

POST TIME
"Release" Part 2
by
Ray Remo

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ray@rayremo.com

INT. BELLA VILLA SOCIAL CLUB - DAY

Wiseguys, wannabes and hangers-on sit at three different tables. Food and drinks abound.

At the 6-stool bar is FAT VIN, chugging a Red Bull. Behind the bar is RUDY, 80s, old school knockaround.

Jimmy Cola opens the door for Sal who is stopped by the bouncer, MIKEY BRICK.

MIKEY

Help you?

SAL

I'm here to see Enzo.

The room falls DEAD quiet at the mention of *that* name.

FAT VIN

Oh shit!! Look at this stylin' motherfucker!

Fat Vin lumbers off his bar stool and HUGS Sal hello.

SAL

Jesus Christ. You were on that same barstool when you were a kid. They should write your name on it, give you a plaque or something.

FAT VIN

They should probably burn the fucking thing. Only plaque these days is in my arteries.

SAL

How old are you now?

FAT VIN

38, Sal. Thirty fucking eight.

A couple of other guys get up to greet Sal; ad-libbing Italian salutations.

SAL

He here? The old man.

FAT VIN

He don't come in no more.

SAL

So who do I see?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FAT VIN
Paul's in charge.

Sal is shocked.

SAL
Chico is running things?

CHICO (O.C.)
Yes, he is.

Sal, Jimmy and Vin turn to see that PAUL "CHICO PAULO"
CIORA has stuck his head out of a back office.

CHICO (CONT'D)
Come on in, Sal.

Sal starts towards the back but Rudy the bartender calls
to him.

RUDY
Sal. Your coffee.

Sal walks to the bar.

SAL
You remember how I take my coffee,
Rudy? Only guy in here older than
me.
(salutes with the
cup)
God Bless.

FAT VIN
Great memory, this one. It's the
omega-3s, all that fish he eats.

RUDY
That's no way to talk about your
sister.

A few chuckles from the crowd; Rudy gives Fat Vin the
finger. He gives Rudy one right back.

CHICO
Sal.

Fun's over. Sal walks to the back. Jimmy joins Fat Vin
at the bar.

INT. CHICO'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Chico waits by the door for Sal with BILLY SACCO, his second.

Billy takes Sal's coffee; Sal and Chico hug.

SAL
How you been, kid?

Chico says nothing; he goes to his desk and sits.

Billy hands Sal back his coffee.

BILLY
If you don't mind...

Billy motions for Sal to lift his arms for a FRISK.

SAL
Chico? This necessary?

A non-answer from Chico is enough. Billy checks Sal's front and rear; PATS him on the shoulder.

BILLY
He's good.

CHICO
Sal, have a seat.

SAL
(sitting)
There a reason that just happened?

CHICO
A reason? No. There's like a thousand reasons. It's not the old days, Sal. I leave this building, I know I'm being recorded. I gotta worry that half the guys out there right now aren't fucking rats. Last thing I need is a guy fresh out the joint looking to make a point by coming in heavy.

SAL
I wouldn't do that.

CHICO
No?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SAL

I thought I was coming to see your
father.

CHICO

Yeah, well, you got me.

SAL

Is he okay?

CHICO

He's okay as okay gets, yeah.
Those eight years they clipped him
for killed him. To go away at age
70 like that. No good.

SAL

Eight's not twenty.

CHICO

No, you're right. It's not. But
you went in at 48. Big
difference.

(then)

I don't mean you no disrespect,
Sal. You did your time like a
man. It's just my dad...he...he
doesn't get the world we're in.
His fucking father ran all of
Brooklyn from the back of a bakery
wearing a guinea tee.

SAL

I get it.

(drinks his coffee)

So, given all that, Chico, where
do I stand?

Chico motions for Billy to open the office door.

CHICO

So...we don't talk specifics here
no more, Sal. I want you to go
see Eddie Spiders. Tell Vin I
said so and he'll give you contact
info. Eddie's in Queens now.

Sal's not happy but he has no play to make.

SAL

Okay, Chico.

Sal gets up; Billy stands aside to let Sal pass.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BILLY

Hey, Sal. No hard feelings, huh?

SAL

Course not.

Sal exits; Jimmy Cola and he leave the club.

Chico watches from his office.

CHICO

(to Billy)

After 20 years, he's probably got nothing but hard feelings.

INT. JIMMY'S CADILLAC ESCALADE - DAY

Jimmy and Sal drive down Metropolitan Avenue, through Brooklyn and Queens. Sal gazes out the window, wondering if he's passing through time or if time is passing through him.

SAL

So this is how it is? Can't talk to the boss? How does shit get done?

JIMMY

They have these spots where they do their meets. They rotate so nobody can track 'em. Sometimes it's a warehouse, sometimes a store. Whatever.

SAL

I gotta make a stop. Hop on the L.I.E.

EXT. LIANA'S HOUSE - DAY

Sal approaches a house on Arleigh Road in the upper middle-class neighborhood of Douglaston, Queens. The house is large and well-kept, the home of someone successful at something.

Just as he's about to climb the front steps, Sal hears a NOISE from the backyard and goes to the fence.

Through the gate, he sees LIANA, 30, his granddaughter. She is watering flowers in the garden.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She sees Sal through the gate and SCREAMS.

As Sal is about to enter to calm her, a GERMAN SHEPHARD begins jumping at the gate and BARKING.

SAL

Christ!

(to her)

Liana, is that you? It's me!
Grandpa.

Liana takes her finger off the hose trigger, SHOCKED.

The dog will not shut the fuck up.

LIANA

Sal! Sal, get down! Now!

She shoos the dog away.

SAL

Your mother named the goddam dog
after me?

LIANA

No.

(puts hose back on)

I did.

She turns her back on Sal. He takes that as a cue NOT to enter the garden.

SAL

Okay. I guess I deserve that.

Well, obviously, I'm out.

(takes a deep breath)

I...I can't believe it's you.

You're...you're a *woman*. A
beautiful woman. Last time I saw
you -

LIANA

Yeah. Thanks.

SAL

Your mom home?

LIANA

No.

SAL

How have you been?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

No answer.

SAL (CONT'D)
Okay then. Tell your mom I was
here, please.

He turns to leave, STOPS, turns back.

SAL
You look good, Li. I missed you.

Sal walks away. Liana TURNS to watch him go.