

FRANCO FOR SALE

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. WAREHOUSE OFFICE - NIGHT

DANTE FATONE sits behind a desk, Italian, (35), he is well dressed in a blue, pin-striped suit with a black fedora. His steely blue eyes focused on the daily paper.

He is the head of the western crime syndicate in Chicago, a triumph to be in the biggest seat at his age.

A man enters his office, FRANCO CHELA, (22) he wears a black suit with a skinny tie, his soft features belie his involvement with such risky individuals.

He walks with a confident swagger, much like a gambler who believes the house never wins.

Dante gets up and extends a welcoming hand.

DANTE
Franco Chela! How's my favorite
wheel-man?

Franco reaches out and receives the warm gesture.

FRANCO
Late nights are having me feel a
little swindled. But, you know
gotta pass the time some how.

Franco sits in a simple chair.

He surveys his stark surroundings, not much for taste or pallet, but business before pleasure rules this world.

DANTE
Subtlety, it insures our survival
and keeps the wolves at bay.

Dante reaches into his desk and produces a box of fine Cuban cigars.

Opening the box he offers the first to Franco.

DANTE (CONT'D)
Cohiba Behike, only a thousand
boxes ever created, and each one,
hand rolled by a little Cuban lady
named Norma Fernandez.

Franco removes one, placing it beneath his nose he savors the pungent aroma.

FRANCO

I'm sure this isn't because I won big yesterday, is it?

DANTE

You know kid, I've always liked you, maybe a bit of you reminds me a bit about my self.

Dante lights his cigar, he hands Franco the lighter and puffs the stogie till it's bright and alive.

FRANCO

This is exactly what I needed.

Franco enjoys the smooth flavor, inhaling deeply.

FRANCO (CONT'D)

Lady luck has always been my mistress.

Franco pulls a casino chip from his pocket and gives it a flick.

Catching it, he laughs exuberantly.

DANTE

I got some more for you, how would you like to make a grand tonight?

FRANCO

Anything you want boss. Don't let me stop you from providing me an outlet.

Dante retrieves a black bag from his desk and places it on the table.

DANTE

There's a full kilo of the purest yayo right here, the address is inside. Make sure you get there quick, a whole lot of dames need to powder their nose and they're getting impatient.

Dante smiles at the thought.

FRANCO

Sure thing, you leave it to me.

Franco grabs the bag and heads for the exit, contentedly puffing on the finest cigar to ever grace his lips.

DANTE
Oh and Franco.

Franco looks to Dante.

FRANCO
Ya, Dante?

DANTE
Park in the back, can't leave the
wolves any scraps.

FRANCO
You got it.

Franco exits the office.

Dante's demeanor turns hard, he swivels in his chair and gets
on the phone.

Puffing away on his Cuban, he waits for an answer.

DANTE
He just left. Make it quick and
painless, I don't even want him to
know it's coming. Scrap the car
after, and remember, painless.

Dante get's off the phone and inhales deeply, reminding
himself that its only business.

DANTE (CONT'D)
God damn snitch, best wheel-man
this side of town, what a waste.

He douses his barely smoked stogy and tosses it into a metal
trash bin.

FADE OUT: