

BLOOD, GOLD & DANGEROUS SECRETS

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. WORKING CLASS NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

Triple decker houses line a blue collar Boston neighborhood.

Cars are parked fender to fender along the sidewalk.

A lone figure, ANTONIO PASCARELLI, 88, carries two tote bags full of groceries. He wears a worn overcoat and a woolen Irish cap.

The hard, sharp angles of his face suggest a man who has stood at the gates of Hell, yet still holds the hope of Heaven.

INT. ANTONIO'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

The door handle jiggles. Antonio enters.

ANTONIO  
(under his breath)  
Too damn cold...

He shudders and closes the door. The apartment has not changed since 1975, with the exception of a large flat screen TV.

The old man places his bags on an immaculate kitchen counter.

ANTONIO  
Biscuit! Where are you, ya lil'  
shit?

BISCUIT, a toy poodle, older than dirt, hobbles in from the bedroom and greets Antonio.

ANTONIO  
Yeah, yeah. Good to see you too.  
Your momma will be home in a few  
days. Promise.

His bracing his back, Antonio leans over and pats the dog.

ANTONIO  
I know, I know. I miss her, too.  
She'll be alright.

Antonio stands and grimaces as he balances himself against the counter.

ANTONIO  
Least we hope so.

INT. ANTONIO'S BED ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Antonio flips on the light and walks through the bedroom and into the bathroom, followed by Biscuit.

ANTONIO  
Come on. I don't need you in here.  
Go lay down.

He closes the door.

Inside the bedroom, a closet door opens. Biscuit turns towards the closet and begins to sniff at the door.

INT. ANTONIO'S BATHROOM

Antonio snaps a pill bottle shut. Muffled barks are heard through the door.

ANTONIO  
Shut it! Jesus Christ! Enough  
already!

Silence.

INT. ANTONIO'S BED ROOM

ANTONIO  
I swear I'm gonna...

Antonio appears shocked to see DOMINIC GOLETTI, mid-30's.

Dominic is slightly overweight but handsome. He wears a short, stylish haircut and a nice looking suit as he points a gun at Antonio's head.

ANTONIO  
What the...Dominic? What the hell  
are you doing here?

The younger man brushes off imaginary hairs from his jacket.

DOMINIC  
Uncle Tony. I woulda called, but  
then I figure I woulda missed you.  
You avoid me sometimes.

ANTONIO

Christ! You come in here, you disrespect my house—Your Aunt? With a gun? Get out!

DOMINIC

You an' me. We need to talk.

ANTONIO

Fuck you we need to talk! Get out!

Forgetting his age, Antonio makes an aggressive move towards Dominic, who adjusts his aim.

Antonio hesitates for a moment, then sits and the edge of the bed.

DOMINIC

I need information.

ANTONIO

For this you need a gun? Always were a lazy coward!

DOMINIC

Yeah. Cause you never used a gun in your business, right?

ANTONIO

Never against family! Ever!

DOMINIC

It's insurance. Leverage. A "tool of persuasion" someone once told me.

Antonio shakes his head and reaches for his cane, propped against the bed.

ANTONIO

Alright. Fine. You now have my undivided attention. You wanna talk? Talk! How's your mother? Did she hear back from the derma..?

Dominic interrupts.

DOMINIC

I want money.

ANTONIO

Figures. Always about money with you.

He stands and gradually moves towards his dresser.

ANTONIO

I find it sad that you want to steal that which I would freely give. What is it this time? The ponies? The Pats? What?

Antonio sighs and shakes his head. They have had this conversation before.

The dresser is just a few feet away. Antonio eyes the top left hand drawer.

ANTONIO

Christ, Dominic. How much? Three, four grand?

Dominic chuckles, the gun still aimed at Antonio.

The elderly man reaches into the top drawer, pulls out a thick wad of bills and throws it on the bed.

ANTONIO

Take what you need and get out.

The action does not shift Dominic's attention.

DOMINIC

You don' seem to get it...

Antonio slams his fist on the top of the dresser.

ANTONIO

No, you don't get it, you stupid fuck!

There are several photos around the mirror.

Antonio pulls off a Christmas card photo of Dominic and his family, DONNA (30's) a pretty blonde, ALEXIS (14) and ASHLEY (11), lovely girls.

He shakes the photo in Dominic's face.

ANTONIO

You have a lovely wife. Two beautiful children; We put you through fucking college, set you up with a decent job and this-this is how you repay us? With this kind of bullshit?!

DOMINIC

I aint' lookin' for no fuckin' chump change... I know what you got.

The old man chooses another picture, a group of people around a metallic Christmas tree. The styles suggest 1965.

ANTONIO

Let me tell you what you got! You see this? That was your Grandmother, Marie, your mother and Uncle Robert. This matters. Family matters. Alexis and Ashley. Your kids. You think having money is going to make them care about you? I got news for you. It isn't. You can't never buy respect. Never!

For an instant, Dominic turns his eyes towards the stack of cash on the bed while Antonio reaches into the drawer.

DOMINIC

Don' bother. It ain't there.

The light sparkles on chrome as Dominic flashes a small revolver from his suit pocket.

Antonio smiles slightly. Instead of a gun, he pulls out a set of weathered, ivory rosary beads- worn smooth from generations of prayer.

ANTONIO

Look. Your great-great grandmother brought these over from Sicily in the late Eighteen Hundreds. Took them on every job I ever did.

DOMINIC

I don' believe in that shit...

ANTONIO

No? You should.

Antonio hands the beads to Dominic.

ANTONIO

Listen. You want to be a big shot? Want to live the life? Fine. Maybe I am too damn old and too damn slow to stop you. Least I can do is look down on you and smile when you piss off the wrong guy. You're going to need all the help you can get.

The defiant young man admires them for a few seconds, shakes his head and hands them back.

DOMINIC  
You ever piss off the wrong guy,  
Uncle Tony?

ANTONIO  
We were civilized men. We had...  
ways of working out our  
differences. We had honor. A code.

Dominic chuckles.

DOMINIC  
What good is that code now? Whole  
lotta nothin'! Your kind faded away  
with the dinosaurs- collectin' dust  
in the museum and the  
morgue...Where's the gold, Uncle  
Tony?

The old man seems surprised at the question as Dominic tightens his grip on the gun. His knuckles turn white.

DOMINIC  
Where is the FUCKING GOLD!?

Antonio raises an eyebrow.

DOMINIC  
In the safe! Remember? You returned  
three hundred grand to Carlo  
Manchetti after you whacked Joey  
Snake Eyes in Florida...

Antonio glares fiercely.

DOMINIC  
But there was more, wasn't there?  
There was gold in that safe! Gold  
Manchetti knew nothin' about. Two  
million dollars worth. Oh, don'  
try to deny it. Jimmy Butterfingers  
sang like a fuckin' canary to a guy  
I know in the justice department-  
full on death bed confession...

Antonio's eyes drop. He kisses his beads as he appears to quickly pray for his old friend.

DOMINIC

You agreed to split it down the middle with Jimmy. Jimmy got his. Now, the question remains. Where's yours?

ANTONIO

What-you're a fucking mobster now? Is that what you're trying to tell me?

Dominic nods and snarls.

DOMINIC

Independent contractor.

ANTONIO

And now you turn against your own family?!

DOMINIC

This is not about family. It's business.

Antonio spits at Dominic.

ANTONIO

Go to hell.

The younger man smacks Antonio across the face with the butt of his pistol. Antonio falls to the floor, his face cut and spattered with blood.

Dominic kicks him in the stomach, then across the face, shattering his nose.

He presses the gun on the base of Antonio's skull while he drives his knee deep into the old man's back.

DOMINIC

You should know that I have many friends. Powerful friends. Friends at the hospital where Aunt Marie is. Room three sixteen. Hate for her condition to take a turn for the worse...

Antonio's posture softens, his face resigned.

ANTONIO

Y-Yes. I have gold. I-It's in a safe deposit box at First National Bank in North Conway. I have one key here.

(MORE)



ANTONIO (CONT'D)

The other one is at the cabin - on that Minnie Mouse key chain that Donna gave her in Orlando.

Dominic nods. He appears to remember the exchange.

ANTONIO

You need both to open the box. I'll give you the key I have and you can get the other one when you want. J-just leave her alone. Please. Promise me that...

Dominic relaxes slightly, smiles and gets up off Antonio.

DOMINIC

See? That wasn't so tough...

Antonio strains to pull himself up with the bed.

ANTONIO

I-It's in the closet.

Dominic motions the weapon towards the closet door.

