

1 INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

1

An older man, HENRY ROSSI, is sitting at an oak wooden table, facing a door that has two guard on each side. The guards do not appear to have any weapons on them but are both menacing.

Henry Rossi sits on his office chair, writing on a letter of some kind, with his fountain pen.

Three men walk in the room. The first of them is RODGER BALL, a small, pompous and sweaty man wearing an ill fitting suit. Next through the door is BLAKE MATHEWS, a man in his twenties and casual clothing. Then comes SAMUEL ROTH, a slim, middle-aged black american at about the age of thirty-five.

The three men stand in front of Henry Rossi.

Rodger Ball takes off his hat and nods at Henry Rossi.

HENRY ROSSI
Please. Gentleman, sit.

All three take a seat, giving thanks to Henry Rossi.

HENRY ROSSI
I would apologise for the short notice but its not my fault, is it. You are here because I believe you can each help me solve a problem.

Henry Rossi stands up to pace up and down his small office.

HENRY ROSSI
Usually, when I have a problem, one of you, maybe two, is called in to see me. And yet, here we are.

BLAKE MATHEWS
Look, if we have a problem, I can fix it any day of the week, you know that.

Henry Rossi sighs.

He leans over the table, placing both his hands on it and staring at all three of them individually, taking his time to do so. His eyes finally meet with Blake Mathews.

HENRY ROSSI
I thought you would compose yourself in front of a man who could have you killed for the fun of it.

Henry Rossi looks as if he hasn't had much sleep.

HENRY ROSSI
Does anybody else need help with not
being shot.

Henry Rossi looks around at each of the men.

HENRY ROSSI
Do I have your permission to start
the meeting now, Mathews.

Blake Mathews, who had previously appeared assertive is now
deflated in his seat.

HENRY ROSSI
You know what I value more than
anything else here?

He looks over at Rodger Ball.

HENRY ROSSI
What do you think, I value, Rodger?

RODGER BALL
Ah...

Ball scratches the back of his head and looks slightly up.

RODGER BALL
Fairness?

Ball looks scared to hear Henry Rossi's reply.

HENRY ROSSI
I value two things.

He protrudes two of his fingers.

HENRY ROSSI
The ability to wipe your own ass,
and camaraderie. Because whether I
like you or I don't, we are a team.

Samuel Roth meets the gaze of Henry Rossi and they stare at
each other without blinking.

Henry Rossi is the first to break.

HENRY ROSSI
You know until three days ago I
regarded every one of you as my
closest friends.

Henry Rossi's lip smiles slightly and he sharply exhales.

He fixes his glasses as he sits back down and shakes his head, inspecting them.

HENRY ROSSI

I thought that we had gotten to a place where this kind of shit didn't happen.

Henry Rossi gets his hanky out, blowing his nose.

The three men before him all look at each other with suspicion trying to pass the blame without saying a word.

HENRY ROSSI

Three days ago now, we were on the top of the city. Nobody could pin anything to a single one of us! I was a fucking phantom god damn it!

Henry Rossi's breathing gets even heavier than before, the veins in his neck pop out and his face goes red.

HENRY ROSSI

One of you fucked that up! And you will pay for that.

There is a moment of silence in the room.

CUT TO: BLACK

2 INT - OFFICE - DAY

2

Text appears: **3 days earlier**

Henry Rossi sits at his desk once again. This time he has his long black to his right and the newspaper in front of him. He opens the newspaper to the first page and looks closer. Inscribed is the words, "Race fixing scandal."

He picks the paper up off of his desk and reads it closely.

He throws it down on the desk.

HENRY ROSSI

Marge you fat bitch! Get in here.

MARGE, skinny 30 and in a green pencil dress, walks through the door almost instantly.

HENRY ROSSI
Close that door will you?

Marge closes the door with haste.

As she turns around she wipes her palms on her pencil dress.

MARGE
Sir, how can I help?

HENRY ROSSI
I held a meeting here three days ago, with ah, Blake, Rodger and Samuel correct?

MARGE
Ah, yes. Sir I do believe so.

He looks back down at the newspaper, thinking for a few seconds.

His index finger taps on the table while he thinks.

HENRY ROSSI
Marge. Tell me, what in the fuck is this!

Henry Rossi holds up the article he was just reading.

She looks at it, keeping mostly calm

MARGE
What would you like me to do sir?

HENRY ROSSI
I would *like* you to give me the eight hundred thousand dollars I'm about to lose.

He leans back in his chair and strokes his chin.

He pokes his finger in the coffee on his desk, testing its temperature, then he picks up the coffee and drinks it in one gulp.

HENRY ROSSI
No. No there is something you can do for me... You can get me those fucking men!

Henry Rossi slams his fist on the desk.

Marge rushes out of the room.

3 INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

3

3 days latter (time at start):

Henry Rossi takes his feet down off his desk.

Henry Rossi opens the draw to his desk and reaches down into it. He bends down behind the desk and reappears with the newspaper in his hand.

He folds it open to the article about the race fixing and presents it to the three men.

HENRY ROSSI

I'm sure you've all seen this by now. Which is why one of you would have seen this meeting coming. The question is, who brought a gun?

Both Blake Mathews and Rodger Ball confess by laying their identical guns down on the desk.

Henry Rossi grabs the guns, weighing them to see how heavy they each are. He nods his head after consideration and places them both in the second draw down in his desk.

Marge comes through the door much less neat than previously. This time she wears a black pencil dress.

MARGE

Sir, you should see this, come quickly.

He sighs, standing up to leave.

He walks almost out of the doorway.

HENRY ROSSI

You boys be good for me.

Henry Rossi walks around the corner and stops instantly.

HENRY ROSSI

(softly)

Thanks for that, Marge.

His hand rests on the wall, three inches above Marge's left solder. Their faces are so close they almost touch.

MARGE

May I ask why we left them alone?

HENRY ROSSI

No. Look when I go in there I might need some help just, trust me okay.

She nods.

He smiles at her sweetly with just his lips.

4 INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

4

Meanwhile the men in the room all sit, completely silent.

Blake Mathews twitches nervously.

BLAKE MATHEWS

When I find out whichever one of you did it, you are so dead!

SAMUEL ROTH

Oh shut the fuck up playboy. Your nothin but talk. You know what, I get it. Your young, you think you can play the whole fucking Gambino mafia. You know I'll talk to him, see if we can make a deal. Maybe, just a hand or two?

RODGER BALL

Boy's I do believe there is a simple solution to your little argument.

Blake Mathews looks over at him in a sarcastic manner.

SAMUEL ROTH

Oh, please, indulge me.

RODGER BALL

Just tap your heels together three times.

Ball smiles at them.

The two stare at him with displeasure.

SAMUEL ROTH

You've got more motive than anyone in here. To be honest if anyone has to go it should be you. I mean Mathews is an dick but at least he's almost made a contribution.

Samuel Roth laughs.

BLAKE MATHEWS

Why do you get to play cop then.
Wouldn't your fat ass like a
promotion?

Roth just shakes his head and laughs harder.

SAMUEL ROTH

You're real stupid kid. You see I'm
sitting on enough money to retire on
an island, your sitting on a chair
you could't pay off in a life time.

Samuel Roth takes off his golden plated watch and a load of
crinkled up hundreds from his pocket. He then throws them at
Blake Mathews, the watch hitting his face.

SAMUEL ROTH

You might need that for a hand
replacement, you back stabbing scum.

Mathews stands up, and storms over to Roth.

The door swings back open, Henry Rossi stands in the centre
of it.

Mathews quickly retreats and takes a seat in the hopes Henry
Rossi will not see what was unfolding.

All the men are forced to turn their head to look in his
direction.

HENRY ROSSI

Sorry about that. Had to speak with
my business manager, troubling times
for business isn't it. I wonder why.

He clears his throat.

HENRY ROSSI

I assume you all caught up while I
was gone. So, are we all ready to
play round two. The stakes are
higher than ever before. Unless
someone is ready to tap out.

He looks around the room in a playful manner waiting for some
kind of a response.

Everybody is silent. Only Samuel Roth will even meet his
eyes.

HENRY ROSSI

Wow. Could here a pin drop in here.

He leans back through the door with nothing but his head.

HENRY ROSSI
Marge could I get a hand here?

We hear clattering and Marge comes through the door quickly, closing it behind her.

Henry Rossi walks over to his desk and bends down, taking both of the guns out of the second draw.

He looks at them both and weighs them again, nodding afterwards.

Henry Rossi walks slowly back over to where Marge is standing and places the gun on the centre of her leg.

MARGE
What the fuck! You said trust me not
prepare to be paralysed!

HENRY ROSSI
(Through teeth)
Shut it.

The three men all look at the unfolding events with confusion.

HENRY ROSSI
How long have you worked here,
Marge?

Marge glances at the gun like she is on the edge of a cliff numerous times.

MARGE
(stuttering)
Three years now sir.

HENRY ROSSI
Yes, good, now how long have each of
these men been working here?

MARGE
A, at least the three I have.

Henry Rossi nods his head.

HENRY ROSSI
Good, good.

He turns back to look at the three men.

HENRY ROSSI

So you've known her now for, three years? Consider this a warning.

He shoots the gun and the bullet is instantly soaked up, making an awful noise.

She cries out in agony.

Henry Rossi then takes the other gun and points it at her head like he is holding a hostage.

HENRY ROSSI
You have approximately ten seconds.

He throws one of the guns through the window and holds up the number five with his free hand.

After about five seconds his fingers start to go down... four. three. two

BLAKE MATHEWS
Fine.

Mathews looks at the ground.

BLAKE MATHEWS
Fuck. It was me.

Henry Rossi makes a small smile.

Roth however burst out in laughter, as if he considered it a victory.

HENRY ROSSI
That would mean that the gun I'm holding is yours, yes?

RODGER BALL
Yes sir.

We see Henry Rossi smile again, this time in a different way. He pulls the trigger, but nothing happens. The gun is empty.

He throws the gun back to Rodger Ball.

HENRY ROSSI
What man expecting a fight would bring an empty gun.

SAMUEL ROTH
Does that mean, you knew the whole time?

Henry Rossi grins and nods slightly at Roth.

HENRY ROSSI
It was hard to know for sure.

MARGE
Did you know the whole time!

Henry Rossi looks at her leg.

HENRY ROSSI
I suppose I'll be taking that as
your resignation, Marge?

He looks at all three of the men.

HENRY ROSSI
You know I think this has been a
great bonding exercise. I trust you
can handle a two on one boys.

Henry Rossi walks out, leaving marge, still in pain, on the
floor.

We hear Blake Mathews being beat to death as the credits
roll.

THE END