagan Years.
Gas was 91 cents a gallon.
Cigarettes were a buck.
And \$10,000 was pretty close
to the yearly income...
of an average family.
Joe took Kyle Biltmore's
money and invested in gold.
In three weeks it was
up thirty five percent.
We couldn't lose.
These look great.
And you wanted to use staples.
Okay, so we gotta be at the

Biltmores by 6:

Let's hit the racks down at Nate and Al's.

I gotta check the closing price on gold.

Well, aren't we up?

Yeah, we were up this morning.

But I gotta check the closing price.

Okay, I just gotta make one stop first.

I just sold this guy a car last weekend.

Nice, huh?

Yeah.

(DOOR BELL RINGS)

- Mr. Karney, he's expecting you.

- Hi.

RON:

row at that court house...

all right, on his face, with your camera...

the moment the judge reads

those charges, all right?

Every other journalist is gonna

want the same fucking shot!

All right? Come on, get up,

now! I want you to play rough.

I want you to claw their fucking eyes out.

I want you to tell them you

work for Barbara Walters.

Tell 'em you are Barbara

Walters if you have to.

This press badge will get you

access everywhere, all right?

Listen to me, front row. That

close up of John DeLorean?

I don't want you to miss

it! Do you understand?

Yes, sir.

Ah yes.

Bon jour, combien allez-vous

payer des photo de Jon Delorean?

(PHONE BEEPING)

Ah oui, merci.

Nigel, we're a go.

Yes. Buy GM the moment that

those charges are announced.

Yes, at 52 and a half.
That's right, thank you.

DEAN (V.O.):

was a force of nature.
Oh, hi, Giselle. Hi, it's Ronnie.
Yeah, I'd like three chopped salads.

DEAN (V.O.):

fortune on Wall Street...
with the Rothschild Group
before going west...
to dabble in any deal
he found interesting...
lucrative, or both.
No, you're staying for lunch.
Yes, and some Tiramisu with
three spoons. Thank you so much.

AUTOMATED VOICE:

Warning! Bullshit alert!
Dean, show me.
All right.
1962 original patina.
Solid chrome.
Yeah, but Dean, these
are not in mint condition.
These have not been stored properly.
I am not paying \$2000! No.
I will pay you at most
\$600 for the whole set.
And who is your friend, Dean?
This is my partner, Ron.
Do you remember Joe Hunt,
I was telling you about.
Oh, right, yes, Dean told
me you're a trader of sorts?
Yeah, that's right, Mr. Levin.
It's a pleasure to meet you.
I notice you have the afternoon edition.
- You mind if I take a look?
- No, go right ahead.
- Thank you.
- Joe is a genius.

This guy had like a six...
What?
Rough day in the market?
No, not at all.
You know, Mr. Levin, it's
really an honor meeting you.
I'd love for you and I to sit down...
and speak through my investment strategy.
I think you might find it very interesting.
Are you familiar with the
commodities market, Mr. Levin?
Am I familiar with the
commodities market, Dean?
Hm... why don't you tell me.
Holy shit.
That can't be real.
What is it?
It's a Bulla... Sumerian's used it.
They put those tokens
inside their clay pot...
and marked the day a
commodity was delivered.
It's... it's 5,000 years old.
No, it's actually 6000 years old.
You're looking at the world's
first futures contract.
Must be worth a fortune.
Do you want to hold it?
Are you kidding me?
No.
Just be careful. 'Cause
it's worth a lot of money.
Shit! Oh my God.
Oh shit!
- Dean, go find a broom.
- Okay.
Please tell me that was
insured. I'm so sorry.
Insured? That was priceless.
There are only 17 Bullas
on the entire planet.
And every single one of them...
is locked in a museum.
It's a fake.

But you thought it was an original.

Yeah.

And why? Because the
perception of reality...
is more real than reality itself.

(DRAMATIC MUSIC PLAYING)

DEAN (V.O.):

parents had taken off...
to Europe for the summer.
So the boys had turned their home...
into their own private clubhouse.
The place was always crawling
with Beverly Hills royalty.
Mean Dean gonna get this
show on the road, or what?
Probably boning in the bathroom.
Go get him and hurry it up!
Dean, we took a hit in the market today.

What? How bad?

We wiped out.

- All of it?

- Half.

The rest is still in the account.
Yo, Dean, your guests are waiting!
Uh, just give us a second, Kyle.
Wait, what are you doing?
I'm giving Kyle his money back.
What, you're gonna tell him now?
After the presentation,
in private, yes, I have to.
What presentation, Joe? There
is no way these guys will buy...
our pitch if Kyle's
bitching about a wipe out.
I know, but I don't have a choice.
All you have is your rep.
Dean, I'm just gonna
be honest with the guy.
He knew there were risks
when he got involved.
He doesn't know.
What do you mean, he doesn't know?
There was no apologies?

You gave me his money without him knowing?
Sorry, I wanted to put wind in your sails.
I should have told you the truth.
But think how many legends
started exactly like this.
The Kennedys were rum runners
before they ran the world.
This is our chance, come on.
Gentlemen, if I can have
your attention, please?
Thank you for coming by tonight.
Some of you may remember my friend...
Joe Hunt from High School.
We spoke to some of you guys
at Spago around three weeks ago.
If you can't remember the night...
it's the night Charlie has been
trying to forget ever since.
No way.
But I'm not the guy to talk
to you about the minutia...
of why we are here.
So, Joe? You want to...
Want to tell them about our proposal?

DEAN (V.O.):

to talk about a paradox?
Joe's bad break was our lucky day.
When he got caught in my lie...
we broke through to
a whole, new level.
All he had to do was
cross one tiny line.
Gentlemen!
You are the young Turks
of L.A. heirs to empires...
sons of scions.
But, what would you do
to earn it on your own?
To look your fathers in
the eye, not for a handout.
But with a handful of cash,
that you pulled down, with this!
Dump the opportunity at your

fingertips? Fuck no! Seize it.
Now is the time to own your own destiny...
and become part of something great!
The BBC.
What does BBC stand for?
Exactly.
Within that question lies our hook?
Each investor will ask, "What is
BBC?" Are we a holding company?
Are we an investment
pool? Are we a social club?
All the above.
Buy on mystery. Sell on history.
I like it.
Sounds like old money.
Fuck old money!
How about we make some new money?
We all stand on the verge of
wildly profitable ventures...
in this room alone.
Scott, you bought a Benz
in Munich, drove it...
across Europe and sold it right
here for twice what you paid.
That is a hundred percent profit.
Charlie, how many times
have you advised your dad...
on energy stocks, only for
him to make the big move.
And Kyle, you believed
in my trading system...
to the tune of \$10,000.
- You what?
- I did?
Yes! You did!
And here's your first disbursement check!
Wait, five thousand
dollars? Is this what's left?
No, that is profit.

DEAN (V.O.):

admitting we lost five grand...
The rest is still in gold.

DEAN (V.O.):

them we made five grand.

Fifty percent, in three weeks.

Yeah.

God damn.

This is just a loan.

Okay.

What do we do if he

asks for his money back?

Look, Dean, this weekend?

You're gonna scrounge up every dime...

so we can reinvest and make his money back.

You got it, Joe.

So guys, think it over, let us know.

We'll see you later.

Bullshit.

You guys are coming out with us tonight.

(MUSIC PLAYING)

Yo, Tim!

This cash machine, right here,
is my new best friend, Joe Hunt.

If he ever waits in line again,
and I'll sic the wolf on you.

He doesn't mean that,

Tim. Pleasure to meet you.

Welcome to Spago, Mr. Hunt.

Thanks, Tim.

Hello, Tim.

Ladies.

Gentlemen, if I may.

To Paradox Philosophy.

Wait, wait, wait, Para-what?

Paradox Philosophy.

It's our theory that is
outlined in each prospectus.

Three weeks ago, Joe blew
his pitch to you guys.

And tonight, he made you five grand, Kyle.

That is a paradox.

Winning by losing.

Seeing the paradox

allows you to do things...

that you thought you couldn't.

Cross lines you said you wouldn't.

For example, Charlie.
What is the worst thing
you can imagine doing?
The worst? Murder?
Okay, perfect.
So could you kill someone
for a million dollars?
No.
See?
That's a line you can't cross.
Yeah, but who would?
Well, no one here for sure, but...
Kyle, what if you walked into a room...
and your mother was being raped?
Would you kill then?
If my mother was being
raped? Yes, well, fuck yeah.
Yeah, but under those
circumstances, anybody would.
Okay, so then change the circumstances...
and you'll cross that line...
the line you said you wouldn't cross.
So by shifting your perspective
you can justify anything.
Justify, that implies right and wrong.
But if you reconcile your perspective...
then right and wrong become relative.
Chateau la fete Rothschild,
1959 finest Bordeaux.
Hey, yo, we didn't order that.
This is complements of Chef
Puck's closest friend, sir.
Dean. Excuse me, boys.
He asks that you go alone.
That's okay, come on, Dean.
I think he's awful.
You think he's talented?
Yes, I do.
Oh my God, his art is...
Graffiti, first of all, looks bourgeois.
No, it doesn't.
And all of his art looks
like it's finger painting.
I love finger painting, it's so mature.

Oh, that's why everyone
thinks he's a genius.
Because you love him,
and you say it publicly.

WARHOL:

But I'm telling you this,
no one is gonna remember...
Jean-Michel Basket...
Basquiat.

Basquiat... in like, 15
minutes. Forget about it.

- Oh, Joe, hello.

- Mr. Levin.

You came to say hi, and
you brought Dean anyway.

Mr. Levin, I want to say
thank you for the wine.

And but of course I had to
bring my partner with me.

Well, I guess I'll have to respect that.

But if you don't call me Ron,
I might have to murder you.

And this is my friend, Andy. Andy, Joe.

It is a pleasure to meet you.

WARHOL:

Andy is in town doing, are you ready?

An episode of The Love
Boat, with Milton Berle.

Oh, and apparently Milton
Berle has a Love Boat...
between his legs.

WARHOL:

Any dick contest, he takes
out just enough to win.

- It's as big as a salami.

- It is?

- It's big, it's like huge.

- Wow.

Do you like salami, Joe?

Who doesn't, dude?

So you know, Ron.

We just cleared fifty percent in three weeks. Really? And I thought for sure you took a horrible beating... this afternoon.

No.

I shorted gold hard and made out like a bandit. Well, that is quite a return. I'm serious.

We really should get together and talk about you investing. You see I knew it the moment I saw you, Joe. You're a hustler, just like me. Thank you so much for coming to say hi. You will excuse us, won't you, Joe? Of course, of course. Joe, this is for you. Sugar, because you are so sweet. Thank you so much.

I say we write two checks right now, bro. Think so? I fucking know so, bro! Hey this goose shits golden eggs. Hey Joe! Joe!

Hey, can we have a word real quick? Our dad is always riding our ass saying "Think about the future." Well here is our thoughts. Kill it.

- Yes! Yes!

- Go make us some money. Have a good night.

Hey, your name is Sydney, right? And you are an artist. I work for one.

No, I hear you are a really talented artist. Dean told me. Right? We have an investment company. And I was just talking to Andy Warhol. Do you know Andy Warhol, have you heard of him?

Come see me!
Obviously yeah, you have heard of him.
Yeah.
But, I'm you know, trying
to land people like Andy.
But I don't know anything about the scene.
It looks like you are getting
to know the scene pretty well.
No, the art scene.
I don't know the first thing about it.
So, I was thinking,
maybe you could tutor me?
Tutor you?
You know, give me a crash course in art.
I don't know anything about it.
I got this for you.
It could be down payment on a crash course.
I'll think about it.
(ENGINE STARTING)

DEAN (V.O.):

the world that night.
And the Biltmores'
money put us to work.
Before the Euro, there
were these things...
called Deutsche Marks.
And dollars bought German
shit for dirt cheap...
that we could sell here
for a hefty markup.
We made a deal with
Scott's guy in Munich...
and the BBC entered the gray market.

(ENGINE REVVING)

The M635-CSi was the nastiest
thing on the Autobahn.
You have heard of an M5, or an M3?
This was the first
street-legal M class ever.
You couldn't get them in America.
Which meant everyone
in L.A. wanted one.
Give me the keys.

They're in the car.

(CLEARS THROAT)

(DEVICE WHIRRING)

Have you driven a new car before?

This car is worth more than my apartment.

Are you sure you want to
put miles in this puppy...

before it passes smog?

(ENGINE STARTS)

Oh yeah.

(DOOR BELL RINGS)

So, the BBC has a motor pool now.

Come on, I gotta get dressed.

So, let me get this straight.

Germany, pass smog for five...

and sell them in Beverly Hills for \$70,000?

\$80,000. It's a five-fold profit.

Ron, you can share if you go in on BBC.

I'm thinking twenty grand.

Fifteen grand.

Ten, we can start small.

I spent ten thousand dollars
on dinner the other night, Joe.

You could buy a Chrysler for that.

Which is exactly why I
called it the Chrysler Dinner.

Which is a steal compared
to the Lincoln dinner...

I'm throwing tonight at Mr. Chows.

Joe, you think too small.

Maybe if you are gonna pitch me...

you ought to think about
adding a digit or two.

Because when I go in, I go all in.

Okay, get your checkbook out.

No, no, no, it's gonna
take more than a 635-CSi...

to get my check book out.

I invest in relationships, Joe.

Not deals.

People, not stock.

- You read our prospectus?

- Yes.

And I made some notes in the margins.

You're kind of all over the place, Joe.
Low risk spreads on high commodities.
Performance BMW's in the gray market.
And a gold mill?
Ron, that gold mill is
the deal of the century.
I'll tell you what I did
like. Go to the first page.
That is interesting. That
is the essence of success.
Reminded me a lot of when I
got in hot water with the SEC.
Oh, don't worry about it.
Anybody who knows what they're doing...
eventually gets flagged by the SEC.
You should wear it as a badge of honor.
I had been working at Rothchild for a year.
When suddenly I found
myself thrown in front...
of a discipline committee and
was forced to defend myself.
And I had nothing.
21 stories and none of
them good, so I came clean.
They take your license?
No, I mean they could have,
they should have, but no.
Because what I was doing
wasn't illegal... yet.
I was ahead of the law. I mean,
it was unethical and corrupt.
Immoral if you believe
in that sort of thing.
But it wasn't illegal, so they had nothing.
So guess what they did.
They asked me to write the code...
to prohibit the kind of
trading that I had been doing.
How brilliant is that?
That hearing made me with the SEC.
And I realized that day that...
sometimes the truth is the best lie.
Why come to me?
Your father certainly

has his wealthier friends.
But none he respects more.

DEAN (V.O.):

investors became...
our number one sales team.
Just the kind of investor...
we wanna do business with at the BBC.
It's not at all about money, Mr. Baxter.

DEAN (V.O.):

strategy put us on the map.
It's about integrity.

DEAN (V.O.):

difference between a nobody...
and a player, is an address.
286 horsepower... Uncle Hank,
and you are the only one
at the LACC driving one.
Dad, you know I don't
take investing lightly.
And I've never come to you before.
I mean, I really think this is a winner.
BBC is ground breaking.
Doing things that is revolutionary.
And the principles which Granddad had
when he started the family business.
I like the sign. The
bold makes a statement.
It is bold and beautiful, right?
If you'd like to come through...
this will be our conference room.
I'm not just a member
of the BBC, Mr. Baxter.
Line two.
Yeah.
Yeah, yeah, ask my father.
I believe in Joe Hunt.
I believe in his vision.
This is the easiest money
you are ever going to make.
I mean, Joe got me fifty
percent in three weeks.

Fifty percent in three weeks.
Total Mad Maxing the market.
I'm talking... Blows the doors off
anything you'd make at Shearson Lehman!
Kind of sounds too good to be true.
It looks true to me.

DEAN (V.O.):

BBC was no longer our game.
It belonged to all of us.
It was a family, which
was the secret to the BBC.
- I'm in.
- All right.

DEAN (V.O.):

members with friends...
and families who were
titans of the west coast.
I'm in.
I'm in.
- I'm in.
- How much?
Call.
Boys!
Come on, guys. Come on.
Gentlemen...

DEAN (V.O.):

trust outside brokers.
Insisted on using his own.
RECEPTIONIST (OVER SPEAKER): Good
morning, Morgan Brokerage.
How may I help you?
Hello, Frank Piedmont please.
RECEPTIONIST (OVER

SPEAKER):

FRANK (OVER SPEAKER):
Frank Piedmont.
Hello, Frank, I'm here with Joe Hunt.
FRANK (OVER SPEAKER):
Hey, Ron, hey, Joe.
Good afternoon, Mr. Piedmont.

Ron has told me about your
unique trading system...
in the gold commodities market.
I'm impressed. That's not easy to do.
Most people lose their shirts
if they stay in gold too long.
I'm sorry to be so direct...
but I would like to check
the balance in the account.
Frank, do you mind
saying that one more time?
FRANK (OVER SPEAKER): At closing
market today, the account...
balance was four million,
one hundred thousand...
two dollars and five cents.
Thank you, Frank.
Joe will be back in
touch very soon, I'm sure.
Remember the butterflies
in your gut right now.
And know that is the show.
You sell a BMW, you pay your rent.
You refine a tanker full of crude...
you cover your overhead for a year.
But if you perform on the
account I just handed you...
then your lives will never be the same.
Think big and you will be big.
Unless, of course, I got you boys wrong.
I mean, after all, what
does the BBC stand for again?
Oh right.
Bitching Boring Crew?
The Brainless Boneheaded Cartel?
Or are you, the Billionaire Boys Club?

DEAN (V.O.):

think big, we took it to heart.
From now on, every
check that came in...
went towards more luxury.
Which meant more loans.
Billionaire...

Or bust.
As one of our first
investors, Mr. Baxter...
I wanted to come by personally
and deliver this check.
50 percent return, just like we promised.
I don't normally invest, but
I have to say that the BBC...
has really struck a cord with me.
Especially watching
young men like yourselves.
I can only hope my sons
follow in your footsteps.
Which is why I've decided.
And invest it for them, in the BBC.
Hell, I even took out a second mortgage.
I'm hooked. I'm hooked.
You're probably
wondering why we take
this money when we just got
four mil from Ron Levin.
We weren't actually holding
Ron's money in our hands.
We were just authorized to
trade that money on his behalf.
We were paper rich, but cash poor.
Dean, look at this.
That's his kid's college fund.
That is the house that they live in.
We can't keep promising
fifty percent returns.
We are committing fraud.
Should we give it back?
Honestly, Joe, the only
difference between high risk...
investing and a Ponzi
scheme, is how it all ends.
That check is just one more
reason, to pull it all off.
You know what beats a kids college fund?
Four kids college funds.
We are gonna make Baxter so much money...
he pays off both his mortgages.
And sends every kid to grad school.

Hi, I'm meeting Burt Langdon.
Oh, Mr. Langdon just called.
He wanted me to tell you that
he had a family emergency...
and that he will call you
tomorrow and he was very sorry.
Oh, thanks.
Okay, so who has got the big
schlong, is it Scott or Kyle?
What? You are sleeping with both of them!
No, but it is kind of a disaster.
Something is very wrong with you guys.
Are you following me?
What? No, I had a meeting here.
I think he is stalking you.
No, I swear. You can ask the hostess.
We're kidding.
I have to go meet Dean.
No, you don't.
Such a nightmare when your
girlfriends hate your boyfriend.
Oh...
Come on, I'll take you to
see Scotty boy or is it Kyle?
Whoever is home.
- Love you, babes.
- Bye.
- See you tonight at the gallery.
- Bye.
So, do you not like Dean for Q?
Or do you just not like Dean at all?
I am not a fan of Mean Dean.
Mean Dean?
Why does everyone call him that?
You don't know?
In third grade he burned down
the game room at Camp Tawonga...
and blamed my cousin Jake for it.
Jake got sent home for the entire summer...
and Dean won the camp tennis championship.
That's not a coincidence.
You are talking about third grade.
A leopard doesn't change its spots.
Acutally a leopard does change its spots...

according to Scientific American.
Are you always this ahh, literal?
Oh yeah, always.
Do you want some?
No thanks.
I'm good.
Do you not drink?
I've actually never had a sip.
Tell me more.
What do you want to know?
Everything.
Wow, okay.
Yeah, I'm from the Valley.
I went to Harvard School for
Boys on a full scholarship.
My mom left when I was 15.
So I choose to stay with
my dad. Okay, your turn.
I grew up in Beverly Hills.
I went to an all-girls high school.
My parents are still together,
happily if there's such a thing.
Have you always wanted to be an artist?
Always is a strong word, but yeah.
Yeah, I guess so.
Cool. And you said you had a show tonight?
Not me, my boss.

JOE:

I'll let you be the judge.
Was that an invitation?
Hey, Dad.
Where did you get all the fancy clothes?
At Armani, they're nice, right?
With the way things are going...
we're not gonna have to worry
about anything ever again.
- I'm gonna set you up.
- You're gonna set me up?
Yeah.
BBC is really taking off.
I'm going to get you out of this shit hole.
I thought that the one good
thing I did in my life was to

get you an quality education.
So you can have a better life than me.
But had I known that you were
going to emulate these people
that think they are better than us.
Joe, it's my experience
that if you are honest
in business, things don't happen this fast.
You worry too much.

(MUSIC PLAYING)

Dude, this suit is lethal.
Joe, gold was down 15 percent at the bell.
It'll correct.
What do you mean the installers broke it!
- I'm sorry...
- Just get out of my sight!

Now!

You look beautiful.

Hardly.

Nice suit.

Look, if you ever want
to be taken seriously...
in the art world, you'll run.
Whoa, whoa, whoa, Sydney.
Seriously, you are going to
let this guy bring you down?

This guy?

Look at his glasses.

He looks like Clark Kent on Quaaludes.

They are very fashionable glasses.

Seriously, Sydney.

How many people would be here
tonight, if it wasn't for you?

How many of these ideas, did he run by you?

He's lucky to have you.

So lucky...

Come on, let's go fix this thing.

I think I got it.

(MUSIC PLAYING)

You didn't have to stay.

You kidding me, this is rad.

Looking from

the window above

It's like a story of

love Can you hear me
Came back only yesterday
Moving farther away
Want you near me
All I needed was
the love you gave
All I needed for another day
And all I ever knew
Only you
This is our ticket to
the deal of the century.
It was originally built
for gold, but Joe thinks...
we make a fortune using
it in the energy sector.
So there's a company in
Chicago, it's called Cogenco.
They turn oil-burning furnaces into coal.
But they are in Chapter 11...
because they still haven't
figured out how to grind it.
So you want to use a gold mill for coal?
This deal, is worth a quarter
of a billion dollars...
in the first three years.
And we are using your money to buy it.
Told ya, Ron, Joe is a genius.
Yeah, I know you told me, Dean.
But it is a forgone conclusion
that everything you say...
is completely full of shit.
Is that the bouncer?
That is my new bodyguard.
Why do you need a bodyguard?
Exactly what we want each share-holder
to wonder when we walk in.
Tim, it's good to see you!
Good to be seen.

DEAN (V.O.):

big debts, \$3 million worth.
We agreed to pay them off using
Ron's money and in exchange
the board agreed to sell us

the company and merge it.
All we had to do now...
Ladies and gentlemen.
...convince the shareholders.
I stand before you today with a proposal.
So what's the question?
The 1,000-pound elephant in this room...
is 'how old are these
boys?' Well let me tell ya.
I'm 24.
My Chief Operating Officer, Dean Karny.
He's 25.
In fact, there isn't a single
member of BBC Consolidated...
that's over the age of 30.
And that should scare you.
You're damn right it does.
Because you have no clue how
we solved in a matter of months
what 10 years of R&D has
landed you \$3 million in debt
and one vote away from bankruptcy.
Inaction right now will render you extinct!
But guts right now will make you rich!
The choice is yours.

DEAN (V.O.):

walking into that room...
we left with a deal
for two corporations...
twelve million in stock options...
and patents worth a
quarter billion dollars.
Fuck Google. Fuck
Facebook. Fuck them all!
We were the first.
This house was inspired by Richard Myren.
Three bedrooms, two baths.
It can be rented unfurnished
or fully furnished...
that's up to you.
What are we doing here?
What do you think, Dean?
We owe disbursements to everyone...

and no one is reinvesting.
How can we afford this place?
Ron is wiring us our half
of the profits next week.
Then we own Congenco and
a deal worth \$250 million.
Wow.
Remember when you said
you wanted to get me...
out of the valley, Dean.
Yeah.
Don't tell me you don't want to
wake up to this every morning.
(MUSIC PLAYING)
Do you realize the kind of whales...
we can reel in with this place?
This place legitimizes
us on the ultimate level.
A couple of turntables by the jacuzzi.
Paint that pool purple and this
place goes off like an ICBM.
And you, my friend, can say
goodbye to Mean Dean forever.
I hate that fucking name.
Home it's where I want to be
Pick me up and
turn me around
I feel numb born
with a weak heart
I guess I must be having fun
But, Ron, the check still hasn't landed.
Oh, that's strange, they were wiring it...
from New York this week.
I'll have to call Frank on Monday.
Listen, it's been a month
and I need the money.
I'm in hot water, okay.
I spread myself thin with this place...
and the office and Congenco.
And I've sort of been...
Diverting investments to pay expenses.
Yes. Wait, you knew?
Joe, I'm from Wall Street.
Do you think people really

get rich playing by the rules?
Now open the door.
Dashing through the snow
With a straight-edge razor blade
Bags and bags of blow
We'll do it until we fade
Hundred dollar bills
really gets you high
If you go and ride that sleigh
You'll move up to the sky
(MUSIC PLAYING)

DEAN (V.O.):

party would be talked of...
written about and remembered
for decades to come.
We weren't just players.
We were untouchable.
It looks like the parking
lot of a Dead show.
Let's do some acid!
(MUSIC PLAYING)
Charlie! You've gotta meet this guy.
This is the next Michelangelo.
This man is an artist.
Hey, I'm Mark.
Yeah, Mark Mahunny, don't be modest.
- What are you, like a painter?
- Plastic surgeon.
He is doing my tits!
Look I don't want to be a downer...
but our Dad's up our ass the
account disbursement checks.
I got something better for you. All right!
It is secret Santa time!
Gentlemen?
Here, open your envelopes.
Profit sharing wasn't just a pitch.
You boys remember when
I said this is our thing?
That's your share in the BBC.
Okay, so what are these...
- Worth?
- Yeah?

Your shares are worth 500!
Holy fucking shit!
No, no, wait, this is
fucking Biltmore money!
This is your money.
Thank you for believing in me.
Give me a fucking kiss!
Wait! Wait! I can't stand it anymore!
Open
sez-a-me!
Holy fucking shit!
It's a Rolex!
Two months ago I told you
to think big and tonight...
you stand before me as giants and frankly
I'm a little humbled, and
that is pretty fucking rare.
So proud to be a part of it!
(MUSIC PLAYING)
Let's dance
For fear your
grace should fall
Joe. Joe...
You meet the guy wearing the fez?
That guy is a real-life prince.
So is every Persian in L.A.
No, really, his dad is like
the Sham's minister of oil.
He means Minister to the Shah...
Joe, Joe, what you have
here at the BBC is stunning.
It's so good. It's like
a fucking family, man!

DEAN (V.O.):

was Charlie's friend.
They met one summer in Greece.
Like most Beverly Hills kids,
Izzy hated his father...
but he had good reason.
His dad was literally
a world-class asshole.
He was wanted by
Iranian Intelligence...

and was on the FBI watch list.

- Okay, time to go home.

- Okay, okay.

Somebody put this guy in a cab.

Bye. Bye, Charlie.

Bye!

In you go, Izzy.

Joe, I'm serious, I want to join the BBC.

Come to San Francisco and meet my father.

He's a very wealthy man.

Okay, Izzy, we'll talk soon.

Can't believe you're

leaving me at Christmas.

What's London got that I don't got?

Hmm?

Snow.

Oh, there's plenty of that here. Huh?

There we go.

You're such an idiot.

I am a charming handsome lovely

idiot that you cannot resist.

You know that's empty right?

No...

Go on then. Go home.

Uh-uh-uh...

patience.

Now, have you been a good boy this year?

Yeah, very.

I find that hard to believe.

I know.

Hey, I love you, too.

Whoa. What is that?

Nineteen sixty two, Derringer four barrel.

I found it at the Costa Mesa

gun show for two hundred bucks.

Restored, thing's worth ten grand.

See, Dean? Even my body

guard is an entrepreneur.

Ryan, get me Frank Piedmont.

FRANK (OVER SPEAKER): Hello?

Hey Frank, it is Joe Hunt.

Just calling about that

final disbursement check.

Ron's bank in New York still

hasn't received it from you.
Disbursement?
You did send it, right?
Okay, wait. Is this a part of the story?
What story?
The story, Joe.
Joe, what's he talking about?
What story, Frank?
FRANK (OVER SPEAKER): Are
you messing with me?
Does it sound like I'm messing with you?
Joe, listen, Ron told me he was
a producer for network news...
doing an expose on your gold system.
He got me to issue
statements on a phony account.

DEAN (V.O.):
the day bombs dropped.
Phony?
Yeah, the money was not even real.
Phony? What's phony?
It was all part of the story.
He had a camera crew in my office...
filming me during our first call.
What do you think?

DEAN (V.O.):
wasn't Ron's broker at all.
He thought Ron was a
network news reporter...
doing a story on investing.
I'm the only one who knew there
is no money in that account.
Stay on the line, Joe.

DEAN (V.O.):
into pretending the account...
was real, so that he could use
it to get a \$1.5 million...
bank loan from somebody else.
14.4 million in cash?
In an account at Thorton Brokerage?
How long will the approval take?

Won't take long at all.

Joe?

DEAN (V.O.):

big time, all right.

Big time con man.

But if you perform on the
account I just handed you.

I invest in relationships.

People not stock.

Joe, I'm from Wall Street.

Do you think people really
get rich playing by the rules?

SYDNEY:

You're never gonna believe
what happened today!

Joe, my pieces are gonna be in a show.

What's wrong?

Ron Levin burnt me down, Syd.

What?

There wasn't ever any money in the account.

Why would he do that?

Because, he's a hustler.

Just like me.

Look at this.

Tim has a friend at the LAPD.

Ron is under Federal
indictment in three states.

For bank violations, larceny,
check kiting, and postal fraud.

Postal fraud!

I am such an idiot!

You know how much money I put
into Congenco at this point!

Everything! And now it's fucked!

I am such a fucking idiot!

Fucker! An idiot! Mother fucker!

Joe, Joe, stop, stop, you're
gonna hurt yourself. Stop!

Sydney, look around! Look
at this house, and the car!

And my office! Is all

gone without Ron's money!

I'm fucked!
Okay, just calm down.
I don't understand. He gave me a Rolex.
It's the nicest gift
anyone's ever given me.
It's ticking.
The second hand on a Rolex sweeps.
It's a fake.
What if we just leave town for a while?
Just while this all blows over.
Syd, I can't just leave town.
I owe a lot of money to a lot of people.
Real people.
Retirement plans, and college funds.
I need to pay them back.
Beautiful. Okay.
Ron!
Oh, no, he's fine.
We need to talk.
Nicholas, meet my broker, Joe Hunt.
Spending some of our money, Joe?
Looks like a perfect fit.
Well, I wouldn't expect
anything but the best.
- Thank you, Nicholas.
- Thank you.
- Network news?
- Oh.
- You conned me.
- Ah, is that what you think?
Yes, a phony bank account
with no money in it.
An expose for sweeps week?
You have been playing me this whole time?
Did you ever believe in me?
Yes, and yes.
You know, Nicholas I don't think...
these are gonna fit in my trunk.
Why don't I come back next
week and try the smaller set.
Look, there is a perfect
explanation for all of this.
Okay, I'm all ears.
Excuse me, Mr. Levin?

Would you allow us to take
them outside and check?
Well, if you insist.
Oh shoot, I was right.
So close. Well, why don't we go ahead...
and try the smaller set
while we're out here.
Excellent idea, Mr. Levin.
Give us one moment, we'll
be right back. Thank you.
You can do anything in Beverly
Hills with a Rolex and a Rolls.
Fake Rolex, Ron?
Swing by the house, Joe.
I'll explain everything.
It's not nearly as sordid as you think.
Oh and Joe... do me a favor.
Tip Edwardo for me.
What do you mean, Ron's
burned us? Where is the money?
It was never there in the first place.
No, wait. What about the shares? Huh?
BBC's finished, Kyle.
You know, I can just see the
look on my old man's face now.
Yeah, no shit.
God, I just want to squash that bug.
Maybe we should.
Should what?
Fuck him up.
Well, he's con man. What's
he gonna do? Go to the cops?
Yeah, seriously.
What would you guys do alone
in a room with Ron Levin?
What would you do to make
him give us our money back?
What, hypothetically?
Yeah.
I say we bust in there,
we explain the situation!
Yeah, with a gun; to his head.
But put gloves on first.
Tie that asshole to a chair,

pistol whip the fuck outta him.
Tape his fucking mouth shut
so no one can hear him squeal.
Torture the shit out of his dog.
Twist his its fucking ear off.
I hate that mutt.
Kill it.
Right in front of his face
so he'll piss his pants.
You motherfuckers are crazy.
Alright, what else?
Dig a pit.
What's worse for the BBC?
Ron Levin out for revenge?
Or Ron Levin in a pit
in the middle of nowhere?
Hmm?
Are we still talking hypothetical?
(DISTANT SIRENS WAILING)
I want you to scare the
living shit out of him, Tim.
Ain't nothin' sketch a motherfucka...
than cockin' that hammer back.
You can't point an unloaded
revolver at someone.
If he sees there's no
bullets in the chamber
he's gonna know the gun's empty.
Then we're fucked.
Then we hit 'em with the Brown Betty.
(DOOR BELL RINGS)
Just a minute.
You stay here.
Hey, Joe.
I'm so glad you came. I knew you would.
I wish you'd called first, but
I won't hold it against you.
Ron, I haven't been
straight with you, okay?
There are people in
Chicago who are after me.
I told them about Frank,
and they lost it...
and they said they were coming after you.

What the fuck!
Ron! Tell this guy right
now how you conned me!
Christ! You son of a bitch!
Tell him how you made money off me!
- Jesus! Fuck you!
- Tell him!
(WHINING)
No! No! Put him down! No! Not Kosher! No!
(COCKS GUN)
Where's the fucking money!
In the top drawer of the desk in there!
Put him down, please! Put him down!
I really hate to disappoint
you, but this is not the first...
time I've been tied up
and had a gun in my face.
You conned me for a bank loan?
Wait, you think I used Frank to con you?
I used you to con Frank.
Wake up.
It's called a convincer.
Jesus.
You know, you really don't scare me at all.
Joe.
Listen to me.
You're a natural.
You're born for this.
You're just like me.
My God, I can teach you so much.
What did you say?
It's gonna cost three
million to close Congenco?
We'll make more than that in a month.
And we won't have to split
it with fifteen people.
You want to play in the big leagues?
Do yourself a favor.
Put the gun away, and get
on a plane with me tonight...
and come to New York.
And start working together
as we should, as partners.
You want to be partners?

Of course.

Put the gun down.

All right, let's start right now.

Cut me in on my half of the bank loan.

Okay.

Here's the check.

That was easy. Just ask next time.

You can untie me now.

Looks real alright.

Oh my God.

Tim! You brought the door man!

I... I got him his job. You probably didn't know that.

I fucking vouched for you with Wolfgang.

Are you fucking kidding me?

This is like a joke, right?

Are you really that low life?

You brought the door man?

Oh, I'm sorry, he's your body guard.

You know what? Maybe I'm wrong about you.

Maybe you are just a low life, two-bit hustler from the valley.

And what are you? A schwartze on a leash!

Why don't tell this ape to get his fucking...

What the fuck, Tim! You were supposed to scare him!

Why are there bullets in the gun!

We gotta draw a line.

You were gonna partner with this guy?

No! I was just saying that to get the money!

Oops.

(DRAMATIC MUSIC PLAYING)

Your father fell in love with a Geisha.

She was a tea service girl.

Yeah, it was fun.

Enough about us.

Tell us about you and this boy, who's 45 minutes late.

He... he's never late.

Oh, there he is.

Joe...

Hi. This is Joe.

Hey, Joe.
So sorry I'm late. Traffic...
Los Angeles traffic.
Happens to the best of us. Right?
So, Syd tells us that you are in finance?
Any chance you are related to
the Hunt Brothers out of Dallas?
I don't think so.
Well, it is a shame.
You know I met Nelson
a couple of years ago.
He is a real character.
Where're you from, Joe?
Van Nuys.
Hmm. Are your parents still there?
I'm sorry?
Your parents, are they still in the valley?
My father is, yeah, yeah. My mother's not.
She... I don't know where she is.
She is in Santa Barbara sometimes, maybe.
Should we order more drinks?
I could go for another martini.
How about a bottle of wine?
Joe, red or white?
Oh, he doesn't drink. So,
whatever you want, Daddy.
- Are you in A.A?
- Mom.
- What?
- He just doesn't drink.
I really could use some water.
Here, just drink mine. Joe, here.
Joe, you have something on your collar.
- What?
- Momma.
Your collar? Is that blood?
Ahh... I was shaving...
and I must have cut myself.
- Let me see.
- No, it's nothing.
- Are you okay?
- I'm fine. Yeah, everything's...
What's wrong? Joe, please...
Hey, Mr. and Mrs. Evans, welcome back.