DOMINIC

Go ahead. I'd hate to have to kill you on Aunt Marie's dime store bed spread. Christ. You had enough money to buy fuckin' Fenway Park an' you go an buy this Made in China shit...

Antonio stumbles towards the closet, balancing himself against the wall. Bloody handprints smear the wallpaper as he makes his way across.

He turns the knob, but appears to encounter resistance. A little more force, and the door opens.

INT. ANTONIO'S CLOSET - MOMENTS LATER

Biscuit's body blocked the door, her head turned at an awkward angle as if her neck was twisted apart.

Antonio gasps as he picks up his little dog and carefully places the body on an old comforter stashed in the closet.

Tears fall down his wrinkled cheek as he gently smooths her fur.

Dominic leans at the door, arms folded, a vile smirk slashed across his face.

DOMINIC

Never liked that damn mutt. Too yappy. I like me a manly dog. Labrador. Shepard. Not a little wuss dog like that piece of shit. You would have put her down anyway. I just saved you the trouble.

A plastic covered tuxedo jacket catches Antonio's eye. He reaches for it, but hesitates for a moment, as if he just received a flash of inspiration.

He stretches toward the top shelf and pulls down an old Buster Brown shoe box.

DOMINIC

On the bed.

Antonio nods and shuffles towards the door.

He inhales and then blows a dense cloud of dust from the box top towards Dominic.

DOMINIC

What the...

Dominic squints and coughs.

Using all his strength, Antonio hurls the contents of the shoebox at Dominic's face. Thousands of vintage baseball cards flutter around his head.

Dominic is momentarily distracted.

Antonio makes a move for the gun and grabs Dominic's forearm.

With a twisting motion, he causes the young man's grip to loosen just enough to drop the gun.

Antonio falls on it.

Instantly, Dominic pulls the smaller revolver from his pocket and fires, hitting Antonio high in the shoulder.

He pulls the trigger again... Nothing.

Antonio rolls over, Dominic's weapon in hand.

In a split second, Dominic finds himself staring down the barrel of his own gun.

Antonio fires directly into Dominic's forehead. Blood, bone and brain matter explode backward from the wound.

Dominic's body falls on top of Antonio as smoke rises from the barrel.

With a deep breath, Antonio pushes the body aside and turns Dominic's corpse on it's back. He removes the rosary from his pocket and kisses it.

ANTONIO  
 (In Sicilian, with  
 subtitles)  
 Forgive me father; My sins are  
 many.

Antonio gently closes Dominic's open eyes.

EXT. A SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

SUPER: "Three Months Later"

A pleasant, modern residential development. Neatly mowed lawns and quiet streets.

The grass in front of one house, however, appears overgrown.

INT. DONNA'S KITCHEN - DAY

DONNA, 30's, sits at a cluttered kitchen table. A picture on the wall behind her depicts Dominic and the family, the same one used for the Christmas Photo.

DONNA  
 (To Ashley & Alexis O.S)  
 Ashley! Alexis! Come on! Get off  
 the damn computer and get ready for  
 dance! We have to be there in  
 twenty minutes!

Donna's cell phone rings. She glances at the screen and answers it urgently.

DONNA  
 (Into cell phone)  
 Marie. What'd the judge say?

She exhales deeply and gestures the Catholic Sign of the Cross.

DONNA  
 Thank God. Of course it was...  
 OBVIOUSLY self defense! He  
 was...No, don't be! Uncle Tony did  
 us all a favor.  
 (MORE)

DONNA (CONT'D)

He was a monster, Marie. An absolute monster...Trust me, you have no idea...A package? Hold on. It's been so crazy. Shit's everywhere. Okay. Alright. I'll call you right back. Send Uncle Tony my love- And tell him thank you.

ALEXIS, 14, appears, dressed in bright pink dance outfit with a duffle bag slung over her shoulder.

DONNA

Did you see a package?

ALEXIS

Yesterday; It was by the door when I got home from softball.

Alexis moves some papers around on the table. She finds a manila envelope wrapped securely with packing tape, but with no discernible postmarks and hands it to Donna.

Donna finds a pair of scissors and slices through the tape.

Donna and Alexis gasp as several bundles of cash cascade from the envelope, followed by a Minnie Mouse key chain that holds two safe deposit box keys.

FADE TO BLACK.