

**ENTOURAGE - PILOT**



# entourage

**PILOT**

by

**Doug Ellin**

Revisions by  
**Doug Ellin**  
&  
**Steve Tompkins**

**August 7<sup>th</sup>, 2003**

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ENTOURAGE

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7/15/03

8/7/03

FADE IN:

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Packed. Hotties too. Four guys, mid 20's, are off in a corner ignoring everyone, throwin' back Buds. A crew having a pre-game "meal."

ERIC MURPHY. Height impaired. Off-beat looks. Kinetic. A JACK RUSSELL TERRIER in a man's body.

MIKE "TURTLE" QUINN, a former high-school lineman, still wears his championship ring. He's a guy who talks and eats with his hands. He wears an XXL vintage "Clyde" Frazier jersey.

JOHNNY "DRAMA" CHASE, thinning hair and zero body fat, the elder statesman here, drinks low-carb beer, dresses impeccably. Drama's half as good-looking and twice as neurotic as his younger brother...

VINCENT CHASE who wears a Yankees cap pulled low and a black tee. Vince is old school cool; McQueen smooth.

DRAMA

You hear Jenny Singer had a baby?

TURTLE

No shit. What'd she have?

DRAMA

A guy.

TURTLE

No shit.

Eric pours from the pitcher.

ERIC

So we gonna go to this thing or what?

DRAMA

Of course we're goin'. Ten year reunion, baby!

TURTLE

Who wants to bet I can get my dick sucked in the teacher's lounge?

Ignored.

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TURTLE

You want to go, right, Vince?

VINCE

(shrugs)

Whatever. The only people I talk to from high school are sitting at this table.

DRAMA

C'mon, Vince. Don't you want to go back and see what losers everybody turned out to be?

TURTLE

(good-naturedly)

You're the loser, Drama. You weren't even in our class!

DRAMA

I hung with a lot of those kids.

ERIC

You didn't hang with 'em. You sold 'em weed in the parking lot and you were already like forty.

DRAMA

Look. I need to go back and re-fuck Stacy Richter, a'right.

ERIC

Refuck her?

DRAMA

I didn't fuck her well. She's probably been tellin' people about it for the last decade. I want to shut her up.

ERIC

(dead serious)

I think the Rogaine's eating your brain, kid.

DRAMA

Not a shot. That stuff's better than TiVo.

Vince looks to Eric.

VINCE

What do you think, E? Should we go to this thing?

ERIC

Could be fun. Hit the Knick game on Sunday. Get a slice at Eddie's, then just pop by the reunion, peek in on who's fat and who's bald.

VINCE

(points)

He's fat and he's bald, I see them everyday.

Drama fixes his hair in the mirror.

ERIC

All right, we'll let the darts decide.

TURTLE

(jumping up)

Yo, yo!

Turtle goes over to the board and presses the side of his face against it, his nose next to the bull's-eye.

TURTLE

A'right. Bull's-eye and we're goin'!

Eric hands the darts to Drama.

DRAMA

(reluctant)

I been drinking.

TURTLE

You'll be fine, kid. Come on, let's do this.

ERIC

Even if he hits him we should go.

Drama holds the dart up.

TURTLE

But I do have a problem now that Dave and Doris are down in Lauderdale... who's gonna put me up?

Vince and Eric point at each other.

DRAMA

Don't even think you're stayin' at our house.

TURTLE

Tell your mother to get over it already.

DRAMA

You dove in her bed, Turtle. Three o'clock in the morning -- Naked!

TURTLE

What do you want? I was hammered from you jammin' Beam down my throat all night!

DRAMA

Poor woman hasn't slept without her rosary beads since. Vince, tell him he's not staying with Ma.

VINCE

I'll put him up at the Kew Motor Inn on Queens Boulevard!

TURTLE

Like I'm a venereal disease.

PFFT! A dart whizzes by Turtle's head and sticks in the bull's-eye. Turtle and Drama turn to see Eric, who threw it.

ERIC

There, we're going. Turtle, you'll stay with me.

TURTLE

(satisfied)

A'right. Your mom's hot.

Eric doesn't even respond. He looks at his watch.

ERIC

Yo, Vince, game time. You ready?

Vince nods and pulls his cap down low.

ERIC

(calling offscreen)

Slim, the car up?

ANGLE ON

A 350 pound SAMOAN BOUNCER named SLIMFAST, who is sitting on a nearby stool.

SLIMFAST  
Waiting outside, E.

For the first time we see that the four guys have been in their own private space, marked off by velvet ropes. They polish off their beers.

TURTLE  
You could have told me you were gonna throw.

ERIC  
You would've flinched.

SlimFast unhooks the rope and suddenly a BUZZ OF EXCITEMENT sweeps through the crowd as everyone turns to watch Vince.

EXT. BAR - CONTINUOUS

The Entourage heads toward a waiting STRETCH ESCALADE. SlimFast leads. Eric, Drama, and Turtle stay in front of Vince who keeps his head down. They all get in the limo and the DOOR SLAMS SHUT.

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. MANN'S THEATER - PREMIERE NIGHT - LATER

SLIMFAST OPENS THE DOOR and the boys step onto the red carpet of a premiere: VINCE FIRST. The crowd explodes!

FANS, blocked off by metal barriers, scream "VINCE"! Vince shakes hands with some, signs autographs for others. He stops to take a picture with a cute twelve-year-old girl. He puts her hat on his head and the paparazzi blast away.

Eric hangs back and watches with Turtle.

TURTLE  
Check out the tits on the girl from Extra.

Vince's PUBLICIST, SARAH DAVIS (30), steps up. Smartly dressed in a pant suit, Sarah embodies mature elegance. By comparison the guys seem like high-schoolers.

8/7/03

SARAH

Boys.

ERIC

Sarah.

SARAH

(re: Slimfast)

What's with the Samoan? I thought we discussed him coming with a model.

ERIC

He decided he'd rather leave with one.

Sarah smiles, skips over this.

SARAH

Did Armani send over the jeans?

TURTLE

(pulling his waistband)

Yeah. They're a little tight but they look a'right, right?

SARAH

Those were for Vince to wear on Leno.

TURTLE

I'm gonna clean 'em.

SARAH

(smiles to Eric)

Call me if I'm ever needed.

She heads off.

ERIC

You're always needed, Sarah.

She smiles and is gone.

TURTLE

God, I love her.

Eric ignores this.

ERIC

Turtle, go find out where Heather G is sittin'.

(MORE)

ERIC(cont'd)

Make sure she ain't within ten rows, a'right. And don't mug for the cameras.

Turtle nods and heads off. Then immediately stops behind Vince and mugs for the cameras. Eric shakes his head.

VINCE grabs Drama, puts his arm around him, turns to the paparazzi.

VINCE

Get a picture with me and my brother.

PAPARAZZI

(to Drama)

You used to be on that show, right?

DRAMA

Yeah. Long time ago.

PAPARAZZI

Vince's brother! What's your name?

VINCE

Johnny Chase. Remember it, he steals the film.

They all yell "Johnny, Johnny!" Drama looks back at Eric, raises his eyebrows. Welcome to the top of the world.

INT. PREMIERE PARTY - LATER

Vince holds court with celebs -- Clooney, Norton, Leo. Across the room, Turtle sits at a table with FIVE CUTIES, mid-story.

TURTLE

...we're at this PETA fund-raiser -- we love animals, a'right --

The girls smile.

TURTLE

And I swear to God, I looked him right in the face and said, 'Bill, you were the leader of the free fuckin' world, just go over to her and introduce yourself.'

The girls laugh. A frazzled HEATHER GRAHAM ENTERS FRAME.

HEATHER GRAHAM  
Turtle, have you seen Vince!?

TURTLE  
Uh... I don't even know if he came  
tonight, Heather --

HEATHER GRAHAM  
Do not fuck with me, Turtle!

Off Turtle.

INT. PREMIERE PARTY - SAME

Eric receives congratulations from some suited STUDIO EXECS.  
Vince's AGENT, ARI JACOBS, a ball of uptight energy, passes  
through all of them.

ARI  
Eric! What is Vince doing?

ERIC  
He's over there talking to Harvey --

ARI  
No, why hasn't he read Matterhorn?

ERIC  
(laughing)  
The movie just ended, Ari. Can you  
let him enjoy it?

ARI  
What does he do all day?

ERIC  
Today he worked on his short game.

ARI  
The guy has one job -- to read  
scripts.

ERIC  
So go tell him that.. He's right  
there.

Ari backs off. Tries a new tack.

ARI  
Eric. Look. Warner's is hot on  
this. I'm feeling a big offer. As  
a favor to me get him to read it.

ERIC  
 (doing Godfather)  
 You come to me on the day of my  
 daughter's wedding --

ARI  
 And for your hard work you've got  
 my seats Tuesday against the  
 Celtics. You'll be so close Kobe  
 can rape you.

Turtle approaches, all business.

TURTLE  
 Hey, Ari, excuse me for a second.  
 E, we got a situation.

ERIC  
 (to Ari)  
 I'll take care of it.

ARI  
 Don't let me down.

Ari winks. Turtle and Eric watch him go.

TURTLE  
 What does he need?

ERIC  
 What do you need?

TURTLE  
 I'm on ass patrol. Got a fab five.  
 One kinda looks like Kristen.

Eric is shocked by this.

ERIC  
 What are you, an asshole?

TURTLE  
 I'm just saying.  
 (eyebrow raise)  
 Revenge fuck.

ERIC  
 I'm gonna revenge fuck someone  
 cause she kind of looks like my ex?

TURTLE  
 I would. More important, this girl  
 told me she loves to give head.  
 (MORE)

TURTLE(cont'd)

Cause I know you need it, I'm gonna make sure she gives it to you.

ERIC

Yeah, I'm sure some girl just told you she loves to give head.

TURTLE

No. I told her I loved Derek Jeter. Then she told me that.

Eric looks across the room, where SlimFast talks to porn star Jenna Jameson.

ERIC

What does she really look like?

TURTLE

She's smokin', kid! Got a mouth like a cappuccino.

ERIC

What the fuck does that mean?

TURTLE

You know, soft and foamy.  
(giddy)

Look, these girls are hot. They're Seniors at UK. Wildcats! They won a KROQ Premiere contest and they want to party. But first they want to meet Vince, so hook the shit up.

ERIC

Could you get laid without Vince? That is the question.

TURTLE

Do I give a fuck? That is the answer.

Drama joins them.

DRAMA

You think Seth Green is better looking than me?

Across the room SETH GREEN talks to a SIX FOOT MODEL.

ERIC

He's got nothin' on ya.

DRAMA

You can't even look me in the face  
when you say that.

ERIC

(laughs)

I'm lookin at ya'. And guess who  
else was lookin' at ya -- Carol  
Roberts. You now how she wants  
Vince to do that movie, well she  
saw your scene tonight, liked your  
look.

DRAMA

(getting pumped)

Yeah? You tell her what I look  
like without a shirt on? Does she  
know about the Hollywood Squares?

Drama lifts his shirt, revealing perfectly-cut abs.

ERIC

Put your shirt down. You can show  
her the squares at the meeting on  
Monday.

DRAMA

(emotional)

You got me a meeting.

ERIC

It might just be a jerkoff, but  
yeah --

Eric nods. Drama pounds Eric's hand, gets emotional.

DRAMA

Good lookin' out E.

TURTLE

A'right, you girls can kiss later  
but I'm gone.

DRAMA

Why? What do you got?

TURTLE

A bucket of Kentucky Fuckies!

Off Turtle's Belushi-like grin.

INT. LIMO - LATER

Packed with the five Kentucky fillies. Music bumps. A joint is passed. A bottle of vodka and a bunch of beers are scattered about. Turtle talks to DEBORAH.

TURTLE

You mind tradin' seats? I get  
nauseous ridin' backwards.

She shrugs and they switch, putting her next to Eric. During the transfer, Turtle discretely whispers to Eric "she's the one," makes the blow job motion. Eric rolls his eyes.

EXT. ENTOURAGE HOUSE - LATER

The limo pulls through the large iron gates of a massive Mediterranean castle. Manicured lawns, Italian fountains. The girls look out the window, awed.

CUT TO:

EXT. POOL - LATER

Vince, sandwiched between two girls comes tobogganing down the water slide. The rest of the crew parties in the pool.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. POOL - LATER

Turtle pumps a margarita out of one of those party machines, hands the glass to JANE. They walk PAST Eric who's on a chaise lounge with DEBORAH.

DEBORAH

So y'all live here?

ERIC

I live in the guest house.

Eric points to a modest "guest house."

DEBORAH

(sexy)

I'm a guest. Show me.

She gets up and pulls him out of his chair and they head off past Drama and Layla.

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LAYLA

Are you really Vince's brother?  
You don't look that much alike.

DRAMA

Yeah I get that a lot cause I have  
less body fat.

ANGLE on Turtle and Jane sinking into the jacuzzi.

TURTLE

C'mon, what do I gotta do to get a -  
little?

JANE

Beg.

TURTLE

I'd get on my knees but I'll drown.

Jane laughs, blows a cloud of cig smoke in his face.

JANE

Can I be really honest with you?

TURTLE

Please.

JANE

It's not that I don't think you're  
cute, it's just that I'm still  
hoping that I'm the one who's gonna  
fuck Vince.

You'd think Turtle would be devastated by this.

TURTLE

Sweetheart, look around, Vince is  
gone. So is your sister and your  
best friend. They're gonna have a  
*story for you tomorrow, trust me.*  
Now come on, make out with me and  
I'll show you where Vince eats  
breakfast.

Turtle tilts his head like a puppy dog. The girl can't help  
but smile. Turtle moves in for a kiss.

FADE BLACK:

EXT. GUEST HOUSE - NEXT MORNING

Eric emerges from the guest house, dressed for work. He heads past his car (a 1996 Ford Bronco), but instead climbs into the golf cart beside it.

EXT. ENTOURAGE GROUNDS

Eric cruises towards the main house passing various workers, (pool cleaner, gardener, auto detailer). He greets them all by name.

INT. MAIN HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Eric enters, sorting through the mail. Drama and Turtle are at the breakfast bar, eating. CAL the HOUSE CHEF is cooking.

DRAMA

How'd it go last night, boy?

ERIC

What do you want, a play-by-play?

DRAMA

(proud)

I fucked like a puma, kid.

Drama beats his chest.

DRAMA

Think the girl dropped a V in my drink or something 'cause I'm still sportin' wood.

TURTLE

Well, I hope you double-bagged the big cat cause those girls were nasty.

ERIC

Couldn't close, huh, Turtle?

TURTLE

It wasn't my fault. Girl had issues. One second I was jugglin' the speedbags the next she was tellin' me how her uncle used to watch her shower.

ERIC  
(sarcastic)  
Great.

TURTLE  
Don't sweat it. I gave her a pair  
of Vince's jeans, she was thrilled.

Cal places two elegant dishes in front of the guys.

CAL  
What can I make you, E?

ERIC  
(been over this)  
Just plain eggs, Cal. Thanks.

CAL  
You don't want an omelette? I got  
fresh oregano, fresh zucchini --

ERIC  
You got fresh ketchup? You can put  
that in there.

Cal shakes his head good naturedly, he'll never win. Vince  
comes down the stairs, boxers and a wife beater, half asleep.

ERIC  
We got Paramount at noon and Ari  
needs you to read this script  
Matterhorn immediately.

Eric hands it to him.

ERIC  
They need an answer today.

VINCE  
Did you read it?

ERIC  
Yeah. I didn't like it.

VINCE  
Then we got our answer. I'll call  
Ari.

ERIC  
No, no. You gotta read it. You  
might see something different.

DRAMA

You see any good parts for me, E?

VINCE

(to Eric)

I don't have to read it. I trust you. Look at last night. You know why I did that movie? Cause you went on an on about how great a part it was for me. And you were right. I think we got a hit.

TURTLE

A hit? We got a monster, Vince!

ERIC

Yeah, I liked it, but you still read it.

VINCE

(casual)

Nope.

Eric stops what he's doing.

ERIC

You're fuckin' with me, right?

VINCE

Bud, I didn't even know who the killer was until I saw the fuckin' thing.

Vince winks and sits on a stool.

VINCE

Don't worry. What you like I like.

Vince takes a bite of Eric's freshly-made ketchup omelette.

VINCE

(disgusted)

Why the fuck is this omelette bleeding!?

Off Eric's dismay.

INT. MERCEDES - DRIVING

Turtle drives the Entourage in a blacked-out 600 with dealer plates. Vince sits shot-gun. Turtle's on the hands-free.

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TURTLE  
 (enthused into phone)  
 No, no. Vince will love that!  
 He'll love that! A'right, bro,  
 thanhks. I'll let him know.

Turtle hangs up.

TURTLE  
 (to Vince)  
 That was Jay Z's guy. He's got a  
 dog he said would be perfect for  
 us.

VINCE  
 Cool. When can we get him?

TURTLE  
 Today, if we want.

ERIC  
 We're gettin' a dog? What kind?

TURTLE  
 A guard dog. Show him the picture,  
 Drama. He's beautiful.

Drama shows Eric the photo on a digital camera.

DRAMA  
 He's got a great body, E. Look at  
 those calves.

Eric looks at the picture of the trained killer.

ERIC  
 That ain't a guard dog. That's a  
 fucking lawsuit. Forget it.

TURTLE  
 Hey, I'm talking to Vince. This is  
house business. You don't live in  
 the house, so it's not your  
 business.

They all get out of the car.

ERIC  
 Fuck you.

VINCE  
 You did move out on us.

ERIC  
I'm in the guest house!

DRAMA  
Which in my mind is still totally  
fucked up.

ERIC  
Oh, here we go.

VINCE  
(been over this)  
You never asked for the guest  
house, Johnny!

DRAMA  
I shouldn't have to ask, Vince.  
I'm your brother.

TURTLE  
Half-brother. Vince thought you  
were his cousin till we were  
fourteen.

DRAMA  
(festering)  
Two fuckin' years you all freeload  
off me, eat my food, fuck my  
fallout...

ERIC  
Your fallout?

DRAMA  
Fallout pussy. My Melrose Place  
fallout pussy. And what's my  
payback? Sharin' a bathroom with  
this fat prick.

Turtle taken aback, looks at him.

TURTLE  
Do you need to go at my weight, you  
bald unemployable douchebag.

VINCE  
Johnny, I don't want you in the  
guest house. You're family, I want  
you close, a'right.  
(MORE)

VINCE(cont'd)

And you're gonna thank me when  
Charles Manson breaks in one night  
and slits Eric's throat while we're  
safe and sound with... what's the  
dog's name?

TURTLE

(ala Schwarzenegger)  
... Ah-nold!

VINCE

Ah-nold?  
(Turtle nods)  
I like that. Get the dog, Turtle.

TURTLE

You'll sleep like a baby tonight,  
Vince.

ERIC

Okay, whatever. But I'll tell you  
right now, I'm not picking up any  
dog shit.

