

Wiseguys

PILOT

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1

EXT. SUBURBAN NEW JERSEY (CLOUDY DAY)

**Bernardo "Dino" Armati**, a middle aged man who is dressed to the nines is walking slowly along a sidewalk in front of a row of small shops. He wouldn't be much to notice if it wasn't for the perfectly tailored blue suit.

Without it, he'd fit in doing HVAC work.

DINO (VOICE OVER)

Times were good back then, better than good actually.

Dino stops in front of a boarded up store, faded lettering on the window says "Armati's suits" inside the store sits the old cash register and nothing else.

The place is clearly emptied out and has been for a while.

2

INT. ARMATI'S SUITS (1971)

\*

A much younger Dino, so young he's still little Dino, is running full speed down that same sidewalk with panic on his face as he shoves the door open and we meet his father.

**"Big Dino" Armati** and a heavy set friend of theirs.

**Johnny "Zeppola" Zaccaria**. He's fat and he likes Zeppole, that's the story for the nickname.

YOUNG DINO

(out of breath)

Pop! Mikey's guys are coming!

BIG DINO

Marone, it never ends with these pricks.

Big Dino looks knowingly over at Johnny, picks up the phone and starts to dial.

Johnny takes a deep breath, gets out of his seat and heads to the back room to prepare.

Big Dino turns his attention back to little Dino.

BIG DINO (CONT'D)

You, get in the back and wait.

As soon as little Dino starts to make his way towards the back of the store, **the front door flies open.**

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

It's **Mikey Paluzzo** and a couple of goons.

One funny looking little guy, a cliché in his own right.

One contrasting big guy and Mikey who's this greaseball looking fuck with slickbacked hair. Too 70s for the 70s.

Tooth pick hanging out of his mouth, all that good stuff. Stereotypical old timey gangster.

The tone of the store changes accordingly. They feel it, you feel it. Little Dino freezes where he is and Big Dino puts down the phone but he says something under his breath into the phone that you can barely hear.

BIG DINO (CONT'D)  
(quietly)  
You can pick it up anytime.

The phone clicks as he hangs up.

MIKEY PALUZZO  
You done?

BIG DINO  
(cautiously but steady)  
Yeah, sure Mikey.

Mikey chews on the toothpick, pulls up his pants and takes a sniff, audible, crass kind of dude. Walks up to the counter.

MIKEY PALUZZO  
Listen, Dino. I told you. If you want to keep this place. You pay me. I haven't seen a dime, I gave you some extra time and here we are. At this point, I've sat back and waited and I was as courteous as I could be. -- Now it's just disrespect my friend.

Big Dino doesn't say anything for a few seconds.

Little Dino is still standing off to the side, looking between his father and Mikey.

He's not handling the tension as well as his father is, far from it. His breathing is getting a little shaky but he's hanging in there. Big Dino finally breaks the silence.

BIG DINO  
And I told you, I've had this store for almost 20 years. MY friend.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

## BIG DINO (CONT'D)

That means something. I've made suits for some of the most respected guys in this thing of ours. I've fitted them up when they were going out, fitted them up when they were getting laid out and I have never had to kick up to any fuckin' body and I sure as *FUCK* ain't kickin up to you.

Big Dino's voice rises as Mikey's hands start shaking in a building rage.

## BIG DINO (CONT'D)

So, MY FRIEND, I'm tellin' you, once a 'fuckin'gain. To get out of my store you two bit cocksucker!

As soon as cocksucker leaves Big Dino's mouth Mikey goes for something in his pocket which Big Dino doesn't allow.

We see little Dino's eyes about to pop out of his skull in horror, he thinks his dad is about to get shot.

Big Dino comes up from behind the counter with a baseball bat. **Now** Big Dino swings this bat so fast if you blink you miss it. He brought a baseball bat to a gun fight and won.

He cracks this motherfucker in the teeth and Mikey's mouth gushes everything its' got. He's eating through a straw forever. His guys are so shocked by the speed.

They don't even react at first.

They go for their guns but the delay fucked them.

Big Dino is over the counter like the old bull he is. Obviously he played ball. He still has that speed. He beams the short guy in the head with the bat.

The big guy gets his hands on Big Dino and tries to wrestle for the bat. Smart enough to go for his arms and try to get him into a bear hug.

That's when Johnny comes out the back with a sawn-off shotgun but he's chewing, he'd been back there eating.

## JOHNNY ZEPPOLA

This shit is over Mikey, you backed the wrong horse!

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED: (3)

Zeppola aims the shotgun at the big guy. Who is still struggling with Big Dino. Mikey is on the floor blubbering through his fucked up teeth and drooling blood.

Big Dino finds a spot to check him with an elbow using the handle of the bat on the distraction, the big man has no choice but to break the bear hug.

JOHNNY ZEPPOLA (CONT'D)

Get in the back, I'll tell em' you  
went out with some dignity.

2 Zeppola is telling them that they're gonna die. Nobody's coming out of that back room alive.

Which leaves the big guy that's left, with a choice to make.

It's quiet, you don't hear anything but the breathing and a clock ticking from somewhere.

The big guy makes his choice and goes for his gun and Zeppola pulls the trigger, **BOOM**.

It's not dramatic, he crumples to the floor.

The shotgun doesn't kill him but he falls to his knees and you just hear him breathing and the clock still ticking.

He's looking down at his wounds.

Mikey is still laying on the floor wailing, decorum gone, crying, reaching at his face, looking over at the big guy who's in the process of being executed.

It's brutal. These gangsters who thought they were in control, who thought they were going to just take over this shop and do what they want. Realizing, they're dying today.

The big guy looks up again, defiant but acceptant.

Zeppola shuffles over doing the fat man waddle.

He nonchalantly points the shotgun at the big guy's forehead and blows his brains right out. Messy but merciful.

Zeppola throws the gun back to Big Dino who catches it in midair and looks to his son, little Dino.

Little Dino hasn't moved during all this.

BIG DINO

Hey, hey, snap out of it.

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED: (4)

He has a thousand yard stare as his father grabs his shoulder.

BIG DINO (CONT'D)

Time to be a man, today's the day.  
Sorry. Such is life. Make sure  
Mikey doesn't get back up.

YOUNG DINO

Okay pop.

Zeppola heads to the front door and turns the open sign to closed then starts dragging the tall now brainless guy into the back by his ankles. Leaving a bloody trail.

The shorter guy is still unconscious and Mikey is spitting blood through his teeth, trying to crawl for the door but making no real progress as Little Dino runs to get a bag.

MIKEY PALUZZO

Kid, your dad is crazy, don't  
let...

BIG DINO

Don't talk to my kid, he didn't do  
this to you. You did this to you,  
you came in here like Lucky  
Luciano, you ain't Lucky. You're  
fuckin' nothin' and you're gonna  
die like nothin. End of fuckin'  
story! You're done! Fuckin' mutt!

Big Dino has some serious rage in him. Joe Pesci rage.

20 years of blood, sweat, tears. Providing for his family and dealing with guys like this is coming out.

Mikey wanting to be this up and comer treating him like any random store owner and he would not tolerate disrespect and this was the last of it he would ever allow.

Big Dino comes around the corner with the bat in one hand and the shotgun and starts kicking Mikey in the ribs.

Johnny has dragged the dead big guy into the back and rushes back out with Little Dino who has the bag.

Big Dino turns to Little Dino.

BIG DINO (CONT'D)

Alright, son.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

Big Dino puts his hand on Little Dino's shoulder again, we got organized chaos all around us. This isn't something they do often but it's mechanical to an extent.

The older guys have been in this situation before.

BIG DINO (CONT'D)  
See that pink shit on the floor?

YOUNG DINO  
You mean brains?

Big Dino pauses. Blinks a few times and pauses again, as if he had lost his train of thought.

BIG DINO  
Yeah. Yeah. Put...  
Put **that** in the bag.

Little Dino hurries to start scooping Brains off the floor and bagging them up but he's doing it like a kid, like he's trying to get dog shit off the floor and dropping the chunks.

It's nowhere near good enough.

The back room door slams shut. **Loudly.**

Johnny comes back out and grabs the unconscious guy and drags him into the back.

Big Dino is still standing there with the shotgun and the baseball bat watching his son handle the brains but more so watching Mikey.

POP. A gunshot comes from the back room. Small calibre.

CLOSE UP: MIKEY'S EYES.

Mikey knows he's next and tries to rush towards the front door, that try to stay alive burst of adrenaline.

Which enrages Big Dino all the more.

He cracks him center back with the baseball bat and hands the shotgun off to Little Dino who almost drops it because he's scooping brains. -- Causing his father to stop and double take at his son, then he hits Mikey with the bat again.

Johnny comes back out and checks the window.

They then both come and grab a hold of Mikey and start to drag him into the back room as he struggles.

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED: (6)

Little Dino is still standing there with the bag of brains.  
He did his best.

BIG DINO (CONT'D)  
Start wiping up, just grab  
something and bag it.

3 INT. BACKROOM: ARMATI'S SUITS (1971)

It's a pleasantly well lit room. beige carpet, with those big  
dressing room mirrors propped up against the far wall.

We look down to the floor and we see what Johnny Zeppola had  
done, the two bodies are inside those zippered suit bags.  
From the waist up, stacked on top of each other.

Like when you put a banana in a zip lock bag the long way.

As Big Dino and Johnny drag Mikey through the door he sees  
the bodies and breaks down crying.

MIKEY PALUZZO  
Come on Dino, I'm sorry, let me  
work with you guys, whatever you  
want, I'll do anything! I'm not  
ready to go, please Dino!

He's begging, whimpering and pissing himself, losing his shit  
in a panic which continues to disgust Big Dino.

BIG DINO  
Have some fuckin' dignity! Jesus  
Christ! I make suits for a living!  
Look at you! Pissing your pants.  
You came in here a man, least you  
could do is --

Big Dino has had enough and took a hard swing with the bat  
because fuck it, mid-sentence. Johnny drops Mikey's feet as  
Big Dino hits him again. Then another, then another, sounds  
like a coconut being broken open. Mikey's dead.

JOHNNY ZEPPOLA  
(out of breath)  
The kid's still out there, might  
wanna you know.

BIG DINO  
Yeah, sure. Good lookin' out.



4 INT. FRONT ROOM: ARMATI'S SUITS (1971)

Young Dino is just staring at the blood stained floor with his hands in his pockets **and the clock ticking away.**

Big Dino comes out of the back room as a father. Looking far more like his usual self, still keyed up but trying to calm back down, he has returned to dad mode.

BIG DINO

Listen. You saw some things today.  
Now you have to you know, fuckin'  
compartmentalize it. Don't think  
about it -- just don't tell your  
mother.

YOUNG DINO

Okay.

BIG DINO

See, good, you get it already.  
You're a good guy. You don't tell  
nobody nothin' remember that.

He pats Little Dino on the head and turns to head into the back a final time. Little Dino looks up at the clock.

The ticking sound burrowing into his head.

5 EXT. SUBURBAN NEW JERSEY (CLOUDY DAY)

We're back to modern day Dino, still staring at that window with the sound of that clock ticking having stayed with him.

A car pulls up, a white escalade.

SAMUEL "SAMMY BOY" BASILE, 20S, is leaning over towards the passenger window he taps the side of the door.

SAM

Boss, what the hell?

Dino looks up, the ticking sound abruptly stops.

He takes a moment then gets it together.

DINO

Little respect?

SAM

Sorry.

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED:

DINO  
Right, whatever. What is it?

SAM  
I shouldn't say out here, you know,  
we-

DINO  
Yeah, come on.

Dino motions for Sam to scoot over, he climbs in and they pull off.

DINO (CONT'D)  
Did you sweep the car?

SAM  
Yeah, of course, I do it everyday.  
You know that.

DINO  
Sure, because that one time you forgot.

6 EXT. DINO'S DRIVEWAY, LARGE HOUSE, DAY

The same white escalade is center driveway, car parts surrounding it like a tear down manual.

All four doors are open. The vehicle is stripped almost completely. Everything and more that a thief would steal in the worst neighborhoods has been pulled out.

The camera turns to Dino hunched over exhausted while an equally tired Sam stands with his hands on his hips surveying the situation.

BIG DINO  
I'm gonna have to buy a new car,  
this is over, then I'm not going to  
be able to show any fucking income  
for such a gratuitous purpose now.  
Gonna have to show my ass, pulling  
a damn insurance scam. All because  
you fuckin' forgot! busch league  
fuck.

Sam gives Dino a look but doesn't push it, he knows it's Dino's paranoia. But it's justified enough there's no point in arguing and losing.

