

OTAREZAL

Written by

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Log line: A bad day in Los Angeles occurs for a group of unique investors when the money for their movie is stolen.

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FADE TO BLACK.

MARTY (V.O.)  
Honey, I'm home.

CUT TO:

INT. MARTY'S HEAD- MARTY'S OLD HOUSE (DAY)

MARTY BALE, 45, white, brown hair and blue eyes, has just walked in through the door and rubs his face.

MARTY  
The interview went okay. But I  
don't know.

A tired MARTY takes off his suit jacket and puts it on his coat hanger.

MARTY (CONT'D)  
I'm thinking of just writing again,  
taking a break from all the  
corporate B.S..

The diegetic sound of moaning is heard, coming from upstairs. The bedroom door is shut.

MARTY has a look of curiosity on his face.

MARTY (CONT'D)  
Elena?

MARTY starts walking slowly up the stairs. The moaning gets louder as he walks. Right when he gets to the door he stops.

He takes a deep breath because he is scared to open the door. After closing his eyes for a second, he storms in through the door.

INT. MARTY'S HEAD- MARTY'S OLD BEDROOM (DAY)

MARTY sees his ex boss, WALTON FINLEY, 62, white, bald and fit, having sex with his now ex wife ELENA, 45, white, with brown curls.

ELENA sees MARTY before WALTON and she screams lightly because she is startled.

ELENA  
Marty!

WALTON jumps off of her, he lays next to her in bed. He looks uncomfortable. ELENA covers her naked body with the sheets of the bed. WALTON simply lays there naked, glaring at MARTY.

MARTY stands there in shock.

ELENA (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
What are you doing home? I thought  
you had a job interview?

MARTY now has tears in his eyes.

MARTY  
What is this?  
(MARTY asks this quietly.)

ELENA sighs in shame because she is sad MARTY walked in on this.

ELENA  
I'm so sorry, Marty. I never wanted  
to hurt you with this.

MARTY puts his head down, not knowing what to say.

ELENA (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
I don't even know what to say,  
things just sort of happened.

There is a moment of silence that fills the room.

WALTON (O.S.)  
You're not man enough.

MARTY looks up at WALTON with confusion.

MARTY  
What did you say?

WALTON points at MARTY.

WALTON  
You're not man enough.

WALTON gets out of bed and he is completely naked. He walks over to MARTY, staring at him dead in the eyes. He then grabs a freaked out MARTY by the shoulders.

WALTON (CONT'D)  
You're not fucking man enough!

MARTY  
Stop saying that.

WALTON starts shaking MARTY.

WALTON

You're not fucking man enough!  
You're not fucking man enough!  
You're not fucking man enough!

WALTON continues to scream this in MARTY'S face. MARTY doesn't say or do anything, he just looks at WALTON with horror.

CUT TO:

INT. TOMMY'S CAR (NIGHT)

A jittery and anxious MARTY sits in the Mercedes E 350, holding a hand gun with his trembling hand.

He looks out his window, the car is parked in a parking lot. He has a clear view of this huge office complex, with a grand sign that reads, "Dynamite Films".

MARTY takes a deep breath and then opens his car door.

FADE TO BLACK.

"One Night Earlier"

FADE TO:

INT. VAN (NIGHT)

DRIVER, 25 and Latino is in the driver's seat and PASSENGER, 25 and Latino is in the passenger's seat. They have ski mask's covering their heads but not their faces yet. They are both geared up, wearing bullet proof vests. Over their vests, they are both wearing black sweatshirts. They are also both eating McDonald's burgers and are drinking large sodas. They are parked in a parking lot.

PASSENGER

This is some intense shit.

DRIVER takes a sip of his soda, while looking at PASSENGER, acknowledging what he said.

DRIVER

What, the burgers or the job?

PASSENGER looks at DRIVER like he can't believe what he was just asked.

PASSENGER

The job. The job is intense, not the food. What's the matter with you?

DRIVER

Blow me, bruh. I don't wanna hear none of your shit.

DRIVER takes another sip of his soda, as he looks out his driver seat window.

PASSENGER

Yeah, you know my shit's real though, bruh.

DRIVER rolls his eyes as he looks over at PASSENGER.

DRIVER

How many times have we done this before? It's gonna be cake.

PASSENGER

Yeah but we've never dealt with this amount of cash before. This is some heavy ass shit. If we gonna come away with it, it's gotta be done perfecto.

DRIVER finishes his burger in one bite, signaling with his finger for PASSENGER to wait a moment. He then finishes his soda with one sip as well. PASSENGER rolls his eyes in annoyance.

DRIVER

And we'll get it done perfecto, but now ain't the time to be shitting ourselves.

PASSENGER

I ain't shitting myself. I just don't want to fuck up.

DRIVER

We won't.

PASSENGER

If we do, we're dead. We're dealing with some crazy ass mother fuckers. They won't be showing no mercy.

DRIVER

And neither will we. We'll execute just like he wants, and then, we'll finish this shit off.

PASSENGER rubs his face with his hands.

PASSENGER

I just can't wait for this night to be over, bruh. I'm hot as balls in this vest.

PASSENGER readjusts his vest, as he sits in the passenger seat. DRIVER looks at his cheap G-Shock watch.

DRIVER

You ready to get the others?

PASSENGER takes a deep breath, embracing this journey that they are about to go on.

PASSENGER

Yeah, lets do this shit. The guns in the back?

DRIVER

Yeah.

PASSENGER

Alright cool, start this bitch up.

DRIVER starts the van and they head off.

CUT TO:

EXT. VAN (NIGHT)

The van drives off, out of the parking lot.

FADE TO:

INT. DEAN'S HOTEL ROOM (NIGHT)

JOEY RAGUSA, 45, Italian American and over weight, DON PERRIGNON, 45, Italian American with dark brown hair and ROB CARRONE, 45, Italian American with grey hair, each sit at a round table, playing cards and smoking cigarettes.

RAGUSA looks at his deck of cards and then puts them on the table in annoyance.

RAGUSA  
Fuck it, I fold.

RAGUSA takes a puff of his cigarette, he then unleashes this huge smokers cough.

PERRIGNON looks at him with disgust.

CARRONE  
Me too.

CARRONE throws his cards on the table.

CARRONE (CONT'D)  
What'd you have? (To Perrignon)

PERRIGNON smirks.

PERRIGNON  
Two two's and a three.

CARRONE has on off screen grunt, now knowing that he had a better hand.

RAGUSA  
Damn it, Don!

RAGUSA slams his hands on the table and then takes another puff of his smoke, again unleashing a smoker's cough.

CARRONE  
Jesus! You sound like you're dying  
of cancer, Ragusa.

CARRONE and PERRIGNON laugh at RAGUSA'S coughing, he responds by giving them the finger.

CARRONE then takes a puff of his cigarette, he then puts it out on the ash tray, that's on the table. Although he is still smiling from messing with RAGUSA, his attention is turned to off screen. He suddenly becomes serious and more professional with his body language.

CARRONE (CONT'D)  
Boss, you sure you don't want to  
join in?

DEAN (O.S.)  
There's too much at stake for me to  
play cards right now.

We are introduced to DEAN JACKSON, 68 and black for the first time. He is standing in the corner of his hotel room, watching as the rain pours into the night.

RAGUSA (O.S.)  
You thinking about Gian and Tommy?

DEAN  
I'm playing the events over and  
over again in my head.

DEAN twirls his hand in a forward motion as he says this.

RAGUSA (O.S.)  
I got a bad feeling about them.

DEAN turns to RAGUSA abruptly, he starts to stroll towards him.

DEAN  
And you sound like you want that,  
Ragusa. You sound like you hope it  
is them.

RAGUSA suddenly looks nervous. The other men know better then to say something, putting their heads down.

RAGUSA  
I don't want anything, I just want  
us to catch the prick or pricks who  
stole your money.

RAGUSA takes another puff of his cigarette because he is nervous. He starts coughing rapidly again.

DEAN is annoyed by RAGUSA'S compulsive coughing and he rubs his face to show his frustration. He is also standing in front of his men now.

DEAN  
Put out the cigarette.

DEAN says this with a glaring look.

CARRONE tosses RAGUSA the ash tray.

CARRONE  
Put it out.

RAGUSA does so, giving CARRONE a dirty look.

DEAN  
I think it's important for all you  
to remember, that until we find  
Giancarlo and Tommy guilty, they  
remain innocent. Is that  
understood?



RAGUSA

They disrespected you in front of complete strangers. We don't know who that director is, and we barely know Marty. I count him as a stranger too.

RAGUSA says this with a bit of a wheeze, he is tired from his coughing binge.

DEAN strolls back towards the window, now facing it.

DEAN

I'm well aware of their actions, especially Giancarlo's.

DEAN takes a deep breath.

DEAN (CONT'D)

But in a sense, I think the robbery of this money is brilliant.

PERRIGNON (O.S.)

Brilliant?

DEAN turns around and faces the men again.

DEAN

It ain't no chump change that we were dealing with. \$10 million is a lot for anybody. If you had the opportunity, why wouldn't you take it?

RAGUSA

Because of a certain thing called trust. We're a family business.

DEAN looks back out the window.

DEAN

The word family has no meaning anymore.

RAGUSA (O.S.)

You don't feel respected?

DEAN sighs because he clearly does not feel respected. But he does not answer the question. He turns to face the men again.

DEAN

Whoever took that money was a genius.

(MORE)

DEAN (CONT'D)

And if I stole the money, I would run and screw everybody over too. Because that's type of world we live in. A hunt or be hunted type of world.

PERRIGNON

We have to hunt back.

PERRIGNON takes a puff of his cigarette.

DEAN (O.S.)

Yes we do.

DEAN pours himself a drink from the mini bar.

RAGUSA (O.S.)

How?

DEAN turns back around and faces the men.

DEAN

We need to investigate all of them. This wasn't a spur of the moment type venture. This was a conspiracy.

PERRIGNON (O.S.)

A conspiracy?

DEAN

Whoever did this had one purpose in mind. That purpose was to gain all of our trust so they could spit it back out at us.

RAGUSA (O.S.)

So then you believe that it was an inside job?

DEAN

Of course it was an inside job, don't act stupid.

CARRONE (O.S.)

Gain our trust, and then they take the money?

DEAN

They do so, creating chaos. Everyone turning heads, almost as if it were a witch hunt.

DEAN takes a sip of his drink and strolls to the window again.

DEAN (CONT'D)  
People start blaming people just to blame them, forgetting the entire conflict that began this tragedy in the first place. That's what it is, that's what this mastermind is trying to accomplish.

PERRIGNON (O.S.)  
As if everyone's paranoia and shit is a distraction.

DEAN turns and points to PERRIGNON.

DEAN  
Exactly.

DEAN takes another sip of his drink.

DEAN (CONT'D)  
That's why it's important not to forget. Not to forget this idea here. Whoever did this can't win.

CARRONE sits in his chair, intrigued by DEAN'S words. Although he has been hesitant to ask the golden question that's on his mind, he finally works up the courage.

CARRONE  
Who do you think did it?

DEAN strolls by the men again, thinking about CARRONE'S question.

The men wait for his answer nervously.

DEAN  
I have my ideas. But the same people who I think did it, probably think it was me.

DEAN takes a small sip of his drink, looking at his men.

DEAN (CONT'D)  
They probably think it was me.

There is a moment of silence between the men and DEAN. They are looking at the floor and are just refusing to make eye contact with DEAN, who looks at each of them, with the intent of intimidating them.

DEAN (CONT'D)

I don't know why this concerns you all so much, you didn't invest any of your own money.

RAGUSA

But you're the leader of our family. We demand that people respect you.

DEAN strolls by the window again.

DEAN

I appreciate your concern Ragusa, it's a bit nauseating but I appreciate it.

RAGUSA has a look of embarrassment on his face because of DEAN'S answer.

DEAN continues to look out the window.

DEAN (CONT'D)

But I have always taken a relaxed approach to these kind of things. I let things play out and then I react. That's what I will do here. That's how I'll respond to this situation.

DEAN breathes deeply.

DEAN (CONT'D)

It will all work out.

DEAN'S eyes are sharp with confidence.

DEAN (CONT'D)

Yes it will.

DEAN'S men look at him and then at each other with a slight bit of terror, not knowing what their boss is gonna do next.

DEAN continues to look out the window confidently.

FADE TO:

INT. ED'S DINER (NIGHT)

GIANCARLO HUGHES, 45, fit and Italian American, and TOMMY LE MACCHIONE, 45, Italian American with dark eyes and hair are sitting in Ed's Diner having dinner. GIANCARLO has a water and a burger, TOMMY has a coke and cheese fries.

TOMMY looks around the restaurant by turning his head, he has the bill for his meal in his hand.

TOMMY

The food here is a fucking disgrace. You can't get a good meal in L.A..

GIANCARLO takes a sip of his water, acknowledging what TOMMY had said by looking at him.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Where the fuck's the waitress, I want to challenge this.

GIANCARLO (O.S.)

Challenge what?

TOMMY focuses on GIANCARLO.

TOMMY

They're over charging me, the food was shit.

GIANCARLO (O.S.)

Are they over charging you or you just didn't like what you ordered?

TOMMY see's the waitress and he snaps his fingers and then waves her over.

TOMMY

Hey sweet heart, over here.

GIANCARLO rolls his eyes in disbelief that his friend is actually doing this.

WAITRESS, 24 and white, comes over to the table.

WAITRESS

May I help you?

TOMMY

Yeah, you charged me \$8.25 for the fries and the coke. The coke was fine but the cheese fries were too greasy. I'll pay full price for the coke but I'm only paying \$2 for the fries because they were half ass'd.

She looks at the plate of cheese fries, that are almost entirely eaten, she is a bit shocked that TOMMY is actually challenging the bill.

GIANCARLO looks at the fries and then back at her with embarrassment.

WAITRESS

But you ate almost all of them.

TOMMY is surprised by her response.

TOMMY

What kind of customer service is this? Are you serious?

She doesn't know what to say.

GIANCARLO takes out a stack of cash.

GIANCARLO

I'll pay it, we're good.

TOMMY is annoyed that GIANCARLO offered this and puts his hand up to GIANCARLO as he responds.

TOMMY

No, Gian. That won't be necessary.

GIANCARLO

Clearly it is, I'll pay it, not a problem.

WAITRESS (O.S.)

Um, okay. You sure?

GIANCARLO nods at her trying to be friendly but he looks awkward doing it.

WAITRESS (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Okay, thanks.

She leaves the table.

TOMMY glares at GIANCARLO.

GIANCARLO takes another sip of his water, uncomfortable with TOMMY glaring at him.

TOMMY

What the hell was that?

GIANCARLO sighs.

GIANCARLO

You're gonna argue over \$8 and 25 cents? I'd rather just pay it then sit here and watch that.

GIANCARLO puts his hand out for the bill but TOMMY pulls it back.

TOMMY

I don't need your charity.

GIANCARLO rolls his eyes, and starts looking around the diner. His burger is only half eaten.

TOMMY (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Why didn't you finish your burger?  
Was that greasy too?

GIANCARLO sighs because TOMMY is now getting on his nerves.

GIANCARLO

It has nothing to do with the  
fucking grease, I'm just to  
stressed to eat. This thing is a  
nightmare.

TOMMY nods his head.

TOMMY

I think it was Ragusa, that fat  
lard piece of shit.

TOMMY takes a sip of his coke.

GIANCARLO (O.S.)

What makes you think it was him?

TOMMY leans in.

TOMMY

He had no money involved. He was on  
the outside looking in.

GIANCARLO

But he's like Dean's bitch. I don't  
think he would cross him. Unless he  
wasn't alone.

GIANCARLO gives Tommy a look.

TOMMY sighs, as if he knows what the look means.

TOMMY

Dean was invested too.

GIANCARLO

But that means jack shit. You don't know what kind of money this thing's gonna make or how much it's gonna lose. But \$10 mill, that's a sure thing.

TOMMY shakes his head in disagreement.

GIANCARLO (CONT'D)

Just don't count him out, that's all I'm saying.

TOMMY

You're acting like you want it to be Dean.

GIANCARLO sighs because he stressed and anxious.

GIANCARLO

Just watch yourself. I don't feel safe around those guys right now, you shouldn't either.

TOMMY

I never feel safe.

GIANCARLO puts his head down, feeling discouraged by the reality of his friend's words.

GIANCARLO takes a bite of his burger. TOMMY looks at the floor for a second, awkwardly waiting for GIANCARLO to swallow his food.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

So you hear from Natasha?

GIANCARLO

No.

TOMMY

When was the last time you's talked?

GIANCARLO sighs because he doesn't like thinking about her.

GIANCARLO

Back in Brownsville.

TOMMY leans back in his chair.

TOMMY

It's really over between you two?



GIANCARLO throws a few bucks down on the table for a tip.

GIANCARLO  
I don't know, but I gotta go.

GIANCARLO stands up and looks at his receipt.

TOMMY who looks a bit uncomfortable, rubs his chin, as if he's preparing to ask a question.

TOMMY  
What you got planned for tonight?

GIANCARLO stands there sort of caught off guard and hesitant.

GIANCARLO  
I think I'm gonna head back over to my place, I'm kind of beat. You?

TOMMY  
Might head to one of those strip joints.

TOMMY rubs his face as he talks, he does this as a form of comfort because he knows he is a bad liar.

GIANCARLO (O.S.)  
Yeah?

TOMMY smiles and laughs a little.

TOMMY  
Yeah.

GIANCARLO  
Alright, enjoy yourself. Catch you later.

TOMMY nods his head and watches as GIANCARLO leaves.

GIANCARLO is seen paying his bill at the counter, he then leaves. He does not look behind at TOMMY.

TOMMY takes a sigh of relief.

FADE TO:

INT. JOE SWEDEN'S MANSION, DINING ROOM (NIGHT)

JOE SWEDEN, 61, white, with dirty blonde hair and MARTY BALE, are sitting at SWEDEN'S dining room table. They both have glasses halfway filled in front of them with red wine.

They are also sitting across from each other. MARTY is on the right side and JOE is on the left side.

MARTY looks at his cell phone, which is on the table also.

MARTY  
He's on his way.

MARTY rubs his face because he is stressed about this meeting with GIANCARLO.

JOE (O.S.)  
And why isn't he bringing Tommy?

MARTY  
I don't know.

JOE (O.S.)  
Well did you ask him?

MARTY  
He said he just wanted it to be the three of us.

JOE rolls his eyes.

JOE  
I'm not looking to get caught in the middle of a mob war, Marty.

JOE drinks a sip of wine.

MARTY (O.S.)  
Don't over exaggerate things, that's not what this is.

JOE  
It's not? We're having this meeting without two of our partners. Has Gian said anything at least, who he thinks could've stole the money?

MARTY pauses a moment before answering.

MARTY  
No.

MARTY takes a sip of his wine.

JOE sighs because he is annoyed and he takes a sip of his wine.

MARTY (CONT'D)  
Why are you sighing?

JOE  
Because this is getting dangerous.

MARTY  
Look, we're trying to find a solution here, Joe. That's what this meeting's for...

JOE  
Marty...

MARTY  
There's no point in dwelling on the past. We have to keep our heads forward. I need this to work, you of all people should know that...

JOE  
Making this movie because of Finley isn't going to change anything.

MARTY breathes deeply, thinking of how he wants to respond.

MARTY  
It shows him that I'm capable.

JOE  
Does it show Finley, or does it show yourself that your capable?

MARTY is silent, thinking about what JOE just asked.

MARTY  
Either way, I gotta prove something to somebody.

JOE takes a sip of his wine with a head nod.

JOE  
I admire your courage, Marty. I really do.

MARTY gives a slight nod, acknowledging JOE'S compliment but not really accepting it.

JOE (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Have you talked to Elena?

MARTY  
No.

MARTY takes a sip of his wine.

JOE (O.S.)  
Are they still together?

MARTY puts his glass back down. He is not crazy about this topic and it shows because he doesn't make eye contact.

MARTY  
I don't know.

JOE  
Well, I hate to say it, but making this movie won't solve your problems and it won't give you the satisfaction that you need.

MARTY is annoyed by JOE'S remark.

MARTY  
Don't act like such a hypocrite, Joe. You need this movie just as much as I do.

JOE is leaned back in his chair and MARTY is leaned forward, much more tense than JOE.

JOE  
I never said I didn't. But I'm not trying to prove anything by it.  
I...

MARTY  
You haven't had a hit in years and you've practically gambled all your earnings away.

JOE puts his head down in shame, sort of speechless.

MARTY (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Face it.

MARTY (CONT'D)  
We both need this to work for several different reasons.

The door bell rings and they both look over at the door. MARTY stands up.

MARTY (CONT'D)  
I'll get it.

MARTY leaves the room.

Medium close up on JOE who looks as if MARTY's words got to him.

FADE TO:

INT. NATASHA'S HOTEL ROOM, BEDROOM (NIGHT)

The room is dark. The diegetic sound of a bouncing bed spring is present. We then see that two people are having sex in the bed. The man is TOMMY and the woman is NATASHA, 26, white, blonde hair and blue eyes. TOMMY has her in a demeaning bent over position on the bed.

NATASHA

Ow, that hurts. That hurts.

TOMMY

Shut up, shut up.

TOMMY continues to use NATASHA for his own sexual pleasure. She looks as if she is in pain.

NATASHA

Tommy...

TOMMY

Shut the fuck up.

NATASHA continues to stay in the position, looking uncomfortable, after a few seconds, TOMMY orgasms. He then releases himself from her, she takes a deep breath, relieved from her pain.

CUT TO:

INT. NATASHA'S HOTEL ROOM, BEDROOM (NIGHT)

TOMMY and NATASHA are still in the dark, sitting at this mini table in the bedroom. NATASHA has only a bathrobe on, TOMMY is in his underpants. They are both smoking cigarettes. There is a silent presence that fills the room.

NATASHA

What about the movie?

TOMMY takes a puff from his cigarette.

TOMMY

The money's gone, we're fucked on that.

NATASHA takes a puff from her cigarette.

TOMMY (CONT'D)  
I have to do it, Natasha.

Close up on NATASHA, her face is contrasted by a shadow created from the darkness of the room and the brightness of her cigarette. She shakes her head in disagreement, taking a puff of her smoke.

NATASHA  
You don't have to do it.

TOMMY (O.S.)  
There's no other way.

NATASHA  
How will killing him change anything?

TOMMY (O.S.)  
It's a respect thing. If he knew, he'd have every right to kill me.

NATASHA  
I'm not a prop, Tommy.

NATASHA takes a puff of her cigarette.

TOMMY (O.S.)  
No one said you were.

They are both in the shot again.

NATASHA  
It's what you're implying.

TOMMY sighs with annoyance.

TOMMY  
You know what? I can't fucking do this shit.

TOMMY puts his cigarette out aggressively on the ash tray, annoyed that NATASHA is challenging him. He then stands up and puts his pants on, that are on the bed.

NATASHA  
You can't do what? Be with me?

TOMMY stops putting on his pants and turns around, sort of in shock. He is now standing over her.

TOMMY  
The whole reason I want to do it is because I want to be with you.

She doesn't respond, she instead takes a final puff out of her cigarette, before putting it out.

She is upset, Tommy see's this through her silence.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Natasha.

TOMMY kneels down and holds her hand. He kisses it.

NATASHA

I don't want Gian to die because of me.

TOMMY

Natasha, the man will put a bullet in my skull.

Close up on NATASHA'S face, who closes her tear filled eyes.

TOMMY (O.S.) (CONT'D)

After he's gone, we can come out with our relationship. We'll say that we fell for each other a few weeks after the funeral. And then, that's it.

NATASHA is silent for a moment, breathing deeply. She opens her eyes.

NATASHA

No.

TOMMY is in shock.

NATASHA (O.S.) (CONT'D)

We can't be together anymore if this is the route you're going to take. I don't want anyone to die because of me.

TOMMY'S shocked faced is transformed into a face filled with rage. TOMMY slaps her and stands up.

Close up on NATASHA who is shocked that her boyfriend just slapped her.

TOMMY (O.S.)

What'd he ever do for you? You're with me, fucking me!

NATASHA refuses to make eye contact with him.

NATASHA

I want you to leave. Please leave.

TOMMY buckles his pants and grabs his shirt.

TOMMY

Don't worry, I'm fucking going!

TOMMY points at her.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

And don't think I'm paying for this room anymore either!

Close up on NATASHA, who sits in silence. You can hear the noise of TOMMY slamming the door behind him as he leaves. When he is gone, she breaks down into tears.

FADE TO:

INT. JOE SWEDEN'S MANSION, DINING ROOM (NIGHT)

GIANCARLO is sitting at the head of the table now. JOE is on his left and MARTY is on his right. Both JOE and MARTY have their wine glasses, but GIANCARLO'S is empty, not because he drank wine, but because he didn't have any to from the start.

GIANCARLO

I talked to my guy, he can have the \$1 million here by next week.

MARTY drinks a sip of his wine.

GIANCARLO (CONT'D)

I need you guys to get back to it, start the casting process, make sure the principle photography is getting done. The sooner we get the ball rolling, the sooner we can get started.

JOE

And what about the rest of your crew?

MARTY gives Joe a look of concern.

GIANCARLO sighs because he knows it's a fair question.

GIANCARLO

I didn't ask them to come tonight.



MARTY

Are Tommy and Dean still invested?

GIANCARLO

I don't see a need for them any longer since the budget will be smaller.

JOE

Are they both on board with that?

GIANCARLO

I'm working on it.

MARTY

Tommy might give in and back out, but we didn't have a choice last time with Dean.

GIANCARLO

This time it will be different.

JOE

How?

GIANCARLO takes a moment before answering.

GIANCARLO

You guys do your job, and I'll do mine.

Medium close up on an anxious MARTY.

GIANCARLO stands up, JOE then follows.

GIANCARLO (CONT'D)

I'll be in touch.

JOE

I'll show you out.

GIANCARLO

No, that won't be necessary. I'll show myself out.

JOE

Oh, okay.

JOE sits back down a little confused, giving MARTY a concerned look.

GIANCARLO (O.S.)

I'll call you guys in a few days!

The diegetic sound of the door closing can be heard. It is now just MARTY and JOE. JOE sighs.

JOE

I don't have a good feeling about this, Marty.

Close up on MARTY, who looks at JOE, knowing he is right but not wanting to admit it.

FADE TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY (NIGHT)

Medium shot of GIANCARLO'S 2014 Dodge Challenger.

CUT TO:

INT. GIANCARLO'S CAR (NIGHT)

A stressed out GIANCARLO turns off his radio, which was playing the song "Lazeratto", by Jack White. He then breathes deeply, trying to relax in the dead silence.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY (NIGHT)

GIANCARLO'S car drives past the van that we were introduced to in the beginning. This van was pulled over on the side of the road. Once he passes them, the headlights of the van turn on.

CUT TO:

INT. VAN (NIGHT)

DRIVER and PASSENGER are now accompanied by three thieves, each Latino and each in their mid twenties. Rap music is blasting in the van. DRIVER turns the car onto the road.

DRIVER

Lets do this shit, boys!

They all cheer and clap with confidence.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY (NIGHT)

Medium shot of the van speeding.

CUT TO:

INT. GIANCARLO'S CAR (NIGHT)

As GIANCARLO drives, he notices the van speeding up next to him aggressively. He presses hard on the gas to get away from them.

Close up on speedometer, which says the car is going 110 miles an hour.

CUT TO:

INT. VAN (NIGHT)

PASSENGER puts his head out the window and notices that GIANCARLO is getting away. He puts his head back in the van.

All men are in the shot, DRIVER and PASSENGER are up front, the three others are hunched together in the back.

PASSENGER

He's getting away, bruh!

DRIVER

What do you want me to do? I'm going as fast as I can!

THIEF 1

Shoot the tire!

PASSENGER

Shoot the tire?

THIEF 3

His car's too fast. We can't catch up.

DRIVER

Shoot it.

PASSENGER

Just keep driving!

THIEF 2

Bruh, he's gonna get away!

DRIVER

Lenny, shoot the fucking tire!

PASSENGER rolls his eyes and sighs as he pulls his hand gun out from his pants.

PASSENGER

Fine.

PASSENGER puts his head out the window and starts firing.

CUT TO:

INT. GIANCARLO'S CAR (NIGHT)

GIANCARLO sees the bullets being fired.

GIANCARLO

Fuck.

(Says with panic.)

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY (NIGHT)

Camera is set in slow motion.

Front angled view of PASSENGER firing bullets.

The camera follows one of the bullets as it hits GIANCARLO'S tire.

CUT TO:

INT. VAN (NIGHT)

Long shot of GIANCARLO'S car flipping over into a ditch from the windshield view. It flips over because the bullet hit the high speed tire.

The men scream because of the car flip.

THIEF 3 (O.S.)

Holy shit!

PASSENGER (O.S.)

Yo, he better not be dead!

DRIVER (O.S.)  
I'm pulling over.

CUT TO:

EXT. DITCH (NIGHT)

A medium shot of GIANCARLO'S busted up Challenger flipped over in the ditch.

CUT TO:

EXT. SIDE OF THE HIGH WAY (NIGHT)

The van pulls over and the three thieves from the back get out, each in black ski masks. They run down towards GIANCARLO.

CUT TO:

EXT. DITCH (NIGHT)

Another medium close up on GIANCARLO'S car.

THIEF 1 (O.S.)  
You think he's dead?

THIEF 2 walks into the shot and tries to open the door to the car.

THIEF 2  
It's jammed shut.

THIEF 3 (O.S.)  
Move.

THIEF 3 comes into the shot and starts kicking the window.

Close up on foot kicking the window, the window cracks open after a few kicks.

All three men are in the shot now.

THIEF 3 (CONT'D)  
One of you's grab him, I did my work.

THIEF 3 walks back over to the others. THIEVES 1 and 2 look at each other, a bit hesitant.

THIEF 2  
Fine, I'll do it.

THIEF 2 walks over and hunches down to grab GIANCARLO, he is greeted with a bullet to the face. He is dead right then and there. The gun has a silencer on it, so it wasn't a loud shot.

THIEF 1  
He's got a gun!

THIEF 3  
Shit!

THIEVES 1 and 3 jump into the bushes.

Close up on the outside of the window of the car, GIANCARLO twists and turns his way out of it. GIANCARLO stands up, looking fatigued, a bit hurt and all cut up from his accident. He looks around, pointing his gun firmly.

Eye line match with GIANCARLO and dead THIEF 2.

Eye line match of GIANCARLO and Long shot of the van, that is up the hill.

CUT TO:

INT. VAN (NIGHT)

DRIVER and PASSENGER continue to sit in the van. PASSENGER is much more anxious then DRIVER.

PASSENGER  
What's taking them so long, bruh?

DRIVER  
He said he was tough. They're probably just trying to hold him down.

PASSENGER  
We're causing attention by just sitting here.

DRIVER  
They'll get him and then we'll get moving.

A bullet goes through the window and shoots PASSENGER in the head. His blood spews everywhere. DRIVER is in shock.

DRIVER (CONT'D)

Shit!

CUT TO:

EXT. DITCH (NIGHT)

GIANCARLO is pointing his gun at the van, he tries to shoot again but he is out of bullets.

GIANCARLO

Fuck.

(He says to himself.)

GIANCARLO tosses his gun into the bushes because he doesn't have any bullets to reload it with.

CUT TO:

INT. VAN (NIGHT)

DRIVER has a look of rage on his face and he starts driving the van straight for GIANCARLO.

CUT TO:

EXT. DITCH (NIGHT)

GIANCARLO sees the van coming straight for him.

GIANCARLO

Shit!

GIANCARLO jumps into a big bush that's on his right.

The van continues to drive straight through, down the hill of the ditch a little. The van is then put in park and DRIVER gets out. THIEVES 1 and 3 reappear.