VINCE

No. Turtle is.

DRAMA

Better get out your shit mitt cause  
I'm gonna be feeding that dog bran.

EXT. ENTOURAGE DRIVING RANGE - MORNING

A plush manicured driving box. Drama cleans his ball in the  
washer. SWACK! Turtle fires a ball into the net.

TURTLE

That was 325, easy.

DRAMA

The fuck it was.

TURTLE

Bet on that?

ERIC

(laughs)

What do you got to bet?

Turtle takes out a hundred.

ERIC

Let's do it.

DRAMA

If you took that from my drawer I'm  
gonna bust your head.

Turtle turns away from the net, faces the Hollywood hills.

ERIC

Aim west. I don't need Ed Begley  
rollin' up here in his electric car  
again.

SWACK! Turtle drives the ball deep into the canyon onto a  
Spanish tile rooftop. He howls with joy.

TURTLE

Cheryl Ladd! Beat that, bitch!

DRAMA

(aside)

I used to beat it to Cheryl Ladd.

Turtle moves off. Eric gets set.

DRAMA

Remember that episode -- Angels in  
bikinis?

TURTLE

Cheryl Ladd's ass, Shelly Hack's  
tits. That's an angel.

Eric focuses, launches a perfectly formed blast. Turtle  
watches it sail past his ball onto a stone and glass house.

ERIC

You know whose house that is?!

DRAMA

Whose?

ERIC

A fuckin' nobody in Reseda, that's  
how far I mashed it!

Eric high-fives Drama, picks up the hundred. Turtle is  
miserable.

VINCE (O.S.)

(yelling)

E!!!!

INTERCUT WITH

EXT. MAIN HOUSE - BALCONY - SAME TIME

Vince is shouting across the property.

VINCE  
WHERE THE FUCK IS THAT SCRIPT?

ERIC  
WHAT SCRIPT?

VINCE  
MATTERHORN! THEY OFFERED ELEVEN  
MIL!

ERIC  
(to himself)  
Holy shit.

Off Eric, Turtle and Drama's shocked expressions:

EXT. POOL - LATER

Vince sits in a chaise float reading "Matterhorn."

PAN OVER TO:

EXT. GAME ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The entourage waits for Vince to finish. Eric idly plays a pinball machine from one of Vince's movies. Turtle sits on a weight bench, thumbing through a catalog for private jets. Drama does crunches.

TURTLE  
The G5 is the most reliable, high-  
performance, ultra-long-range  
business aircraft in the world.

DRAMA  
What's wrong with the G4?

TURTLE  
G5's got extra head-room.

DRAMA  
How much?

TURTLE'S GIRL  
Enough so we wouldn't have to duck  
our heads getting on.

DRAMA

Be nice not to have to duck.

ERIC

Guys, stop dreaming. Vince isn't gonna do a shit movie just so he can buy a jet.

TURTLE

(pointing)

Black Hack can get us a deal I bet.

DRAMA

I'm not gettin' on a jet that your weed dealer handles.

TURTLE

He don't fly the fuckin' thing, he just brokers 'em out. And that reminds me,

(to Eric)

Hack spoke to his guy at Indian. He can get us four cycles, all Vince's gotta do is drive around on one.

ERIC

Is that what he said? Or did he say Vince'd have to take a picture on one.

TURTLE

(doesn't see distinction)

What's the difference?!

ERIC

Turtle, do me a favor. Don't whore Vince out, okay?

TURTLE

You didn't seem to mind whorin' him out when we sat ringside at the Roy Jones fight. Now who did that?

ERIC

The same guy who told him to take "Guiding Light" six years ago. If he'd listened to you we'd all be workin' for some loser on a soap.

DRAMA

I'm up for a soap, asshole.

ERIC

Sorry, Drama.

TURTLE

Hey, Vince would be a star no matter what. It was pre-destined. Guy's a triple-threat. He's got the looks, he's got the talent. He's got the head.

ERIC

The what?

TURTLE

The head. The big head. You telling me you don't know this? All stars have big heads.

DRAMA

Really?

TURTLE

Oh yeah. It's a known fact. The bigger the head the bigger the star.

ERIC

Get the fuck outta here --

TURTLE

(counting on his fingers)  
Bruce Willis -- big head,  
Swartzenegger -- big head, Russell  
Crowe -- big head. Vincent Chase,  
big big head.

DRAMA

How's my head?

TURTLE

Not so big.

Drama checks his head in the weight room mirror.

VINCE (O.S.)

(yells)  
FUUUCK MEEEEEE!

The guys share a look.

EXT. POOL - CONTINUOUS

The guys have rejoined Vince, who looks frustrated.

VINCE

I can't get through it.

ERIC

What's the problem?

VINCE

I can't tell if the script sucks or it's just that I have the sound of a jet engine in my head!

TURTLE

Gulfstream is whisper-quiet, Vince.

ERIC

Vince, if they're gonna pay you eleven for this, they can find you eleven for something you know you love.

Vince's CELL PHONE RINGS and he picks up.

VINCE

Yo.

(suddenly agitated)

Yeah, I'm reading it!

(listens)

I don't know, I can't decide. But Eric says you should get me a script I love... No, he hates it.

(muffled yelling)

Ari, you know what? Convince him.

He passes the phone to E. Eric protests.

ERIC

(sotto)

Vince, come on --

(taking phone)

Hey Ari, whassup.

(listens)

Nah, I didn't say that.

(listens)

Tonight? Yeah, sure.

Eric hangs up.

ERIC  
We're gonna have dinner.

VINCE  
Yeah? That's a good idea. You  
guys should talk more directly.  
That way I don't always have to be  
in the middle of everything.

Off Eric's reaction.

INT. ENTOURAGE MANSION - LATER

CLOSE ON

A snarling Rottweiler in a cage. He's barking like a hound  
from Hell.

Reverse on Eric, Vince, Drama and Turtle looking in.

ERIC  
How is this dog gonna protect you?  
You can't even get him out of the  
crate.

TURTLE  
Relax, E. I just gotta bond with  
him. Learn his language. In three  
days he'll be taking chicken out of  
my mouth.

ERIC  
Hey, you know what? I don't give a  
shit. It's not my problem. This  
is a big-house problem.  
(turns to Vince)  
Vince, what do you want to do?

Vince thinks for a moment, turns to Turtle with a smile.

VINCE  
Turtle, I hear you want a  
motorcycle...

EXT. LAWN - SOON AFTER

Turtle is wearing a New York Rangers jersey and full  
goaltender equipment.

TURTLE  
All right you pansies, let her rip!

REVERSE

The boys stand behind the crate. Vince opens it. The dog tears out.

ARNOLD'S POV

Rips across the grass toward Turtle.

TURTLE

Come on, baby. Who's your daddy?

Arnold takes him off his feet, begins to viciously maul him. Turtle laughs like a madman.

ANGLE TO REVEAL

The entire mansion staff watching. Some laughing. Some in disbelief.

INT. TRENDY RESTAURANT - THAT EVENING

Eric's a little early. He waits awkwardly at the bar, jostled by the occasional patron, ignored by the Matre D. Sarah enters, sees him.

SARAH

Eric!

ERIC

Oh, Sarah, hey.

She kisses him on the cheek.

SARAH

Why are you standing in the doorway?

ERIC

I'm supposed to be meeting Ari, but he's late and they won't seat me until my "whole party arrives."

SARAH

Did you tell them you are?

ERIC

Who am I?

Sarah shakes her head in amused disbelief. Crosses to the Maitre D'.

SARAH  
Adrian, this is Eric Murphy. He's  
with Vincent Chase.

ADRIAN  
(nodding)  
Oh, hello. Pleased to meet you.

They shake.

ERIC  
How ya doin'.

SARAH  
Ari will be joining him shortly,  
but he'd love to be seated now. Is  
there anything by the fountain?

Like everyone, Adrian loves her.

ADRIAN  
I think we can accommodate that.  
Right this way, Mr. Murphy.

Adrian leads Eric off.

ERIC  
Thanks.

Sarah smiles. Eric watches her stroll over to her dinner  
companion: MARK WAHLBERG. Just then Ari enters the  
restaurant from the back entrance.

ARI  
(maganimous)  
Eric, sorry I'm late. Dinner's on  
me.  
(then)  
Give me one second.

Ari stops at a table and starts talking business with two  
SUITS. Eric's in for a long evening.

CUT TO:

INT. TRENDY RESTAURANT - LATER

Eric sits across from Ari, appearing uncomfortable with the  
restaurant's offerings. The waiter pours a bottle of wine.

ARI

Wait til you try this wine. I discovered it on my honeymoon. On the Amalfi coast. Bought every case they had, brought it to my cellar here. So how about you -- you dating?

ERIC

I broke up with Kristen. You know that, right?

ARI

The little blonde? I thought she was going to be the one for you.

Eric, clearly still heartbroken, takes a moment.

ERIC

Yeah, me too. But she thought her ex was the better play. What are you gonna do?

ARI

(not listening)

Ask me who I'm fucking. Come on, who am I fucking?

ERIC

(beat)

Uh...Mrs. Ari?

ARI

(for effect)

Irina Korova.

ERIC

I don't know who that is.

ARI

You will. Sports Illustrated Swimsuit issue -- she's the cover. You know how they try to make that a big secret? Well, I know -- it's Irina, covered with my splooge.

Ari takes a sip of his wine, gets down to business.

ARI

So, Eric... Vince tells me you're not so hot on Matterhorn. What is it, the dialogue? Cause we could get some hack to change that.

ERIC

Ari, it doesn't matter what I think.

