

THE LOTT S1:E2 1ST DRAFT

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WGA Registered

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FADE IN:

EXT. BMW DEALERSHIP PARKING LOT - NIGHT

MUSIC: KNOW YOUR ENEMY, BY RAGE AGAINST THE MACHINE, PLAYS.

TWO MASKED MEN, cut chains off the gate to the dealership's entrance. They each take a gate swing and run it open parallel to each other.

CUT TO:

INT. BMW DEALERSHIP SHOWROOM - CONTINUOUS

They enter the showroom and START two BMW's with REMOTE KEYS jumping into their separate cars.

One man REVS his engine and looks over to the other. He nods.

Man PEELS out of the showroom floor CRASHING into window garage.

GLASS EXPLODES EVERYWHERE.

The other man races behind.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

OVERHEAD: TWO BMW'S DRIVING.

Sal in one BMW, Tony in the other switching lanes RACING down the highway.

CUT TO:

EXT. RANDY'S AUTO BODY SHOP - CONTINUOUS

CLOSEUP: SIGN: RANDY'S AUTO BODY.

Sal and Tony pull up.

The GARAGE DOOR opens.

They pull into the garage.

MUSIC ENDS:

DISSOLVE:

EXT. ST. LOUIS ARCH - MORNING

SUN RISES OVER THE ARCH.

CUT TO:

INT. ITALIAN COFFEE SHOP - MORNING

Joe steps to the counter.

ASHLEY, (19), barista, smiles.

ASHLEY

Hi, Mr. Marconi. The yoozh?

JOE

Yeah, but add a couple of these  
chocolate biscotti's too, would ya?

ASHLEY

My mom just made them this morning.

Ashley smiles at Joe smelling the biscotti like a cigar.

Joe eyes a NEWSPAPER next to the counter as an overwhelming  
concern comes over him. He picks it up.

CLOSEUP: NEWSPAPER HEADLINE: ST. LOUIS MAFIOSO, ANTONIO  
CATALANO, DEAD AT 96, IN FEDERAL PRISON FROM HEART  
COMPLICATIONS.

FLASHBACK BEGINS:

CUT TO:

EXT. RESTAURANT BAR & GRILL - NIGHT

1988 BLACK CADILLAC SEDAN pulls into the parking lot.

SUPER: 1988.

CUT TO:

INT. BLACK CADILLAC - CONTINUOUS

JOE MARCONI, (21), in passenger, TONY CATALANO, JR., (22),  
driving, and TOMMY, (22), seated in the back. Tony pulls into  
a parking space.

Tommy pulls out a joint and lights it.

JOE  
I'll just meet you guys inside.  
Rosie's waiting for me.

TOMMY  
You never want to get high with us.

JOE  
That's because I don't smoke weed,  
asshole.

TOMMY  
Pussy.

Joe looks to Tony.

TONY  
Puuuusssy.

JOE  
You two should really try to get some  
one day. Have fun jerking each other  
off, though.

They all LAUGH as Joe exits the car.

A RED CAMARO pulls in fast to the parking space next to Joe  
almost hitting him.

Joe walks around the car glaring at the MAN inside.

ASHLEY (O.S.)  
Mr. Marconi. Mr. Marconi.

FLASHBACK ENDS:

CUT TO:

INT. ITALIAN COFFEE SHOP - CONTINUOUS

Joe stands in a daze.

ASHLEY  
(loud)  
Mr. Marconi, are you okay?

JOE  
Yeah, yeah, here. Keep the change,  
sweetheart.

Joe leaves a twenty spot on the counter.

CUT TO:

EXT. MARCONI CAR LOT - MORNING

Joe pulls up to the lot and parks. He's still in a daze.

FLASHBACK BEGINS:

CUT TO:

INT. BLACK CADILLAC SEDAN - CONTINUOUS

SMOKE fills the car as Tommy puts out the joint.

TOMMY

Saving this shit for later.

TONY

Why, I got plenty at home.

TOMMY

Come on, lets go bust Joe's balls.

TONY

(amused)

Okay.

Tommy opens the car door recklessly hitting the RED CAMARO.

DAVE JOHNSON, (28), intoxicated smoking a cigarette, spots Tommy dinging his car.

DAVE

Whoa, whoa! What the fuck, bro?

Dave charges toward, Tommy.

Tony gets in between.

TONY

It was a fucking accident, guy. Take it easy.

DAVE

You just fucking dinged my car!

Dave studies the little ding on his door.

TOMMY

It's a little dent. No big deal.

TONY

Here.

Tony throws a couple hundred dollars on the ground.

Dave PUSHES Tony, hard.

TOMMY

You're fucking with the wrong guy!

CUT TO:

INT. BAR - CONTINUOUS

Joe and ROSIE, (24), seated at the bar.

ROSIE

My mom really likes you.

JOE

Does she? What she say?

ROSIE

She said, you are just too cute.

JOE

Yeah, what'd your pop say?

ROSIE

He's gonna take a little work.

Joe and Rosie, LAUGH.

ROSIE

Where are your friends?

JOE

Outside...don't worry about them.

FLASHBACK ENDS:

CUT TO:

INT. JOE'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Joe in a daze, observes Squeeks washing cars. He hops out of his car.

SQUEEKS

There's a gentleman waiting for you inside, Mr. Marconi.

Joe checks his watch.

JOE  
Who is it?

SQUEEKS  
Don't know. Don't care. The less I  
know around this mothafucker, the  
better.

Joe bites the inside of his lip observing, Squeeks.

CUT TO:

INT. JOE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Joe enters to ROBERTO CATALANO, (73), Detroit Mob Boss,  
seated across from his desk.

JOE  
Roberto?

ROBERTO  
Joey, how the fuck ya doing?

Joe and Roberto, hug.

JOE  
Jesus...I just found out this morning.

ROBERTO  
He rotted away in that shit hole for  
32 years. You believe that? 32 fucking  
years and not once ever thought about  
dropping a dime.

JOE  
He was a good man.

Joe makes the sign of the cross. Roberto does the same.

JOE  
Have a seat. Can I get you some coffee  
or something?

ROBERTO  
Yeah, pour me a cup, would ya?

Joe prepares the coffee.

ROBERTO

You know, my Uncle never forgot about what you did for him. God rest his soul.

FLASHBACK BEGINS:

CUT TO:

INT. BAR - CONTINUOUS

Joe and Rosie LAUGH as Joe leans in and kisses her on the cheek.

JOE

I'm going to marry you.

ROSIE

Slow down my Italian Stallion.

JOE

I like that.

O.S. GUN SHOTS.

Joe jumps up out of his seat and runs.

ROSIE

Joey, no!

CUT TO:

EXT. BAR - CONTINUOUS

Joe runs outside to Tony and Tommy shot dead on the street.

Dave stands over them holding a gun. He points it at Joe, and pulls the trigger. (it dry fires - out of bullets)

Joe flinches assuming certain death.

Dave jumps in his car and PEELS out.

Joe stands in a daze.

LAP DISSOLVE:

Joe in a daze as police lights reflect off his face.

POLICE OFFICER, (52), male, stands in front of Joe.



POLICE OFFICER  
Tell me everything you know. What did  
you see?

JOE  
I was inside with my girlfriend when I  
heard the gun shots.

POLICE OFFICER  
(annoyed)  
So, let me guess, you didn't see  
anything?

Joe shakes his head.

POLICE OFFICER  
Witnesses say, he sped off in a red  
Camaro.

JOE  
I don't know what kind of car he was  
driving, Sir.

POLICE OFFICER  
That's funny, because witnesses also  
said, they saw the suspect point the  
gun at you.

Beat.

JOE  
Nah, nobody pointed anything at me.

Officer glares at Joe. He knows he's lying.

ROSIE (O.S.)  
He's telling the truth officer.

Joe looks to Rosie with relief.

ROSIE  
He was inside with me.

FLASHBACK ENDS:

CUT TO:

INT. JOE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Joe in a daze staring at the floor.

ROBERTO

You okay?

JOE

Yeah.

(beat)

How's Detroit?

CUT TO:

EXT. PROJECTS - DAY

DAMIAN JONES, (16), Blood, hustles on the corner. He spots TWO beautiful African American WOMEN across the street.

DAMIAN

You ladies seen Molly, anywhere?

WOMAN

We been looking all day for that bitch.

They cross the street to Damian. He does a hand to hand sell.

DAMIAN

Feel free to hit me when these motherfuckers kick in. Y'all looking good today.

They SNICKER.

WOMAN

Well, give us your number.

Damian smiles as he catches a glimpse of something in the sky.

DAMIAN

Oh, shit!

Damian pulls out his phone and quickly runs away.

The women look at each other confused.

SHOT: SKY: FLOCK OF PIGEONS.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

SWAT SUV makes a right turn.

CUT TO:

INT. TRAP HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Jamal and his CREW, scurry to stuff money into duffel bags along with pounds of weed and cocaine.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

SWAT SUV pulls up to the projects and stops.

SWAT Team jumps out and makes their way into the projects.

DEA AGENTS follow behind.

CUT TO:

INT. PROJECTS - CONTINUOUS

SWAT stands outside Jamal's.

They BANG on the door.

SWAT  
Police! We have a search warrant.  
(beat)  
Open up! We have a warrant!

Officer nods.

SWAT BREAKS the door open. They throw a FLASH BANG GRENADE in.

BOOM!

SWAT enters.

SWAT (O.S.)  
Clear.

OFFICER  
Clear.

SWAT stands, disappointed.

DEA AGENT, DANNY LAWRENCE, (36), takes a deep breath.

CUT TO:

INT. JOE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Roberto dips the biscotti into his coffee and takes a bite.

ROBERTO

So, to answer your question. Detroit's a shit hole. Just like St. Louis. But hey, what are you gonna do?

They CHUCKLE.

ROBERTO

You still dream about, Hawaii?

JOE

Every fucking, day.

ROBERTO

What are you gonna do with all of this?

JOE

(amused)

What do you mean what am I gonna do with all of this? You act like I've hit some great fucking milestone in my life that can be passed down to the next low level gangster.

ROBERTO

You've built yourself quite an operation here, kid.

JOE

I'd like to light a fucking match.

Roberto CHUCKLES.

ROBERTO

Well, don't get too far ahead of yourself.

Joe squirms in his seat, uncomfortable, but tries to play it cool.

ROBERTO

My distro's doing 25 to life. Thank God he's another one that knows how to keep his mouth shut. The drugs were ran through Chicago before they made it to Detroit. All stomped on. By the

(MORE)

ROBERTO (CONT'D)  
 time they got there people were  
 snorting Tylenol and fucking baby  
 laxatives. I need a new hub.

Joe swallows, hard.

ROBERTO  
 One of my guys will be here with his  
 crew to oversee the operation. We'll  
 give you 3 percent for every ki that  
 comes through. You can even keep the  
 cars. You don't have to lift a finger.  
 You don't have to worry about a  
 fucking thing.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

MUSIC: FIVE TO ONE, BY THE DOORS, PLAYS.

TWENTY BIKERS from Todd Monroe's crew ride fast and furious  
 through the streets.

PEOPLE watch in awe as the bikers pass.

They pull into Marconi Lot.

CUT TO:

INT. JOE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

O.S. MOTORCYCLE ENGINES ROAR ONTO THE LOT.

Joe stands up and takes a peek outside. He takes a sip of his  
 coffee.

POV: JOE: BIKERS ONE BY ONE PARKING SIDE TO SIDE.

MUSIC FADES OUT:

JOE  
 That goes without saying, Roberto.  
 (beat)  
 We're family.

Roberto stands and walks over to Joe to take a peek.

POV: ROBERTO: BIKERS TURN THEIR BIKES OFF AND DISMOUNT.

ROBERTO  
I fucking hate bikers.

CUT TO:

INT. SAL'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Sal drives toward the lot.

POV: SAL: BIKERS WALKING INTO THE OFFICE.

SAL  
Fuck.

Sal drives past the lot.

CUT TO:

INT. JOE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

JASON STEPHENS, (56), tall, tatted, bad ass looking biker and FIVE other BIKERS enter Joe's office.

Joe is seated at his desk.

JOE  
Can I help yuse, guys?

CUT TO:

INT. SAL'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Roberto peeks through the door and listens in on the conversation.

CUT TO:

INT. JOE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Jason takes a seat across from Joe.

JASON  
Me and the rest of my MC want to know what happened to our boy, Todd.

Beat.

JOE  
So, you came here?

JASON

We didn't pull your name out of a fucking hat, Joe. We all know he had business lined up with you.

JOE

(naive)

He's probably laid up with one of his whores somewhere. How the fuck am I suppose to know where he is?!

JASON

Because your man was the last to see him alive before he was fucking killed.

JOE

Todd's dead?

(beat)

I'm sorry to hear--

JASON

Don't play stupid with me you fucking Guinea.

Roberto enters.

All five bikers including Jason stiffen up.

Roberto knows he holds the power.

ROBERTO

Relax. Take some deep breaths. It's good for your health.

(beat)

It's funny, you see, I have friends that call me a dago, who aren't Italian. I laugh cause I know they're just breaking my balls because they love me. I ain't gotta problem with that. Now, if they call me a WOP, that's a little different. They might get a chuckle out of me, but deep down they know they probably shouldn't have said, what they said. But I can still let the WOP slide. Now, if they call me a Guinea or a Guido - that's when I have a real fucking issue. Imagine if it's someone I don't know. Someone who's not my friend.

Silence permeates the room.

ROBERTO

I assume you all know who I am.

The bikers, nod.

ROBERTO

Good. Now that we made our formal introduction. Yuse can leave.

Beat.

JASON

(to Joe)

This ain't over.

ROBERTO

You better hope it is.

The bikers exit.

Beat.

Roberto stares out of the window watching the bikers leave.

ROBERTO

What the fuck did Sal, do?

JOE

Blew the guys brains out 20 minutes after he got out of prison.

ROBERTO

Fucking, Sal.

(beat)

First shipment comes in next week. I'll see ya at my Uncle's funeral.

Roberto exits.

CLOSEUP: JOE'S NERVOUS FACE.

CUT TO:

EXT. FAT JOHN'S APARTMENT - DAY

Sal KNOCKS. He looks around the neighborhood - a poor run down area in South City, St. Louis.

Sal, annoyed, KNOCKS HARDER.



SAL  
Open the door you fat fuck.

Sal WALKS AROUND THE BUILDING to Fat John's backdoor.

CUT TO:

INT. FAT JOHN'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Sal enters.

POV: SAL: FAST FOOD BAGS, DIRTY DISHES, BEER CANS, EMPTY LIQUOR BOTTLES, WEED RESIDUE, SEEDS AND COCAINE POWDER ALL OVER THE KITCHEN TABLE.

Sal shakes his head in disgust. He makes his way to Fat John's bedroom and finds him in bed with a HUGE FAT WOMAN, bigger than Fat John.