DRIVER

Yo what the hell happened down here, bruh?

THIEF 3

He's a tough mother fucker!

DRIVER

Lenny's dead! He shot him through the window!

THIEF 1

Same with Emilio, he got blasted in  
the head!

DRIVER rubs his face because he is stressed.

DRIVER

Fuck!

THIEF 3

I mean, what were we supposed to  
do? We need him alive.

DRIVER

I don't know. Just shut up and let  
me think.

THIEF 1 suddenly becomes distracted by a diegetic noise  
coming from the bushes. He then points.

Long shot of GIANCARLO running from the bushes and up the  
hill of the ditch.

THIEF 1 (O.S.)

There he is!

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY (NIGHT)

Close up on GIANCARLO, who is running anxiously on the  
highway, turning around to see if they are behind him.

CUT TO:

EXT. DITCH (NIGHT)

Close up on the tires of the van, as it speeds its way in  
reverse up the hill.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY (NIGHT)

As GIANCARLO runs, the van can be seen in an extreme long  
shot, backing up into the highway again. GIANCARLO sees this  
and he keeps running, he runs out of the frame, leaving only  
the van in it, as it continues to drive.

CUT TO:



INT. VAN (NIGHT)

Windshield view, it is partially covered in blood. GIANCARLO continues to run.

THIEF 3 (O.S.)  
There he is!

THIEF 1 (O.S.)  
Trap him in!

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY (NIGHT)

The van speeds up to GIANCARLO and pulls up aggressively in front of him. This forces him to fall down.

The van door opens up and THIEF 1 and THIEF 3 get out, they are pointing guns at GIANCARLO. THIEF 1 is also holding a black cloth bag in his hand.

THIEF 1  
You better think twice before  
shooting at us again, homie.

GIANCARLO continues to lay on the ground feeling defeated, his hands are now up.

THIEF 3 (O.S.)  
Bag him.  
(Says this to his  
partner.)

THIEF 1 walks up GIANCARLO, pointing his gun at him.

FADE TO BLACK.

NATASHA (V.O.)  
Gian! Gian, wake up!

FADE TO:

INT. GIANCARLO'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM (MORNING)

GIANCARLO wakes up in a startle on his living room floor. NATASHA is on the floor next to him, touching his head, feeling the bruises and cuts that are on him. His front door is also wide open.

NATASHA  
Are you okay? What happened to you?

At first GIANCARLO is confused to why NATASHA is at his house, but his attention is then focused to the corner of the living room, which we don't see yet.

GIANCARLO  
What the hell?

Eye line match to the corner of the living room, where \$10 million is stacked into four neat rows.

GIANCARLO (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Why is this money in my house?  
(Panicked.)

GIANCARLO and NATASHA are now standing up.

NATASHA  
I was hoping you knew the answer to that.

GIANCARLO  
How'd you get in my house?

NATASHA  
Your front door was opened. Like wide open, then I saw you laying here on the floor. I...

GIANCARLO can't stop looking at the money, which is off screen.

GIANCARLO  
How'd this get here?

GIANCARLO walks out of the frame. NATASHA has a look on her face, like she is annoyed that GIANCARLO cut her off.

GIANCARLO is now touching the money.

NATASHA (O.S.)  
What happened here, Gian?

GIANCARLO does not turn around.

GIANCARLO  
I don't know.

NATASHA (O.S.)  
You don't know? What do you mean you don't know?

GIANCARLO breathes, as he tries to remember.

GIANCARLO

I was attacked on my way home last night. That's all that I remember.

NATASHA (O.S.)

Attacked? Who the hell would attack you?

GIANCARLO realizes that the front door is opened and he walks past a concerned NATASHA to go shut it. The camera stays focused on NATASHA though.

GIANCARLO (O.S.)

Why are you here, Natasha?

NATASHA doesn't know what to say.

NATASHA

Why am I here?

GIANCARLO shuts the door and he is now waiting for an answer from her.

NATASHA (O.S.) (CONT'D)

I'm here because...

A car door closes and this catches GIANCARLO'S attention. He looks out the window that is next to the door and sees that a black Cadillac parked in his driveway, behind NATASHA'S car.

GIANCARLO (O.S.)

Oh no.

NATASHA (O.S.)

Who's here?

DEAN gets out of the passenger's seat, RAGUSA gets out of the driver's seat and CARRONE and PERRIGNON get out from the back. You can hear GIANCARLO breath heavily off screen because he is anxious.

GIANCARLO

Fuck!

GIANCARLO puts his hands to his face.

NATASHA (O.S.)

What? What is it?

NATASHA is nervous and she runs up to GIANCARLO.

NATASHA (CONT'D)

What's going on?

GIANCARLO turns around and grabs NATASHA, almost shaking her.

GIANCARLO  
He's here. Dean's here. You can't  
be here. You can't...

NATASHA  
Okay, I'll go, I'll go.

GIANCARLO lets go of her and turns around. It can be seen that PERRIGNON is going around the back left side and that CARRONE is going around the back right side. RAGUSA and DEAN continue to stand in the drive way talking.

GIANCARLO  
It's to late.

NATASHA  
What do you mean it's to late?

GIANCARLO walks past NATASHA and grabs a pistol with a silencer on it, from under his brown leather couch.

NATASHA (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Is that for me?

NATASHA walks into the shot.

GIANCARLO puts it in her hand.

GIANCARLO  
Here.

NATASHA  
I don't know how to use this. I...

GIANCARLO grabs her impatiently.

GIANCARLO  
There's no time for this right now.  
You need to shut up!

NATASHA  
Okay, okay, I'm sorry.

GIANCARLO grabs her by the arm and he walks her to his linen's closet that's next to the bathroom. Because the house is ranch style, this is all on the first floor still. He opens the linen closet door.

NATASHA (CONT'D)  
I'm hiding in here? Why can't I  
hide in the bedroom?

GIANCARLO

To obvious.

He goes to push her in but she stops him.

NATASHA

Wait, why can't you just shoot them? Why does this have to come down to me?

GIANCARLO

Protecting you is my first priority, I can't risk being hit in a shoot out.

GIANCARLO takes a deep breath.

GIANCARLO (CONT'D)

I'm going to see what I can do, just trust me.

GIANCARLO shuts the door on her.

GIANCARLO (CONT'D)

And don't come out until I scream for you. It may be a while.

He then takes out his cell phone from his pocket, he checks his left pocket first but it is in his right pocket. He walks into his bedroom.

INT. GIANCARLO'S HOUSE, BEDROOM (MORNING)

GIANCARLO calls TOMMY.

SPLIT SCREEN

GIANCARLO- Int- GIANCARLO'S House, Bedroom

TOMMY- Int- TOMMY'S Apartment, Kitchen table.

TOMMY is at his kitchen table eating a bowl of Corn Flakes with milk. He picks up the phone, but is nervous when he see's it's GIANCARLO.

TOMMY

Yeah?

GIANCARLO is pacing in his bedroom.

GIANCARLO

Okay, what I'm about to tell you is mind blowing, but just listen.

TOMMY

What? What are you talking about?  
Is everything alright?

GIANCARLO

Tommy, shut the fuck up!

TOMMY makes a face because he is offended that GIANCARLO screamed at him like that. GIANCARLO takes another deep breath, trying to maintain his composure.

GIANCARLO (CONT'D)

Now listen, a few guys jumped me last night and I think they drugged me. I woke up this morning and the \$10 mill is in my place.

TOMMY

What?

TOMMY stands up in shock and he is confused. GIANCARLO is annoyed that Tommy is confused.

GIANCARLO

The \$10 million is now in my fucking house! What don't you get about that?

TOMMY

Okay, okay. Relax.

GIANCARLO

Now Dean, Ragusa and the others are breaking into my place as we speak. I think I've been framed.

TOMMY

Framed?

GIANCARLO

And Natasha is hiding in my linen's closet.

TOMMY'S eyes widen when he hears this.

TOMMY

What? What is she doing in there?

GIANCARLO

I don't know, but she's here. I gave her a gun, she's protected...

TOMMY

Does she even know how to work a gun?

GIANCARLO

Tommy listen, you gotta grab Marty and Joe.

TOMMY

Grab Marty and Joe?

GIANCARLO

I don't know what's going on here. But you guys all have to stay safe. Don't move until you get a call from me.

TOMMY

Where should we go?

GIANCARLO

I don't know. You figure it out, don't tell me. The less I know, the less they can beat out of me.

TOMMY sighs and rubs his forehead because he is stressed.

TOMMY

Do you think it was fucking Dean?

GIANCARLO

Well it wasn't me.

TOMMY

What about Marty and Joe? Could it have been them?

GIANCARLO sighs because he is stressed.

GIANCARLO

I don't know.

CUT TO:

INT. GIANCARLO'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM (MORNING)

CARRONE and PERRIGNON smash open GIANCARLO'S living room windows, that are in the back corners of the living room.

They then hustle on through. CARRONE comes in first with caution, he is staring at the money.

CARRONE  
Son of a bitch.

PERRIGNON comes in and falls on the floor.

PERRIGNON  
Shit!

CARRONE  
What are you doing?

PERRIGNON  
Laying in glass, that's what I'm doing.

PERRIGNON stands up, looking at the money, nodding his head with disapproval.

PERRIGNON (CONT'D)  
I can't believe this guy.

RAGUSA then breaks open the front door nob with a green power drill. He comes into the house, looking shocked.

PERRIGNON (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Take a fine look, Joey.

RAGUSA  
Holy shit.

DEAN strolls through the living room, eyes on the money. He is both surprised and angry to see it.

RAGUSA (CONT'D)  
Boss, should we search the house for him?

DEAN  
No, we'll give him a chance to surrender.

DEAN breathes calmly for a second.

DEAN (CONT'D)  
Come on out, Giancarlo! Play time's up!

RAGUSA, PERRIGNON and CARRONE surround DEAN, pointing their guns, expecting the worse.

CUT TO:



INT. GIANCARLO'S HOUSE, BEDROOM (MORNING)

GIANCARLO hangs up his phone and takes a deep breath. He puts his phone down on his night stand and then opens up his door. He is hesitant for a second, realizing that he is about to enter a hell storm.

GIANCARLO  
I'm coming out!

CUT TO:

INT. GIANCARLO'S HOUSE, CLOSET

NATASHA is listening through the door, holding the gun with her left hand. Her right hand holds her phone, she goes into her messages with TOMMY.

CUT TO:

INT. GIANCARLO'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM (MORNING)

GIANCARLO enters the living room with his hands up, his face is filled with fear.

DEAN gives him a vintage death stare.

FADE TO:

EXT. JOE SWEDEN'S MANSION, (MORNING)

Long shot of TOMMY'S Mercedes E 350 pulling up in front of SWEDEN'S mansion.

CUT TO:

EXT. JOE SWEDEN'S MANSION, (MORNING)

TOMMY walks up to the door and starts ringing the door bell several times. SWEDEN'S BUTLER, 52 and British, opens the door.

BUTLER  
Can I help you sir?

TOMMY  
Get Joe.

BUTLER

Mr. Sweden doesn't like to be  
bothered this early in the morning.

TOMMY gives him an insulted look and puts his hand on the  
Butler's arm.

TOMMY

Tell him a Mr. Le Macchione is here  
to see him.

The BUTLER is both annoyed and intimidated.

BUTLER

Very well.

The BUTLER nods. He then goes to shut the door but TOMMY puts  
his hand up, preventing that. He then than stands in the  
doorway.

TOMMY

I'll wait here.

The BUTLER leaves. TOMMY looks at his phone, he got a text  
from NATASHA. It reads, "I know Gian called you. I'm sorry, I  
don't even know what I was going to tell him. Now I'm hiding  
in his closet with a loaded gun. I'm scared Dean is going to  
find me and kill me". TOMMY doesn't respond.

JOE (O.S.)

Tommy?

JOE comes to the door in a red silk robe. The BUTLER follows  
behind him. TOMMY glares at the BUTLER, with the intent of  
making him leave.

JOE (CONT'D)

What seems to be the problem?

JOE realizes that TOMMY is staring at the BUTLER, who  
realizes it too and is concerned.

Both the BUTLER and JOE look at each other.

JOE (CONT'D)

Give us a moment, Charles.

BUTLER

Very well.

The BUTLER leaves with a nod. TOMMY watches as he leaves.

TOMMY

He's an annoying little fucker,  
huh?

JOE sighs and readjusts his robe.

JOE

It's a little early for a visit,  
what's going on?

TOMMY

You're coming with me.

JOE

Excuse me?

TOMMY

Gian's been framed. There at his  
place now.

JOE

What are you talking about? What do  
you mean he's been framed?

TOMMY sighs because he now has to explain more to JOE.

TOMMY

Whoever stole the money for the  
movie kidnapped Gian and drugged  
him up. He woke up this morning  
with the \$10 mill at his place and  
now Dean's there.

JOE

Why would anyone want to frame him?

TOMMY

No clue.

JOE

Does Dean think Gian did it?

TOMMY

Didn't I just say Dean's at his  
place?

(Annoyed.)

JOE breathes deeply because he is scared.

JOE

But what does this have to do with  
me?

TOMMY

Gian wants me to hold you guys  
until everything's squared away.

JOE

Guys? What guys? And what do you  
mean by, "hold us?"

TOMMY is now getting annoyed with all of the questions.

TOMMY

Alright, lets go.

TOMMY puts his hand on JOE but JOE shrugs him away.

JOE

No, I'm fine here. I'm safe in my  
own house.

TOMMY

Joe, you're coming with me.

JOE

No I'm not, Tommy. You're not in  
charge of me. I know my rights.

TOMMY is now getting annoyed with JOE and he rubs his face  
with his hands.

TOMMY

I really didn't want to do it this  
way.

JOE

Do what? What didn't you want to do  
this way?

TOMMY looks around, to make sure no one's outside. He then  
takes out a gun from behind his back. He doesn't point it at  
JOE, he just holds it to show he has it.

JOE puts his hands up in fear.

JOE (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

TOMMY

Joe, if you don't come with me, I'm  
gonna shoot you. I'm gonna shoot  
you right in your face, right here  
on your step.

JOE

What is this? A hostage situation?

TOMMY  
If it has to be, yeah.

JOE  
Oh come on, are you really being serious right now?

TOMMY  
I'm gonna put this gun away and you're gonna tell your butler that we had a last minute business meeting to go to. Okay?

JOE sighs, indicating that he doesn't want to comply but he will.

JOE faces the inside of the house.

JOE  
Charles?

TOMMY puts his gun away.

The BUTLER comes to the door.

BUTLER  
Yes, Mr. Sweden?

JOE looks at TOMMY and then back at the BUTLER.

JOE  
I just want to let you know that I have to run out with Tommy. Something important has come up.

JOE gives the BUTLER a "help me" look with his eyes.

The BUTLER is confused.

BUTLER  
Very well, sir. Are you sure you don't want me to prepare a suit?

JOE turns to TOMMY, looking for an answer.

TOMMY  
We don't have time for that.

BUTLER  
Very well. Will that be all, Mr. Sweden?

JOE turns to TOMMY and then looks back at the BUTLER.

JOE  
Charles, help! I'm being kidnapped!

TOMMY sighs and grabs JOE, but JOE resists and jabs TOMMY in the nose. TOMMY lets go immediately and grabs his face. JOE runs inside and they slam the door shut.

TOMMY  
Fuck!

TOMMY tries to get in through the front door but he can't. Eye line match with the big living room window.

CUT TO:

INT. JOE SWEDEN'S MANSION (MORNING)

JOE and the BUTLER are standing there in a panic.

JOE  
What do we do?

BUTLER  
Should I call the police?

JOE  
No I've already committed to many crimes.

BUTLER  
What about...

A bullet goes through the living room window and it shatters. TOMMY then climbs through.

JOE (O.S.)  
Crap!

TOMMY is now completely in the house, his gun in his hand.

JOE starts running but the BUTLER takes a bullet to the head, blood spatters everywhere.

The running footsteps of TOMMY can be heard, the camera is focused on the bloody wall.

TOMMY (O.S.)  
Come here, you prick!

CUT TO:

INT. JOE SWEDEN'S MANSION, KITCHEN (MORNING)

JOE is on the one side of his island table, TOMMY is on the other.

TOMMY points his gun at JOE.

JOE  
You killed, Charles!  
(Says with horror.)

TOMMY  
Charles was a wimpy cunt! And I'll  
put a bullet through your head too  
if you don't cut the shit!  
(Out of breath.)

JOE  
Alright, alright.  
(Scared and out of  
breath.)

TOMMY  
You done fucking around?

JOE puts his hands up.

JOE  
Don't kill me, please.

TOMMY continues to glare at JOE, pointing his gun at him.

CUT TO:

EXT. JOE SWEDEN'S MANSION (MORNING)

Long shot of TOMMY and JOE walking. JOE has his hands up and TOMMY's walking behind him.

CUT TO:

EXT. TOMMY'S CAR.

JOE is pushed against the car.

TOMMY  
Keep your hands against the car.

TOMMY goes to his trunk.

JOE  
What, are you arresting me?

TOMMY opens his trunk and pulls a tied up with duck tape, MARTY BALE out. He tosses him on the ground roughly. His mouth is also duck taped.

MARTY is squirming on the ground angrily.

JOE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Marty?

JOE (CONT'D)

What the hell did you do to do him,  
Tommy?

TOMMY pulls the duck tape out of the trunk and walks over to JOE.

TOMMY

He didn't listen either.

TOMMY starts to tape JOE'S hands together.

Close up on a nervous JOE.

FADE TO:

INT. GIANCARLO'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM (AFTERNOON)

RAGUSA is holding a badly beaten GIANCARLO by the arms; GIANCARLO is on his knees. CARRONE throws a punch that hits GIANCARLO directly in the face, he goes down from it. They have him lay there for a second.

DEAN (O.S.)

Get him up.

CARRONE and RAGUSA lift him up.

CUT TO:

INT. GIANCARLO'S HOUSE, CLOSET

NATASHA is listening through the closet door with great fear.

CUT TO:

INT. GIANCARLO'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM

RAGUSA is on GIANCARLO'S right and CARRONE is on his left.



DEAN is standing directly across from GIANCARLO with the green power drill in his hand, PERRIGNON is standing behind him in the corner, hands crossed.

DEAN

You've made this difficult on yourself, Giancarlo. You've made a mockery out of this whole process.

GIANCARLO is in pain and he is tired.

GIANCARLO

I didn't do this. It wasn't me.

DEAN (O.S.)

It's an unfortunate situation.

DEAN stops himself, looking at the floor, reflecting on his life.

DEAN (CONT'D)

But I have seen it all my life.

DEAN points to GIANCARLO, as if he is lecturing him.

GIANCARLO stands and takes it.

DEAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

The tigers, well they bite but the lions, they're the ones who snatch.

DEAN (CONT'D)

You see Giancarlo, you think you're a lion but you're not. You're not even a tiger, because you really bit no one. You tried, but you failed.

DEAN takes a deep breathe, as if he is assuring himself that he is in control. He starts to walk towards the money, the camera pans with him.

DEAN (CONT'D)

Yes, you failed hard.

GIANCARLO is not paying attention to what DEAN is saying. He instead focuses on RAGUSA'S muddy shoes.

Close up on the muddy shoes.

Close up on GIANCARLO'S face.

DEAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Now I don't want to hear any  
excuses or any bullshit. I want to  
hear what you really have to say  
for yourself. You hear me?

DEAN notices that GIANCARLO is not paying attention to what  
he is saying.

DEAN (CONT'D)  
Giancarlo, I'm talking to you son.

GIANCARLO looks up at DEAN.

DEAN (CONT'D)  
Do not make me beg for your  
undivided attention.

GIANCARLO  
I'm sorry, I'm just a little  
distracted.

DEAN is confused.

DEAN  
Distracted? Distracted by what?

GIANCARLO is hesitant for a second but then he looks at the  
linen's closet door for motivation. He Then answers DEAN'S  
question.

GIANCARLO  
Ragusa, he's got his muddy shoes on  
my carpet. I mean seriously,  
Ragusa, are you fucking stupid?

RAGUSA is insulted.

RAGUSA  
Hey fuck you, Gian!

RAGUSA grabs GIANCARLO by his hair and punches him right in  
the nose.

GIANCARLO starts bleeding everywhere, as he falls straight to  
the floor.

RAGUSA (CONT'D)  
I think the carpet could use a  
little bit of blood, you little  
bitch!

CUT TO:

INT. GIANCARLO'S HOUSE, CLOSET

NATASHA holds her left hand to her mouth, afraid for GIANCARLO.

DEAN (O.S.)  
Alright, alright! I will be the one  
and only to determine what happens  
to our boy Giancarlo here!

CUT TO:

INT. GIANCARLO'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM

RAGUSA kicks GIANCARLO'S right ribs.

DEAN  
Ragusa! I'm demanding you stop and  
remain civil! Do you understand me  
boy?

RAGUSA  
He fucking insulted me!

DEAN'S eyes get real wide. PERRIGNON puts his head down in the back, knowing his associate messed up.

DEAN  
Excuse me?

He starts to walk toward's RAGUSA.

RAGUSA (O.S.)  
Boss, I meant no disrespect.

DEAN  
But you did!

DEAN grabs RAGUSA and presses him against the wall, RAGUSA keeps his hands up.

DEAN (CONT'D)  
You know that one of the many rules  
I have established proclaims that  
no one shall cuss against me.

RAGUSA  
I'm sorry boss, I meant no harm.

DEAN  
Harm? This has nothing to do with  
harm!

(MORE)

DEAN (CONT'D)

We're involved with a mystery here,  
Joseph. A mystery that needs to be  
solved.

DEAN stops holding him and points to the money with the power  
drill.

DEAN (CONT'D)

Why is there \$10 million in  
Giancarlo's place? Why isn't it  
back in the bank?

RAGUSA

I, I have no clue, boss. This was  
Gian's scam. I'm not involved with  
this.

DEAN

Is it because you think I'm a pussy  
ass bitch?

DEAN clocks RAGUSA in the head with the power drill.

GIANCARLO is disturbed from RAGUSA'S fall.

RAGUSA lays on the floor in pain.

DEAN (CONT'D)

I'm clearly running a weak ship  
here. My men believe they can steal  
from me. They believe they can  
deceive me. And now you feel you  
can disrespect me? Do you know how  
that makes me feel, Ragusa?

RAGUSA

Boss I'm sorry! I meant no  
disrespect! I swear! I swear on my  
fucking mother.

DEAN

Again with the cussing!

DEAN starts kicking RAGUSA in the face. RAGUSA is off camera  
but he screams in pain until he dies, DEAN does not stop  
until he dies.

Eye line match for GIANCARLO to RAGUSA'S dead body.

GIANCARLO looks at the linens closet... That's now one less  
guy for NATASHA to deal with.

DEAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
This is what happens when you cuss  
at me!

CUT TO:

INT. GIANCARLO'S HOUSE, CLOSET

NATASHA has tears in her eyes because of how afraid she is.

DEAN (O.S.)  
And I refuse to be a pussy ass  
bitch!

CUT TO:

INT. GIANCARLO'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM

DEAN walks to the center of the living room, calming himself  
down.

DEAN  
Pick him up.  
(To PERRIGNON.)

PERRIGNON walks over and lifts GIANCARLO up from the floor.  
He is now on his feet.

DEAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Now what happened to Ragusa was an  
unfortunate thing, he will be  
missed.

DEAN looks at his bloody pants leg.

DEAN (CONT'D)  
And my pants leg is now soaked with  
blood, but I will embrace it.

DEAN starts strolling back towards GIANCARLO again.

GIANCARLO looks at DEAN with fear.

DEAN (CONT'D)  
It helps me send a clear message to  
our boy Giancarlo here.

DEAN walks up to GIANCARLO and puts his hands on his  
shoulders. He then talks to him in a low voice.

DEAN (CONT'D)  
Ragusa's beat down shows exactly,  
what kind of mood I'm in today. I'm  
angry Giancarlo. I'm feeling  
violated, insulted, and  
unacknowledged.

GIANCARLO  
I didn't do this, I know what it  
looks like, but...

DEAN puts up his finger to GIANCARLO, silencing his right to  
speak. He then puts his hand back on GIANCARLO'S shoulders.

DEAN  
Now you said it's not what it looks  
like.

DEAN pauses and looks into GIANCARLO'S eyes and Giancarlo  
looks back.

DEAN (CONT'D)  
But I want you to tell me, exactly  
what it does look like.

DEAN takes his hands off GIANCARLO'S shoulders and takes a  
step back.

GIANCARLO looks around the room.

CARRONE and PERRIGNON stand together with their arms crossed,  
glaring at GIANCARLO.

Close up on the dead RAGUSA.

Close up on an angry DEAN.

GIANCARLO continues to stand.

GIANCARLO  
It looks like I was the one who  
stole the money.  
(Pause.)

GIANCARLO (CONT'D)  
That I stole the money and stored  
it here in my living room.

DEAN starts walking towards the money now, studying its  
placement, acknowledging what GIANCARLO had just said.

DEAN  
I received an anonymous call from  
one of your fellow partners...

GIANCARLO

Who called you? That's bull shit.

GIANCARLO takes a step forward and PERRIGNON and CARRONE step in front of him.

PERRIGNON

Watch it, Gian.

DEAN faces GIANCARLO now.

DEAN

They said if we came to your home here, we would find the money. That this movie was just a front!

GIANCARLO

That's not true, none of it. Who called you?

DEAN starts walking towards GIANCARLO again.

DEAN

That's what I want to know!

CARRONE and PERRIGNON move out of the frame, allowing GIANCARLO and DEAN to stand face to face.

DEAN (CONT'D)

It sounds like you've gone independent on me all together.

GIANCARLO

I'm not working with anyone.

DEAN clocks GIANCARLO with the power drill.

GIANCARLO hits the floor hard, bleeding out of the side of his head.

DEAN stands over GIANCARLO and keeps talking to him.

DEAN

Who else you working with, Giancarlo? One of those cheep, old, Italian mother fucking asses. One of those pieces of shit's from Jersey? The Bronx?

GIANCARLO

None of them.  
(In pain.)

DEAN

Bull shit! You hate working for a black man, don't you, Giancarlo?

GIANCARLO

I've worked for you for the past 20 years.

DEAN walks away from GIANCARLO and starts pacing around the room.

DEAN

And that's what's so confusing about this whole encounter, Giancarlo. I thought things were good between us. I thought I had been accepted into the culture here. But I guess I was living under false perceptions. A black man dominating in the Italian mafia?

DEAN turns back around and points at GIANCARLO with his power drill side ways.

DEAN (CONT'D)

No! A black man can't run things! (Sarcastic). Only a fucking meatball knows how to make a profit! (Sarcastic).

GIANCARLO (O.S.)

That's not true. None of it.

DEAN

What's true here is that you have forgotten everything I have ever done for you! Giving you work, making you rich! Letting you make what I thought was a movie!

DEAN looks at his power drill, he studies its green color. He is suddenly calm.

DEAN (CONT'D)

But it was all an act. You sold out for the money.

GIANCARLO (O.S.)

I didn't sell out. I've been framed. Last night, I was kidnapped and drugged...

DEAN shakes his head in disbelief and in disagreement.



DEAN

By who, Giancarlo? Who would have the balls to frame you for this?

GIANCARLO is silent for a moment. He is hesitant to answer.

GIANCARLO

Well, maybe it was you, Dean.

DEAN is in disbelief over what GIANCARLO says. He looks at CARRONE and PERRIGNON, who act as if they are in disbelief as well.

DEAN

You think I framed you for this?

GIANCARLO sits up from the floor. There is a little more confidence and courage in his voice now.

GIANCARLO

Maybe you really didn't like what we were doing here. Maybe this was your way of preventing it. Create this whole illusion that it was me, when in reality, you just couldn't let \$10 million go uncorrupted.

DEAN nods his head, acknowledging what GIANCARLO just said.

DEAN

I had a feeling I would be blamed here. Blame the self made guy, the power guy. The black guy?

GIANCARLO rolls his eyes.

GIANCARLO

It has nothing to do with your skin color.

DEAN (O.S.)

It has everything to do with my skin color!

DEAN charges into the frame and grabs a fearful GIANCARLO from the floor. He pushes him and holds him against the wall. The power drill is still in his hand.

DEAN (CONT'D)

My whole life I had to work for my success. The white man and all that he believed he was entitled to tried to halt me.

(MORE)

DEAN (CONT'D)

He tried to push me down and lock me away in the dungeon of shame and dust! But I refused to comply, Giancarlo! I refused to let the white man win! Do you know how I refused to let him win? How I broke that cold blooded glass ceiling?

GIANCARLO is anxious from DEAN'S words and his intensity. He doesn't answer DEAN'S questions.

DEAN (CONT'D)

I smashed through the glass ceiling...

DEAN grabs GIANCARLO'S testicles and GIANCARLO screams in pain off screen.

DEAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

By grabbing the white man by his big old grand area and I refused to let go!

DEAN (CONT'D)

No matter how hard he begged and pleaded, I refused to let go and I still never have!

GIANCARLO

Stop! Stop!

DEAN

You white mother fuckers are all the same! You can't handle the heat! Try growing up in Alabama with a big old black women using your balls as her own personal play pin! Cracking your ass with a spiked whip, revoking your mother fucking manhood!

GIANCARLO is sweating profusely. He is holding on to DEAN as hard as he can.

DEAN (CONT'D)

You don't know true pain, Giancarlo! You've never experienced it!

GIANCARLO suddenly vomits all over DEAN.

DEAN stops squeezing GIANCARLO'S groin because he is in shock and GIANCARLO drops to the floor.

CUT TO:

INT. GIANCARLO'S HOUSE, CLOSET

NATASHA'S mouth is open, she's in shock over what she is hearing.

CUT TO:

INT. GIANCARLO'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM

DEAN continues to look down at GIANCARLO and at the vomit that is on his jacket.

PERRIGNON (O.S.)

Boss, do you want me to get you a towel?

A fatigued GIANCARLO looks up in a panic because NATASHA is in the linen's closet.

DEAN (O.S.)

Do I want a towel?

DEAN (CONT'D)

A towel for what?

DEAN glares at an off screen PERRIGNON.

Close up on a nervous PERRIGNON.

PERRIGNON

For the throw up that's on your jacket.

(He points to the vomit.)

DEAN looks down at the vomit. He then puts his hand in it and scoops some of it up. He walks slowly towards PERRIGNON.

PERRIGNON puts his hands up, showing he means no disrespect.

PERRIGNON (CONT'D)

Boss, I...

DEAN rubs the vomit on PERRIGNON'S face. PERRIGNON stands still but has a look of disgust on his face.

CARRONE has a look of disgust on his face.

GIANCARLO has a look of disgust on his face.

DEAN stabs at PERRIGNON and then clocks him with the power drill that is still in his hand.

PERRIGNON hits the floor hard, seizing his way to death.

CUT TO:

INT. GIANCARLO'S HOUSE, CLOSET

NATASHA is seen cringing, with her eyes shut tight, grinding her teeth.

DEAN (O.S.)

I embrace what happens to me! I'm  
not no little bitch boy!

CUT TO:

INT. GIANCARLO'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM

DEAN tosses his suit jacket off. He then turns around and look at GIANCARLO.

DEAN

I'm starting to get the sense that  
this is going to be a fun day. But  
you see here, Giancarlo, I'm  
getting real tired of using my fist  
to torment.

DEAN raises his power drill.

DEAN (CONT'D)

And I'm getting real tired of using  
this power drill to punch. But I've  
always wanted to practice  
dentistry, maybe today's the day I  
get to try.

GIANCARLO

If you really didn't do this, then  
you'll keep me alive to find out  
who did. And if you do kill me,  
that would pretty much answer the  
question. But you would have to  
kill Carrone too...

CARRONE

Hey!

DEAN  
 Shut up!  
 (To Carrone.)

DEAN (CONT'D)  
 And why is that?

GIANCARLO  
 You wouldn't want Carrone to know  
 your dirty little secret. That you  
 went against the family. That maybe  
 you were the unloyal one. Because  
 if Carrone knew, or if any one  
 knew, who's to say you wouldn't  
 turn on them next?

DEAN sighs with anger and disappointment.

DEAN  
 Well I didn't do this, Giancarlo.  
 And your logic is completely  
 idiotic. But I will keep you alive,  
 to find out who your partners are.  
 Oh and this power drill here...

DEAN lifts up the power drill and looks at it.

DEAN (CONT'D)  
 Drilling your teeth out won't kill  
 ya.

Medium close up on CARRONE.

DEAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 Bring him into the bathroom.

CARRONE nods to the off screen DEAN.

Close up on a glaring DEAN.

Close up on a glaring GIANCARLO.

FADE TO:

INT. WAREHOUSE (AFTERNOON)

TOMMY, MARTY AND JOE are in an abandoned warehouse, they were  
 supposed to use this warehouse for their movie. MARTY is tied  
 to an old wooden chair and TOMMY is finishing up the knot on  
 JOE, who is also in an old wooden chair.

MARTY (O.S.)  
 This is bull shit!

TOMMY is smoking a cigarette, he intentionally blows his smoke in JOE'S face, JOE starts to cough. A stressed TOMMY then walks to the center of the room.

TOMMY

Shut up! I don't want to hear it!

MARTY

We didn't do anything wrong!

TOMMY

Until I get a phone call from Gian,  
this is how it's gonna be!

JOE (O.S.)

Well why can't there be an open  
dialogue between us?

Shot focuses on JOE.

JOE (CONT'D)

Why does it have to be so hostile  
in here?

TOMMY (O.S.)

Hostile?

TOMMY walks over to JOE and gets in his face.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

You made it hostile when you  
punched me in my face!

JOE looks down at the ground, realizing TOMMY has made a valid point.

JOE

I'm sorry for that, I was scared.  
But do you really think we would  
frame Gian, Tommy?

TOMMY sighs because he is stressed and rubs his face. He then tosses his cigarette on the ground.

TOMMY

Where were you last night, Joe?

JOE is caught off guard by the question.

JOE

Where was I?

TOMMY (O.S.)

Yeah, where the fuck were you?

JOE looks over at MARTY.

MARTY puts his head down, knowing TOMMY is about to find out about the secret meeting from last night.

TOMMY (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
What's with all the looks? Where were you's last night?

MARTY  
We had a meeting with Gian.

TOMMY (O.S.)  
Excuse me?

TOMMY is shocked.

TOMMY (CONT'D)  
You had a meeting with who?

MARTY  
Gian and I met up at Joe's house last night to discuss a solution for our movie's crisis.

TOMMY walks up to MARTY.

TOMMY  
Are you fucking serious? Where the hell was my invite?

MARTY (O.S.)  
He didn't want you there.

TOMMY'S eyes widen.

TOMMY  
Who didn't want me there?

MARTY is unsure if he wants to answer.

MARTY  
Gian didn't want you there.

JOE (O.S.)  
He didn't want Dean there either.

TOMMY turns to look at JOE.

JOE (CONT'D)  
He just wanted it to be the three of us. What were we supposed to say?

TOMMY

How about, no Gian! Let's not fuck  
our business partner in the ass!

JOE puts his head down in shame.

TOMMY (O.S.) (CONT'D)

I invested money in this shit too  
you know!

MARTY

And you would have been paid back,  
100%.

TOMMY turns to MARTY.

TOMMY

Fuck you, Marty.

JOE

Tommy, you have every right to be  
upset, to feel betrayed. We're just  
telling you what happened. We never  
said we agree with Gian's thought  
process.

TOMMY points at JOE.

TOMMY

Well I think your story's bullshit.

JOE

What?

JOE looks surprised.

TOMMY continues to point at JOE.

TOMMY

As much of an asshole that Gian is,  
he would never screw me like that.  
In fact, I think it was you two  
mother fuckers that framed him! I  
should blow your brains out right  
now!

MARTY

You know it wasn't us, Tommy.

JOE

You think we did this?



TOMMY

You's some how fucked us over. And  
now we're paying the price!

TOMMY starts pointing to the door, out of exaggeration.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

And Gian's paying the ultimate  
price, getting ripped apart by  
Dean!

MARTY (O.S.)

What if Gian really did steal the  
money?

TOMMY turns his head and looks at MARTY.

TOMMY

What'd you say?

MARTY

Don't act in such denial, Tommy.  
What if Gian really did steal the  
money?

TOMMY starts to walk over towards MARTY now.

TOMMY

Are you serious? We've both known  
this guy since we were kids!

MARTY

But that doesn't mean shit, who  
would frame someone, leaving them  
\$10 million? What if Gian just got  
caught in the act? What if that's  
what we're really dealing with  
here?

TOMMY puts his head down for a moment in anger. TOMMY then  
suddenly punches MARTY in the face with a right hook.

JOE (O.S.)

Holy crap!

MARTY spits blood out of his mouth. TOMMY glares at him.

MARTY glares back.

MARTY

What the hell was that?

TOMMY

You must really think we're pieces of shit. Well let me tell you something, you cock sucking weasel, Gian would never do that! So why don't you just keep your mouth shut before I mash all your fucking teeth in!

MARTY'S anger and rage over powers him.

MARTY

Who's to say you're not involved too! It's all one big scam! All of it!

TOMMY throws MARTY a left hook, then a right hook. MARTY is now shaking his head, spitting out blood.

TOMMY (O.S.)

You want to keep talking, tough guy? I'll show no mercy!

JOE

Tommy, please. You're gonna kill him.

TOMMY

Shut up!

MARTY is fatigued from his beating, but he continues to challenge TOMMY.

MARTY

Put things in perspective, Tommy. Gian got caught with the money at his house. How could you explain that?

TOMMY starts grabbing his face and hair, because MARTY is bothering him.

TOMMY

Shut up!

MARTY (O.S.)

How can you explain that?

TOMMY

Shut up!

MARTY

How could you explain that!

In a moment of rage, TOMMY pushes MARTY'S chair over.

JOE (O.S.)

Jesus!

The fall breaks the chair, setting MARTY free.

TOMMY

I told you not to start with this  
shit! That I didn't want to hear  
any of your theories! But you just  
don't listen!

MARTY lays on the floor, trying to get up.

MARTY

Fuck you, Tommy.  
(Says quietly.)

TOMMY

What'd you say?

MARTY stands up filled with rage and gets in TOMMY'S face.

MARTY

I said fuck you!

TOMMY does not lose his cool surprisingly.

TOMMY

Sit back down, Marty.

MARTY

No! I won't be treated like a  
prisoner any longer!

TOMMY sighs and then pulls out a gun that was in his pants,  
behind his back. He is pointing it at MARTY now.

MARTY stands still but doesn't put his hands up, he does take  
a step back though.

JOE (O.S.)

Marty sit back down!

MARTY looks at JOE but doesn't say anything.

TOMMY

I'd listen to him if I were you.

MARTY

No. You either have to shoot me or  
cooperate with me.

TOMMY

You don't want to give me an ultimatum. You won't like how it turns out.

MARTY

No, actually I do want to give you an ultimatum. Because I know it will turn out my way. You might kick the shit out of me, but you'd never kill me.

TOMMY

You sure about that?

MARTY

Yeah I am sure, we've been friends since we were 5. There's more to our friendship than a bullet. You're too decent of a man to shoot me.

MARTY'S civil and kind words hurt TOMMY more than insults ever could.

TOMMY

Too decent of a man? You don't know me. You don't fucking know me!

MARTY

Of course I know you. And you know me. Tommy...

TOMMY

No!

TOMMY grabs on to MARTY'S shirt.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Shut the fuck up!

MARTY locks in with TOMMY and doesn't look away. TOMMY presses the gun up against Marty's head.

JOE looks concerned.

TOMMY (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Don't ever say you know me, because you don't.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

When you left Brownsville, Gian and I rose within the organization.

(MORE)

TOMMY (CONT'D)

We went from serving thugs and dealers, to becoming the thugs and dealers. We didn't have the privilege of coming out to Cali and going to school on 5 fucking scholarships. It may have been corrupt, but we earned every penny we made!

MARTY

And I didn't? I didn't earn what I accomplished?

TOMMY

I never said that. That's not the point.

MARTY

Then what is?

TOMMY studies Marty's face for a second.

TOMMY

We may have been friends a long time ago, but not anymore.

MARTY

Why not?

TOMMY

Because all you are is a corp. You're not the guy we knew.

TOMMY has tears in his eyes now.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

You're far from being the guy we knew.

A tear runs down TOMMY'S face.

MARTY

Tommy, are you crying?

TOMMY pushes MARTY away.

TOMMY

No.

TOMMY covers his face with his hands.

Medium close up on a shocked JOE.

JOE  
Holy shit.  
(Says to himself.)

MARTY is both concerned and confused to why TOMMY is crying.

MARTY  
Are you okay?

TOMMY  
Shut up, leave me alone.

MARTY puts his head down.

TOMMY (CONT'D)  
Fuck!

TOMMY chucks his gun against the wall and it misfires. He then kneels to the ground, crying hysterically.

MARTY and JOE both look at each other, they are both concerned, not knowing what the hell is going on.

After a few seconds, TOMMY'S crying calms down. TOMMY rubs his face.

TOMMY (CONT'D)  
How did it get this way? How the hell did it get this way?

JOE (O.S.)  
How did what get this way?

TOMMY glares at JOE, waiting a second before he responds.

TOMMY  
Everything.

TOMMY breathes deeply a few times.

TOMMY (CONT'D)  
I'm fucking Natasha, you know that?

MARTY (O.S.)  
What?

JOE (O.S.)  
Gian's ex girl?

TOMMY nods.

TOMMY  
Yeah.

MARTY  
For how long?

TOMMY  
The last few months. Now she's over there, fighting for her life in that fucking house.

MARTY  
Wait, what house?

TOMMY  
She's hiding in Gian's closet as we speak.

JOE  
His closet?

TOMMY stands up and rubs his face.

TOMMY  
Yeah. She went over to his place this morning.

JOE  
Why would she go over there if she's with you?

TOMMY sighs because he's curious too.

TOMMY  
I don't know.

MARTY stands there in shock, not knowing that to think.

TOMMY walks over to JOE. He takes out a pocket knife and starts cutting him free.

JOE  
What are you doing?

TOMMY  
What does it look like I'm doing?

MARTY (O.S.)  
Tommy?

TOMMY responds without looking up.

TOMMY  
What?

MARTY  
What are we going to do?

TOMMY

I don't know.

MARTY (O.S.)

We have to do something.

TOMMY stops carving JOE free and looks up at MARTY.

TOMMY

Do you really think Gian might have actually done this shit?

MARTY thinks before he responds.

MARTY

I don't know. But he seemed fully invested in it last night, I can't really see him being the one to steal the money.

TOMMY

You guys really met without me?

MARTY puts his head down in shame.

MARTY

I'm sorry. We shouldn't of done that.

TOMMY sighs and goes back to carving JOE free.

MARTY (CONT'D)

Do you think it was Dean?

TOMMY

Probably.

MARTY

We have to do something then, we can't just let him get away, Tommy.

JOE

We can't just walk into Gian's house, Marty. We'll never make it out alive.

MARTY

I invested all the money that I have into this. I can't afford to just walk away.

JOE

This isn't some cocktail party in the Palisades, Marty!

(MORE)



JOE (CONT'D)

This is life and death! Put your  
ego a side for a moment, this can't  
be about them!

TOMMY stops carving JOE free, he's both annoyed and  
interested in this argument.

MARTY

I never said it was!

TOMMY

It's not about who?

MARTY sighs because he doesn't want to discuss his past.

TOMMY (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Who are you talking about?

MARTY

No one.

JOE (O.S.)

Tell him, Marty.

MARTY

There's nothing to tell, Joe.

TOMMY

What the fuck are you's talking  
about? Was there another secret  
meeting? Are you talking about me?

MARTY

No. It's nothing important.

JOE

Marty's ex boss has been sleeping  
with Marty's ex wife. That's the  
big elephant in the room.

TOMMY

What?

MARTY sighs again.

MARTY

Thanks, Joe.  
(Sarcastic.)

JOE

What? Why hide it?

MARTY shakes his head in anger.

MARTY

You're nothing but a washed up has been. You know that? Why don't you go blow another \$50 grand on some stupid horse race or something!

MARTY turns away from the men.

JOE

Yeah, well at least I'm not a never was.

MARTY

Oh fuck you.

TOMMY is still in shock.

TOMMY

What the hell is going on here? Are you both fucking hacks or something?

MARTY turns back around.

MARTY

What?

TOMMY

Are you's even legit?

MARTY

Of course we are.

TOMMY

It doesn't sound like you are. You have a gambling problem?

JOE sighs.

JOE

A minor one but I'm good.

MARTY

He's far from good, he's broke too. His last few cents are invested in this as well.

TOMMY

And what about you? You were married?

MARTY

Divorced now.

TOMMY

How long were you married for?

MARTY sighs because he hates talking about this.

MARTY

I don't know, Tommy. She's dead to me now. It's an irrelevant part of my life.

TOMMY

It doesn't sound like an irrelevant part of your life. Did you have a wedding or something?

JOE

Oh boy.

MARTY

A small one, yeah.

TOMMY

Well where the hell was my invite?

MARTY

We didn't have many people there.

TOMMY

Was Gian invited?

MARTY

No.

TOMMY

Was he there?

TOMMY refers to JOE with his finger.

MARTY doesn't say anything because JOE was invited.

JOE

Yeah I was there, but I've known Marty for years though.

TOMMY

And I've known him since he was five, cocksucker!

TOMMY looks at MARTY with disgust.

MARTY

I'm sorry, Tommy.

TOMMY (O.S.)  
Don't even. You're such a little  
bitch, you know that?

MARTY nods his head in agreement slowly, not looking at TOMMY now.

TOMMY has a look of disgust on his face still.

TOMMY (CONT'D)  
You'll have this degenerate fuck up  
there, but not me? I'm not good  
enough?

TOMMY points to JOE again as he talks, referring to him.

MARTY  
I'm sorry, I was wrong to not  
invite you.

TOMMY looks at MARTY and shakes his head in disgust.

TOMMY  
Fuck you.

TOMMY turns away from the men, MARTY then follows. The room is silent.

JOE  
Can somebody finish untying me now?

FADE TO:

INT. GIANCARLO'S HOUSE, BATHROOM

CARRONE is drowning GIANCARLO'S head in his toilet bowl. He lifts GIANCARLO'S head up and GIANCARLO takes in as much air as he can.

DEAN (O.S.)  
Where's Le Macchione, Giancarlo?

GIANCARLO is too fatigued to answer.

DEAN is standing in the corner of the bathroom, the power drill is still in his hand.

DEAN (CONT'D)  
Where's Bale and Sweden? Were they  
involved too?

GIANCARLO again doesn't answer, it's as if he doesn't even hear DEAN. CARRONE looks at DEAN, waiting for instruction.

DEAN waves his hand, authorizing CARRONE to continue.

CARRONE stuffs GIANCARLO'S head back in and the impact cuts GIANCARLO'S head open. The toilet water is now filled with blood. GIANCARLO looks like he is suffering under the water.

DEAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Lift him.

CARRONE lifts GIANCARLO'S head up. GIANCARLO is grasping for air again.

DEAN (CONT'D)

Leave us, Robert. I want a few minutes alone with our boy here.

CARRONE tosses GIANCARLO on the floor violently.

CARRONE

I'll be outside.

DEAN nods his head in agreement and CARRONE leaves the bathroom.

CUT TO:

INT. GIANCARLO'S HOUSE, CLOSET

NATASHA listens anxiously with her ear against the door.