ARI

It does matter. Vince listens to you. You're part of the team. I gotta know what you think so I can get you to think what I think.

ERIC

(laughs)

Okay. I didn't love it.

ARI

It's Die Hard at Disneyland. What's not to love?

ERIC

Personally, I don't want to watch kids blowin' up at Disneyland.

ARI

Where do you want to watch them blow up?

ERIC

Nowhere, that's the point. I just read in the Times -- the New York Times, not that shit they got out here -- people want comfort food right now. And comfort movies.

Ari leans back in his chair.

ARI

You read the Times, huh? You read the New Republic? I was just reading that. You know what it said? It said: you don't know what the fuck you're talking about!

ERIC

(laughs)

Hey -- you asked my opinion.

ARI

Eric, I know you mean well. You're his friend and you want to protect him from making a bomb. Who wouldn't, bombs are bad, they kill your career, right? Wrong. You know what kills careers?

(MORE)

ARI (cont'd)

Bad decisions. Passing on a hit. Vin Diesel passed on Fast and Furious 2. Now look at him. He's a fucking has-Vin. Is that what you want, "has-Vince"?

ERIC

No Ari --

ARI

Then stop fucking with his head, okay? You're making him insecure. And you're gonna fuck up his life if you keep doing that.

ERIC

Hey, don't blame me if you can't convince your client what to do.

Ari's blood boils.

ARI

Eric, I resent this! I resent this. You know, I don't do this for anybody-- having dinner with their manservant. You think Hugh Jackman calls me up and says:  
(bad Australian accent)  
"Ari, I love the script, mate, but could you run it by my stable boy?"

ERIC

Hey, our "boss" asked us to get together, talk like human beings. But you just called me "stable boy." Which means one of two things: you're either tougher than you look, or dumber than you look. Ari, I promise you, you don't want to come at me like that.

Eric stares daggers.

ARI

Oh, you're gonna get street on me?

Eric doesn't say a word just stares. The waiter returns and places the entrees in front of Eric and Ari. Eric hands the waiter his full glass of expensive wine.

ERIC  
 You can take this. I'm gonna need  
 a beer.

DISSOLVE TO;

INT. GUEST HOUSE - LATER THAT NIGHT

Eric is sunk into the couch, watching some tube. The door  
 BURSTS OPEN. Drama, and Turtle -- smashed out of their heads  
 -- come barreling in. Eric jumps.

ERIC  
 What the fuck! You scared the  
 shit out me.

DRAMA  
 What, were you spankin' it?

ERIC  
 Yeah, I'm jerking off to  
 SportsCenter.

TURTLE  
 (like a five year old)  
 You were! You were! Look! He was  
 tuggin' it to the lady golfers!

ERIC  
 (laughs)  
 What the fuck is wrong with you?

DRAMA  
 Get up, we're goin' to Vegas.

Eric turns off the tv.

ERIC  
 It's two o'clock in the morning.  
 I'm not goin' to Vegas. I'm goin'  
 to bed.

TURTLE  
 Don't be a pussy. The Maloofs are  
 hookin' us up with a private table.  
 Vince is upstairs right now  
 emptying out the safe.

ERIC  
 Put ten bucks on red, call me in  
 the morning.

Eric starts to head up the stairs.

TURTLE

You know what? We should tell him.  
Should we tell him?

He shoots a conspiratorial look at Drama to back him up.

TURTLE

(blurting)  
Kristen's fucking Vince Vaughn!

Eric stops on a dime. He looks at Drama, who nods.

ERIC

What are you talking about? She's  
back with what's-his-face. The  
"restauranteur."

TURTLE

I don't about any of that. What I  
do know is, she was in the middle  
of Forty-Deuce with her hand down  
Vince Vaughn's pants.

ERIC

(getting sick)  
She had her hands down his pants?

DRAMA

Both of 'em.

TURTLE

See. Now, if my ex, who I was  
still completely obsessed with, was  
fuckin' a huge celebrity like Vince  
Vaughn I'd want to know.

ERIC

I'm not obsessed with Kristen.

DRAMA

Then why is she still your screen  
saver?

Drama swivels Eric's I-Mac screen: it's a moving photo  
collage devoted to Kristen.

ERIC

She put that on there, a'right! I  
don't know how to get it off, I'm  
not a computer person!

(MORE)

ERIC(cont'd)

(pacing)

She's fucking Vince Vaughn!?

They nod vigorously.

ERIC

That puffy motherfucker.

DRAMA

Nah, bro. He didn't look puffy at all. He looked real good.

TURTLE

Yeah. It was like "Swingers" Vince Vaughn, not "Old School" Vince Vaughn. Kind of a new school Vince Vaughn.

DRAMA

Guy looked like he's been working out with a personal trainer. Probably a nutritionist, too.

TURTLE

Good pussy'll motivate.

DRAMA

I bet he's on the Zone.

Eric stops. This is too much. Stares at Drama.

DRAMA

You know they'll deliver that shit to your house now...

(trailing off)

What?

ERIC

You're the worst fuckin' actor I've ever seen.

Turtle starts cracking up.

TURTLE

(to Drama)

You indicating motherfucker!

Drama wrestles Turtle to the ground as both crack up.

ERIC

How is this funny? I'm shaking here. I feel like I'm gonna throw up.

TURTLE  
You deserve it.

ERIC  
What? Why!?

TURTLE  
You broke the rule: No  
girlfriends. No commitments.

DRAMA  
Our only commitment is to ass.

ERIC  
Yeah well, I didn't join your  
little "pact."

TURTLE  
And now look at you. You might  
throw up. What happened to you,  
man?

Vince enters.

VINCE  
What the fuck, are you guys coming?

TURTLE  
E's being a bitch.

ERIC  
Payback's gonna be a bigger bitch,  
Turtle.

Turtle "Ooohs."

VINCE  
What happened?

ERIC  
They told me Kristen was fucking  
Vince Vaughn?

VINCE  
Is she?

Eric shakes his head. Turtle and Drama laugh.

VINCE  
Ah, that's a good one. Hey,  
fellas, give me a second with E.

TURTLE

Come on, Drama. Let's go back and make sure the girls aren't stealing anything.

They head out.

VINCE

How'd it go with Ari?

ERIC

(cautious)

It was, uh, good.

VINCE

Yeah? Cool.

Vince sits, packs the bong on Eric's table.

VINCE

Listen E, all night, I've been thinking about that money. I was thinking, what do I want it for. For freedom, right? I got freedom.

ERIC

I don't understand --

VINCE

I need some time off. Some time to just chill.

ERIC

Vince, you've been off for three months.

VINCE

Yeah, but I was anxious those months. Now I'm just gonna chill.

There are a lot of things Eric would like to say. But doesn't.

ERIC

Okay, whatever. We'll talk about this in New York.

VINCE

I'm thinking I might skip New York.

ERIC

(beat)

Okay. Then we'll talk about it  
when I get back.

Vince pulls a big hit.

VINCE

You'd go to the reunion without me?

ERIC

I'd rather go without you.

VINCE

(coughing)

Fuck you.

ERIC

I don't mean to be an asshole, but  
if you go, it's just gonna turn  
into the Vince show.

VINCE

You're just worried I'm gonna fuck  
that little Asian chick you used to  
chase around, what was her name?

ERIC

Tracy Wu. And I don't give a shit  
about that.

VINCE

All right, I'll go, I'll go. Your  
passive aggressive shit got me.

ERIC

We got to be at the airport by  
nine.

VINCE

Fuck that. We'll rent a jet. I'll  
call Black Hack.

ERIC

Sounds good.

(beat)

But don't even look at Tracy Wu.

Vince smiles.

DISSOLVE TO:

8/7/03

EXT. ENTOURAGE HOUSE - MORNING

Vince, Drama and Eric are getting on their new Indian cycles. Turtle comes out in his high school jacket.

TURTLE

Look, the jacket still fits.

DRAMA

Let's ride already.

Turtle heads over to his bike.

ERIC

Bad news, Turtle. You gotta drive the Beast.

TURTLE

What? Why?!

ERIC

Someone's gotta take the luggage. Sorry, man.

TURTLE

(muttering)

What a bunch of bullshit.

Turtle begrudgingly climbs into the Bentley.

VINCE

E, if we need someone to take the luggage, why don't we just get Bipolar Bob?

ERIC

Cause then Bipolar Bob would be driving that.

Eric points to the back of the Bentley as Turtle heads out. On the rear bumper, Eric has affixed a bumper sticker that reads "I LOVE COCK." The guys all crack up.

ERIC

Laugh it up, Drama. You're next.

Eric kick-starts his bike, revving the throttle.

EXT. PCH

Turtle rips down the PCH. Everyone who passes at him is smiling and laughing. Completely oblivious, he smiles and laughs back. Behind him on their bikes, the boys laugh their asses off.

EXT. VAN NUYS AIRSTRIP

The Entourage climb up the steps of a waiting Gulfstream, Vince first.

TURTLE

Is this the jet we're buyin'?

ERIC

We're not buying a jet. This is a rental.

TURTLE

A rental!? What happened?

ERIC

Just get on board, Turtle.

TURTLE

But we're still doing Matterhorn, right?

(no response)

What did you say to Vince?

Eric doesn't respond. Just disappears inside.

TURTLE

Will someone please tell me if we're doin' Matterhorn!!

Turtle, the last one on, bumps his head on the low ceiling.

TURTLE

Cheap piece of shit G4!

Turtle slams the hatch. The credits roll as the plane taxis onto the runway and takes off. No security nightmare or runway delays for our crew.

FADE OUT: