

Final Draft 8 Demo

THE CONVICTED

Written by

Alexander Helisek

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FADE IN:

I/E. BAR RIGGIO, NEW YORK CITY STREET CORNER- DAY

Cars bustle on the streets of an early morning, city people walk up and down the streets drinking their coffee, hauling their briefcases, and continuing daily lives activities. Two men stand on the corner of Mayweather and 5th in front of Bar Riggio, MARTY FINGAZ and JOEY TAPS, clasping their hands to maintain warmth in the winter months, they are seen talking to each other making gestures, and carrying on, close in on the conversation.

MARTY FINGAZ
(Throwing his hands in the air)

And I told him what a fuckin moron! If he only woulda listend to me then we wouldn't be in the situation we are in now! How many times I gotta say the same thing, just make the drop, get in and get out, but the kid had to walk in their like top dog and try and run the place, Ya know what I mean?

JOEY TAPS
(Nodding his head in agreement)

Yeah I do Marty, I do, some people ain't wise in this town. You already know what the boss is guna think about this.

Marty looks around on the block, seeing the people that are walking by and recognizing any familiar faces in the area, checking around to make sure nobody is listening, and leans in close to JOEY

MARTY
Your like family to me Joey, you know that right?

JOEY
Yeah Marty we been friends a long time.

MARTY
Forget about the boss

JOEY
What? Whaddya talking about.

MARTY
I said forget about the boss, clear your ears, pick ya head up, times are changing.

Marty moves back from Joey and sees a confused look on Joeys face. Marty gives him a slap on the cheek and smiles at him like he was his kid brother, and then turns back towards the bar, waving Joey to come inside and get out of the cold, they both scurry inside.

RUGGIOS BAR- INTERIOR - DAY

Old sounds of Sinatra echo through the vintage setting inside Ruggio's Bar, with a few patrons at different tables all dressed in fine italian suits, some fedora hats, cigars, poker games, beers and laughter can be heard within the bar. Behind the fully stocked glass bar, GISEUPPE the Bartender stands cleaning glasses, and filling beers, nods to MARTY and JOEY as they enter the bar.

GISEUPPE
(Smug and Directed)

Hey fellas (to the patrons) Tom and Jerry walk into a bar!, Which ones the cat, and which ones the mouse, How ya doin boys!

MARTY
(Looking towards the
bartender)

Always a funny guy G, get me a drink before ya catch a cold. And one for Joey too, were going to the back.

Marty and Joey walk past Giuseppe quickly, while they exchange dirty looks with each other, they climb a spiral staircase that leads to the second floor of the bar, concealed in an office with tinted window, a tall strong security guard stops them, frisks them and then nods and enter a room with a man seated at a desk, head in hand smoking a cigarette listening on the phone, they enter the room together, and stand behind both the chairs located in front of the desk.

DON FIGARO
(Nodding, Scratching His Neck,
Jittery)

Why are you making me jump through hoops Tommy, everytime I talk with ya. Nothing's ever simple with you, everythings always complicated this, and go over here that, bring a package over here, and FUCK THAT UP TOO

Figaro gets up screaming on the phone, startling MARTY and JOEY in the room, as they take a step back away from him.

DON FIGARO (CONT'D)

You think I'm stupid Tommy! You think I don't know a setup when I see one! You musta beem dropped on ya fucking head as a kid weren't ya, do you know...how fucked...you are? I told you last week, this was YOUR responsibility, and whaddya got now Tommy? YA GOT ME WITH A HEADACHE, AND YOUR NAME ON A FUCKING TOMBSTONE.

Slamming the phone down on the table, shaking all of the material on his desk, DON FIGARO looks up from the phone towards MARTY and JOEY, Infuriated and Stressed but still firm and professional.

DON FIGARO (CONT'D)

Sit down boys, sit down

MARTY and JOEY take a seat in the chairs in front of them facing the boss, kissing the ring on his finger as he presents it, then sits in the chair legs crossed and hands in lap.

MARTY AND JOEY

Don Figaro, Capo De Tutti Capo,
Biene

DON FIGARO

Hello boys, you have to excuse my temper, but some people these days aren't as careful as they used to be, when things get sloppy sometimes I have to play janitor.

MARTY

(Smiling and Calmy)

It's understandable boss, people make mistakes

DON FIGARO
(Rebuttling)

Yes, but not all people learn from them. Just because you say you learn from them, doesn't mean you actually do Marty, you know that.

MARTY

(Obediently)

Yeah boss we know that, we were brought up right, Brooklyn raised is always better than Bronx raised

All of the guys laugh in the room, as that statement lightened the mood. Don Figaro leans back in his chair taking a puff of his cigarette, and flipping his chair around to PAN across his wall showing pictures of him with senators, judges, police officers, lawyers, mob bosses, newspaper clippings, a trail of his career in the mob. Looking up at the wall he announces

DON FIGARO

The one percent boys, the one percent. People don't think deeply on it as to why they are hated so. They may be family men, they have daughters, sons, and wives. They are no different than you and I, except how much they make. Power, can be addicting you know, and if your stupid with it....

Figaro turns the chair around and faces MARTY and JOEY

DON FIGARO (CONT'D)

You get bit...hard. By a bug Marty, you get addicted until you can't stop anymore...its an illness sometimes.

MARTY FINGAZ

(Appreciating)

Your right boss, its a slippery slope, but I don't think you have to worry anymore.

Figaro pauses, collects himself, and refrains from bringing his temper back into the situation. Figaro has a feeling come over him, the gut feeling he has had that had gotten him to this point in his life, his eyes squint tightly on MARTY

FIGARO

(Seriously and Demanding)

What are you talking about Marty?

MARTY FINGAZ

(Standing from his chair)

Your friends aren't your friends no more, me and joey, we ain't your pusharound guys no more, the enforcers, the numbers guys, that whole wall of fame you got, is gone with the wind.

Figaro looks up from his chair, and bursts out in laughter

DON FIGARO
(Laughing Uncontrollably)

Joey! How come you never told me this guy was a jokester! You see this guy? You musta read that inna book somewhere! Takes a lotta balls to come into my office and say something like that....

DON FIGARO (CONT'D)
(Deathly Serious)
Explain, before you get put down
Marty.

The door flies open, and a group of police raid the room pointing shotguns at Don Figaro, flashlights in his eyes, bulletproof vests and SWAT gear completely fill the room.

SOLDIERS
(Screaming and Yelling)
GET ON THE GROUND, GET ON THE
GROUND, GET ON THE FUCKING GROUND,
HANDS ON YOUR HEAD NOW, HANDS ON
YOUR HEAD, SPREAD YOUR LEGS APART

Joey stands out of his chair with disbelief in his eyes, Marty goes through his pocket and pulls out a toothpick as he slides it into his mouth with a huge grin on it, as Figaro gets cuffed and brought out of the room, he sees the grin on Marty's face, passing by before exiting the room he mutters to him.

DON FIGARO
Everyone gets Judged, Soon Marty...

COURTROOM- INTERIOR- EVENING

The courtroom is filled with people from all different walks of life. On the defendants side there is an assortment of random individuals who have come to hear the case, while on the prosecution side is everyone that has been linked to affairs with Don Figaro, whom has sought retribution, as they have all gathered to destroy him. Walking down the aisle towards his table, shocked, astonished, and shattered he sits down next to his lawyer, who has shaken hands with various people against him on the way to his bench, hopelessness resides in his heart. The judge enters

BAILIFF
All Rise for the honorable, Judge
Brown!

The courtroom stands, and then is quickly seated after the judge sits down.

JUDGE BROWN
(Announcing To The Court)

Addressing Case 1004556912 Case of Figaro Riscotti, born in Venice, Italy, immigrated to the United States with his family at the age of 3, and has obtained US citizenship as well as an education growing up in the American School system.

Alleged Charges include money laundering, robbery, murder, thievery, public disorder, gang affiliation, and the list goes on and on....Mr. Figaro please rise

Don Figaro rises to his feet, but as if he was weak and no energy was within him, trembling he lifts himself up, while looking over the faces in the crowd that have betrayed him, and the faces of the jury that judge him, and then towards the face of the judge.

JUDGE BROWN (CONT'D)

Mr. Figaro, the evidence that has been supplied to me, has been the most overwhelming evidence I have ever recieved, in any case against the defendant in my history of being a courtroom judge, so I ask you this, would you like to proceed, or come to a conclusion quickly?

Don Figaro knows immediately their is no fight

FIGARO

Guilty....your honor...judgement's here, I know.

Judge Brown, looks down at his papers, shuffles a few things around, looks over what is presented to him, and then over to the jury, as they all seem to be happy they don't need to sit through a case since the defendant has already conceded.

JUDGE BROWN

(Sternly and Announced)

As the defendant has entered a plea of guilty, and without hesitation, has come to the understanding of the fact that the evidence against him is so great, that he has admitted to all of these wrong doings, with overwhelming agreement that these actions have been performed.

(MORE)

JUDGE BROWN (CONT'D)

Due to the intensity of these crimes
I have no choice but to sentence
you to 25 years in a general
population prison located in
Riverhead, Long Island, and be
submitted into the general
population for the time you spend
there, may god have mercy on your
soul. (HAMMER SLAM)

The crowd is outraged, roars go through the audience as to why this was not life in prison? Figaro is amazed and stands bewildered, yet firmly judged, for the actions he has committed. He is walked down the aisle by police officers, as people on the prosecuting side yell, spit, and scream at him.

MONTAGE- BAR, OFFICE ROOM, RIVERHEAD PRISON, CELL -

Clips of everything that Figaro had run being shut down, the bar, the wall of clippings he had taken down, certain money laundering places being ransacked, all the numbers they were running stopping, and everything being shut down that was run by him and his mafioso family. The processing of him as a prisoner begins, showing him in the jumpsuit, and waiting in the lockup with other inmates, de-lousing, walking down the prison section he is, getting yelled at, cat called, harassed, threatened, and screamed at. Finally walking into his cell, he places his clothes down on the bed, noticing on the top bunk a man reading "Forbes" magazine, the man moves the magazine down to look at Figaro, and immediately throws the magazine away.

BENNY
(Disbelief)

Well look what the cat dragged in! We got ourselves a celebrity in here.

FIGARO
You know who I am?

BENNY
Don, Donny Boy, Figaro, Ferocious
Figaro, The Monster, yeah I heard
of you before

FIGARO
Those are all my names huh, figures

BENNY
I pictured you'd be taller, or at
least thought you would be

FIGARO

Seems I shrunk because I gave everybody an inch, got me locked up in here is what good that did.

BENNY

(Forthcoming and Short)

Listen up, Rules here Figaro, Don't open your mouth, don't be a bigshot, a lot of people in here already want to hurt you, I might be one of them, but you don't need to worry about that right now, rule number one should always be don't fuck up, right?

FIGARO

I'm your cellmate, not your student

BENNY

(Slaps Figaro)

Where are you Donny Boy, Look around, does this look like fucking Ruggios to you? Or maybe one of your goons hideouts? Or maybe a fancy luxurious hotel in vegas, Wake up, your in gen pop, time to get real.

Benny hops up on his top bunk, and picks up his magazine and begins to read again, quickly flipping through the pages, trying to find his place where he was, as Figaro gets back to his feet and sits in the bunk below and folds his arms across his chest.

BENNY (CONT'D)

This is rehabilitation asshole, learn to love it.

20 YEARS LATER - JAILHOUSE COURTYARD - DAY

Figaro is seen sitting in the courtyard against a brick wall looking towards the fences that show the green trees, hills, and blue sky that is past the fences of the prison. Daydreaming of freedom once again, Figaro has grown older, more frail, quiet, reserved, and obedient. An officer approaches Figaro and looks down at him.

PRISON GUARD

Get up Figaro, you should know this by now.

Figaro grips the wall, staggers to his feet, and looks at the prison guard with tired eyes.

FIGARO

Yes, Sir?

PRISON GUARD

Somebody up there must like you,
because my boss just told me to
come down and get you and bring you
to processing.

FIGARO

(Confused)

For What? I didn't know about this

PRISON GUARD

Your getting out today

FIGARO

(Speechless Gasping For
Air)

Buh....Wha....How did this happen?

PRISON GUARD

I just have my orders, come with me

The prison guard grabs Figaro by the arms and escorts him down to the processing room and he goes through all of the paperwork and filing to get his valuables back, sign for each thing, and then be presented to the front gate wearing what he did 20 years ago, after being released, Figaro turns before he walks out the door

FIGARO

(Curious)

How did this happen? I thought I
was going to die in there

PRISON GUARD

Turns out it was good behavior,
judge wanted to drop the case, said
he had a "change of heart"
considering your plea for guilty
when you came in here. Some people
get breaks.

FIGARO

I didn't think there was any in
store for me, I'm slightly
surprised.

Figaro walks out the gate, and hears a cold hard slam behind him and immediately has a sense of insecurity, nervousness, uselessness, and begins walking in the direction that would lead to the closest town.

While walking into town, he finds th nearest bus departing area, which shows a list of places across the country that he could venture to, purchasing one ticket to Phoenix, Arizona. One Way. Sitting down at the bus stop, he is talked to by another man next to him reading a newspaper.

MAN WITH NEWSPAPER
(Coughing and Reading
Aloud)

"Mob Boss Goes Free Today,
according to the New York Times,
let out on good behavior Figaro
Ruggio has been set free according
to the U.S Justic Department
concerning a lack of organization
in filing paperwork, the court
which decided a sentence of 25
years in prison, has been lifted
after the mysterious dissapearance
of important and classified
documents" People! They don't know
how to keep track of things.

Nudging Figaro

MAN WITH NEWSPAPER (CONT'D)

You see this here? Paisano, you see
this article today? Ayee Mama
Fanucci, you'd think he should have
been put to death! Terrible man.

FIGARO

Did you know him?

MAN WITH NEWSPAPER

What? This guy? No not my thing,
but the bastard he was, the
colblooded bastard murdering,
stealing, its not right! Ruins our
italian heritage

FIGARO

A bad apple, every batch has one.

MAN WITH NEWSPAPER

Spoiled, Rotten

A call goes out for boarding the bus to Phoenix Arizona.
Figaro gets up to move towards the bus-stop turning to the
man.

FIGARO

Second Chances are deserved, not
given.

FADE OUT

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