

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

TITLE

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Paulie collects the pot as VINNY the cards. He shuffles them. He does an unprofessional shuffle, followed by the classic bridge which he does well.

TOMMY CORBUCCI, 33 second hand man, finds himself in a role of parental guidance.

TOMMY CORBUCCI
Hey Willy. Why don't we slow down
with the cocaine.

TONY
Yeah Willy. You keep doing all that
nose powder you'll be the most fucked
up bird in all the Galapagos, with a
hole the size of a goddamn crater in
your Jew beak.

Willy with a lot to say, doesn't because he calmly accepts his place in the food chain.

Vinny deals the cards. As he's dealing, Tumor has something to say.

TUMOR
Hey Paulie.

Paulie nods in recognition.

TUMOR (cont'd)
Why don't we uh, scratch the dog.

Paulie is lost for a second before he is on the same page nodding in confirmation.

PAULIE
Yeah.

TUMOR
Yeah. Scratch the dog.

Tony is angrily confused.

TONY
What, what is this, scratch the dog?
What do you mean scratch the dog?

PAULIE
You know. Pinch the inch.

TONY
Pinch the itch, what awa wa-

He gets it and does a smirk.

TONY (cont'd)
Yeah. Pinch the itch.

TOMMY CORBUCCI
Alright, will you two, you three
assholes tell me what the fuck your
talking about. It's like I'm playing
magic fucking guessing door over
here.

TONY
We're talking about that thing in the
air.

PAULIE
That cocksucker's in their taking a
cat nap.

He kind of nods to the red door behind them.

TONY
And we didn't get what we was looking
for either earlier did we?

PAULIE
We didn't. No.

Moment of silence as they look around the table at one
another occasionally meeting eyes. A line of coke being
snort is heard in the background.

They stand, the chairs are pushed back against the wood
floor and they storm into the red door behind them.

Willy follows and unknowingly brings out the razor blade in
his right hand.

INT. RED DOOR ROOM

A bound and bloody captive watches, without moving his eyes,
from the crown of the top of his head, as the men file into
the room.

TONY
How do we do to get him to talk?

TOMMY CORBUCCI
Maybe we cut him in the mouth. Give
him a few hard punches.

Willy feels the blade in his hand. He walks forward to the bound man beginning a rhetorical dialogue.

WILLY
This asshole doesn't wanna talk, to us, can you believe that. Don't you know you gotta be team humanity buddy.

He rips of the tape off the man's face.

WILLY (cont'd)
Now tell us what we want to hear.

BOUND MAN
No. They'll kill my family.

He puts the tape back over. Things seem dark now.

WILLY
That's just what I needed to hear. Okay. Little song bird doesn't wanna sing?

Willy holds up the razor.

WILLY (cont'd)
I'll put a quarter in him.

Willy's face drops as he grabs the man's head and wriggles the blade through his cheek.

The cronies in the back watch in fear and amazement.

The bound man screams with his eyes as and right after the blade is popped into his mouth.

Willy eyes up his target and wallops him with his fist. Hard. Many times with the right and the left. He rips off the tape and the head slumps over drooling blood into his lap. He widens his mouth and the blade falls out.

WILLY (cont'd)
What do you think.

Asking the bound man.

BOUND MAN
I'm gonna die.

Willy shakes his head.

WILLY
That's not good, that's not good.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

EXT. CONDO PARKING LOT

BILLY and OWEN get out of a nice car.

Billy reaches back in before closing the door and grabs a pistol before tucking it in the waistband on his back.

They walk.

OWEN
I hate fucking deal jobs.

BILLY
Shut the fuck up.

They keep walking.

INT. CONDO ELEVATOR

BILLY and OWEN enter the elevator. Billy presses the button and before the door closes Owen pipes up.

OWEN
I'm just saying-

INT. ELEVATOR

OWEN
Fifty percent of these jobs ends with a bullet hole going through flesh and clothing.

BILLY
Hey man-

Billy is extra chill.

BILLY (cont'd)
These jobs ain't nothing.

OWEN
Ain't nothing?

BILLY
It ain't nothing.

OWEN
Then why do you got a gun.

BILLY
For protection.

OWEN
So you don't have any inclination,
none, that these guys could be going
for our necks.

BILLY
I'm looking for the color white.

OWEN
What?

BILLY
I'm looking for shows. Certain tells.
Whenever you walk into a room and
someone want's to whack you, you'll
know. They never got a white suit on,
they got some crappy old rug on the
ground...

OWEN
Oh yeah?

BILLY
Listen I been doing this job for a
hundred years. When somebody's gonna
whack somebody, they stay away from
the color white.

Usually the walls are red or brown.
The suits are dark, the carpet is
some piece of shit doesn't match the
room because your getting rolled up
and thrown in the trash with it.

It's because blood is a pain in the
ass to clean out of white. I know
anybody as a kid was scared shitless
when they spilled something on the
white couch.

INT. CONDO ELEVATOR FLOOR 10

They leave the elevator and walk down the hall.

OWEN

-she was pissed, took a half bottle
of detergent to clean that one stain.

BILLY stops as OWEN finishes speaking at a door to signal
it's the room.

BILLY

This is it. He said just go in, it's
unlocked.

Billy opens the door and Owen follows.

INT. NICE HOTEL ROOM

The floor is covered with a white fur carpet. FRANK, CARLO
and ROCKY stand a 10 feet back from the door in very nice
suits.

Carlo straightens his tie in the middle. Rocky stands on the
right holding a briefcase and smoking a cigar. Frank stands
on the left with his hands behind his back.

ROCKY

Welcome. I can't say we've been
waiting long, but it's been, not
short.

BILLY

I'm sorry, we uh, we got caught up.

ROCKY

Caught up, the fuckin' shit you kids
say nowadays.

BILLY

Alright, I don't want no problem, but
your talking like you want one. Do we
wanna get down to business or not.

ROCKY

Close the fucking door.

BILLY slams it not too hard.

Carlo tries to lighten the mood with a well informed
inference.

CARLO

Are you Billy?

BILLY

Yeah. And you?

CARLO

Shit... Me, I'm Carlo, this is Rocky and this is our iron steel Frank... You know your boss has uh, taking a liking to you.

BILLY

Yeah. I'm like moving up. Not quite his two, but he-

ROCKY

Okay! What the fuck is this? I got a fucking-

Rocky thinks off a lie that you cant really tell if it's a lie or not.

ROCKY (cont'd)

-two pm daughter's music recital I got to get to. Let's get this show on the road.

Billy keeps a superior calm and playfulness to him.

BILLY

Okay. Father's man.

He pulls a sack of cocaine from his back waistband which causes the men to ready for their guns before they see its coca.

BILLY (cont'd)

And you got the money?

Rocky holds up the briefcase and taps it.

ROCKY

It's in here.

Billy thinks of something to say weighing the bag of coke in one hand.

BILLY

I gotta say, I appreciate the suits. Makes this whole a little bit more formal. And this carpet, it's very nice under my feet.

CARLO

Yeah, it's gonna be a son of a bitch
to clean up.

Carlo is pointing a gun at Billy. He fires twice. BAM! BAM!

Frank puts one in OWEN. BAM!

Owen's back hits the wall and he drops his gun. Frank aims
up a shot at his head.

Behind the quivering head of the dying Owen staring down the
barrel of a gun, a sad Frank pulls the trigger. BANG! Bloody
head shot. The wall behind like some contemporary art piece.

Single shot of Carlo as he walks over and kneels over Billy
picking up the blood splattered package of cocaine.

He puts his cigar in his mouth as he rolls over Billy and
collects a gun from his waistband.

Single shot of Rocky still holding the dummy briefcase.

ROCKY

These two assholes. Nobody's gonna
miss em. Two pricks gone in the wind.

He blows.

EXT. PARKING LOT SUNNY DAY

2 YEARS LATER.

FRANK park a regular looking car and gets out. He puts a
quarter in the meter.

He walks to Mona Lisa Deli through a back alley.

INT. MONA LISA DELI

FRANK enters the store and waits behind a lady. He puts his
hands behinds back. He then goes and gets two cokes from the
fridge.

When he comes back she is giving her order to GENO, a
caricature of an Italian old man.

Frank goes to the left of her to TITO, another caricature of
an old Italian with a lazy eye. He puts the cokes down as he
begins to speak.

FRANK
I called ahead.

There is a small picture of Mona Lisa overhead.

TITO
Oh yes. I know you. I will get you
the very nicest-

As he gathers a hunks of meat.

TITO (cont'd)
-but it will take me some time.

Tito starts cutting prosciutto in a meat slicer. The blades sharp enough to cut see-through slices.

FRANK
Okay. Take your time. No problem.

Frank takes a look through the glass at olives and meats and other such things.

He strolls around the isle looking up and down the rows of things.

A man leaves and holds the door open for an old man with cane. He walks to the front and starts ordering.

After staring at the old man, Frank walks across and looks at shelves of Italian crackers/cookies. He grabs a bag after carefully inspecting the bags.

He walks to the front and puts the bag down on the counter next to the old man who jumps a bit.

He stands back waiting to be called.

Tito calls him over, then with his lazy eye all over the place, finishes up at the cash register.

TITO
That'll be 42.22.

Frank gives him a card and can't help but notice the old man is taking his time to pay, as he looks very old.

Tito hands back the card.

TITO (cont'd)
Thank you.

FRANK
Gratzi.

TITO AND GENO TOGETHER
Ciao!

EXT. PARKING LOT SUNNY DAY

FRANK exits MONA LISA and turns the corner.

He enters his car and WILLY is in the passenger seat.

INT. CAR IN SUNNY LOT

WILLY
Give me that fucking sandwich.

FRANK holds open the bag and WILLY forks through for his sandwich and as well grabs a coke.

He unwraps his sandwich and Frank watches as he takes a big bite of an Italian then gulps some soda.

He exhales out of his mouth.

WILLY (cont'd)
Let's get the fuck out of here.

EXT. PARKING LOT SUNNY DAY

The car pulls out of the parking space and drives out the exit of the lot.

INT. CAR ON SUNNY DAY

FRANK drives as WILLY eats his sandwich.

WILLY
You know what I hate about old people. They move so slow. They, they take their sweet time trying to think of what to say or trying to remember what they were gonna say-

He takes a sip of his coke and it goes down the wrong pipe

WILLY (cont'd)
I just hate working for them is all.

FRANK

I think old people is okay. They're wise.

Willy laughs.

WILLY

You think the assholes we work for are smart?

FRANK

I said wise, and I'm not even talking about the guys we work for. I'm talking about old people in general.

WILLY

Well I'm talking about the guys we work for... They're dirt bags just like me and you. They just got old white fucking hair on top of their heads.

Willy eats his sandwich and chews in his mouth, as Frank, silent, drives the car. A scratchy radio folk tune holds together the silence.

EXT. CAR SUPERMARKET

The car pulls into a supermarket. An old lady stands next to a large trash bags filled with bottles putting two one after the other into the machine.

INT. CAR SUPERMARKET

FRANK takes a look at WILLY who looks back chewing.

FRANK

I'll be right back.

EXT. LOT OF THE SUPERMARKET

Frank exits the car and closes the door. The atmosphere looks more dreary as opposed to the sunny lot behind Mona Lisa.

Frank opens the door back up.

FRANK

What'd boss want? A hearts of palm, a Tabasco and some chilies?

DARK NIGHT OF SOUL (70-80)

INT. ATTIC WITH OVERLOOK WINDOW

FREDDY sits on the ledge of a window looking out over the property. His pistol sits on the ledge next to a pack of papers.

He wriggles around in his shirt pocket collecting a pinch of tobacco which he puts in a rolling paper and licks and rolls.

He lights it up with a match.

JACK enters the room revealing a bound man in the center of the floor behind and between them.

JACK
Everything's cleaned up. Taken care
for.

Freddy makes an expression while taking a big inhale.

JACK (cont'd)
How much money do we got?

Freddy looks down.

FREDDY
I don't know.

He exhales.

JACK
What do you think about-

He signals at the guy to the back of the room.

Freddy raises his pistol and shoots the guy in the chest. Then again in the head.

They say nothing.

FREDDY
Let's go.

They leave the room one after the other.

INT. BEDROOM

FRANK awakes

SAGE MOMENT

EXT. BACKYARD

GOOD GUY is eating watermelon with his hand. Candide is closed on the table in front of a glass of water.

GOOD GUY

There are two types of people in life. Those who get it, and those who don't. And you wanna know what *it* is? You wanna know what *it* is? It's nothing. It's nothing more than what you already know what to do and what not to. You know, many people go their whole lives thinking they need more solutions, more answers. The problem in life, isn't that we don't have enough answers, it's that we have an excess of distractions.

Wise man, Victor Frankl once said, "don't question life, let life question you."