Sal disgusted, places his shirt over his mouth to escape the foul odor.

SAL  
Birds of a feather do fuck together.

Fat John FLIPS Sal off.

SAL  
Kick this broad out before I throw up in my mouth. Come on, we got business to discuss.

CUT TO:

FAT JOHN'S LIVING ROOM COUCH.

Sal, disgusted, looks over Fat John's dirty living room.

SAL  
You ever think about cleaning this place up? Has that thought ever entered your head?

FAT JOHN  
It's too early to bust balls, Sal. What the fuck is so important?

Fat John lights up a joint roach.

SAL  
It's 1:47 in the afternoon.

Beat.

FAT JOHN  
You know the old man died, right?

SAL  
Who?

FAT JOHN  
Catalano...he died the other day in  
the can.

Sal drifts off and for the first time he shows some empathy.

FAT JOHN  
So, what do you want to talk about?

Beat.

CLOSEUP: SAL'S SAD FACE.

CUT TO:

INT. JOE'S OFFICE - DAY

Joe seated at his desk shuffling paperwork.

Sal enters. He quietly saunters to take a seat across from  
Joe.

SAL  
He's gone, huh?

JOE  
Yeah.

Beat.

SAL  
Ever since mom and dad died, he was  
like a father to us.

CLOSEUP: JOE'S FACE.

FLASHBACK BEGINS:

CUT TO:

INT. GIOVANNI'S RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Joe, (server), breaks down his tables as he and the other

STAFF close the restaurant.

ANTONIO CATALANO, (65), St. Louis, MOB Boss, Roberto Catalano, (younger version) and their CREW enter.

The MANAGER, (48), male, SNAPS his fingers to a WAITER directing him to set a table immediately.

As EVERYONE else hurries to get out of their way or serve them, Joe calmly approaches.

JOE  
Mr. Catalano.

ANTONIO  
Joey.

Antonio hugs and kisses him.

ANTONIO  
Have a seat. Eat with us.

ROBERTO  
How ya doing, kid?  
(beat)  
Come on, sit.

FLASHBACK ENDS:

CUT TO:

INT. JOE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Joe in a daze, lifts his head up.

JOE  
He'll be missed.

Beat.

SAL  
Yeah.

CUT TO:

INT. FUNERAL WAKE - NIGHT

MUSIC:

Antonio's casket is decorated with humongous, over the top, FLOWER BOUQUETS.

MAFIOSO'S and their CREWS from all over the country pay their last respects to Antonio.

Tony, Marie, and Rocco enter.

Sal and Roberto talk with TWO other GOOD FELLA'S.

Joe slowly makes his way to the casket. He looks over his friends lifeless body and makes the sign of the cross, kisses the blessing, and kneels down to pray.

POV: JOE: ANTONIO'S RING.

FLASHBACK BEGINS:

CROSS FADE:

INT. GIOVANNI'S RESTAURANT - NIGHT

CLOSEUP: ANTONIO'S RING/HAND HOLDING A PORT WINE GLASS.

Joe, Antonio, and Roberto finish their dinner.

ROBERTO

They got the best Cavatelli here.

ANTONIO

No, they really do. Carmines ain't too shabby neither, no?

ROBERTO

Oh, fucking Carmines veal scaloppine marsala...Madone.

ANTONIO

Don't get me fucking started here.

Antonio and Roberto CHUCKLE as Joe observes.

MAN, (54), walks up to Antonio and whispers in his ear. Antonio nods.

ANTONIO

We'll be out in a minute.

Joe intently observes.

ANTONIO

Let's go get some fresh air.

ROBERTO  
Come on kid...let's go for a drive.

Joe nods.

FLASHBACK ENDS:

CUT TO:

INT. FUNERAL WAKE - NIGHT

Joe is interrupted by Marie's hand touching his shoulder.

Joe stands.

MARIE  
You okay?

JOE  
Yeah, I'm good. How you doing?

They hug.

MARIE  
I'm okay. I think it was harder when  
he went away to prison than it is now  
in his passing.

Roberto enters.

ROBERTO  
Marie, how you doing, darling.

MARIE  
Hi, Uncle Robby.

They hug.

ROBERTO  
Were all going to Roc's for some  
drinks.  
(beat)  
On me.

CUT TO:

INT. ROCCO'S BAR & GRILL - NIGHT

Roberto, Sal, Joe, Tony, and Rocco all seated at the same  
table drinking and smoking.

ROCCO  
Those were the good old fucking days,  
huh?

ROBERTO  
No question. Hands down.

Fat John enters.

SAL  
Oh! Look who came for the free drinks.

Everyone LAUGHS.

ROCCO  
John, why does it look like you've  
never taken a shower in your fucking  
life?

TONY  
This fucking guy.

FAT JOHN  
Fellas.

Beat.

JOE  
Now, that we're all here.

Joe glares at Fat John and raises his wine glass - everyone reciprocates.

JOE  
To Antonio Catalano.

ROBERTO  
Salud.

EVERYONE  
Salud.

Beat.

