

THE LOTT (Pilot Episode)

Based On A True Story

Created and Written by Danny Michael Bellini

Two Italian brothers (Joe and Sal Marconi) own a high end used car lot as a front for a multitude of illegal operations. Joe, the mastermind, is connected to the Mexican Drug Cartel, which ships the used cars from Texas auctions packed with Cocaine, Marijuana, and Heroin, while his distribution connect, Darnell, The O.G. of the Bloods, floods the streets of St. Louis with product. The younger brother, Sal, fresh out of prison, grows increasingly jealous of Joe and Darnell's business relationship, causing friction, chaos, and tension as he strives to seize power.

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FADE IN:

ESTABLISHING SHOT: ST. LOUIS, MO - ARCH - SUNRISE.

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY STREET - MORNING

MUSIC: BELLY - CAME FROM NOTHING - (HOOK) PLAYS.

BOBBY JACKSON, (22), African American, Blood street soldier, red attire, drives RED CADILLAC SUV, intoxicated, smokes blunt.

INTER CUT BEGINS:

INT. STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

JOE MARCONI, (51), in sport coat, stands in front of green screen.

WOMAN, (32), powders Joe's face.

DIRECTOR, (43), male, enters.

THE LOTT

DIRECTOR

Okay, Mr. Marconi, I need you to step to your right just a bit for me.

JOE

(defiant)

What's wrong with where I'm at?

DIRECTOR

The lighting - it'd be a lot better if you could just scoot over a bit.

Joe checks himself on monitor, adjusts coat.

JOE

I'm looking at myself right here. And I gotta tell ya - I look pretty good.

DIRECTOR

(timid)

Who's directing who here?

JOE

(edgy)

Whoa! Who's paying who here?

EXT. CITY STREET - CONTINUOUS

MUSIC: BELLY - CAME FROM NOTHING continues.

Bobby approaches STOP SIGN, rolls through.

POLICE OFFICER, (43), male, turns lights on, sounds bleep of SIREN - WOOP WOOP.

Bobby looks through rear-view mirror, sees cop.

BOBBY

Fuck.

Bobby turns MUSIC DOWN, glances right to passenger seat.

CLOSEUP: PASSENGER SEAT - BLACK .40 CAL GLOCK - SUITCASE ON FLOOR.

Bobby looks at blunt, shakes head, takes another hit, slowly pulls over.

INT. STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

Joe smiles, delivers speech in front of CAMERA.

THE LOTT

JOE

(animated)

Joseph Marconi here, and I would personally like to invite you down to Marconi Auto Sales. I've got Benz's, Bimmer's, Jeep Grand Cherokee's and much more! All at affordable prices, too. And if you don't have the money up front, I will personally help finance your vehicle. So, come on down and see me, Joseph Marconi. You can call me, Joe. I look forward to seeing you any day, but Sunday - the Lord's Day.

EXT. CITY STREET - CONTINUOUS

MUSIC FADES:

Cop walks to Bobby's car.

Cop taps on Bobby's TINTED WINDOW - Bobby takes pull of blunt.

SLOW MOTION EFFECT - POV: COP - window rolls down, cloud of

weed smoke hits cops face. Smoke slowly/slightly fades displaying the BARREL of a GUN.

BANG BANG!!!

Bobby peals away.

Cop lies dead in street.

Beat.

DISPATCHER

(cops radio)

4505, we have a 10-50J3 at Grand and Wyoming.

(beat)

4505, please respond.

INTER CUT ENDS:

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MARCONI CAR LOT - JOE'S OFFICE - DAY

ST. LOUIS SPORTS PARAPHERNALIA litter the walls.

THE LOTT

Joe, seated at desk, chomps unlit cigar, across from ANGELO TALNETTI, (65), thick Italian accent.

JOE

(annoyed)

Angelo, you're fucking killing me here.

ANGELO

Joe, I know you just buried your wife.

(beat/makes sign of cross)

God bless her soul, but perhaps we meet another time.

Joe looks to PICTURE OF WIFE on desk, ROSIE, (55), rubs eyes in frustration.

JOE

I can't guarantee the car will be here another time.

ANGELO

I've known you for, what, over 30 years? You came to my daughter's wedding. You spoke at my mother's

(MORE)

ANGELO (CONT'D)
 funeral. My wife and I just had you
 over for dinner. She made Braciolo for
 ya - for Christ's sake.

Joe hastily laughs/smiles.

JOE
 Why you trying to hustle me, Ang? Huh?
 Why?

ANGELO
 (subtle)
 I'm just saying, she made
 Braciolo...for you.

JOE
 Enough of the dago guilt trips...The
 Braciolo was just like Rosie's - I
 fucking loved it. And, I love your
 wife, she's an absolute sweetheart.
 But this is business, it's not
 personal. Capisci?

ANGELO
 (quick/angry/loud)
 You told me you'd give me a Goddamn
 deal!

THE LOTT

JOE
 I took three grand off the sticker
 price, Ang!

Angelo shakes head.

Beat.

ANGELO
 (sedate)
 It's an old car.

JOE
 It's an 01 Mercedes Benz with 60
 thousand miles on it. Name another car
 lot that would give ya the deal I'm
 giving you. One, just name one.

ANGELO
 61.

JOE

What?

ANGELO

The car has 61 thousand miles. You gotta round up the numbers.

Joe leans back in chair, SIGHS.

JOE

Fuck it, here, just take the keys - here - you can have the fucking car.

Joe slides keys over on desk.

ANGELO

Don't patronize me.
(beat/re-adjusts himself)
We're negotiating here.

Angelo scans nails/fingers.

Joe spots, KATIE, (42), neighborhood whore, drug addict, and brilliant thief, walking to the lot.

THE LOTT

JOE

Okay, here's what I can do for ya.

ANGELO

Just forget about it.

JOE

No, no, no. We're negotiating here.
(beat)
Look, I just got some fresh Cubans in. I'll give ya a couple, and there's something else I might be able to throw in. That's if you're interested, of course.

ANGELO

Meglio aver poco che niente.

SUPER: "IT'S BETTER TO HAVE A LITTLE THAN NOTHING."

Katie barges in, raises bottle of Vodka.

KATIE

What's up, old man?

JOE
How about a blow job from her?

Angelo sits back in chair, smiles.

CUT TO:

INT. PROJECT APARTMENT - DAY

DARNELL JENKINS, (43), O.G. of The Bloods, seated at table with O, (44), Darnell's under boss, counting money and smoking a blunt.

O.S. DARNELL'S PHONE VIBRATES.

Darnell answers.

DARNELL
What's good?

Darnell stops counting, face turns serious.

DARNELL (CONT'D)
Meet me at the spot in one hour.

THE LOTT

Darnell hangs up.

O
What up?

DARNELL
Bobby, caught a body.

O
So, niggas die everyday, yo.

O nonchalantly takes hit off blunt.

Darnell turns TV on.

TV REPORTER
Breaking news has just hit our desk as a South City officer has been fatally shot in broad daylight. Reports are that the officer pulled over a red Cadillac SUV at the 2800 block of Cherokee. The officer approached the suspect, when the suspect opened fire and sped away. As more details on this story come in we will update you. As for now, one South City officer has
(MORE)

TV REPORTER (CONT'D)
 been fatally wounded. The identity of
 the officer is still unknown.

Darnell turns TV off.

O
 Shit.

DARNELL
 It's bout to be nigga hunting season
 around here.

CUT TO:

INT. GUMBO PENITENTIARY - PRISON CELL - DAY

SALVATORE MARCONI, (42), in orange prison attire, skims
 through PENTHOUSE MAGAZINE on bottom bunk.

CELLMATE, (30), white skinhead, shadow boxes as sweat beads
 down his tattooed covered arms.

PRISON GUARD, (52), black, overweight, enters.

GUARD
 Time for you to rejoin society, Sal.
 Lord, help us all.

THE LOTT

Sal ignores guard, proceeds to skim through porno mag.

Cellmate taps Sal's shoulder.

CELLMATE
 Go on, man. Get your ass up outta
 here.

Sal disdained, flips through a couple more pages.

GUARD
 (impatient)
 I ain't got all day now.

Beat.

Guard intolerant, hastily opens cell gate, pulls out baton.

GUARD (CONT'D)
 If you don't get the fuck up.

Sal stands nose to nose with guard, cellmate eyes porno mag.

SAL
 (crazed)
 If I don't get the fuck up, what?
 What's your pudgy ass gonna do about
 it?

Guard slowly puts baton away.

CELLMATE
 (to Sal)
 Let me hold that.

Sal rips magazine in half, drops shredded pieces.

Cellmate quickly picks up shredded magazine.

Sal exits.

CUT TO:

INT. MARCONI CAR LOT - HALLWAY - DAY

Joe paces outside bathroom door, irritated.

JOE
 You two finished yet? It's been over a
 fucking hour now!

THE LOTT

Beat.

Joe BANGS door.

JOE (CONT'D)
 Hello! What the fuck is going on in
 there?

KATIE
 (O.S.)
 He can't get it up!

Joe, defeated, leans against wall.

KATIE (CONT'D)
 (O.S.)
 He offered to eat my bird like the
 little sweetheart he is, but I didn't
 think his wife would appreciate my
 herpes.

JOE
(low)
Oh, Madone.

CUT TO:

INT. GUMBO PENITENTIARY - DAY

Sal, handcuffed in front, led by prison guard, notably walks to freedom, passing INMATES who are fairly sedate.

Sal scratches his nose with middle finger - flips off a large AFRICAN AMERICAN, (36).

BLACK MALE INMATE
Fuck you, Sal!

Sal smirks.

BLACK MALE INMATE (O.S.)
Wait'til I get out of here, you
motherfucking wop, dago, grease ball!
I'm-ma fucking kill you!

THE LOTT
CUT TO:

INT. GUMBO PENITENTIARY - PROCESSING AREA - CONTINUOUS

Sal awaits personal items.

GUARD
Prisoner K69193, state your name.

SAL
Salvatore Michael Marconi.

CUT TO:

INT. GUMBO PENITENTIARY PRISON - CHANGING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Sal changes into an expensive Italian shirt and designer jeans, straps on Rolex watch.

CUT TO:

INT. GUMBO PENITENTIARY - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Guard walks Sal to door.

CUT TO:

EXT. GUMBO PRISON FACILITY - CONTINUOUS

Guard opens door.

GUARD
(reluctant)
You're a free man...for now.

Sunlight invades, Sal squints.

SAL
(cold)
Fucking moulinyan.

Guard freezes, stares into Sal's soulless eyes.

GUARD
What the fuck does that mean?

Sal smirks.

SAL
You don't know?

GUARD
Sorry, I don't speak grease ball.

THE LOTT

Guard LAUGHS, hysterically.

SAL
(serious - builds anger)
In Italian it means eggplant, like
eggplant parmigiana?

Guard nods that he understands.

SAL (CONT'D)
But, in English, it means nigger.
Nigger.

GUARD
Fuck you.

Sal places index finger on guard's shoulder, pushes.

Guard immediately pushes Sal away.

GUARD
Don't touch me!

Sal exits.

GUARD (CONT'D)

(hushed)

See you in a couple months, you
fucking Guinea.

CUT TO:

INT. MARCONI CAR LOT - JOE'S OFFICE - DAY

Joe seated at desk.

O.S. - JOE'S PHONE RINGS.

Joe answers.

JOE

This is Joe.

SPLIT SCREEN SHOT: JOE'S OFFICE - DARNELL'S CAR.

INT. DARNELL'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

O drives BLACK SUV, Darnell seated in passenger.

THE LOTT

DARNELL

I don't think I'm gonna make dinner
tonight. Just a heads up, my dude.

JOE

No dinner? I'm fucking starving,
though.

DARNELL

It's just not the right restaurant,
not the right time.

Beat.

JOE

Darnell, what the fuck happened?

DARNELL

Turn your TV on. I'll be by later.
Unfortunately, after our reservation.

Darnell hangs up.

SPLIT SCREEN ENDS:

CUT TO:

INT. MARCONI CAR LOT - JOE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Joe grabs remote, turns TV on.

REPORTER

So far, all we know is it was a routine traffic stop. The suspect opened fire, fatally killing Officer O'Connell. Suspect is still on the run, but police are closing in on his identity.

JOE

Fuck.

Angelo enters.

ANGELO

Okay, I'm ready to buy that fucking car.

THE LOFT CUT TO:

INT. ABANDONED BUILDING - DAY

Darnell, O, Bobby and JAMAL, (23), Blood street soldier, gather around.

BOBBY

Here go the yay.

Bobby hands Darnell suitcase, Darnell hands it to O, O puts it in trunk.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

Yo, I'm sorry, D - I just--

DARNELL

Fucked up, I know. We need to get rid of this ride, though. Like, now.

(beat)

Follow us down the road. Jamal, you rolling with us.

Bobby hops in car, turns it on. He messes with radio.

BANG BANG BANG - O shoots Bobby in head - BANG BANG.

JAMAL

Damn! What y'all do that for?

DARNELL

Because he's all over the motherfucking news. He a liability - and I like to sleep at night knowing I have no liabilities - that all loose ends are covered. Now, blow this shit up so I can sleep tonight.

Jamal douses car with gasoline. He lights match, throws it, car bursts in flames.

CUT TO:

INT. FAT JOHN'S CAR - DAY

FAT JOHN, (51), sports Tommy Bahama shirt, a gold medallion rests on chest hair, swigs Jack Daniels in his 1987 Cadillac De Ville, sings off key to GUNS N ROSES, WELCOME TO THE JUNGLE.

THE LOTT

FAT JOHN

Welcome to the jungle, we got fun and games. We got everything you want, honey, we know the names. What ever you may need, if you got the money, honey, we got your disease. In the jungle, welcome to the jungle, watch it bring you to your shun
n,n,n"n,n,n"n,n, knees knees.

Fat John takes swig of Jack, spills some down chin and shirt. He looks down, wipes it off, swerves halfway into on-coming lane, barely misses an on-coming CAR.

O.S. CAR HORN BEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEP.

CUT TO:

EXT. GUMBO PRISON FACILITY - DAY

Overcast sky, thunder BOOMS, Sal paces, checks watch.

CLOSEUP: CROW - SQUAWKS FROM ROOF OF PRISON.

O.S. MUSIC AND ROARING ENGINE.

Fat John pulls into parking lot, brakes lock, screeches to halt.

Crow flies away.

SAL

I've been in this piece of butt
fucking shit for five years, seven
months and oh, I dunno, twenty-two
days? I finally get out and gotta wait
another three and a half hours for
your fat ass to pick me up.

Fat John cranks volume up on GUNS N ROSES song, PARADISE
CITY, takes swig of Jack.

FAT JOHN

(sings off key)

Oh, won't you please take me home.

Sal cracks smile. Fat John gets out of car.

Fat John embraces Sal with giant hug.

THE LOTT

FAT JOHN (CONT'D)

Fucking missed ya, brother.

SAL

Yeah, yeah, enough of the
sentimental...Let's go get fucked.

FAT JOHN

Got something for us first. It's a
little out the way, but I know you'll
appreciate it.

SAL

(annoyed)

John, if there's no tits or ass, I'm
gonna--

FAT JOHN

Don't worry your little pecker. I got
that all lined up for you.

SAL

It better be some premo pussy, not
those duck cheese, fat bitches you
like to fuck.

FAT JOHN
Just get in the fucking car.

CUT TO:

INT. FAT JOHN'S CAR - DAY

Fat John drives, passes Sal bottle of Jack, Sal takes swig.

SAL
St. Louis is east, not west. Where the fuck are we going?

FAT JOHN
I told ya, I had that thing.

SAL
Well, fucking tell me. What's that thing?

FAT JOHN
An old connect of mine is in town with his crew from Long Beach unloading a shit ton of kush. Told me he's got the deal of the century since him and his partners got their grow operation down pat.

SAL
How much?

FAT JOHN
Twelve pounds.

SAL
What he quote ya?

FAT JOHN
Twenty.

Sal looks out window, shrugs shoulders like, "not bad".

CUT TO:

INT. MARCONI CAR LOT - JOE'S OFFICE - DAY

Angelo signs paperwork, takes frustrated deep breath.

JOE
Hey, it's not my fault you couldn't get the old Garagiola up.

ANGELO
Getting old sucks.

JOE
I thought us Italians never lost it -
only the medegones, ya know?

ANGELO
(down)
Not this, Italiano.
(beat)
You still able to - you know - get
erections?

Joe looks straight through, Angelo.

CUT TO:

EXT. MOBILE HOME PARK - DAY

Sal and Fat John buzzed, pull into run down trailer park.
Sal, uncomfortable, observes the RESIDENTS, (2-80), m/f as
the car winds through the labyrinth like park.

THE LOTT

SAL
(anxious)
What sausage and biscuit eating,
country back ass, hick place is this?

FAT JOHN
What's your problem?

SAL
Other than six years in the joint? I
don't like hicks, okay. I'll take a
nigger over a fucking hick any day of
the week.

Fat John parks car.

TODD MONROE, (45), and another BIKER, (46), male, smoke
cigarettes, drink beer, sport leathers representing chapter
of their bike gang.

FAT JOHN
Rillassare.

SUPER: RELAX.

FAT JOHN (CONT'D)
I'll be right back.

Sal grabs Fat John by arm.

SAL
(anger)
I know that motherfucker.

FAT JOHN
Just take it easy.

SAL
That's Todd Monroe, Joe's old connect.
That motherfucker robbed me.

FAT JOHN
Todd had nothing to do with that. I
told you back then it wasn't him!
(beat/shakes Sal's arm off)
Now, let me go handle my business,
would ya?

Fat John exits car, saunters to Todd, stops, shakes hands.

Sal shakes head, paranoid, peeks in side mirror.

Fat John and Todd enter trailer.

THE LOTT

Sal opens glove compartment, eyes RUBBER GRIP SMITH&WESSON.

Biker and Sal share stare off - Sal doesn't flinch.

O.S. DOOR OF NEARBY TRAILER SLAMS OPEN.

CUT TO:

NEARBY TRAILER

INTOXICATED MAN, (35), with sleeveless shirt and red
bandanna, stumbles off stoop.

FAT WOMAN, (26), in sweatpants and a shirt three sizes too
small, erupts off stoop, drives man into the ground.

FAT WOMAN
I cant believe you had sex with my
sister!

DRUNK MAN
I may have fucked her, but I love you!

Fat woman picks up loose 2x4, swings it mercilessly - smacks
man's face, knocks him out. She continues to beat him in the

head.

Biker breaks from post, grabs 2x4 in mid swing.

Fat woman drops wood, throws punch at biker, knocking him unconscious.

CUT TO:

CAR/SAL

SAL

You nasty, sausage and biscuit eating,
bitch.

CUT TO:

INT. TRAILER - CONTINUOUS

Fat John and Todd seated at table.

Pounds of marijuana and cash scatter trailer.

TODD MONROE

Who's your back up?

THE LOTT

FAT JOHN

(country accent)

Shit, this big ole boy don't need any
back up.

Fat John LAUGHS, Todd is not amused.

TODD MONROE

(serious)

The dude you got in the car. Who the
fuck is that? He looks real familiar
to me.

FAT JOHN

(relax in Italian)

Rilassare.

Beat.

TODD MONROE

(laughs/amused)

I swear to Christ, that's the only
Italian your fat ass knows.

Todd stands, LAUGHS, walks to refrigerator.

TODD MONROE (CONT'D)
It's goods seeing ya, John.

Todd opens refrigerator door, grabs two beers, pops lids off.

TODD MONROE (CONT'D)
We've known each other for what, over
twenty years now?

Todd hands Fat John beer - Todd raises his up.

TODD MONROE (CONT'D)
To the past, present, and future!

FAT JOHN
Salude.

TODD MONROE
Salude.

O.S. DOORS SWINGS OPEN.

Sal barges in, BANG BANG - opens fire on Todd, shooting him
twice in chest.

THE LOTT

Todd drops to floor - MOANS in pain - Sal stands over him.

SAL
Remember me, motherfucker?

BANG - Sal shoots Todd in head.

FAT JOHN
Sally, what the fuck?!

SAL
You got some balls bringing me here.

FAT JOHN
Oh my God, Joe's gonna be so pissed.

SAL
Fuck him and fuck Joe.

Sal stuffs pockets with cash.

FAT JOHN
What are you doing?

SAL
Robbing the motherfucker that robbed
(MORE)

SAL (CONT'D)

me.

Fat John lowers head.

SAL (CONT'D)

Karma's a bitch!

Sal spits on Todd.

FAT JOHN

(low)

I knew I shouldn't have brought him.

CUT TO:

EXT. MOBILE HOME PARK - CONTINUOUS

Fat John, with unlit joint in mouth, and Sal exit.

CLOSEUP: FAT JOHN'S SHIRT - SPLATTER OF BLOOD.

Fat John throws bundles of weed - cash in trunk.

Sal and Fat John hop in car.

THE LOTT

Fat John places two joints in ashtray.

Fat John lights up joint as they drive away.

CUT TO:

EXT. MARCONI CAR LOT - DAY

JOJO MCCARTHY, (36), chubby, used car salesman, awkward, shows cars to potential BUYERS, (45-50), male and female.

Joe watches Angelo pull off lot in Mercedes Benz.

Angelo waves good bye, Joe reciprocates.

JOE

(under breath/smiles)

I hope you hit a pole you cheap, cock sucking, motherfucker.

Jojo steps behind, Joe.

JOJO

(loud/excited)

Today's the big day, huh?

JOE
 (startled)
 Jesus Jojo, you about gave me a
 fucking heart attack. What's today?

JOJO
 You of all people don't know what
 today is?!

JOE
 As much as I would love to play the
 guessing game with you, Jojo - why
 don't you just tell me what today is.

JOJO
 (apprehensive)
 Sal - your little brother - gets out
 of prison today.

Beat.

JOE
 (low/forgetful)
 Shit.
 (beat)
 Do me a favor, will ya? Spiff up the
 place. Darnell's on his way over.

THE LOTT

Joe walks away.

JOJO
 Okey dokey. You know, I'm kinda
 looking forward to seeing Sal. I hope
 he's able to turn his life around this
 time.

Joe turns around.

JOE
 Awww, you're in the wrong business,
 Jojo. You should've been a writer for
 Hallmark or something.

JOJO
 (naive)
 Really?

JOE
 (baffled)
 Yeah, sell some fucking cars first
 though, would ya?!?!?

CUT TO:

EXT. COUNTRY HIGHWAY - LATE AFTERNOON

SUNLIGHT PEEKS THROUGH OVERCAST CLOUDS.

Fat John notices POLICE CAR behind him. He throws joint roach in mouth, swallows it.

FAT JOHN
Son of a fucking cunt.

Sal glances in side mirror.

Police car lights FLASH.

FAT JOHN (CONT'D)
Fuck...I'll handle this.

Sal looks down, checks gun.

Fat John pulls over, head down in defeat.

FAT JOHN (CONT'D)
Here we go.

THE LOTT

Beat.

OFFICER, (58), big ole country boy, walks to car.

POLICE OFFICER
License and registration, please.

Fat John reaches for glove compartment.

Officer leans in just a bit more.

POLICE OFFICER (CONT'D)
What's that smell?

FAT JOHN
(stutters)
I, I don't know, Sir. I think we hit a skunk.

POLICE OFFICER
(irritated)
A skunk my ass. Step out of the vehicle, please...Now.

Fat John lowers head, takes deep breath.

SAL

(low)

You have two minutes before I come out on fire.

Fat John steps out of car.

CLOSEUP: FAT JOHN'S SHIRT - SPLATTERED BLOOD.

FAT JOHN

Okay Sir, I'll be completely honest with ya.

POLICE OFFICER

That would be an ideal start.

FAT JOHN

(emotional)

My buddy and I came out here to visit my mother, quite possibly for the last time. See, she's dying of cancer, in hospice. I just thought, well, we just thought a little bit of Marijuana would help her pain and appetite. She's lost so much weight, Sir, and I just don't know what to do anymore.

THE LOTT

Fat John wipes away tear that isn't there.

Officer is taken aback.

Beat.

POLICE OFFICER

I know what you're going through, son. I just lost my mamma about a month ago to cancer.

(beat)

Now, with that being said, I still have a job to do. You brought some weed out for your dying mamma and you were smoking it in your car with your buddy - which in these parts, is still illegal.

(beat - deep sigh)

You have anything else on you right now? Any more grass?

FAT JOHN

I got two joints in the ashtray, Sir.

POLICE OFFICER
Get them, now.

Fat John opens car, grabs joints, winks at Sal.

SAL
(quiet)
Fuck's going on?

FAT JOHN
Here ya go, Sir.

POLICE OFFICER
Your honesty has given you a break today. Plus, it's the end of my shift, and I really don't want to do any paper work for just a couple joints. Now, if you had ten pounds in the trunk, that would be a different story.

Officer pounds trunk with fist.

Fat John and Officer LAUGH.

THE LOTT

POLICE OFFICER (CONTINUED)
Go on with your day.

Officer shoo's Fat John away.

FAT JOHN
Thank you, Sir.

Fat John walks back to car, fights smile, opens door and is about to get in-

POLICE OFFICER
-Hey!

Fat John freezes/panics, slowly turns around.

POLICE OFFICER (CONT'D)
I'm-ma say a prayer for your mamma!
May she be healed through the power of Christ, our Lord and Savior.

Fat John does the sign of the cross, backwards.

FAT JOHN
Thank you, Sir. The more prayers, the better.

Fat John hops in car, rattled, breathes heavy.

SAL
That was the dumbest, most brilliant
shit I've ever witnessed in my life.

FAT JOHN
(shook)
I think I'm about to have a heart
attack.

Beat.

SAL
Can we go get some pussy, now?

Beat.

FAT JOHN
Like Tone-Loc once said, "Let's do
it."

MUSIC: TONE-LOC'S, WILD THANG song plays - they drive off.

THE LOTT
CUT TO:

INT. MARCONI CAR LOT - JOE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Darnell enters, holds duffel bag.

Joe seated at desk, does paper work, smokes cigar.

JOE
Rough day?

DARNELL
Nigga's are sloppy, Joe. That's all.

JOE
People are sloppy. You want me to make
you some coffee or something?

DARNELL
Nah, I'm good. Just came from my
mom's.

JOE
How's your mom?

DARNELL
Oh, she good. It's my motherfucking
(MORE)

DARNELL (CONT'D)
brother.

JOE
Still fucking up?

DARNELL
(builds anger)
He too lazy to fuck up. All he do is,
eat, sleep, and shit - eating my moms
out of house and home.

JOE
Yeah, well, what ya gonna do? He's
family.

DARNELL
Unfortunately.

JOE
Hey, you're preaching to the choir.

Beat.

DARNELL
Anyway, here's your bread.

THE LOTT

Darnell sets duffel bag on desk.

Joe opens it, reveals stacks of money in all denominations.

Joe lifts bag, checks weight, slides it under desk.

JOE
We got another shipment tomorrow. You
gonna be able to make it?

DARNELL
I'll crawl out from under my rock for
that.

Joe shuffles paperwork.

Darnell leans in, smirks, schemes, rubs hands together.

JOE
What the fuck you looking at me like
that for?

DARNELL
Nigga.

JOE

Huh?

DARNELL

Nigga.

JOE

Nigga what?

DARNELL

Nigga who?

JOE

What?

Darnell LAUGHS. Joe aimlessly stares.

DARNELL

You know you owe me some grip, right?

JOE

You saw that fucking game yesterday?!

Joe POUNDS desk.

THE LOTT

DARNELL

Hell nah! I ain't need to see that game, Joe. I don't know why you put money on them bum ass niggas anyway.

Joe reaches into duffel bag, pulls out hundreds, counts out FIVE GRAND to himself.

JOE

(stern)

Because that's my fucking team. I'm a loyal fucking fan. Unlike the rest of St. Louis, apparently.

Joe throws Darnell five grand wrapped in rubber band.

DARNELL

They're not loyal to you - moving to LA and shit. Pleasure doing business with ya, though.

JOE

(jokes)

Get the fuck outta here.

DARNELL
 (amused)
 See you tomorrow, old man.

Darnell exits.

JOE
 I ain't no fucking fair weather fan.

CUT TO:

INT. FAT JOHN'S CAR - NIGHT

ST. LOUIS ARCH IN CLEAR VIEW, LIGHTS GLEAM OFF SHINY METAL.

FAT JOHN
 (hesitates)
 You wanna stop by the lot?

SAL
 (pissed)
 What the fuck do you think?

Beat.

THE LOTT

FAT JOHN
 Sally, I'm gonna have to tell Joe what happened. I got to report to him.

SAL
 I'll tell him I shot him myself. Felt good, too. I've been waiting to catch that motherfucker!

Beat.

FAT JOHN
 (sneering)
 You know your brother - he's kind of a local celebrity these days.

SAL
 I saw all his stupid fucking commercials in the joint. Come see me any day, but Sunday, the Lord's day. What a fucking joke.

FAT JOHN
 He's also come up quite a bit since you been gone.

SAL

I know all about it. Him and that fucking nigger, Darnell Jenkins, are taking over the streets.

FAT JOHN

They've gotten pretty close, Sal.

SAL

Good for them. I hope they fuck each other. And what are you telling me all this for? Sounds like your warning me to be careful or some shit. Is that what you're doing? You're fucking warning me? You're, fucking, warning, ME?

Fat John shakes head, throws hand up.

SAL (CONT'D)

Take me to my sisters.

CUT TO:

THE LOTT

INT. MARIE LAFATTA'S HOME - NIGHT

MARIE LAFATTA, (48), wraps up lasagna and garlic bread, EVERYBODY LOVES RAYMOND is on TV in the background.

Walls covered with crucifixes, pictures of Jesus, and a huge picture of Da Vinci's Last Supper.

TONY JR., (10), and MARIE, (8), scream at each other, run downstairs.

Marie's cheek is red.

LIL MARIE

Mommy, mommy, Tony hit me!

TONY

She hit me first!

MARIE

Lord, help me.

Marie kneels down, grabs Tony.

MARIE (CONT'D)

Did you hit your sister?

TONY
Yes. But she--

MARIE
But nothing. I guess you don't want to go to the game with your Uncle Joe this weekend do you?

TONY
Mom!

MARIE
Mom, nothing - get outta here. Go upstairs and think about what you did.

Tony walks away, head down.

LIL MARIE
Mommy, I want some candy.

MARIE
Forget about it. You's guys go upstairs and get ready for bed. It's a school night.

THE LOTT

Lil Marie walks upstairs.

MARIE (CONT'D)
And brush your teeth!

O.S. DOOR BELL RINGS.

Marie quickly walks to front door, looks through peek hole - excitement hits her. She unlocks one lock and then another, has trouble with the third.

MARIE (CONT'D)
This darn thing.

She opens door, not fast enough.

MARIE (CONT'D)
Sally!

Marie bear hugs Sal.

CUT TO:

INT. MARIE'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Sal devours lasagna and garlic bread, eats like a caveman.

SAL
 (mouth full of food)
 I would've given my left fucking nut
 to have had this in the joint.

MARIE
 Sally! Not here! You know I don't
 tolerate that language.

SAL
 How the kids?

MARIE
 Kids are great. Marie's doing
 wonderful in school and Tony's a
 little Baseball star. Just like you
 were.

Fat John LAUGHS.

SAL
 What you laughing at, you fat fuck? THE LOTT
 I'd a gone pro if it wasn't for my
 shoulder.

Sal rotates - rubs left shoulder.

Fat John looks away, raises his eyebrows like, 'yeah okay.'

SAL (CONT'D)
 Where's big Tony?

MARIE
 (frustrated)
 Where he always is, with Rocco at the
 restaurant.

Marie stands, walks to fridge.

MARIE (CONT'D)
 You's guys want something to drink? We
 got some beers, some wine, soda--

SAL
 Grab me a beer.

Sal turns to Fat John with mouthful of food.

SAL (CONT'D)
 This is so good...It's like it's
 jerking my tongue off.

Fat John nods head, stands, exits.

CUT TO:

INT. JOE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Joe, intoxicated, checks watch, pours himself Scotch. Joe lights up cigar, pulls out PICTURE of him and his deceased wife, Rosie. He downs Scotch, pours himself another.

O.S. JOE'S PHONE VIBRATES.

Joe answers.

JOE
 Talk to me...What do you mean things
 went south?
 (beat)
 He did what?! He's not out one fucking
 hour and...Okay, just don't say a word
 to no one. John, no one.

THE LOTT

Joe hangs up.

JOE (CONT'D)
 Fuck me!

Joe pours another Scotch down the hatch.

CUT TO:

EXT. PROJECTS - NIGHT

Darnell and O, surrounded by GROUP OF BLOODS, (20-40), male and female.

DARNELL
 Listen up, niggas. Everyone knows what
 happened today, so no need to get into
 any of that shit. Them cops, though,
 them cops are gonna be trigger happy
 and wanting some nigga blood. Y'all be
 careful. Y'all lay low for a couple
 days if you feel the heat. Be smart -
 no dumb shit. Change up your routines
 and patterns - switch the traps now.
 (beat)
 (MORE)

DARNELL (CONT'D)
Remember, you can never be too
paranoid or too rich out this
mothafucka.

CUT TO:

INT. STRIP CLUB - NIGHT

MUSIC BOOMS:

Sal and Fat John party.

MEN with blank stare's aimlessly throw money onto dance
floor.

Sal receives lap dance, whispers into STRIPPER'S, (23), ear.