Dean, how are you?
You've been in Europe
for a few months, right?
We were in Japan. Just got back.
Hey, Charlie.
Oh, Charles, how are your parents?
Are they still traveling?
Yeah. Yeah, yeah. They're good.
Excuse me.
I just remembered I have
a new client meeting.
What?
It was such pleasure to
meet you Mr. and Mrs. Evans.
Joe. Joe. Joe. Joe!
Client meeting... I completely forgot.
- I should go.
- Yeah, yeah, no worries.
I'm sorry, Dad.
Darling, he is not a keeper.
Joe! Are you okay?
Huh?
What happened?
It didn't go according to plan.
You killed him?
Hey, hey, look at me. Look at me.
Fuck Ron. He was a snake and
he got what was coming to him.
You did what you had to do.
You did the right thing, Joe!
You did what had to be done.
Fuckin' come here. We
can still cash his check.
No one knows he's dead.
You fucking saved us.

CHARLIE:

They don't know. No handcuffs, no blood.
Fucking Ron invested in
Congenco and he went to New York.
- That's what happened. That's it.
- Okay.
Right?
Hey, hey.

- Dude.
- Where's he going?
He's gotta go meet this client.
It's a last minute thing.
He doesn't need me though. We're
gonna go inside and get a drink.
I'll tell you about it
inside. Come on, let's go in.
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah.
We'll see you later, brother.
(DRAMATIC MUSIC PLAYING)
Hey, you wanna give me a hand here?
Not really.
Let 'em go.
Careful with this stuff.
Don't get creative.
Just get it on his face.
(ACID HISSING)
Syd, you awake?

DEAN (V.O.):

Ron's check cleared...
we were dead in the water.
Desperate for cash.
Investors were starting
to get anxious.
And they were still expecting
their fifty percent returns.
The pool has run dry, and we need cash now.
Once Ron Levin's check clears, we're fine!
Barely scratches the surface!
If the BBC craters, every
document from the past year...
will be under the microscope
of the IRS and the SEC.
And when they find Ron
Levin's name, the FBI.
And when that happens? What
do you think they'll do?
I don't know, Dean. What'll they do?
Joe, they could arrest you for murder.
How? They don't have a case.
Not unless someone
breaks rank and testifies.

You know me better than anybody, Joe.

- Come on.

- Yeah.

You know that. But I can't
speak for everybody else.

Why do you think they call me "Mean Dean"?

Why?

Because you burned down the game room.

I didn't burn shit!

Jake Kastner stole those
fireworks and then fucked me...

in the ass with a Roman candle.

I was in the game room getting my foos on
when all of a sudden he busts

in like a fire bug with a Zippo.

Alarms are ringing, and I'm
like "Mr. Fox, I didn't do shit!"

But nobody remembers it that way.

Because he ran back to the
cabin like a little bit...

Hey.

Hi.

He ran back to the cabins
and told everybody...

that I burned down that room.

That it was my idea.

Do you see what I'm saying?

You know the law as well as I do.

First one in gets the deal and...

Everyone else gets the shaft.

So watch your back. That's all I'm saying.

Joe.

Ron Levin's check bounced.

DEAN (V.O.):

when we reached out...

to Charlie's friend Izzy.

The Persian Prince from
the Christmas party.

Izzy wanted into the BBC badly.

He told us that his father
could get us financing...

from his filthy,

rich friends in L.A.

if we did the old man a favor.
How well do we actually know this guy?

- Shh.
- He's connected.

DEAN (V.O.):

his dad was being watched...
because of what a big
shot he was in Iran.
His fortune is tied up in foreign accounts.
But we think with the help
of our friend in L.A...
we can recover the estate.

Yeah.

What is you and I were talking
about is that maybe we can
find a way to sneak him down south.
Get my father to Los Angeles, and we...
guarantee a seven figure
investment into BBC.

- A million bucks?
- Yeah, at least.

DEAN (V.O.):

we were negotiating...
a billion dollar merger.
Now, we were talking
about smuggling...
an Iranian tyrant in a box.

- Yo, Charlie.
- Yeah?
- If you see anything, honk twice.
- You got it.

Hello, Mr. Samedi.

Here it is, just like we discussed.

So no one notices you leaving.

This is just until we get
you out of San Francisco.

Dad, this was our idea.

See? Lots of space. Yeah, it'll be fine.

What? Papa?

Izzy, what the fuck is that?

It's opium, Dean.

Opium.

Ismael...
You expect me to get in there?
Okay, you do you want to try it?
Oh, whoa, whoa, whoa! Sorry.
Dad! To kill my one thing!

FATHER:

idiots, just like you!
Unbelievable.
(YELLING O.S.)
Well?
Ah, he's changed his
mind. He doesn't wanna go.
This little excursion
cost us fifteen grand.
He is getting in the goddamn trunk.
I've explained that to him,
Dean. He's not in the mood.
Oh, so ah... you have explained it to him?
- Yeah.
- I'm sorry, oh, okay.
Maybe I need to explain it to him.
Maybe I should explain it
to him the old fashion way.

IZZY:

(LOUD CRASHING)
What the hell?
Oh, god...
Oh... fuck.

DEAN (V.O.):

to a safety deposit box...
in Beverly Hills, it was
the Persian's nest egg.
Now what?
Put him in the trunk.
Relax, if your dad jumps out,
Izzy, Tim and I gonna grab him.
Okay?
Hold down the box.
- Okay, you ready?
- Yeah.
He looks dead, Joe.

No, he's got a pulse.
Your dad ever overdose, Izzy?
Yeah, once.
He could be in a coma.
Hey, Izzy.
How much is in here?
Five million.
In diamonds.
Shit...

DEAN (V.O.):

on who you ask...
will determine how the
next part of story goes.
Charlie says he was
in he car behind us.
And I think Izzy said
he wasn't even there.
And that leaves me versus Joe.
Four friends with four very
different points of views.
Syd... hey. I need to talk to you, please.
Joe, what's wrong?
Leave town with me. Let
us just go, you and me.
Okay? We can leave right now.
We can go wherever you want.
Joe, my show is tonight.
I know, I'm so happy for
you. I'm going to go home
and I'll pack up our stuff...
and we can take off right after the show.
I don't think you understand,
I can't go anywhere with you!
Sydney, I'm sorry, I've been
a shitty boyfriend, I know.
But I love you. And I'm gonna make this...
You have to let me make this up to you.
When was the last time we
even had a real conversation?
Everything's been off! Okay?
I... it's hard for me to explain.
How can you not see how alone I am?
I do! It's this town! It's this town.

They build you up to tear you
down. You're never good enough.
You know how hard it is to
keep my stories straight?
What?
The BBC is full of cash.
The BBC's flushed out.
Ron Levin's gone to New York.
Ron Levin's gone for good!
What are you talking about?
What does that even mean, "Gone
for good?" Where's Ron Levin?
You know what? I don't wanna know.
Sydney, please.
Can you please just give me another shot.
- I have to go.
- Please? Sydney, I'm sorry.
- Hey... stay.
- No, don't!
Don't.
So where have you been?
I have people who just
showed up screaming for blood.
I think it was Scott.
- Fuck the money.
- What?
- Fuck the money.
- No!
I'm want to get outta here. Come on.
Guys. Guys! Kyle, Scott! Come on, guys.
- Where are you guys going?
- We're goin' home, dude.
- BBC's falling apart.
- Falling apart?
Come on, you guys have no balls!
No, you have no brains!
And there's no money.
This is bullshit. Our
Joe is fucking bullshit!
This thing is ours. This thing is real!
No, no, this thing is over.
Come on.
Look, guys.
Oh, fuck.

(DOOR SLAMS)

Sam?

Where is Ismael?

I'm gonna kill him.

Joe!

(DRAMATIC MUSIC PLAYING)

I got him, Joe!

(LOUD THUD)

Agh!

Dean, Dean, Dean, are you okay?

- I'm not...

- It's okay.

I gotta get some rope and tie this guy up.

Joe. Don't go!

Joe!

We have to turn ourselves in.

What, are you high?

Look, he was trying to kill
you. Okay? It's self-defense.

Yeah, because we kidnapped the guy.

It was a snake, in the trunk...

he had a seizure and he broke his neck.

Nobody's gonna believe that, Joe.

There's way too much evidence everywhere.

Alright.

Okay, how do we spin this?

We dump the body in the desert.

We forge that conservatorship.

Izzy won't care as long

as he gets his money.

He despised the guy.

Otherwise this is kidnaping

with aggravated circumstances.

Forget life without parole.

I'm looking at the gas chamber.

We're looking at the gas chamber.

Thanks, man.

Don't you feel guilty?

Guilty? For that sack of
shit? Who beat his family?

Put the screws to his

whole country. Fuck no.

I need to hold my head up, Dean.

Instead of looking away in

denial for the rest of my life.
No, no. Don't you dare
start freezing up on me now.
Everything I've done,
I've for you, and the BBC.
You promised me. You said
you would do anything for me
and you would never let me down.
Don't you dare start now.
You are my best friend.
Okay.
Dean, go home, take a shower,
pound a bottle of Listerine.
And meet me at the bank at 8:00 AM, okay?
Don't tell Izzy what
happened to his father.
Not until after we get the diamonds.
Hey, we get those diamonds, Joe.
We can forget any of this ever happened.
Dean, we get the diamonds?
I'm paying back those loans.
And I'm out for good.
You understand?
You got it, pal.

8:

Syd Delicious.
You look like shit.
- Wow, nice.
- Where's Joe?
I don't know, Syd, he's your boyfriend.
Well, were you with him tonight?
Seriously? Deal with it yourself.
What have you guys been doing?
It's been a really long night, Sydney.
So either shut the fuck
up or get outta here!
What, you're moving out?
Yes.
Now? In the middle of the night?
Where's Ron Levin?
You guys did something to him, didn't you?
Well, I know that you did.
And I can promise you

everybody else will too.
No, I didn't do anything to Ron Levin.
Did you see Joe today? Hey!
You know, you wish you could be like Joe.
But you're nothing like him.
You are really pushing it, Sydney. Okay?
You ruined Joe.
All he ever wanted was to belong.
And you made him think
he needed a BMW for that.
Joe, could have been anything in the world!
And now he is twisted and
he is lost because you...
fucking ruined him!
No, Joe was locker fodder until he met me!
A geek you never would have
spread your fucking legs for.
Where's Ron Levin? Huh?
What did you do to him?
What did you do!
Do you really wanna know?
Do you really wanna know?
Fuck you!
(DISTANT SIRENS WAILING)
Joe?
Joe, you okay?
It all got away from me.
All these little choices.
Not even my choices.
I need you to notarize a signature for me.
Who are Hedayat and Ishmael Samedi?
You don't want to know.
I don't want to lie to you, okay?
Joe...
...you want me to commit fraud for you?
Maybe lose my license?
I'm asking you to save me.
Look, my father appointed
me conservator of his estate.
He's in Tehran.
Apparently so.
There a few more documents to sign...
before we grant you access
to the safe deposit box.

Right this way.
Are you alright?
Do you know how many people I've lied to?
Dad, do you know how many people I've hurt?
I've taken things from people...
I will never be able to give back to them.
Never.
I don't know how I got here.
We'll get through this.
Joe Hunt, you are under arrest
for the charge of murder.
Don't say anything, Joe.
I'm getting you a lawyer.

DEAN (V.O.):

asking so many questions...
about Ron Levin, the cops
were sure to connect the dots.
From Ron, to Joe, to the Persian...
to me.
I tried to talk him out of it.
But Joe and Tim went
into Ron Levin's house.
They forced him to sign the check.
And they killed him.

DEAN (V.O.):

who saw all the angles...
Joe should have seen this
one coming a mile away.
That's when Joe pitched his plan to me...
Izzy, Tim and Charlie.
The Persian sneak was
kidnapping, extortion...
and murder from the very beginning.
I didn't kill anyone.
I tried to save the guy.
I pulled out a screwdriver...
and drove holes through
the lid of the trunk.
So... so that he could get oxygen.
But when I opened the lid of
the trunk and looked inside...
Persian was staring back at me

with his eyes all bugged out.
And he was... he was dead.
It was Joe.
It was all Joe.

DEAN (V.O.):

never made it to L.A.
Yeah, we both thought so, too, but...
Kill dog?
You're free to go, Mr. Karney.
But the State Attorney General's
office will want to hear...
that story again in the morning.
From the beginning.
Okay. Thanks.

DEAN (V.O.):

of self interest...
brought us everything... and
then it took everything back.
In America money equals respect.
It didn't matter how
you got that money.
You just had to have it.
We thought we'd own the world.
Turns out the only thing we
really had was each other.
But now that is gone forever.
(MUSIC PLAYING)