ROBERTO  
I remember this time, right before  
Antonio was about to be made. I was  
maybe twenty, if even. We just did  
this job and went for a drink over at  
L's on the corner of Southwest and  
Kingshighway. Remember that joint with  
(MORE)

ROBERTO (CONT'D)  
the toasted ravioli and the lobster  
cream sauce? Forget about it.

Rocco flags down a WAITRESS, (31), female and whispers in her ear. He pats her on the butt as she walks away.

ROBERTO  
Anyway, we're sitting at the bar and these wanna be wise guys come in. They got their little numbers games, but nothing like what we had going on. We had things organized. So, this guy comes over and asks Antonio and I if we wanted in on the juice. Antonio asks the guy how much their bringing in. The guy says about 300 a week. I was in immediately, shit, I'm twenty years old, anything could help you know. But Antonio leans into the guy and says, do me a favor...go home, grow some hair on your balls, and come back when you're all grown up.

TONY  
What the guy do?

ROBERTO  
He probably went home and checked his nuts. Who fucking cares.

Everyone LAUGHS.

ROBERTO  
I'll never forget it. That was the first time I realized, the company you keep is one of the most important assets. Here I was, just a kid, thinking this was a good opportunity. So, I asked him, why you tell that guy to go take a hike? He looks at me and says, either you're in or you're not. None of this half way, testing the waters shit. And, if you do get involved with guys like that, leave me the fuck out of it. They'll be the first to flip and sing like a fucking canary down at the station.

(beat)  
Moral of the story is, you got to be all the way in. No matter what it is

(MORE)

ROBERTO (CONT'D)  
you're doing.

Roberto stares at Joe.

ROBERTO  
(to Sal)  
This thing of ours has to be  
organized.

Waitress sets the toasted ravioli, lobster cream sauce dish  
down in front of Roberto.

ROBERTO  
(amused)  
Motherfucker, you stole their recipe?

ROCCO  
Fuck yeah, I did. I used to prep for  
Mr. Lombardi until the prick caught me  
banging his daughter in the walk in.

Everyone LAUGHS.

DISSOLVE:

EXT. CITY SKY LINE - ARCH - DAWN

MUSIC: MARIE ANTOINETTE INSTRUMENTAL, BY STYLE'S P, PLAYS.

CUT TO:

EXT. MARCONI CAR LOT - MORNING

A tractor trailer filled with used cars pulls up to the lot.  
Squeeks along with several MEXICANS unload the cars.

CUT TO:

INT. MARCONI LOT GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Squeeks strips the drugs from the cars.

SERIES OF SHOTS: SQUEEKS STRIPS DIFFERENT CARS FOR ALL OF THE  
HEROIN, COKE, AND MARIJUANA.

Squeeks fills TWO ST. LOUIS BLUES equipment bags to the brim  
with drugs.

MUSIC ENDS:



CUT TO:

INT. JOE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Joe GRINDS coffee beans as Squeeks enters with the two bags.

SQUEEKS

All here for you, Mr. Marconi.

JOE

Thanks Squeeks. Go ahead and take that  
roll off my desk.

Squeeks picks up a croissant, takes a bite and begins to walk  
out.

JOE

Not my fucking croissant, ya, momo!  
The fucking roll of cash.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARK - DAY

Party/BBQ.

Darnell, O, and ROME, (32), seated at a picnic table  
drinking, smoking, and playing Domino's. A POT of MONEY lies  
in the middle of the table.

O SLAMS his Domino onto the table.

O

Domino motherfuckers!

O collects the pot of money.

DARNELL

Nigga act like he ain't ever won shit  
in his life.

ROME

Word. He about to lose it all this  
weekend anyway.

Darnell squints, spots Jamal waving him down in the distance.

CUT TO:

DIFFERENT PART OF THE PARK.

Darnell and Jamal saunter down the sidewalk.

DARNELL

What happened yesterday?

JAMAL

Fucking FEDS came through - kicked down the door. Only thing they got was air.

DARNELL

Feds?

JAMAL

DEA and the SWAT local task force or whatever the fuck they is.

DARNELL

You did good.

JAMAL

Everybody was on point. Shit was ready to move. Got the call and we was gone.

DARNELL

Why over there, though?

JAMAL

Yo, that's what I've been saying, D. We got a fucking rat.

DARNELL

Before you make assumptions and go blasting fools, we need to make sure.

JAMAL

We ain't even been there a motherfucking week and we get the door kicked in? I can see if we were still on the south side, but something ain't adding up.

DARNELL

Don't say shit. We'll flush this motherfucker out. Whoever he is.

Darnell looks around the park and all the PEOPLE at the BBQ.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARK - PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

POV: DANNY LAWRENCE: BINOCULARS OBSERVING DARNELL.

CUT TO:

INT. JOE'S OFFICE - DAY

Joe seated at desk in a daze. He picks up the NEWSPAPER with Antonio's HEADLINE - "MAFIOSO DEAD".

FLASHBACK BEGINS:

CUT TO:

EXT. GIOVANNI'S RESTAURANT - NIGHT

MUSIC: A MARSHMALLOW WORLD, BY DEAN MARTIN, PLAYS.

SNOW FALLS.

Like the secret service, Antonio's CREW moves, Antonio, Roberto, and Joe to the limousine.

MANAGER

Merry Christmas, fellas.

They enter the limo.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

The limo pulls off.

SHOT: CHRISTMAS LIGHTS AND THE SNOW FALLING.

CUT TO:

INT. LIMO - CONTINUOUS

Joe, nervous, stares out the window.

MUSIC LOWERS.

ROBERTO

Tonight, you become one of us.

Roberto and Antonio stare intensely at Joe.

MUSIC RISES.

CUT TO:

EXT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Limo pulls up to the warehouse next to several Cadillac's.

MEN open the limo's doors.

Roberto, Antonio, and Joe step out.

MUSIC ENDS.

CUT TO:

INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

TWO MEN, out of Antonio's crew lead them down a dark hallway. There's a light shining out of a room toward the end.

JOE

(low to Roberto)

Where we going?

ROBERTO

Don't worry about it. You'll be fine, kid.

Antonio, Roberto, and Joe enter the lit room.

Dave Johnson is severely beaten, CRYING, and tied to a chair with duck tape over his mouth.

FLASHBACK ENDS:

CUT TO:

INT. JOE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Jojo stands to Joe's side.

JOJO

Joe, you alright?

Joe snaps out of it.

JOE

Yeah...where the fuck have you been today?

JOJO

I had a doctors appointment. We've  
(MORE)



completely stripped with parts all over the place.

CLOSEUP: 4 BLACK BMW DOORS LEANING AGAINST THE WALL.

SAL  
 Motherfucker.  
 (beat)  
 Randy!

CUT TO:

INT. RANDY'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

RANDY SMITH, (49), male, grease all over his arms, hands, shirt, and face is nodding out (high) at his desk. Tin foil with burnt heroin and glass pipe lie next to him.

Sal furiously swings the door open CRASHING it against the wall. The glass on the door SHATTERS.

Randy pops his head up.

RANDY  
 (mumbles)  
 Sally, what are you doing?

SAL  
 What the fuck are those Bimmers still doing here?

RANDY  
 They were suppose to pick the parts up today. Never showed.

SAL  
 When the fuck are they coming?

RANDY  
 Sometime tomorrow, I dunno. We'll see.

Randy nods out.

SAL  
 Fuck me.

CUT TO:

INT. AMIGHETTI'S DELI - DAY

Joe and Marie seated at a table eating.

MARIE  
You look horrible.

JOE  
Thanks, it's good to see you, too.

MARIE  
You know what I mean. How's Sal?

JOE  
Sal is Sal. I'd have better luck  
talking to that brick wall over there.

MARIE  
Why don't you take a vacation or  
something? You can afford it.

JOE  
I gotta business to run, Marie. And  
the people I work with - I just have  
to be available at all times.

MARIE  
Cant you mix things up a bit? Have  
Jojo run the lot while you're gone?

JOE  
Jojo couldn't mix flour and water.  
(beat)  
I'll figure something out.

MARIE  
Well, I hope so Joey. You look like  
you're on the verge of having a heart  
attack.

JOE  
I should be so lucky.

CUT TO:

EXT. MARCONI CAR LOT - AFTERNOON

Sal pulls up to Tony prepping the TOW TRUCK.

TONY  
Wanna go for a repo?

Sal nods.

CUT TO:

INT. TOW TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Tony drives as Sal is seated in passenger.

SAL  
I stopped by Randy's today.

TONY  
He have our bread?

SAL  
The motherfucker was nodding out in his office. BMW parts everywhere, like fucking Lego Land.

TONY  
I knew he was getting bad, but...I'll kill that motherfucker if he fucks anything up.

Beat.

SAL  
He's gonna have to go. Let him get rid of the parts first.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOOD STREET - CONTINUOUS

Tow truck slows down parallel to an older model Jeep Grand Cherokee.

Tony pulls the pick up truck in front of the Jeep.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

LARRY JENKINS, (37), Darnell's cousin, Blood, gives it to a thick African American, WOMAN, (24), doggy-style.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARK - DAY

MUSIC: S'WONDERFUL, BY TONY BENNETT AND DIANA KRALL, PLAYS.

Fat John pulls into a parking space smoking a fat smoldering joint.



CUT TO:

PATHWAY TO MAN MADE POND.

Fat John walks to a MAN MADE POND holding two coolers and two fishing poles along with two lounge chairs under his arm while hitting a joint that's hanging out of his mouth.

Fat John sets everything down. He baits his hooks and throws them into the pond. He sets up his lounge chairs, throws ice into a plastic cup and pours himself a Jack Daniels that's covered with a brown paper bag.

MUSIC ENDS:

CUT TO:

EXT. MARCONI CAR LOT - AFTERNOON

Tony and Sal pull up to the lot with the Jeep Cherokee on tow.

They hop out.

TONY

I'm-ma go let Joe know we're back.

Sal nods.

Tony walks to the office building.

Sal looks in the back of the Cherokee and spots a RED BACK PACK. He tries to open the doors, but they're all locked.