Sal pulls out bullet, takes bump of cocaine. He offers it to
stripper, she smiles, takes one, as well.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MARCONI LOT - JOE'S OFFICE - DAWN

Joe yawns, grinds up coffee beans.

Darnell enters.

DARNELL
You been here all night?

Joe nods head, yes.

JOE
Coffee? Espresso?

DARNELL
I'll take a cup of Joe, Joe.
(beat)
Heard Sal got out yesterday.

JOE
(reserved)
Elvis has left the building.

DARNELL
You act like that's a bad thing.

Beat.

THE LOTT

JOE

You heard of Niccolo Machiavelli,
right?

DARNELL

I read his books when I did ten
upstate.

JOE

You know what inspired him to write
The Prince? What really motivated him
at the time?

Darnell shakes head, no. Joe, hands him coffee.

JOE (CONT'D)

Machiavelli was kicked out of
Florence, but first, he was ridiculed,
tortured, and thrown in jail. During
his exile, he was bored out of his
fucking mind. Out of that boredom he
wrote The Prince for one of the Medici
rulers I forget his name. Now, did he
write The Prince out of the goodness
of his own heart? Or did he write it
out of desperation and despair in hope
that he would be invited back and
regain some position of power?

(beat)

Now, I'm not a mind reader, nor do I
have a crystal fucking ball. So, I'm
not sure it's bad, I'm not sure it's
good. We'll just have to see what's
motivating, Sal.

CUT TO:

INT. SAL'S CONDO - DAWN

MUSIC: MUDDY WATERS - I'M A MAN - PLAYS.

Sal pours line of coke on stripper's ass, sniffs it off. She
proceeds to go down on him.

CLOSEUP: COFFEE TABLE - BAG OF COKE, BAG OF WEED,
PRESCRIPTION BOTTLES, AND AN EMPTY WHISKEY BOTTLE.

CUT TO:

INT. MARCONI CAR LOT - GARAGE - EARLY MORNING

SQUEAKS, (68), African American, Joe's mechanic and handy man, strips cocaine and weed from two old Mercedes Benz's and an old Lexus. He places the drugs in an old, yellow and blue St. Louis Blues equipment bag.

Joe and Darnell enter.

MUSIC FADES OUT.

SQUEAKS

All wrapped up, Mr. Marconi. Hey!
What's up, my brotha?

Squeaks and Darnell hug.

DARNELL

Squeaks, what it do?

SQUEAKS

You already know.

Squeaks hands Joe drug bag.

THE LOTT

JOE

Go ahead and clean these up. I want
them on the lot, asap.

SQUEAKS

Yes, Sir, Mr. Marconi.

Joe hands Squeaks wad of cash.

CUT TO:

INT. JOE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Joe sets bag on desk, pulls out five kilo's of cocaine and forty pounds of weed. Joe breaks out triple beam scale to weigh drugs.

Joe hands five kilo's of cocaine and twenty pounds of weed to Darnell.

JOE

We got another shipment coming next
week.

Darnell low - Joe reads it.

JOE (CONT'D)
What's with you?

DARNELL
We gotta get more Heroin, Joe. I've been telling you, coke just ain't moving like it use to. Everybody wants to go downtown - Uptown ain't popping. That money real slow right now.

JOE
Already spoke with Gordo. That's what the next shipment is. Just that.

DARNELL
My nigga.

Joe and Darnell shake hands/hug.

CUT TO:

INT. SAL'S CONDO - DAY

Sal splashes water on his face.

THE LOTT

Checks his gun, loads his bullet of cocaine for the day.

Sal takes bump of cocaine.

CUT TO:

EXT. MARCONI CAR LOT - DAY

Jojo works the lot, spots Sal pull up in old-school, white, souped up Mustang.

JOJO
Hey, buddy, long time no see.

Sal hops out of car, throws up.

JOJO (CONT'D)
You party last night?

SAL
No, Jojo. After six years in the bing, I went to the fucking library.

Sal walks past him.

JOJO
(muffled)
Great seeing you, too, dick.

CUT TO:

INT. JOE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Joe does paperwork, spots Sal walk by his office, takes deep breath.

JOE
(forces smile)
Sal!

Sal stops.

CUT TO:

INT. MARCONI CAR LOT - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Joe hugs Sal - Sal doesn't reciprocate.

JOE
It's good to see you.

THE LOTT

Sal ignores Joe, walks away.

JOE (CONT'D)
Whoa!

Sal turns around.

SAL
You couldn't come see me? You just let
your baby brother rot in that shit.
You couldn't even send a fucking
dime?!

JOE
Come into my office. Let's talk.

SAL
Yeah, let's talk.

Joe leads Sal, opens office door.

CUT TO:

INT. JOE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Joe sits, Sal stands with arms crossed.

JOE

Sally, I gotta tell ya - I really couldn't. The heat you brought on all of us - it was just too risky.

SAL

Let's not forget who built this and why.

Beat.

JOE

(deflecting)

I didn't want to see my little brother in a cage like some fucking animal, and as shitty as this may sound...I have an image to uphold.

SAL

What does hanging out with that nigger, Darnell, do for upholding your fucking image?

THE LOTT

JOE

I don't appreciate that, Sal. Darnell's a really good friend of mine.

Sal shakes head.

SAL

You gonna let me in on some of that or what?

JOE

Apparently, I already did, compliments of Todd Monroe.

SAL

Fuck, Todd Monroe. Fuck his mother and fuck whatever offspring that cocksucker spewed on earth.

JOE

Yeah, well, it's only a matter of time before Todd's M.C. surrounds our lot.

Sal shrugs shoulders.

SAL
Let them come.

Beat.

JOE
I have a stack of checks in your office and, ya know, there's plenty of cars for you to sell out there.

Sal discontent, lets out big SIGH.

JOE (CONTINUED)
Sally, you just got out of Federal fucking prison!

SAL
I want in on the dope. You know, the operation I helped set up for your wife?

JOE
I can't let you do that. Not right, now.

THE LOTT

SAL
I just can't be a fucking used car salesman, Joe.

JOE
For now, you have to be.

SAL
So, fuck me, right?

JOE
(disturbed)
You think I wanna do this? You think I want to live this lifestyle? I'm not you, Sal. I'm still paying off Rosie's hospital bills. Fucking insurance company is sucking the life outta me! Twenty-five G's a month! I'm almost paid up on that fucking racket, so, the last thing I need is for you to fuck it up!

Sal stands, exits.

JOE (CONT'D)
Fucking asshole.

CUT TO:

EXT. SOUTH CITY ALLEY - DAY

TONY LAFATTA, (46), sports muscle man shirt with muscles on muscles, brutally beats MAN, (52), overweight.

TONY
You didn't think you had to pay?

MAN
I'm broke!

TONY
I'm-ma a break your face! It's been
six fucking weeks!

Tony continues to beat man.

Man's ROOMMATE, (44), male, runs out.