CUT TO:

INT. GIANCARLO'S HOUSE, BATHROOM

DEAN

You are a tough one, Giancarlo. Yes you are.

DEAN walks closer to GIANCARLO and stands on his hand, he then kneels down. GIANCARLO is in minor pain from this.

DEAN (CONT'D)

Your toughness is what inspires me to stay persistent here. To make you crack like a frail egg, and I will succeed.

GIANCARLO grabs DEAN by the throat with his free hand. DEAN simply stares into his eyes, with his own eyes big and wide.

GIANCARLO

I know you did this. You're just an old, bitter man. There's not enough money in this world that can please you. You won't get away this, I'll make it my dying mission to make sure of it. So let that fucking inspire you.

DEAN goes into a sudden rage. He jams his power drill into GIANCARLO'S leg and starts drilling. Blood, skin and tissue spew everywhere.

DEAN is sprayed with blood.

GIANCARLO screams in pain.

DEAN

How dare you, Giancarlo! How dare you threaten me like that!

GIANCARLO releases his grip on DEAN'S neck.

DEAN stops drilling GIANCARLO'S leg. He then stands up. GIANCARLO continues to have off screen screams.

DEAN (CONT'D)

You are nothing more than a grain of salt, Giancarlo. You have no power here! No power at all.

CARRONE opens the door.

CARRONE

Everything okay in here?

CARRONE is shocked when he sees GIANCARLO'S leg.

DEAN

Get the fuck out!

CARRONE shuts the door quickly.

CUT TO:

INT. GIANCARLO'S HOUSE, OUTSIDE THE BATHROOM

CARRONE stands there in shock.

CARRONE

Holy shit.  
(Says to himself.)

CUT TO:

INT. GIANCARLO'S HOUSE, CLOSET

NATASHA continues to anxiously listen through the door.

CUT TO:

INT. GIANCARLO'S HOUSE, BATHROOM

DEAN walks and looks in the mirror. He examines his face and all the blood that has stained him. He then punches the mirror. Glass goes everywhere. He shakes his hand, getting the sting out of it. DEAN breathes heavily, calming himself down.

GIANCARLO isn't screaming, but holding his leg, as blood spills out of it. He is waiting for what DEAN'S going to do next.

DEAN (O.S.)

You've forced me to do this, you do know that, right, Giancarlo?

GIANCARLO shakes his head in disagreement.

GIANCARLO

You love this shit. You love torturing people.

DEAN shrugs his shoulders and lifts his arms, as if he is accepting what GIANCARLO had just said.

DEAN

Yes, well what can I say, Giancarlo? I'm a man who enjoys blood. Always have been. Especially when I need to prove a point.

DEAN leans against the bathroom wall. He points to GIANCARLO.

DEAN (CONT'D)

And you, well you just keep egging me on.

GIANCARLO doesn't respond.

DEAN then strolls towards GIANCARLO again. He sits on the floor next to him, right in his blood. He puts his hand in the blood too.

DEAN (CONT'D)  
Isn't it astonishing to think that this pure red substance is what keeps us alive? It's what keeps our motor running?

GIANCARLO doesn't respond. He just looks straight ahead, continuing to bleed out.

DEAN notices this.

DEAN (CONT'D)  
Even if I decide not to kill you, you'll bleed out anyway.

GIANCARLO just sits there, pretty much emotionless.

DEAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
How does that make you feel?

GIANCARLO  
I'm okay with it, because you'll be dying too.

DEAN is surprised with GIANCARLO'S answer.

DEAN  
Again with the threats? Well time will tell Giancarlo, time will tell.

GIANCARLO smirks.

DEAN notices this as well.

DEAN (CONT'D)  
You know what makes me the hot damn best, Giancarlo?

Shot focuses on GIANCARLO.

DEAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
The reason why I have been able to fit in with all the Italian bullshit over the years?

GIANCARLO  
It's because you're one of them.

GIANCARLO does not make eye contact.



DEAN (O.S.)

Them?

DEAN (CONT'D)

Don't sit here and act like we weren't on the same team at one point.

GIANCARLO

My intentions were never the same as yours. I'm not like you.

GIANCARLO does not make eye contact.

DEAN

Of course you are. You did what I told you do. You've killed, you've sold. You've contributed in more ways than you'll ever know.

GIANCARLO sighs because he can not deny his contributions to the DEAN JACKSON gang.

GIANCARLO

At the end of the day, it all meant shit. Life means shit.

GIANCARLO does not make eye contact.

DEAN thinks a moment about what GIANCARLO had just said.

DEAN

Well that's a sad way to look at life, Giancarlo. A loser's mentality for sure. But getting back to my point, no, the reason I'm the hot damn best is not because I'm one of them. It's because I don't stop at any cost. I have no barriers, I have no limits.

GIANCARLO (O.S.)

You never did.

DEAN

I also know when someone's a no good liar. I can see it straight through them, like a mutt with its tale in between its legs.

Shot focuses on GIANCARLO.

DEAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
So I'm gonna give you one last,  
final opportunity to come clean.

DEAN (CONT'D)  
Tell me everything, Giancarlo. Tell  
me who your partners are and where  
I can find them. I'll spare you a  
torturous death, instead, I'll just  
give you a bullet straight to the  
head. And then, you can dream  
peacefully, with all this bullshit  
put behind you.

DEAN takes a deep breath.

DEAN (CONT'D)  
So what do you say, Giancarlo? Do  
we have a deal?

GIANCARLO looks at DEAN with a bit of anger and he takes a  
moment before answering.

GIANCARLO  
Go fuck yourself.

DEAN becomes enraged again. He slams the power drill back  
into GIANCARLO'S leg and starts drilling again.

GIANCARLO screams in pain.

CUT TO:

INT. GIANCARLO'S HOUSE, CLOSET

NATASHA hears the drill going off and she has this intense  
look of fear and disgust on her face.

DEAN (O.S.)  
You forget Giancarlo, that from the  
time I was 18 to age 26, I served  
time at one Rikers Island.

CUT TO:

INT. GIANCARLO'S HOUSE, BATHROOM

Blood is spewing more than it did before, making a mess in  
the bathroom and getting all over GIANCARLO and DEAN.

DEAN

That in the that time period, I learned the art of deception by the devil himself! You cannot get no lie past me, Giancarlo! I'm just too damn smart to do so! That's what separates us. I learned a long time ago that we live in a world where all people do is take from other people! A world where there is only few that stay good! And most of the time, they turn bad because bad happened to them! I learned that in order to be successful, you need to be aggressive! You need to be hands on!

DEAN stops drilling and stands up, standing over GIANCARLO. GIANCARLO is screaming in pain off screen.

GIANCARLO (O.S.)

You asshole!

GIANCARLO (CONT'D)

You fucking asshole!

DEAN

Yes Giancarlo! Get angry! Get motivated! Get passionate here!

DEAN then grabs GIANCARLO by his hair. He talks down to GIANCARLO, they look deep into each other's eyes.

DEAN (CONT'D)

You may think you have the ability to stick to your guns but you don't. You can't. I'm just too damn good. I know you have a high tolerance for pain, you have displayed that here today.

DEAN pauses, he just thought of something clever.

DEAN (CONT'D)

But what about your bitch, Natasha? Does she have a high tolerance for pain?

CUT TO:

INT. GIANCARLO'S HOUSE, CLOSET

NATASHA gulps when she hears DEAN bring her name up.

CUT TO:

INT. GIANCARLO'S HOUSE, BATHROOM

GIANCARLO'S eyes widen. He can't stand the thought of anyone hurting NATASHA.

DEAN lets go of Giancarlo's hair with a smile. He walks towards the door of the bathroom. He faces the bathroom door.

DEAN

Yes, that Natasha has one hell of a body.

DEAN turns back around smiling, to face GIANCARLO.

GIANCARLO'S face is angry.

DEAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Yes I love the way she prances around. Her and that tight little ass of hers.

GIANCARLO closes his eyes.

GIANCARLO

Shut up.

DEAN becomes as serious as a heart attack.

DEAN

Giancarlo, if you don't start talking, I'm gonna burn your bitch alive! But first, I'm gonna fuck her. I'm gonna fuck her real good too.

GIANCARLO closes his eyes because DEAN is getting to him.

DEAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

I'll put her in a little outfit. Don't worry though, it'll be something nice. Brown leather or some shit. I treat all my bitches with respect, I can assure you that.

GIANCARLO is disturbed by the thought of DEAN harming NATASHA. He twitches from it and keeps his eyes shut, trying to keep his head clean of those thoughts.

GIANCARLO  
Shut the fuck up!

DEAN kneels down to the same level of GIANCARLO but doesn't get to close to him.

DEAN  
I'll put her in chains. Whip her around a bit. Maybe I'll even let some of rooks have a shot at her.

GIANCARLO tries to get up but he can't. He can barely move from where he is sitting on the floor.

This makes DEAN smile again because he knows this is actually getting to GIANCARLO. DEAN stands up.

DEAN (CONT'D)  
You know what? I got a better idea. I'll keep you alive, so you can watch me tear that ass apart. How does that sound, Giancarlo? It sounds real swell to me.

DEAN laughs.

GIANCARLO  
You don't know where Natasha is. You don't know what's in store for you.

GIANCARLO does not make eye contact.

DEAN  
I know very well what's in store for me in this life, Giancarlo. And I'll find that bitch, an ass like that can't go missing for long.

GIANCARLO  
But what if she found you first? What if you didn't see her coming?

GIANCARLO does not make eye contact.

DEAN (O.S.)  
I always see it coming.

DEAN (CONT'D)

I'm like a vampire in the dark,  
who seeks the blood of the weak. By  
all means, Giancarlo, I'll always  
see it coming.

GIANCARLO breathes in a second.

DEAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

That's right, Giancarlo. Take it  
all in. Comprehend it all.

GIANCARLO

Light it up!

GIANCARLO does not make eye contact.

DEAN has a look of confusion on his face.

CUT TO:

INT. GIANCARLO'S HOUSE, CLOSET

NATASHA takes a deep breath, cocks the gun back and pushes  
the door open fast.

CARRONE is seen guarding the bathroom, he is panicked when he  
sees her.

CARRONE

Natasha?

Natasha shoots CARRONE in the head, she then goes up to the  
door.

CUT TO:

INT. GIANCARLO'S HOUSE, BATHROOM

DEAN looks towards the door, he goes to grab his gun from his  
pants. Bullets start flying through the door and DEAN is hit  
in the head, the bullet goes right through his skull.

GIANCARLO puts his hands up, shielding himself.

GIANCARLO

Stop! Stop! Stop!

CUT TO:

INT. OUTSIDE GIANCARLO'S BATHROOM.

NATASHA stops firing bullets. She breathes for a second and then kicks down the destroyed door.

She watches GIANCARLO lay on the bathroom floor, with his leg bleeding out.

NATASHA

Gian!

NATASHA runs into the bathroom.

INT. GIANCARLO'S BATHROOM (AFTERNOON)

NATASHA steps over DEAN'S dead body and all the broken glass. She kneels down next to GIANCARLO.

NATASHA

What'd he do to you?

GIANCARLO is fatigued from his leg and he doesn't answer.

NATASHA (CONT'D)

Can you move your leg?

GIANCARLO

No.

(At this point, he is talking in a low, quiet voice because of how weak he is.)

NATASHA

Shit, can you...

GIANCARLO

What are you doing here, Natasha?

GIANCARLO sighs in pain.

GIANCARLO (CONT'D)

Why'd you come out here? Why'd you leave Brownsville?

NATASHA pauses for a second, not wanting to reveal all that she has done recently.

NATASHA

Gian, we need to get you to a hospital. There's no time for this.

GIANCARLO

I'm bleeding out. By the time I get there, too much blood will be lost. This is it for me, you know that.

NATASHA

Gian, stop. We need...

GIANCARLO

This is it for me, Natasha. I'm not going anywhere.

NATASHA looks at GIANCARLO'S leg and then back at him.

Tears fill her eyes as she rubs his head.

GIANCARLO (CONT'D)

You came to my place this morning, and you never got a chance to tell me why.

NATASHA sighs as she wipes away tears.

GIANCARLO (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Tell me the truth. Why are you here? Why'd you come to my place this morning?

NATASHA is shaking her head, as if she doesn't want to reveal anything.

GIANCARLO sighs because he is tired.

GIANCARLO (CONT'D)

Just talk to me.

NATASHA

I can't, I just don't know any more.

GIANCARLO

Don't know what?

NATASHA

I want to tell you everything. But...

NATASHA pauses, looking at GIANCARLO.

GIANCARLO breathes deeply again.

GIANCARLO

But what?



NATASHA puts her head down in shame. She then looks at him with this certain intent, not wanting disappoint this dying man.

NATASHA

The most important thing that I need to say is that I'm sorry.

GIANCARLO (O.S.)

You're sorry?

NATASHA sighs because she really is sorry. She starts to rub his blood stained head.

NATASHA

Even though things have been rough between us, I didn't want you to think that you weren't important to me anymore. I...

GIANCARLO

I could have been better to you.

GIANCARLO grabs her hand.

GIANCARLO (CONT'D)

I could have been much better to you. You have no reason to be sorry.

NATASHA analyzes what GIANCARLO says, hating the fact that she was worse in the relationship than he was.

NATASHA

We could have been much better to each other.

NATASHA puts her free hand on top of GIANCARLO'S. She now is holding his hand with both of her hands.

GIANCARLO (O.S.)

We had fun though, right?

GIANCARLO stares into NATASHA'S eyes.

GIANCARLO (CONT'D)

It wasn't all bad, was it?

NATASHA smiles with tears in her eyes.

NATASHA

We had fun. A lot of fun.

GIANCARLO breathes heavily in pain.

GIANCARLO  
You need to go now.

NATASHA  
I'm staying right here with you,  
Gian.

GIANCARLO (O.S.)  
They'll find you. They'll ruin your  
life too.

NATASHA  
They're dead now.  
(She does not say this  
with pride.)

GIANCARLO  
More will come. They'll come from  
Brownsville, they'll be looking for  
anyone who's close to me. You're  
number one on that list.

NATASHA sighs because she is stressed and scared.

NATASHA  
Did you steal that money in the  
living room, Gian?

GIANCARLO'S eyes are filled with hatred when he answers her  
question.

GIANCARLO  
It was Dean. He wanted the \$10  
million all to himself. Framing me  
was the best option for him.

NATASHA  
Why?

GIANCARLO  
It gave him an excuse to kill me.  
He saw me as a threat to him,  
someone who could take him out.  
Someone who would, eventually take  
him out.

NATASHA is suddenly deep into thought.

GIANCARLO (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
That's all this ever was about,  
taking out a threat. Doing it in a  
way where the doer is unknown.

NATASHA  
The doer is unknown.  
(Self realization.)

NATASHA believes that TOMMY was behind this whole plot.

GIANCARLO (O.S.)  
But you need to go now.

GIANCARLO is pale and sweaty, the floor is also soaked in blood.

NATASHA (O.S.)  
I can't.

GIANCARLO  
Take the money in there, as much as  
you can, and just go. Never look  
back.

GIANCARLO slides down in minor pain, his whole body is on the floor now.

NATASHA  
But where would I go? What would I  
do?

GIANCARLO  
You'll have a fresh start.

Close up on a sad NATASHA.

GIANCARLO (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
You need to make yourself happy,  
Natasha. Take the money in there  
and go do whatever makes you happy.

NATASHA nods her head slowly in agreement.

NATASHA  
Okay, okay I will.  
(Quietly speaking.)

GIANCARLO  
Promise me.

NATASHA sighs in sadness.

NATASHA  
I promise.

GIANCARLO breathes deeply in pain.

NATASHA rubs his head, she is quietly crying.

GIANCARLO  
I thought producing this thing was  
a way out.

NATASHA  
I know.

GIANCARLO (O.S.)  
But there is no way out.

GIANCARLO'S eyes start to get heavy.

GIANCARLO (CONT'D)  
We're trapped. We're trapped until  
we die. And then, that's it.

GIANCARLO lets go of her hand, closes his eyes and dies.

NATASHA  
Gian?  
(Panicked.)

She puts her hand on his pulse but does not feel anything. She takes a deep breath, attempting to hold it together, but she can't. She starts balling with tears. She puts her head onto his chest.

NATASHA (CONT'D)  
I'm so sorry, Gian. I'm so sorry he  
did this to you.  
(Hysterical)

NATASHA continues to cry.

NATASHA (CONT'D)  
I never wanted this. I never wanted  
it to be this way. I swear to you I  
didn't.  
(Hysterical)

NATASHA lifts her head up and takes another deep breath, trying to regain her composure. She takes a few deep breathes.

NATASHA (CONT'D)  
I promise I'll get him for this. He  
won't get away.  
(Half way hysterical)

NATASHA then kisses GIANCARLO'S head. She stands up and looks at his dead body. She looks around the bathroom and she see's DEAN'S dead body as well.

She grabs her gun from the floor and looks at it with great intent. Tears still drip from her eyes and her hands tremble.

FADE TO:

INT. TOMMY'S CAR (AFTERNOON)

TOMMY is driving, JOE is in the passenger seat and MARTY is sitting behind JOE.

MARTY

Come on, Tommy, we got bigger things at stake than this. Can you please talk to me?

TOMMY

I don't want to fucking talk to you, Marty. I just want to get to Gian's place and get this shit over with. I'm not doing this for you. I'm doing this for Natasha, that's all.

TOMMY looks at MARTY through his rearview mirror.

JOE

How ruthless do you think these guys are going to be?

TOMMY

Extremely.

TOMMY says without even looking at JOE, he keeps his eyes on the road again.

JOE

Oh, okay, good.  
(Sarcastic)

MARTY

Why does it make you so angry? You said it yourself, that our friendship started to die off.

TOMMY

Fuck you.

MARTY

Tommy, I want to understand where your anger is stemming from.

TOMMY

Don't talk to me like a fucking pussy, Marty. I'm not into that gay therapeutic shit.

MARTY rolls his eyes.

MARTY

Fine, whatever. I'm sorry that I give a damn.

TOMMY

You don't give two shit's, you're not fooling no one.

MARTY nods his head in disagreement.

MARTY

Okay, Tommy. You have all the answers.

(Sarcastic)

TOMMY gives MARTY a dirty look through his rearview mirror.

JOE starts breathing heavily, as if he is having a panic attack.

TOMMY

What the hell's wrong with you?

JOE

I can't do this.

TOMMY rolls his eyes and shakes his head.

MARTY

What?

MARTY leans in.

JOE

I'm no fighter. I mean look at me, I'm wearing a red silk robe for Christ's sake. You don't want me. You really don't.

MARTY

You're bailing on us?

JOE

I'm more of a liability than an asset in this scenario.

TOMMY  
Un fucking believable!

JOE  
Tommy, I'm sorry. I just...

TOMMY  
That's real fucking weak, you know that?

JOE  
Oh come on, Tommy. Don't be mad at me. I've been through a lot today.

MARTY  
We've all been through a lot today.

JOE  
My butler was killed, I'm traumatized!

TOMMY shakes his head in annoyance.

MARTY  
Charles was killed?

JOE  
By Tommy!

TOMMY  
I didn't kill no one, he's full of shit.

JOE  
You shot him in his head and called him a, "wimpy cunt"!

In anger, TOMMY aggressively pulls over to the side of the road. MARTY falls back into his seat.

MARTY  
Shit.  
(He says this as a reaction to TOMMY'S aggressive driving.)

JOE  
Jesus!  
(Reaction to TOMMY'S aggressive driving.)

TOMMY  
Get out, go.

JOE  
Tommy, I don't want things to end  
this way between us. I...

TOMMY puts his hands up to JOE.

TOMMY  
Joe, I don't want to hear your  
shit. Get the fuck out of my car.

JOE has a look of disappointment on his face but he accepts  
what TOMMY says.

JOE  
Fine.

JOE gets out of the car.

MARTY looks disappointed in the back.

TOMMY looks through his rearview mirror at MARTY.

TOMMY  
You gonna bitch out too?

MARTY sighs because he hates the reality that he is about to  
admit.

MARTY  
Coming with you is my only option,  
I can't afford to bitch out.

TOMMY  
Fine.

TOMMY puts the car in drive and takes off.

CUT TO:

EXT. OUTSIDE (AFTERNOON)

JOE takes a deep breath as he watches TOMMY'S car take off.  
He is standing in the street.

JOE  
Jesus Christ.  
(Says to himself.)

JOE eye line matches with a gas station.

CUT TO:



INT. GAS STATION (AFTERNOON)

JOE is standing in his robe, inside the gas station talking to the CASHIER, 46 and Indian.

JOE

I promise, when my ride gets here  
I'll give you \$20 bucks. Just one  
phone call, that's all.

CASHIER

Fine man, but I expect my \$20  
bucks.

JOE

I promise.

The CASHIER gives JOE his phone.

JOE dials a number.

The CASHIER watches JOE with his arms crossed.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARALLEL PARKING SPACES (AFTERNOON)

TOMMY'S car pulls up to a spot with a meter.

CUT TO:

INT. TOMMY'S CAR (AFTERNOON)

TOMMY pulls up to this spot that is next to GIANCARLO'S street. TOMMY aligns the car.

MARTY

Why are you parking here?

TOMMY

I don't want them to see me pull  
up.

MARTY

What if we just drove the car up to  
the door, and just came out  
shooting?

TOMMY

That's stupid. We'd be revealing  
our selves to soon.

MARTY

But it's a more aggressive way to go about it.

TOMMY

No, we'll hop fences and crawl our way through. Don't act like such a little bitch.

MARTY roll his eyes.

TOMMY (O.S.) (CONT'D)

And don't roll your eyes again at me.

TOMMY glares at MARTY.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

I'll rip them right the fuck out.

MARTY sits there in silence, not wanting to hear TOMMY'S shit anymore.

TOMMY pulls up into a paralleled spot with a meter. After he gets the car properly in the spot, they sit there for a moment.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

You ready?

MARTY takes a deep breath.

MARTY

As ready as I'll be.

TOMMY

Good, get the meter. I don't want to get a ticket.

TOMMY gets out of the car.

MARTY sits there with an annoyed look on his face.

FADE TO:

INT. GIANCARLO'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM (AFTERNOON)

TOMMY kicks open the front door and both himself and MARTY run through pointing their guns.

They see that RAGUSA, PERRIGNON and CARRONE are all dead, laying on the floor.

MARTY (O.S.)  
What the hell happened here?

TOMMY looks over at the corner of the living room.

TOMMY  
Hey!

The corner is empty, no money in sight.

TOMMY (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Where the hell is the money?

MARTY looks both confused and disappointed.

MARTY  
I don't know, but that's a good question. Do you think Gian left with it?

TOMMY  
Natasha? Gian?  
(Calls out for them.)

TOMMY sighs because he is stressed.

TOMMY (CONT'D)  
I swear, they better not have took off with it without me.

MARTY notices the broken down bathroom door. His heart starts beating fast. He puts his gun down on the floor and he slowly walks up to the bathroom.

TOMMY is on his cellphone.

TOMMY (CONT'D)  
Where you going?

MARTY points to the bathroom, as he steps over the dead bodies. He walks up to the bathroom door.

He looks at a dead DEAN, then at a dead and battered GIANCARLO.

MARTY'S face turns green as he vomits on the floor. He feels weak so he drops to his knees as he vomits again.

This catches TOMMY'S attention and he rolls his eyes.

TOMMY (CONT'D)  
Why the hell are you barfing for?

TOMMY runs over to MARTY. He sees what happened in the bathroom. He gulps and walks into the bathroom.

INT. GIANCARLO'S HOUSE, BATHROOM

TOMMY stands over them. He first looks at DEAN, in disbelief that he's actually dead. He then looks at GIANCARLO, he puts his head down in sorrow.

CUT TO:

INT. GIANCARLO'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM (AFTERNOON)

GIANCARLO'S bedroom door flies open and an anxious NATASHA comes out pointing a gun.

NATASHA

Put your fucking hands up!

As NATASHA walks towards him, MARTY stands up in fear and puts his hands up.

TOMMY (O.S.)

Nat, it's just us!

TOMMY comes out of the bathroom and NATASHA clocks him in the face with her gun.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Ah! You fucking bitch!

NATASHA

Put your hands up, Tommy! I'm serious!

TOMMY looks at her with a bit of disbelief and anger but then puts his hands up. He stands next to MARTY.

TOMMY

You need to relax, Natasha.

NATASHA

Shut the fuck up, Tommy! I'll put a bullet through your ginny head! I'm not shitting you!

TOMMY puts his head down, spitting blood out of his mouth.

NATASHA (O.S.) (CONT'D)

You see this shit?

NATASHA (CONT'D)  
 You see what I've been through  
 today?

TOMMY  
 It's over now.

NATASHA shoots TOMMY in his right leg and he falls to the  
 floor in pain.

MARTY is startled.

TOMMY (CONT'D)  
 Ah! Mother fucker! What the hell is  
 wrong with you?

NATASHA  
 I warned you! Now shut up! Don't  
 you dare make another sound!

TOMMY sits on the floor in pain.

NATASHA (CONT'D)  
 Now one at a time, you're gonna  
 drop your guns. You hear me? One at  
 a time.

She points her gun down at TOMMY. TOMMY glares at her, as he  
 sits on the floor in pain.

NATASHA (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 Don't try anything stupid.

He grabs his gun from his pants and slides it on the floor  
 towards her.

NATASHA (CONT'D)  
 Now you.  
 (To Marty.)

MARTY  
 My gun's on the floor over there.

She looks over and see's it on the floor.

NATASHA  
 Who the hell are you?

MARTY  
 My name is Marty Bale, I'm a  
 childhood friend of Tommy and  
 Gian...

NATASHA (O.S.)  
Gian's dead!

MARTY closes his eyes for a second because it's difficult to process the fact that GIANCARLO'S actually dead.

MARTY  
I know.

MARTY breathes deeply, trying to slow down the situation.

MARTY (CONT'D)  
Why don't you put down the gun and tell me what happened here today?

NATASHA  
What happened here? Gian was framed! That's what happened here today! He was framed by Tommy!

MARTY is in shock to hear this.

TOMMY (O.S.)  
What?

TOMMY (CONT'D)  
What the fuck are you talking about, Natasha?

NATASHA takes a few steps closer to TOMMY and points her gun at him.

NATASHA  
Last night, you told me Gian had to die. You said you had no other choice.

MARTY  
Is this true, Tommy?

TOMMY  
She's full of shit.

NATASHA  
You said that because you were with me, that Gian had to die. Then after I said I didn't want that to happen, you went into a state of rage and left!

MARTY  
Tommy, what did you do?

TOMMY

I didn't fucking do this shit!

NATASHA

Liar!

NATASHA smacks TOMMY in the face with her gun again and TOMMY falls over in pain.

TOMMY then grabs his now bruised and cut face, as he lays on the floor.

NATASHA (CONT'D)

You turned me into a killer! I told you I didn't want Gian to die because of me! I fucking told you!

TOMMY continues to hold his face but he sits up.

TOMMY

And he didn't! Why the fuck would I steal \$10 million for that? I wouldn't even know how to get the money in his living room!

NATASHA shakes her head in disagreement and in disappointment.

TOMMY (O.S.) (CONT'D)

You act as if Gian was so innocent.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Do you know he held a meeting for the movie last night, without me? Who the hell knows what he was really up to!

NATASHA cocks the gun back, as if she's ready to shoot.

MARTY (O.S.)

Don't do it, Natasha.

MARTY (CONT'D)

You'll regret it.

NATASHA turns to MARTY, still pointing the gun at TOMMY though.

NATASHA

I already have my regrets.

NATASHA then turns to TOMMY and shoots him in the forehead, blood spews everywhere. He falls back, eyes still open.

A bloody NATASHA looks at TOMMY'S dead corpse, looking at him with a blank expression.

MARTY is breathing heavy, clearly disturbed by his death.

NATASHA puts her head down but talks to MARTY.

NATASHA (CONT'D)  
Did you help him?

MARTY  
No, he kidnapped me this morning.

NATASHA nods her head, acknowledging what MARTY says.

MARTY (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
It was my movie that we were making. I wrote it.

NATASHA walks into the bedroom, out of the frame.

MARTY stands there not knowing what to do. He is at first hesitant.

MARTY (CONT'D)  
He came to save you, you know?

NATASHA comes back in, smoking a cigarette, her purse strapped around her chest. Her gun is in her right hand.

NATASHA  
He came to save himself.

MARTY puts his head down.

NATASHA (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
He didn't want Gian to find out about us.

NATASHA takes a puff of her cigarette.

NATASHA (CONT'D)  
And he didn't, you know that?

MARTY lifts his head up.

MARTY  
Tommy was really willing to kill him over that?

NATASHA sighs.

NATASHA  
We're here aren't we?



NATASHA takes another puff of her smoke.

MARTY takes a deep breath and looks around.

MARTY

Was there ever any money here to begin with? Or was that a lie too?

NATASHA

It's in my car.

MARTY'S eyes widen.

NATASHA looks at MARTY dead in the eyes, making it clear what she is planning.

NATASHA (CONT'D)

My trunk, my back seat. My dashboard.

She takes a puff from her smoke.

NATASHA (CONT'D)

All of it.

MARTY

You're taking it?

NATASHA

It's mine now.

MARTY

You can't do that! That's our hard earned money!

NATASHA

It's blood money.

NATASHA starts to walk past MARTY but he grabs her arm. They are standing in the center of the living room.

MARTY

It's not blood money. I'm not in the mob. I'm a film writer. My money in that pile is all that I have.

NATASHA shrugs her arm free, she then starts walking towards the door. MARTY walks after her.

MARTY (CONT'D)

Natasha!

She goes to open the door but MARTY pushes it closed with his hand.

MARTY (CONT'D)  
I can't let you do this, that's my  
life savings that you're taking.  
I'm sorry but I just can't.

NATASHA sighs and points her gun in his face. MARTY eyes widen and he stays frozen.

NATASHA  
How do you want this to go? Because  
I'm good with either way.

Steady shot of them just standing there.

CUT TO:

INT. NATASHA'S CAR (AFTERNOON)

NATASHA has her sun glasses on, a car filled with money and has her radio blasting. She is jamming to, "Just A Girl" by No Doubt. She looks calm, cool and collected, despite having her face and clothes messy and stained with blood.

NATASHA then smiles and laughs a bit, despite a tear drop, that runs down her face.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY (LATE AFTERNOON)

NATASHA drives off into the sunset.

FADE TO:

EXT. GIANCARLO'S HOUSE (LATE AFTERNOON)

The van from the night before pulls up.

CUT TO:

INT. VAN

DRIVER is driving, THIEF 1 is in the passenger seat and THIEF 3 is in the back. They are all looking out DRIVER'S window, hunched together.

THIEF 1

Do you think it's safe to go in?

DRIVER sighs, because he doesn't know what to do.

DRIVER

I guess we'll find out.

CUT TO:

INT. GIANCARLO'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM (LATE AFTERNOON)

DRIVER is standing in the living room looking at all the dead bodies. THIEF 3 is in the bathroom and THIEF 1 is in the bedroom.

THIEF 3 comes out of the bedroom.

THIEF 1

We're good in the bedroom.

THIEF 3 (O.S.)

Yup!

THIEF 3 comes out of the bathroom.

THIEF 3 (CONT'D)

They're all dead in here too.

DRIVER nods his head.

DRIVER

Just the two are missing?

THIEF 1 (O.S.)

Yeah, the girl and that guy.

DRIVER nods again with a small sigh.

DRIVER

Alright, lets go.

CUT TO:

EXT. GAS STATION (AFTERNOON)

JOE is standing by a fence at the gas station. The van pulls up next to him. The three men get out.

JOE

What took you so long?

The men can't take their eyes off JOE'S robe. They are smiling.

THIEF 3  
Yo, what's with the robe?

The three men start laughing.

JOE is annoyed by this, nodding his head, waiting for them to be finished.

JOE  
Yeah, laugh it up. For your information though, I was kidnapped today.

THIEF 3  
Kidnapped?

JOE  
That's right, kidnapped, so keep laughing it up. Enjoy yourselves.  
(Sarcastic.)

THIEF 1  
Who kidnapped you?

JOE  
Le Macchione.

THIEF 3  
How the hell did you get out of that?

JOE  
The man's a total loony toon. He freaked out over everything and kidnapped me and Bale. Once he came to his senses, he dropped me off on his way over to go save the prick.

THIEF 1  
There wasn't any saving go on in there.

JOE  
What does that mean?

THIEF 1  
Everyone over there was dead.

JOE smiles.

DRIVER  
But there were two missing.

JOE is now a bit nervous.

JOE  
Who?

DRIVER  
The girl and that one guy you said.

JOE  
Which guy? Hughes? Le Macchione?  
Bale?

DRIVER  
Yeah that one.

JOE  
Bale?

DRIVER  
Yeah, the girl and him aren't gonna  
be a problem?

JOE  
No, they're harmless.

DRIVER has a quiet look of relief on his face.

JOE (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
The decoy was gone?

THIEF 1  
Yeah, all of it.

JOE smiles.

JOE  
Thank God.

DRIVER  
By the way, you owe me an extra \$20  
grand.

JOE  
\$20 grand? We're splitting \$10  
million.

DRIVER  
Your boy shot my boys Lenny and  
Emilio last night. Lenny was hit  
right through my van's window.

They all look at the passenger window.

DRIVER (CONT'D)

That's gonna cost a couple hundred to fix.

JOE

Okay, but you said \$20 grand.

DRIVER

As a compensation fee.

JOE

A compensation fee?

DRIVER

I can't forget about them unless I get reimbursed.

JOE

I can tell that they mean much to you.

(Sarcastic)

The three men are annoyed and insulted by JOE'S comments.

THIEF 3

Fuck you, Joe.

DRIVER puts his hand up his men and then walks closer to JOE and gets in his face a bit. JOE is intimidated.

DRIVER

We did a lot for your ass, bruh. We called that one dude, snatched that other dude.

THIEF 1

We also hauled all that fakes ass dough into his place.

DRIVER

We saved your fucking ass, bruh.

JOE

I know, I know. I'll pay you. Relax.

DRIVER

How much debt are you in?

JOE sighs.

JOE  
More than you could ever imagine.

DRIVER  
With out us, you'd be dead with a  
rusted pipe shoved up your ass,  
don't forget that.

JOE closes his eyes for a second, trying to not to see that  
image in his head.

JOE  
I know. I know.

DRIVER  
Yeah, you better fucking know.

DRIVER backs away from JOE.

JOE  
I need you guys to do me one more,  
on the house though.

The men look at JOE, who looks scared as it is.

CUT TO:

INT. JOE SWEDEN'S MANSION (AFTERNOON)

JOE walks in to his mansion with the men. The place is still  
a mess from the morning. The men are impressed with the size  
of JOE'S mansion.

THIEF 1  
Yo, this is a nice ass place.

JOE  
When it's not filled with dead  
bodies.

They look down and look at the BUTLER'S dead body laying  
there in a puddle of blood. There is a brief moment of  
silence.

THIEF 1  
Got any orange juice?

JOE is a bit surprised that this man asked for juice.

JOE  
Uh, yeah, in the refrigerator.

THIEF 1

Cool.

THIEF 1 leaves to go into the kitchen.

DRIVER

This was your butler?

JOE

His name was Charles, he was a good man.

DRIVER

How long did he work for you?

JOE sighs, thinking about him.

JOE

A long time, he was good to me.

THIEF 3

And now he's dead.

JOE looks at THIEF 3.

JOE

Le Macchione killed him, not me.

DRIVER

He was killed in battle, it happens.

DRIVER looks at JOE deep in the eyes, JOE doesn't really understand the battle comment but he goes along with it.

JOE

Yeah.

JOE has a moment where he's grieves the death of his butler but then suddenly changes the conversation.

JOE (CONT'D)

Hey, after we're done here, can we go to your place to split up the money?

DRIVER and THIEF 3 look at each other, as if they are communicating with their minds.

DRIVER

This needs to be done first.

THIEF 1 comes out of the kitchen with a butcher's knife in his left hand and a glass of orange juice in his right.



JOE notices this and sighs.

JOE  
Are we cutting him up with that?

THIEF 1 stares at JOE.

DRIVER (O.S.)  
Grab him.  
(Says to THIEF 3)

THIEF 3 grabs JOE quickly and locks his arms in. Off screen, you can hear THIEF 1 throwing the glass of orange juice to the ground.

JOE  
What the hell is going on? What are you guys doing?

DRIVER  
You know exactly what we're doing.

JOE  
I thought we had something good here! Don't do it! Please don't kill me!

DRIVER  
It's just business, Joe. Why keep \$5 million when we can keep 10?

JOE  
Keep it all, I don't care!

THIEF 1 slices JOE in the throat and as his neck spews with blood, THIEF 3 drops him. JOE is now choking to death from his knees.

THIEF 1 walks around to JOE'S back side and looks at DRIVER, who looks back with great intent. DRIVER gives him a nod.

THIEF 1 grabs JOE from behind and stabs him in the back, he leaves the knife in him. JOE drops and is now dead on the floor, laying in a puddle of his own blood.

The three men stand there in silence, looking at JOE'S dead corpse.

THIEF 1  
He was a piece of shit any ways.

DRIVER'S head is facing the floor. THIEF 3 is standing a little behind him, looking up at the ceiling and the walls.

THIEF 3

This is a nice ass place though.  
What do we now?

DRIVER takes a moment before he answers.

DRIVER

Clean this place out and then go  
separate our money.

The men shake their heads in agreement and split up.

THIEF 1 goes to the kitchen, and THIEF 3 goes upstairs.

DRIVER looks down at JOE'S dead body one last time.

FADE TO BLACK.

WALTON (V.O.)

You're not fucking man enough!  
You're not fucking man enough!  
You're not fucking man enough!

CUT TO:

INT. TOMMY'S CAR (NIGHT)

A jittery and anxious MARTY sits in the Mercedes E 350,  
holding a hand gun with his trembling hand.

He looks out his window, the car is parked in a parking lot.  
He has a clear view of this huge office complex, with a grand  
sign that reads, "Dynamite Films".

MARTY takes a breath and then opens his car door.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARKING LOT (NIGHT)

After he gets out of the car, MARTY tucks the gun in his  
pants and starts walking towards the Dynamite Films building.  
He looks clearly disturbed and highly stressed.

TOMMY (V.O.)

You're such a little bitch, you  
know that?

MARTY twitches.

JOE (V.O.)  
Making this movie because of Finley  
isn't going to change anything.

MARTY shakes his head, trying to get the voices out of his head.

NATASHA (V.O.)  
What happened here? Gian was  
framed! That's what happened here  
today! He was framed by Tommy!

WALTON (V.O.)  
You're not fucking man enough!  
You're not fucking man enough!  
You're not fucking man enough!

MARTY screams and pushes a trash can over. He stands over it, with a look of intense anger on his face.

CUT TO:

INT. FINLEY'S OFFICE WAITING ROOM, DYNAMITE FILMS (NIGHT)

WALTON'S secretary ANNETTE, 63 and white, is sitting at her desk, typing on her computer.

MARTY (O.S.)  
Walton!

ANNETTE looks up from her computer as an angry MARTY walks into the waiting room. ANNETTE rolls her eyes.

MARTY (CONT'D)  
Get me Walton, Annette.

ANNETTE  
How'd you get up here, Marty?

MARTY  
Where's Walton? I need to talk to  
him.

ANNETTE  
I'm calling security.

ANNETTE grabs the phone.

MARTY storms into WALTON'S office.

INT. FINLEY'S OFFICE, DYNAMITE FILMS (NIGHT)

WALTON'S office is big and spacious, he sits in the center of it with a big desk. He is on the phone when MARTY walks in.

WALTON has a look of disappointment on his face when he sees MARTY.

WALTON

Yeah, I'm gonna have to call you back. Some shit head just walked into my office. Okay, bye.

(On phone.)

WALTON hangs up the phone, MARTY stands in front of the desk, not to close but also not to far.

WALTON (CONT'D)

Bale?

MARTY

Hello, Walton.

WALTON examines MARTY from head to toe.

WALTON

You look like shit.

MARTY closes his eyes for a second but then nods his head, accepting WALTON'S comment.

MARTY

Well, that's my life these days.

WALTON doesn't know how to respond, so he picks up a piece of paper from his desk and starts to read it.

WALTON

What do you want, Bale?

MARTY breathes for a second, trying to think of what he should ask.

MARTY

Are you still with, Elena?

WALTON

No.

MARTY (O.S.)

Why not?

WALTON

Loss of chemistry.

MARTY (O.S.)  
How are things here?

WALTON  
Fine.

MARTY (O.S.)  
Do you miss me?

WALTON looks up.

WALTON  
What?  
(Annoyed.)

MARTY  
Do, you, miss, me?

WALTON glares at MARTY in the eyes.

WALTON  
No, not at all.

MARTY  
I need my old job back, Walton. You  
owe me my old job back.

WALTON  
I owe you jack shit.

MARTY  
I tried producing my own movie but  
that was a shit show. I had a bunch  
of mobsters invest with me, they're  
all dead now.

WALTON has an overwhelmed look on his face.

MARTY (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
The one robbed me and the whore  
that he was sleeping with ended up  
stealing my entire life savings. I  
have nothing now.

WALTON  
What is this? Another shitty movie  
idea?

MARTY  
No it's the truth, call Joe Sweden  
if you don't believe me. He was  
supposed to direct this thing.  
He...

WALTON puts up his hands.

WALTON

I don't want to call piece of shit,  
Joe Sweden, Bale. And I don't want  
to hear your sob story.

MARTY puts his head down, sad WALTON is showing him no sympathy.

WALTON (O.S.) (CONT'D)

I don't want to hear about your  
dead mobster friends or how  
pathetic your fucking life is. You  
understand? I don't want to hear  
it.

WALTON points his finger at MARTY.

WALTON (CONT'D)

Now the reason you're a world class  
fuck up is not because I slept with  
your wife, it's not because I fired  
your ass, and it's not because your  
broke. It's because you're weak,  
you're spineless and you're an  
embarrassment to yourself.

MARTY continues to keep his head down in shame.

WALTON (O.S.) (CONT'D)

I mean look at you, you look like  
you've been living in a donkey's  
ass for the last week.

WALTON (CONT'D)

Go grab a pair of balls, take a  
shower and get the fuck out of my  
sight.

MARTY is shocked over WALTON'S harshness.

MARTY

Fine.

WALTON glares at MARTY.

The SECURITY GUARD, 59 and white, knocks on the door and then stands in the doorway. MARTY turns around.

SECURITY GUARD

Everything okay in here?

WALTON

No, this man shouldn't be here.

The SECURITY GUARD walks into the office and walks up to MARTY.

SECURITY GUARD

Okay, lets go.

MARTY continues to stand there as WALTON glares at him. The SECURITY GUARD puts his hand on MARTY'S arm.

SECURITY GUARD (CONT'D)

Let's go, sir.

MARTY is sweating bullets.

JOE (V.O.)

Well, I hate to say it, but making this movie won't solve your problems and it won't give you the satisfaction that you need.

MARTY twitches.

WALTON continues to look at MARTY with anger, not really sure why he is standing there.

MARTY continues to stand there, breaking down from the inside. He is blinking heavily and is twitching.

ELENA (V.O.)

I'm so sorry, Marty. I never wanted to hurt you with this.

WALTON (V.O.)

You're weak, you're spineless and you're an embarrassment to yourself.

TOMMY (V.O.)

Fuck you, Marty.

WALTON stands up.

WALTON

Okay, now I'm personally gonna escort you out.

MARTY screams and in a moment of desperation, he pulls out his gun and smacks the guard in the face with the gun.

He hits the floor hard in pain, out cold.

WALTON looks concerned, keeping his hands half way up as if he is surrendering.

WALTON (CONT'D)  
What the hell, have you gone mad?

MARTY  
No, I'm far from being mad actually. I think I just woke up to tell you the truth!

MARTY points his gun at WALTON with a bit of a deranged look.

WALTON  
You need to calm down, Bale. You don't want to do anything you're gonna regret.

MARTY  
I don't? Tell me, Walton. Why wouldn't I?

MARTY starts to walk towards WALTON.

MARTY (CONT'D)  
I'm jobless, wifeless and now I'm broke! What the hell do I have to lose?

An off screen scream by ANNETTE can be heard.

ANNETTE is standing by the door.

MARTY (CONT'D)  
Oh good, Annette, just the bitch that I wanted to see!

MARTY looks at ANNETTE, still pointing the gun at WALTON.

ANNETTE  
What are you doing?  
(Horrorified)

MARTY (O.S.)  
What does it look like I'm doing, Annette?

MARTY (CONT'D)  
Maybe if you stopped jerking around on your computer all the time, you'd have a better sense of things.  
(Sarcastic)



MARTY grabs WALTON and holds the gun to his head. WALTON keeps his hands up and also keeps himself composed. ANNETTE has an off screen scream.

MARTY (CONT'D)  
How does it feel, Walton? How does  
it feel that your life is in my  
hands now?  
(Whispers)

WALTON breathes deeply.

WALTON  
Terrifying.

MARTY  
Good. Now start walking.

WALTON  
Start walking?

MARTY sighs with annoyance.

MARTY  
Start walking, Walton, or I'll blow  
off your fucking head!

WALTON  
Fine.

WALTON starts walking, his hands are still up and MARTY walks behind him, still pointing his gun. They walk out of the office, ANNETTE stands out of there way, looking on in horror.

When they leave the room, she looks at the SECURITY GUARD laying on the floor.

She starts breathing heavy and then passes out, hitting the floor herself.

CUT TO:

INT. MAIN FLOOR OF DYNAMITE (NIGHT)

The elevator door opens and just like we saw upstairs, WALTON has his hands up and MARTY is standing behind him, pointing his gun at him.

They leave the elevator and walk through the main floor of the building, which is still filled with people, despite it being around 7 PM at night. They all scream when they see what's going on.

WALTON has a look of embarrassment on his face. MARTY looks deranged and possessed still.

People around them put their hands up.

MARTY

No need to panic people, I'm not here for you. I have exactly who I want.

MARTY breathes.

MARTY (CONT'D)

I'm just a man, who's been screwed over one too many times today. I'm no criminal and I'm no crazy person.

MARTY breathes again.

MARTY (CONT'D)

Keep walking, dick bag.  
(To WALTON.)

MARTY and WALTON leave through the doors, everyone watches with horror as they leave.

CUT TO:

EXT. DYNAMITE FILMS (NIGHT)

They exit the building and keep walking.

WALTON

Where are we going?

MARTY

Shut up and keep walking.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARKING LOT (NIGHT)

They are now by TOMMY'S car.

WALTON

Who's car is this?

MARTY unlocks it.

MARTY

Open the door and get in the back.

WALTON sighs and opens the door. MARTY puts his hand on MARTY'S shoulder.

MARTY (CONT'D)  
Sigh again, I fucking dare you.

WALTON puts his head down.

WALTON  
I'm sorry. I'm extremely sorry,  
Marty. I'm sorry for everything,  
okay? Can we stop this now, please?

MARTY laughs a little at WALTON'S ignorance.

MARTY  
Sorry's not gonna cut it. Not even  
close. Now get in.

WALTON gets in the car. MARTY shuts the door and he then gets into the drivers side.

The camera zooms out to an extreme long shot, high angled as he starts the car and takes off.

WALTON (V.O.)  
Can you at least tell me if you're  
gonna kill me or not?

MARTY (V.O.)  
Kill you? Well we have some things  
to do first.

He exits the parking lot and drives off.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END