Sal searches in the tow truck and pulls out a SLIM JIM. He shimmy's it down the window POPPING the lock and opening the car. Sal grabs the red backpack and opens it finding ONE KILO of cocaine and a Glock 9mm.

CUT TO:

INT. JOE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Joe and Tony go over the paperwork for the repo'd car.

JOE

Any problems?

TONY

No, got in and out.

JOE  
Good. Sign here would ya?

Tony signs his name.

JOE  
Wait a minute, shit.

TONY  
What?

JOE  
We repo'd the wrong fucking car. Fuck  
this day!

CUT TO:

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Larry steps outside zipping up his front zipper with a smile lighting his cigarette. He looks around -- panic hits him.

LARRY  
Oh hell, no!

CUT TO:

INT. JOE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Tony takes a deep breath standing over Joe.

JOE  
Hey relax. I'll still pay ya for the  
work.

Sal enters.

SAL  
What's with you two?

TONY  
We repo'd Darnell's cousin's car.

SAL  
Oh, well.

Joe glares at Sal.

Jojo enters.

JOJO

Hey fellas. Joe I need your John  
Hancock when you have a chance.

Jojo leans into set the paperwork onto Joe's desk as Sal innocently stretches his arms. Jojo quickly flinches and ducks thinking he was about to be hit by Sal.

Tony, Sal, and even Joe LAUGH at Jojo's timidness.

JOE

You see what you do to this fucking,  
guy.

TONY

Jojo's got post traumatic stress  
disorder from Sal.

Jojo's face is red as an apple as he embarrassingly exits.

SAL

I'll see you guys later.

JOE

Where you going?

SAL

I'll be back.

JOE

Thanks for the warning.

Joe shakes his head to the crazy environment.

JOE

Oh, Madone.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARK - EVENING

Fat John chills on his lounge chair.

GARY BLACKBURN, (68), sports a Vietnam Veteran Hat and a Marine-Semper Fi Shirt underneath his leather vest. He approaches Fat John.

GARY

Johnny.

FAT JOHN

Gary.

Gary takes a seat on the lounge chair.

GARY

How goes it?

FAT JOHN

You know what they say, life's a bitch depending on how ya dress her.

SHOT: SUN REFLECTING OFF OF THE MAN MADE POND.

GARY

Catch anything?

FAT JOHN

Just shingles and herpes.

Gary smirks.

Fat John relights his joint.

GARY

That's one thing I never understood about your generation.

FAT JOHN

What's that?

GARY

These big fat joints you guys roll. Just cause you roll a big joint doesn't mean you got a big dick. All you need is a little bit.

FAT JOHN

Yeah, well, I never understood the concept of moderation.

Beat.

GARY

You got my QP?

Fat John takes a drag off his joint. He reaches in his cooler pulling out a QUARTER POUND (Marijuana) in a air sealed plastic bag.

GARY  
You know, in New Zealand, they call  
coolers, chilly bins?

FAT JOHN  
No, I didn't. But I fucking love that.

Gary grabs the QP and stands. He places a wad of cash into  
Fat Johns front shirt pocket.

GARY  
Remember, all you need is a little bit  
of pot.

FAT JOHN  
I like the burn, Gary.

Gary pats Fat John's shoulder.

GARY  
Have a good day, Johnny.

FAT JOHN  
Take it ease.

Gary walks away then turns around.

GARY  
You should just set up shop at the VA,  
you know that?

FAT JOHN  
(amused)  
I thought about it.

GARY  
Tell the guys I said, hello.

CUT TO:

INT. DARNELL'S CONDO - NIGHT

Darnell and O seated on couch passing a blunt watching ESPN.

O  
Who you got this weekend?

DARNELL  
Nigga, who you got this weekend?

They LAUGH.

DARNELL  
I'm trying to get paid.

O  
That's fucked up, D.

O.S. HARD KNOCKING AT THE DOOR.

Darnell grabs his gun and stands.

O reaches in the couch and pulls out an Uzi.

Darnell looks through the peek hole. He opens the door.

DARNELL  
What the fuck you knocking like the  
damn police for?

Larry frantically walks in.

O  
This nigga.

Larry breathes heavy.

LARRY  
Yo D, my ride got ganked, nigga!

O  
Go get a new one.

LARRY  
Naw nigga, you don't understand! You  
not gettin me right now. All my work  
in there. My phone. My toast.  
Everything!

Darnell passes the blunt back to O.

O  
This nigga.

DARNELL  
Back the fuck up. Tell me you didn't  
leave the fucking work in your ride.

Larry stays silent.

DARNELL  
Tell me you were smarter than to leave  
all that coke in your fucking car.

DARNELL (CONT'D)

(beat)

Nigga, I'm talking to you!

O

This nigga.

DARNELL

O, shut the fuck up!

LARRY

Nigga's know not to fuck with me  
nigga. I don't know who would a done  
that shit.

O

Shit happens.

Darnell steps into Larry.

DARNELL

Nigga, I should fuck you up right now.  
You fuckin lucky you're mamma's my  
Auntie. Any other nigga would be dead.  
Dead nigga, Dead!

(O.S.) DARNELL'S PHONE RINGS.

He answers.

DARNELL

Yo.

(beat)

I'm staring at that dumb nigga right  
now.

(beat)

Hold up.

Darnell covers the speaker of his phone.

DARNELL

You ain't pay your fucking car note?

LARRY

Oh shit! The Italian nigga got my  
ride?!

Darnell resumes his conversation.

DARNELL

It's all good, Joe.

DARNELL (CONT'D)

(beat)

No need to apologize. I'm a bring his stupid ass up there in a bit.

(beat)

Thanks.

Darnell hangs up.

DARNELL

You is one stupid, lucky ass nigga, yo.

LARRY

I'm sorry, D! I'm sorry.

DARNELL

(angry)

How you not pay your fucking bill, huh? You not eating? You not earning enough nigga? I'm not paying you right?!

(beat)

You a fucking embarrassment nigga!

Darnell SMACKS the shit out of him.

O

This nigga.

DISSOLVE:

EXT. MARCONI CAR LOT - NIGHT

O, Darnell, and Larry arrive.

SHOT: JEEP CHEROKEE ON THE LOT.

Before the car comes to a halt, Larry jumps out to go check on his car.

O

This nigga.

Darnell glares at O.

CUT TO:

INT. MARCONI CAR LOT OFFICE BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Darnell enters.



JOE

Hey brother, I didn't realize it was his car till just about an hour ago. I would've just called you first. I didn't--

DARNELL

Ain't your fault, Joe. That nigga should have paid his fucking bills.

Beat.

JOE

Who you taking this weekend?

DARNELL

Not the fucking, Rams.

JOE

I should a fucking known. What you wanna lay?

DARNELL

Joe, Joe, Joe. I don't wanna have to take your money again, Joe.

JOE

Put a G down.

DARNELL

You a fucking crazy dago, you know that?

They LAUGH.

Larry barges in ruining the vibe.

LARRY

It's gone! It's fucking gone!

Darnell lowers his head.

Beat.

Joe gives Darnell a confused blank stare.

JOE

(confused)

What's gone?

CUT TO:

INT. SAL'S CONDO - CONTINUOUS

MUSIC: I JUST WANT YOU, BY OZZY OSBOURNE, PLAYS.

Sal and Fat John break down the kilo of coke into various sizes in bags to sell.

Sal leans over and SNIFFS a rail.

Fat John lights a fat joint, cracks open a beer, and leans over taking a huge LINE of coke as well.

CUT TO:

INT. JOE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

SLOW MOTION: DARNELL, O, AND LARRY LEAVE THE OFFICE. JOE SEATED AT HIS DESK EMBARRASSED AND LOW. THIS ISN'T A GOOD LOOK FOR HIM.

Darnell, O, and Larry exit.

Joe pulls a bottle of scotch out from under his desk and takes a huge swig.

Joe pulls a picture of Rosie out of his desk drawer and stares at it.

FLASHBACK BEGINS:

CUT TO:

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Roberto hands Joe a gun.

Roberto steps back and looks to Antonio - Antonio nods.

Joe scared to death, looks to Antonio, Roberto, and the two other guys in their crew. Joe looks to Dave tied up in the chair. Joe slowly raises the gun and points it at Dave's head. Dave CRIES squirming in his seat for dear life.

CUT TO:

INT. DEA OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Danny glares at the wall.

CLOSEUP: PICTURES ON THE WALL: DARNELL, O, AND JAMAL.

CUT TO:

INT. STRIP CLUB

Sal and Fat John enter.

CUT TO:

INT. JOE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Tears roll down Joe's face as he holds the picture of Rosie.

CUT TO:

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Joe lowers the gun. He just doesn't have it in him to kill.  
In defeat, Joe lowers his head.

Antonio and Roberto glare at each other, disappointment sets  
in their eyes.

Joe looks up and sees the disappointment in them.

Beat.

SLOW MOTION: JOE BLINKS, HE TAKES A DEEP BREATH AND RAISES  
HIS GUN. HE OPENS FIRE ON DAVE SHOOTING UNTIL HE RUNS OUT OF  
BULLETS. SMOKE RISES FROM THE BARREL.

Antonio and Roberto walk to Joe and hug him.

CLOSEUP: DAVE: SHOT UP AND BLEEDING.

MUSIC LOWERS:

CUT TO:

INT. LIMO - CONTINUOUS

Joe, Antonio, and Roberto seated in the back.

Joe is in a daze.

Roberto pours everyone a drink.

ROBERTO

Salud.

ANTONIO

Salud.

They all toast.

Beat.

JOE  
(to Roberto)  
Can I ask you a question?

Roberto nods.

JOE  
Why did we wait to do this right  
before Christmas?

Roberto gestures for Antonio to answer.

ANTONIO  
Because...I wanted his family to feel  
the impact of his death. Just like he  
did to mine.

CLOSEUP: JOE'S FACE.

MUSIC RISES:

FADE OUT.

**THE END**