

Ronnie & Julie

By

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INT. CASINO.

JULIE CARVALHO (20) slim brunette, works one of the CRAPS tables.

RONNIE BELUGIO (20) medium build, athletic male, dark brown hair, approaches Julie's table.

RONNIE

What's up?

JULIE

What's up? Nothing's up.

She delivers a coy smile.

INT. OFFICE IN CASINO.

TOMMY CARVALHO (53) portly bald male, is observing the casino floor below him from his elevated office perch. Behind him, his chair and desk. To his right is MARIO PALAGIO (38) a bouncer-like dark italian.

TOMMY

What's that kid doing in here? I thought we got rid of him. What's he think he's doing hanging around my daughter?

MARIO

You want me to get rid of him?

TOMMY continues to study the scene below him.

TOMMY

Tell Eddie to keep a watch over him.

Mario looks at Tommy. Momentarily studies him. Turns, and leaves.

INT. CASINO FLOOR.

Ronnie leans over the table.

JULIE

My father is so going kick you out on your ass.

(CONTINUED)

RONNIE

Oh? So let him.

JULIE

Ronnie - stop causing me problems.
Let's meet after I get off work.
You're just going to get me and you
in trouble here.

RONNIE

I like it like that.

INT. SAME.

EDDIE EMECHIO (34) well-built, brown hair, stands by a row of fruit machines. His careful eye takes in his surroundings; he offers nods and occasional smiles to passing punters, and receives and a mocking slap to the back of his head.

EDDIE

Jerk. What do you want?

MARIO

Kid's in again.

EDDIE

What kid?

MARIO

Kid that was screwing the bosses
daughter. We kicked his ass a
couple of months ago.

EDDIE

Belugio's boy? He's back here?

MARIO

Uh hu.

EDDIE

And the boss wants him...

MARIO

Quietly. Very quietly. Just don't
disturb the other customers.

INT. SAME - CRAPS TABLE.

Eddie ambles up to Julie's pitch.

EDDIE
Where's your friend?

JULIE
Sorry, Eddie? What friend?

EDDIE
Your little friend, Julie. Where's
he gone?

JULIE
Oh him. He's gone. He left. Why do
you want to know?

Mario strolls up to Julie's table, hands in pockets. Removes his hands, and places them, arms straight, hands over his crotch.

MARIO
Hey Julie.

JULIE
What do you want?

Mario flicks his head to one side.

MARIO
Daddy wants to see you.

Julie clears cards from the table.

MARIO (cont'd)
Now Julie.

Julie clears cards from the table. Glances toward Mario.

JULIE
Yeah Mario. I heard.

EXT. JULIE'S HOUSE - GARDENS - LATE EVENING.

A stone Pagoda stands in the acreage of the gardens. Julie squeals as Ronnie grabs her.

JULIE
No!

Ronnie rolls over her.

(CONTINUED)

JULIE (cont'd)
You know we are in so much trouble.

RONNIE
Oh? Why so?

JULIE
My Dad saw you in there today. He called his men over just after you left.

RONNIE
Your Dad has so got issues.

Julie pushes Ronnie up, as she rises to a sitting position.

JULIE
Ronnie. Those meat-heads almost half killed you last time. I know those guys. They wouldn't give a crap if they had to..., you know...

RONNIE
I aint bothered by your Father's men, Julie. They don't scare me.

JULIE
But they scare me Ronnie. When I think what they want to do. They're going to be peed off tonight. Daddy wanted to see me.

RONNIE
Oh? What about.

JULIE
Uh? I don't know. I should have been there like a hour ago.
(She snorts, laughs.)
Except I'm here with you.

RONNIE
Oh! You're a bad girl!

He grabs her and rolls her over.

INT. CASINO - OFFICE.

Tommy is sat on a leather sofa in the office. Mario and Eddie are sat adjacent to him. Opposite is LENNIE VERCHIO (34) dark glasses, long-coat, sat on a sofa. Tommy sucks on a fat cigar.

(CONTINUED)

TOMMY

He's screwing with me isn't he?
Sending his kid in her to screw my
little angel. And she don't see a
thing. 'Cause she's blinded.

MARIO

She thinks she loves the guy. She
doesn't understand.

LENNIE

What do you want me to do.

TOMMY

Do you really think that the kid
gives a toss?

MARIO

He aint bothered.

EDDIE

Gives a toss about what?

Tommy turns to Eddie and Mario.

TOMMY

I mean, once he's called off by
Daddy, then he aint gonna give a...

LENNIE

Tommy. Respect. Respect and
everything. What do you want me to
do?

Tommy takes a draw on the cigar.

TOMMY

Got to figure this out Lennie. Are
they a couple of kids in love? Or
has that piece of crap Belugio
deliberately sent that piece of
crap son of his to dirty up the
only precious thing I got left in
this world?

LENNIE

Tommy...?

TOMMY

Give me some space here. I need to
think a little.

Lennie gets up.

(CONTINUED)

LENNIE

Talk it over over with your guys
Tommy. Just when you make a
decision let me know. We don't need
to talk about anything else.

TOMMY

I appreciate it Lennie. You're
going to hear from me.

Lennie exits.

EXT. JULIE'S HOUSE - GARDENS.

WILL SCALETTO (42), well-built male, turns as he hears a
sound. Briskly moves toward the noise, keeps his shoulders
low. In the distance he can see two figures running to the
wall.

WILL

Hey. Stop. Right now.

The two figures adjust, turn, then speed up toward the wall.
Will removes his gun. Stops, fires a shot.

CUT TO:

EXT. JULIE'S HOUSE - GARDENS - LATE EVENING - CONTINUOUS

Ronnie and Julie laugh as they run madly. A loud CRACK emits
from behind them as they are feet away from the wall.
Ronnie's upper left shoulder erupts. Julie is on his right
hand side. She screams and covers her head with her hands.
Ronnie is flung forward hitting the wall with his head.

Julie approaches Ronnie.

Will runs to where Ronnie and Julie are.

WILL

Julie? Is that you?

She spins round to see Will.

JULIE

You killed him.

WILL

You don't know he's dead.

Will kneels next to Ronnie.

(CONTINUED)

WILL (CONT'D)

Ronnie. You dumb-ass. What are you doing here?

JULIE

He isn't moving. You killed him.

Will rummages around in his pocket. Julie steps backward.

WILL

We need to get an ambulance. Got to get this kid to a hospital.

JULIE

It's what you always wanted. All of you.

Will takes a mobile out of his pocket and jabs in a number. Julie continues to walk backwards, slowly stepping away from the scene.

WILL

(In to the mobile)

Yeah I need a ambulance. Fast.

Julie turns and runs.

INT. CASINO - OFFICE - A SHORT TIME LATER.

Tommy Carvalho is on his feet, a phone pinned to his ear.

TOMMY

Will. Will. What are you telling me?

Tommy paces the room, fist raised and clenched. Mario is freeze-framed with a glass of scotch half-raised to his mouth.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

She was with him?

(seething rage)

What do you mean she was with him?

Where is she now?

Eddie is sat on the sofa: he looks towards Mario, who returns his gaze.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

What do you mean you don't know?

(border-line apoplectic)

Sort this Will. Do you hear what

I'm saying to you? Do you? I mean

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

TOMMY (CONT'D) (cont'd)
do hear what I'm saying right now?
Sort this out.

INT. MARCELO BELUGIO'S RESIDENCE - CONTINUOUS.

Large gates closing off the impressive drive. A intercom to the right-hand side.

Julie, tears streaming, bangs on the intercom.

A crackled voice answers, indecipherable.

JULIE
They killed him.

A response, inaudible.

JULIE (cont'd)
It's Julie. Carvalho. I want to
speak to Mr Belugio. They killed
Ronnie.

A crackle, indistinct.

JULIE (cont'd)
Ronnie. He's dead.

INT. CASINO - OFFICE.

A phone rings.

TOMMY
Give me that.

Mario speedily hands the phone over to Tommy.

TOMMY (cont'd)
Marcelo, Marcelo. Listen to me.
(pauses, listens)
He aint dead, he's ok believe me.

CUT TO:

INT. MARCELO BELUGIO'S LOUNGE - CONTINUOUS.

MARCELO BELUGIO (58) greased graying hair, bejeweled male.

(CONTINUED)

MARCELO

Believe you? Why am I being told
he's dead? I got someone here
telling me my boy is dead.

BACK TO SCENE:

INT. CASINO - OFFICE - CONTINUOUS.

TOMMY

Listen to me. Your boy's going to
be ok...

CUT TO:

INT. MARCELO BELUGIO'S LOUNGE - CONTINUOUS.

MARCELO

Going to be ok? I want to now what
is going on Tommy. There is a very
big problem happening here.

BACK TO SCENE:

INT. CASINO - OFFICE - CONTINUOUS.

TOMMY

I know this is screwed up, but we
just need to come to a solution.
No-one is saying that your boy is
dead.

CUT TO:

INT. MARCELO BELUGIO'S LOUNGE - CONTINUOUS.

MARCELO

(mock laughs)

No-one? Tommy I got your daughter
here, she's blubbing like there's
no tomorrow. She says my boy's
dead. How you going to answer that?

BACK TO SCENE:

INT. CASINO - OFFICE - CONTINUOUS.

Tommy freezes.

TOMMY
You got my daughter? How did you
get my daughter?

CUT TO:

INT. MARCELO BELUGIO'S LOUNGE - CONTINUOUS.

MARCELO
She came to me Tommy.

Marcelo put the phone down. Shakes his head.

BACK TO SCENE:

INT. CASINO - OFFICE - CONTINUOUS.

TOMMY
Marcelo?
(pause)
Marcelo?

Tommy moves the phone away from his ear.

TOMMY (CONT'D)
How'd he get my daughter?

Tommy looks toward Mario and Eddie. His face is graven. He looks away.

TOMMY (CONT'D) (cont'd)
Get down to the hospital. Both of
you.

Mario and Eddie immediately move toward the door. Tommy checks his mobile, and jabs in a number. Raises it to his ear.

TOMMY (CONT'D) (cont'd)
Lennie...?

FADE OUT:

INT. MARCELO BELUGIO'S LOUNGE - A SHORT TIME LATER.

Marcelo puts a phone to his ears.

CUT TO:

INT. CASINO - OFFICE - CONTINUOUS.

Tommy picks up a ringing phone. Listens.

BACK TO SCENE:

INT. MARCELO BELUGIO'S LOUNGE - CONTINUOUS.

Marcelo straightens himself.

MARCELO
White sedan. Off fifty fourth
street. Registration...

CUT TO:

INT. CASINO - OFFICE - CONTINUOUS.

Tommy listens. He puts the phone down. Looks up. Picks the phone up. Jabs a number.

TOMMY
Lenny? I need a favour.

EXT. FIFTY FOURTH STREET - LATE EVENING.

Lenny approaches a white sedan. Stops two feet from the trunk. Checks the registration. Pushes the trunk button. The lid lifts. He turns his head away, face contorting.

Turning so that he is facing away from the car he makes a call.

EXT. HOSPITAL ENTRANCE - A SHORT TIME LATER.

Mario and Eddie exit the main entrance. They hurry.

INT. HOSPITAL - CONTINUOUS.

A clip board lies on the floor. A nurse comforts an elderly woman in a white gown. There is confusion. The people we see are afraid, unsure.

A long sterile corridor lies ahead. To the left, a room. In it a bed. A hand hangs down from the side; blood has weaved its way along the arm, down and over the hand, and now forms a puddle on the floor.

Back away slowly.

FADE OUT:

THE END