

THE FAMILY MAN

an original screenplay by

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FADE IN:

INT. RESIDENCE / STUDY - MORNING

ANGELO COSTA (69), a gaunt looking man, dressed impeccably, sits behind a desk and stares out a window. He watches a Cadillac pull into his driveway.

A doorbell CHIMES.

JOHNNY PARISI (39), an athletic-looking man in a sports shirt and slacks, is led into the study by a muscular BODYGUARD. Costa waves away the bodyguard, points to a chair for Johnny.

COSTA

Sit, sit. You want coffee?

PARISI

I'm good. Thanks.

COSTA

You heard about Frankie?

PARISI

Yes. Hear it got ugly. But why?

COSTA

He was skimming from Lombardo. What did you expect? No one steals from him and not expect retribution.

PARISI

(nods)

Goes without saying. So what does that have to do with me?

COSTA

Everything. Lombardo wants you to replace Frankie as *Caporegime*. He asks me what I think, and I personally vouch for you.

Costa leans back in his chair as he allows Parisi to take this news in. Parisi wears a look of satisfaction.

PARISI

Thank you, Angelo. That means a great deal to me.

COSTA

(nods)

But I have to know I'm not sticking my neck on the line here.

PARISI

Angelo. How long have you known me? You know the work I've put in for the family. I've spent fifteen years of my life in service to the Lombardo Family. My father, God rest his soul, thirty-five years. My brother, twelve years. You know where my loyalty lies. My family's as well.

COSTA

(smiles)

Of course. But what if I've misplaced my trust? If I'm wrong, you're not the only one who'll pay the price.

PARISI

Understood. But after all I've done for the family, I'm still surprised you have to ask.

COSTA

I think we all trusted Frankie as well, and we see how that turned out.

(beat)

Lombardo wants proof of your loyalty. That you will follow his directions -- no questions asked.

PARISI

I would think that everything I've done for him the past fifteen years would be proof enough.

COSTA

Look, Johnny, I don't doubt you. But Frankie has screwed things up for everyone. Lombardo's a little paranoid now. So there's one thing you need to take care of.

Costa leans forward. Parisi does the same.

PARISI

And that is...?

COSTA

Someone else was tied in with Frankie. Helped him move the money around. Sammy and Geno finally tracked the prick down over in Hoboken. They've taken him to the old scrap warehouse in the Meadowlands. You find out what he did with the money, and then he disappears.

PARISI

(nods)
Who is it?

COSTA

Lombardo didn't say. I don't want to know. Just deal with this shit, Johnny, and you're the man.

PARISI

Just like that.

COSTA

Yeah. Just like that. Just get it done -- today.

Parisi and Costa get up. Costa gives a hug to Parisi before he leaves.

EXT. RESIDENCE - MOMENTS LATER

Parisi leaves the residence and climbs in his Cadillac.

INT./EXT. CADILLAC - LATER

Parisi drives through lower Manhattan and out to the Meadowlands. A gray day, with a hint of rain in the air.

He listens to a classic rock station on the car radio. Half sings along to one of the songs. From his expression, his mind appears elsewhere.

A cell phone CHIMES. Parisi looks at the phone.

INSERT: CALLER I.D. SCREEN -- "GINA-HOME".

He turns off the radio and answers.

PARISI

Hey, babe.

INT. PARISI RESIDENCE / KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

GINA PARISI (37), a dark-haired beauty, stands over a sink. She has a pan in one hand and her cell phone in the other.

INTERCUT BETWEEN GINA AND JOHNNY:

GINA

Honey, I invited Tommy and Julie over for dinner. I hope that was okay.

PARISI (V.O.)

No, that's fine, but make it for 7:30, all right? I got some business to take care of before I head home.

GINA

What's up?

PARISI

Nothing. Just some business transactions to finalize.

GINA (V.O.)

Ok. Just call me when you're on your way. Your brother is bringing the wine, by the way. Bye.

Parisi hangs up. He then scrolls through his cell phone contacts and makes another call. After someone answers--

PARISI

Hey, it's Johnny...yeah, I'll be there in ten minutes.

He doesn't wait for a response and puts the phone back in his shirt pocket.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - LATER

The Cadillac pulls into the parking lot of an old abandoned warehouse. One other car sits in the parking lot. Parisi pulls his car to the back, out of street view.

He exits the car, opens the trunk and pulls out a bag, then enters a side door to the warehouse.

INT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The warehouse is mostly empty, except for some shelves that line the walls and a piece of machinery here and there.

In the middle of the building, a MAN with his back to Parisi sits with his arms and legs tied to an old wooden chair. A black bag over his head. Underneath the chair, a big sheet of plastic.

Two men who look like they could play linebacker for the New York Jets stand over the man. SAMMY (27), and GENO (28) acknowledge Parisi's presence. Parisi puts down the bag, opens it up and pulls out some leather gloves that he slips on his hands.

SAMMY

You hear about Frankie?

PARISI

Yeah, yeah, I heard. Got out of hand, didn't it?

GENO

(shrugs)

We did what we were told.

PARISI

You have to kill the dog too? That's just...I don't know. Cruel.

Sammy and Geno look at each other.

SAMMY

Look, before you do this...I, um...

PARISI

What? What's the problem?

Sammy looks at the floor. Geno stares off in the distance. Confused, Parisi reaches down and pulls the bag off the man's head, then jumps back, extremely agitated.

PARISI (CONT'D)

(to Sammy)

WHAT THE FUCK? IS THIS SOME KIND OF
FUCKIN' JOKE?

In the chair sits Parisi's younger brother, TOMMY (35). He is thin, slightly balding. Sweat runs down his face.

TOMMY

Hey, Johnny...funny seein' you here.

But it's not funny at all. Tommy PLEADS with his brother.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Johnny, you've gotta help me here!
Please, I'm beggin' you! I'll do
anything!

PARISI

Shut up, Tommy. Don't say another
fuckin' word.

(to Geno)

What the hell is going on here?

GENO

Frankie fingered Tommy before we
took him out. Tommy's the one who's
been movin' the money out of the
country.

Parisi stares at Tommy with a look of disappointment.

PARISI

This true, Tommy? You stealing from
Lombardo? How the fuck did you get
mixed up in this? I thought you kept
a clean book!

TOMMY

It's not like that, Johnny -- you
have to believe me! It's all a
misunderstanding! I swear it is!

Parisi bends over and gets right in Tommy's face.

PARISI

Tommy. This is your older brother
you're talking to. I can tell when
you're lying. Now what'd you do with
the money?

Tommy turns his face away.

PARISI (CONT'D)

Goddammit, Tommy! I can't help you
unless you tell me! You understand?

A long silence.

TOMMY

(sadly)

It doesn't matter, though, does it?

PARISI

What do you mean?

TOMMY

I mean you can't help me even if I tell you. I'm dead either way.

Parisi straightens up. Takes a deep breath.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Everyone knows you're going to be the new Capo. How would it look if you let me slide?

PARISI

(thinks)

Just... just give me the information and I'll talk to Lombardo. You're my kid brother, for Christ's sake. Maybe I can work out something.

TOMMY

(smirks)

Yeah, right. You know I'm a dead man, Johnny.

SAMMY (O.S.)

He's right, you know.

Parisi looks at Sammy, who has pulled out a .45 caliber handgun from a holster under his jacket. Parisi steps back.

PARISI

Jesus Christ. Jesus Christ, just hold on a sec, Sammy!

GENO

Lombardo wants you to do it. Costa told you himself. If you do it, all is good. If you don't...

PARISI

(confused)

If I don't, what?

SAMMY

Just do it, Johnny, okay? I got a kid's soccer game to get to.

Sammy hands Parisi the gun. Parisi just stares at it.

Sammy and Geno step back a few paces.

SAMMY (CONT'D)

You know what you have to do. Just get it over with and let's get the hell out of here.

The gun hangs limply in Parisi's hand. He looks over at his brother.

PARISI

Tommy...

TOMMY

C'mon man, don't listen to these fuckers! Don't do this!

PARISI

Just tell me where the money--

TOMMY

--FUCK THE MONEY JOHNNY! IT DOESN'T MATTER!

PARISI

Shit Tommy! Do you know what kind of position you've put me in? Do you?

GENO

Now, Johnny!

TOMMY

Shut the fuck up, dickwad!

Parisi raises the gun and points it at Tommy.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Jesus, Johnny! Please -- I'm beggin' you!

Parisi pulls the gun's hammer back. Aims at Tommy's chest.

SAMMY

DO IT!

TOMMY

What'll you tell mom, Johnny? You're gonna break her heart, man!

Parisi grimaces.

PARISI

I'm so sorry, Tommy...

Parisi closes his eyes. He squeezes the trigger. A loud blast, and Tommy's head slumps over. Parisi immediately turns away from his brother. He lets the gun fall to the floor.

SAMMY

I'll let Costa know the job is done,
boss.

GENO

We'll take good care of the body,
Johnny. Not like Frankie.

TOMMY (O.S.)

You're damn straight you won't treat
me like you did Frankie!

Parisi eyes open wide. He whips around, FLABBERGASTED. Tommy sits there, a big smile on his face.

PARISI

WHAT THE FUCK?

TOMMY

Surprised?

GENO

Lombardo had to be sure, Johnny. He
didn't want another Frankie on his
hands. He'll be happy to know he can
trust you.

Parisi stares at the gun.

SAMMY

Blanks, of course.

PARISI

And Frankie--

Sammy laughs.

SAMMY

No, Frankie's dead for sure. But
Tommy didn't have anything to do
with the embezzlement. In fact, he's
the one who discovered it.

Parisi wipes the tears from his eyes.

PARISI

My God...couldn't Lombardo have come up with something a little less... cruel -- than putting me through all this?

Sammy nods.

SAMMY

Probably. But I guess he figured that if you could handle something like this, you could deal with pretty much anything, right?

Parisi's shoulders sag, as if a great weight has been lifted. He picks up this bag and heads towards the exit. Sammy and Geno start to untie Tommy.

PARISI

(yelling back)

By the way, you can tell Lombardo this is gonna cost him big time.

GENO

How's that?

Parisi stops at the exit.

PARISI

I don't know, but I'll figure something out!

(to Tommy)

Oh, and by the way, you better bring the most expensive bottle of wine you can find to dinner tonight! In fact, make it two bottles!

With that, Parisi opens the doors and swiftly heads out.

FADE OUT: