

POST TIME

"Release"

by

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FADE IN:

INT. OFFICE - DAY

An old radio. The sound of the CALL TO THE POST bellows across it. (If you're not a horseplayer: "Call to Post" is the bugle tune played a few minutes before every thoroughbred horse race, everywhere.)

WIDE SHOT: Reveals this radio to be in the corner of an administrative office in a PRISON. The GUARD fills out forms as his radio BLARES sounds of the racetrack through a window and into the hallway.

A prisoner, SAL CAVALLO, waits on the other side of this window, sitting on a bench. He is in civilian clothes, though still handcuffed.

We DO NOT SEE HIS FACE CLEARLY in this intro until the very end; we see only profiles and indeterminate close-ups of him: arms, hands, jawline, hair.

SAL

Been a while since I heard that sound.

GUARD

Oh yeah? Reminiscing on the old days?

SAL

Nah, man. The old days are done.

Sal takes a deep breath.

SAL (CONT'D)

Just reminds me of what Paul Newman said in "The Color of Money."

The guard looks up to listen - he wasn't even born when that movie came out.

SAL (CONT'D)

"Money won is sweeter than money earned."

The guard grins. He hates to admit it, but it's a good line.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GUARD

You know, Mr. Cavallo, somebody who went away for...

(checks paperwork)

book-making, racketeering, and... conspiracy to commit murder probably shouldn't be talking that way. Not after twenty years.

In the hallway, another guard approaches Sal and undoes his cuffs.

SAL

Like I said, the old days are done.

Sal rubs his newly-liberated wrists.

SAL (CONT'D)

It's just *that* bugle tune. When I went away, they pinched me at the Belmont Stakes. I had just hit a 30 to 1 shot.

GUARD

Damn! 30 to 1!

The guard dumps Sal's belongings out of a manila folder and onto the ledge of the window separating them: A gold Rolex, an empty gold money clip in the shape of a safe, four quarters, and a platinum PINKY RING.

GUARD (CONT'D)

Did you get to cash the ticket at least? Get your money?

SAL

No.

(puts on his pinky ring)

But I will.

INT. CAFE - DAY

A man, 50s, sits at a table sipping an espresso and reading the Daily Racing Form. He is BENNY ALBANESE, gangster. The WAITER brings him a plate of biscotti.

WAITER

Benny, you know Sal gets out today?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BENNY

Cavallo? What do I care?
 (holds up his cup)
 A *salud*, the old fuck.
 (sips his coffee)
 And it's *Mr. Albanese* to you.

The waiter walks off. A STRANGER enters and from his POV, we see the **back** of Benny's head.

A PISTOL rises into frame.

One shot to the head; two to his back. Bye Bye, Benny.

INT. PRISON HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Sal signs a form at the guard's window then turns towards an EXIT door.

GUARD

You get any more of those long shots, Mr. Cavallo, feel free to give me a call here at the prison.

SAL

Nah, kid. I'm only betting sure things from here on out.

The BUZZZZZ of a prison security door sounds and Sal steps through. SUNLIGHT fills the entire screen.

CUT TO:

EXT. BELMONT RACETRACK - DAY

Sal stands at the entrance gate window, waiting for the TELLER to stop texting on his phone.

SAL

One for the Player's Club.

TELLER

Player's Club? Hasn't been called that in years. It's the Belmont Lounge now.

Sal says nothing because there's nothing to say.

TELLER (CONT'D)

(sarcastic)
 Nice suit.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Sal walks: A TRACKING SHOT of Sal's pinky ring allows us to follow him as he makes his way through the racetrack, the crowds and commotion ECHOING behind him.

Sal stops at the paddock where he sees two old acquaintances who have come to meet him, JIMMY COLA and AL PONTI, both in their 60's, Italian.

JIMMY

I'm telling you, Al. The five horse. He's bouncing around the paddock. Happy to race.

Upon seeing Sal, both men abruptly STOP their conversation and turn to him. They say nothing.

SAL

And I thought the only horseshit here was on the floors.

All three men smile, then embrace one another.

SAL

Goddam. Good to see you guys.

Sal's been out three days but, only just this instant, he FEELS free.

JIMMY

So what now, Sal?

The "CALL TO POST" echoes through the track.

A WIDE SHOT finally reveals SAL CAVALLO to us, in all his glory. He is not a sloppy, jumpsuit-wearing gangster; instead, a tailored suit clings to his **boxer's frame**. He's older than you, in his 70s, but instinct tells you not to fuck with him.

Sal is of a different era. He is a businessman. Unfortunately for Sal, these 20 years later, the jumpsuit-wearing generation is now in charge.

SAL

It's off to the races.

FADE OUT.

END OF COLD OPEN