MAN'S ROOMMATE
Please, stop! Here, I got the money.
Just stop!

TONY
\$2500?!

MAN'S ROOMMATE
I got 15!

Tony turns away, continues to stomp man.

MAN'S ROOMMATE (CONT'D)
Okay, okay, here! I got it all! All
\$2500! Please, just stop!

TONY
(heavy breathing)
You make others pay your fucking
debts, you fucking bum? It better not
happen again, 'cause if it does, I'll
fucking leave ya where I find ya.

Tony takes money, acts like he's going to hit the roommate -
roommate flinches.

THE LOTT

TONY (CONT'D)
 Who are you, David fucking Blaine?
 Just magically pull a G from your ass?

Tony hops in BLACK CAMARO, drives away.

CUT TO:

EXT. MARCONI CAR LOT - DAY

Jojo smokes cigarette by front door.

Tony pulls up to lot.

TONY
 Jojo! How's it going?

JOJO
 Just another day in paradise.

TONY
 I hear that.

JOJO
 Are you bleeding?

THE LOTT

Tony looks down.

TONY
 No, not my blood.

JOJO
 Oh.

Sal steps outside.

TONY
 Holy shit! Sally, how the fuck are ya?

SAL
 Fuck, you got big.

TONY
 I got big? Look at you! Wait - why's
 your right arm bigger than your left?
 All those years of beating your meat,
 huh?

SAL
 Someone had to do it.

TONY

Why don't ya meet me up at Roc's later? Drinks on me. I know he'd love to see ya.

SAL

Everyone would love to see me. But no one could come see me in the fucking joint.

Tony looks away to avoid confrontation.

JOJO

(naively)

I came and saw you.

SAL

Jojo, you came and saw me once and that was the first week I was in.

JOJO

(quietly)

Well, at least I came.

SAL

What you say?

JOJO

Nothing.

SAL

Don't be a wise guy with me, Jojo.

Jojo begins to walk away, Sal punches him in the balls.

JOJO

Ow! Fuck Sal!

Sal and Tony LAUGH.

Jojo drops to ground in pain.

SAL

How's he the only motherfucker to come see me?

Sal shakes head, he and Tony walk inside.

Joe walks around corner to Jojo on the ground.

THE LOTT

JOE
You're making us look real bad out here.

JOJO
Sal punched me in the nuts.

Joe, embarrassingly smiles at POTENTIAL BUYERS on lot.

JOE
(to buyers)
How's you's guys doing?

CUT TO:

INT. MARCONI CAR LOT OFFICE BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Joe enters.

JOE
Tony, how ya doing?

TONY
Doing good. Did that thing for you. THE LOTT

JOE
Wait for me in my office.

Joe waits for Tony to walk into office.

JOE (CONT'D)
(to Sal)
First day back and you're already fucking with him?

CUT TO:

INT. JOE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Joe enters.

TONY
Made that little prick today.

Tony hands Joe \$2500.

Joe takes out \$500, hands it to Tony.

JOE
I can see that, but do me a favor next time. Don't come up here looking like
(MORE)

JOE (CONT'D)
 the fucking Texas Chainsaw Massacre.
 It's not a good look for business, ya
 know?

Tony nods head.

Joe sits down at desk.

JOE (CONT'D)
 So, how's my sister? She still busting
 balls?

TONY
 She gets a little crazy, but what
 woman doesn't? Two kids in Catholic
 school, in this fucking economy. I
 don't know what else I'm suppose to
 do, Joe.

JOE
 What are ya gonna do? All women are
 nuts, some are just nuttier than
 others.

TONY
 Ain't that the truth.

JOE
 No, it really is. They're like fucking
 cats. You stroke them the wrong way
 they get all fucking hissy with ya.

THE LOTT

CUT TO:

INT. ROCCO'S BAR & GRILL - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Sal enters.

SERVERS carry dirty dishes - TWO YOUNG ITALIANS, (16-18),
 male, prep food.

SAL
 Rocco! Yo, Roc, where ya at?!

CUT TO:

INT. ROCCO'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

ROCCO LAFATTA, (53), owner and head chef of Rocco's Bar &
 Grill fills out paper work.

SAL
 (O.S.)
 Yo, Roc!

Rocco quickly stands.

CUT TO:

INT. RESTAURANT HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

ROCCO
 Sally, how the fuck you been?

Rocco hugs Sal.

CUT TO:

INT. ROCCO'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Rocco sniffs air.

ROCCO
 You don't got any grass on ya by
 chance, do ya?

THE LOTT

Sal glares at Rocco.

SAL
 You think I came just for the shit
 food?

ROCCO
 Fuck off.

Sal pulls out ounce of weed.

ROCCO (CONT'D)
 Woo! I thought I smelled a fucking
 skunk on you.

Rocco quickly gets up to make sure his office door is shut.

ROCCO (CONT'D)
 Oh Madonna. She's beautiful, Sally.
 How much?

SAL
 Four.

ROCCO
 Four hundred fucking dollars?!

SAL
(sedate)
Four hundred fucking dollars.

ROCCO
How much for a quarter pound?

SAL
What's four times four?

ROCCO
Sally, come on.

SAL
You're worse than a fucking Jew, you know that? All your missing is a fucking kippah.

ROCCO
Fuck me, Sal - \$1600 dollars... Really?

SAL
Give me thirteen you cheap fuck.

THE LOTT

Beat.

ROCCO
Deal.

Sal floats Rocco three more ounces. Rocco takes money out of office drawer.

ROCCO (CONT'D)
Oh, sweet Jesus, this shit smells good. Ya hungry? We got some fresh Veal Fillets in today.

SAL
Fucking starving.

ROCCO
What you want? It's on the house. Welcome home.

SAL
I need your Chicken Marsala and some Fettuccine Alfredo. I've been feigning for that shit for six years, Roc.

ROCCO
I'll make a special white cream sauce
for ya. How bout that?

Rocco makes jerking off motion.

SAL
Give me my fucking weed back.

Sal reaches for the weed, Rocco blocks him.

CUT TO:

INT. THE RITZ CARLTON - NIGHT

Joe dressed in Armani tuxedo attends Random Acts of Kindness for Kids charity event hosted by LARRY HUGHES, (40), Ex-NBA player and St. Louis native.

MAYOR FRANCIS LUPO, (62), and wife LINDA LUPO, (51), elegant, classy, lady, approach Joe waiting in line at bar.

LINDA
Joseph.

THE LOTT

JOE
Linda!

Joe and Linda hug and kiss each other on the cheek.

MAYOR LUPO
(jokes)
Get your dirty hands off my wife.

JOE
You better watch her, Fran. You better watch her.

Joe, Linda, and Mayor LAUGH.

LINDA
You know, they put such a great event together here, and it couldn't be for a better cause.

JOE
They really do. Anything for the kids.

MAYOR LUPO
Exactly, this City has way too many kids that go without.

LINDA

Well, isn't that your job, Mr. Mayor -
to make sure that gets taken care of?

MAYOR LUPO

(to Joe)

Let's take a walk. My wife likes to
forget she's only allowed to nag me at
home.

Mayor leans in, kisses wife, lightly, yet tastefully pats her
on butt.

LINDA

You boys stay out of trouble.

JOE

Now that, we can't promise.

CUT TO:

INT. ROCCO'S BAR & GRILL - NIGHT

Sal satisfied, pushes empty plate away.

THE LOTT

WAITRESS, (42), pretty blond, serves Sal and Tony after
dinner drink (Tuaca).

TONY

How are you and Joe?

SAL

(defensive)

What do you mean, how are me and Joe?

TONY

I don't know, you guys been going at
it ever since you went away. I just
hope you two can find some kind of
common ground now that you're back.

SAL

(amused)

Find some kind of common ground? Who
are you, Dr. fucking Phil?

Tony looks away.

SAL (CONT'D)

Joe needs to understand that family
comes first, bottom line. He favors
(MORE)

SAL (CONT'D)
that fucking mulley and keeps me, his
own brother, in the dark. Where is the
common ground on that?

TONY
I hear ya, I do. But Darnell's the
O.G. of the fucking Bloods, Sal. He
even makes my balls shrivel up...Dudes
the most dangerous guy on these
streets.

SAL
(offended)
I'm the most fucking dangerous guy on
these streets. Don't you ever fucking
forget that. Fuck that nigger. Fuck
em.

Tony looks away.

Beat.

Fat John enters.

FAT JOHN
I'm fucking starving.

THE LOTT

SAL
There's a shocker.

Tony LAUGHS.

Fat John flips them off, Italian style.

Sal notices a BEAUTIFUL WOMAN, (36), walk in with a well
dressed, BUSINESS MAN, (43).

CUT TO:

INT. RITZ CARLTON - CIGAR BAR - CONTINUOUS

Joe and the Mayor seated at table. Joe raises his scotch -
Mayor Lupo reciprocates.

JOE
Salude.

MAYOR LUPO
Salude.

They drink.

MAYOR LUPO (CONT'D)
How's business?

JOE
Business is business. It be better if
I was in Hawaii.

MAYOR LUPO
Yeah, that would be nice. The economy
is dreadful.

JOE
Hopefully, Trump gets it together.

MAYOR LUPO
Fuck Trump.

They LAUGH.

MAYOR LUPO (CONT'D)
The spread come in for this weekend?

JOE
Not yet. I'm guessing - tomorrow. You
laying or what?

THE LOTT

Mayor Lupo conspicuously slides Joe a bulging envelope
underneath the table.

Mayor lights up cigar.

MAYOR LUPO
As you know, my re-election is coming
soon.

Joe takes long pull from cigar, blows perfect O's, nods head
yes to Mayor Lupo.

MAYOR LUPO (CONT'D)
Good, 'cause I'm a need a big favor
from you around that time.

Joe, concerned, stare's at the Mayor.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ROCCO'S BAR & GRILL - NIGHT

Sal and Tony seated at table with a couple empty bottles of

wine.

TONY
Before I forget, I could use your help
tomorrow - I got this thing lined up.

SAL
You still boosting cars?

Tony nods head, yes.

SAL (CONT'D)
Say no more.

Sal can't take his eyes off beautiful woman. Her date gets
up, exits.

SAL (CONT'D)
I gotta talk to this broad.

TONY
Sally, she's on a date.

Sal walks to table, the man takes his seat, beats Sal to the
punch. Sal sits down next to him anyway, closes the man
inside booth.

CUT TO:

TONY

TONY (CONT'D)
Aw, fuck Sal.

CUT TO:

BOOTH

BUSINESS MAN
Excuse me, Sir. Sir, excuse me. Excuse
me, Sir!

SAL
You're excused.

Sal looks at the business man's steak.

SAL (CONT'D)
How's that cooked?

BUSINESS MAN

(intense)

Medium rare. Now, would you please excuse us?!

Sal goes from 0 to 100.

SAL

Get the fuck outta here! Go on - go kick rocks in flip flops, guy!

BUSINESS MAN

Who in the hell do you think you are, Mister?

Sal pulls out gun, sticks it to man's ribs under table.

SAL

That's who the fuck I am. Go on, get the fuck outta here! Unless, you'd like to get to know me more.

BUSINESS MAN

Okay, okay! Please, don't shoot me! THE LOTT

Frightened to death, the man crawls underneath table, bumps head on way up, runs out of restaurant.

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN

(Russian accent)

Who do you think you are?

Sal pours glass of wine for himself and tops her glass off.

SAL

Io sono, Salvatore' Marconi. Your humble servant and protector, my beautiful lady. And your name is?

ISKRA

Iskra.

(beat)

Are you always this charming, Salvatore' Marconi?

CUT TO:

TONY - seated at table in complete disbelief.

TONY

Un-Fucking-Believable.

MUSIC: DEAN MARTIN'S SONG, MAMBO ITALIANO, plays.

MONTAGE BEGINS:

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Thirty BIKERS, (32-60), male, ride down highway.

CUT TO:

INT. MARCONI CAR LOT - JOE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Joe in Tux, loosens tie, sparks cigar, pours glass of Scotch, starts work on book keeping.

CUT TO:

INT. DARNELL'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Darnell and WOMAN, (44), beautiful, lie in bed after wild sex, breath heavily/sweat.

Darnell's phone RINGS - He answers, hops out of bed immediately.

THE LOTT

Woman distressed, doesn't want him to leave.

CUT TO:

INT. FAT JOHN'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Fat John eats chips, licks fingers, watches PORN. He picks up half of a joint out of ashtray, lights it, chokes on the first hit.

CUT TO:

INT. ROCCO'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Rocco and Tony count money, check receipts. Rocco sparks up joint.

CUT TO:

INT. KATIE'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Katie sits Indian style, holds spoon with lighter, prepares hit of Heroin. A cigarette filter and a syringe pose next to her. She filters the Heroin out, taps the syringe to make

sure there are no air bubbles. She straps a belt around her arm, taps her popped up vein with two fingers.

Katie inserts needle, slowly takes it out, drifts off into never never land.

CUT TO:

INT. JOJO'S HOME - CONTINUOUS

Jojo and wife LAUREN, (32), pretty and petite, put their new BORN BABY to bed.

CUT TO:

EXT. MOBILE HOME PARK - CONTINUOUS

Bikers ride through labyrinth road of mobile park, pull up to home where Todd was shot.

CUT TO:

INT. MAGNOLIA HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

Sal makes love to Iskra.

THE LOTT

MONTAGE ENDS:

DEAN MARTIN'S SONG - MAMBO ITALIANO - LEADS US OUT.

FADE OUT:

END OF PILOT EPISODE