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED:

SAM  
What the hell is busch league?

A short pause.

DINO  
You, you prick.

Dino cracks a smile, starts laughing. Sam does the same as the two make up without another word.

7 INT. DINO'S ESCALADE

SAM  
You worry too fuckin' much.

DINO  
No, I worry too fuckin little. It's the general lack of worry that has caused the collapse of this thing of ours. Everybody thought we had a bunch of loyal guys, for decades and what happened in the 80s?

SAM  
I wasn't alive, I don't know. You gotta stop with these references. That's its own problem. Nobody cares about the fuckin' 80s.

DINO  
That's my point! It's this blase' fuckin attitude. Like everything is hunky dory. This new crop of you "walyos", all you know about this thing is from the Sopranos and with that it's not like you even paid attention.

Sam looks out the driver side window, faking like he's checking his sideview mirror but he's really just waiting for Dino to shut the fuck up.

SAM  
I'm gonna be honest with you, I didn't get past the first season. I hated the episode with the daughter and the college.

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED:

DINO

You didn't get to pax soprana?  
That's the whole point I'm trying,  
when the FBI was making the cork  
board of who's who and shit.

Dino, rubs his forehead, he sighs.

DINO (CONT'D)

I gotta get into a new business.

SAM

Can't do that Dino.

Sam shows some visible concern that Dino is talking like that. Worrying that Dino is going soft.

Going soft means he could be a rat, could mean a lot of bad things for Sam who works below him.

DINO

I know that. I'd rather put a  
bullet in my head than get up and  
go to work every mornin.

Sam's relief is clear, he turns his attention back to the road but there was a clear moment of question in his eyes.

They continue through town -- this is the suburbs in the middle of the day so it's light to very little traffic.

DINO (CONT'D)

Put that thing in.

Sam reaches over and sticks in the MP3 jack.

Dino fiddles with his iPhone and plugs it in.

*"Dream Lover" by Bobby Darin starts playing.*

*Every night I hope and  
pray, a dream lover will  
come my way...*

Dino nods to the song a little and they keep driving for a good 20 seconds to pull you into the calm.

Just listening to the music.

**Suddenly** a man runs in front of the SUV.

He **smacks** onto the hood.

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED: (2)

It causes the song to stop at: "*I want a girl to call-*"

He rolls off and keeps running.

DINO (CONT'D) Holy shit!  
FUCK! SAM

Dino turns his head to try to see who it was.

Sam starts to undo his seat belt as he sees a familiar face running straight down the street in the middle of traffic.

Dino recognizes him too.

DINO (CONT'D)  
Oh fuck me.

It's **Ben Agnolo**, early 40s, established mobster. Wearing all black, half a jar of pomade in his hair kind of guy with a perfect part and a button down bowling shirt in dress shoes with socks to match. Chasing after whoever that was.

When he runs by the SUV, he gives Sam and Dino a nod but he's running full speed and clearly in no mood.

DINO (CONT'D)  
Turn around, turn the fuck--

Sam is struggling to turn this boat of a vehicle around.

Dino tolerates this for mere seconds.

DINO (CONT'D)  
Just go after him!

Sam hops out.

Dino climbs over into the driver side and whips the car around as with ease.

CUT TO: OUTSIDE  
THE ESCALADE

ANGLE ON:

The running guy turning into an alley, Ben is hot on his ass but Sam is catching up.

8

EXT. AN ALLEY IN BETWEEN A PORK STORE

Ben mid-run grabs a bottle off a dumpster and throws it at the guy's legs. The guy falls.

BEN

Got you, you fuckin' bum!

Now we get a better look at **Eddie Brown**, another guy in his 40s, dressed like a bad lawyer, wrinkled suit, dress shoes.

SAM

(out of breath)

What's up B?

Benny just starts stomping the guy.

BEN

It's Eddie. He owes me three large!  
Then I see this prick buying a  
fuckin' xbox.

EDDIE

It's my kid's birthday.

BEN

Don't give me that! Don't make a  
dick outta' me!

Sam is standing there watching this but seems a little moved by the birthday remark in contrast to Ben, then the escalade comes backing down the alley. Dino, boss or not is a guy that helps his guys out.

But Ben and Sam are gesturing for him to leave but he backs right up to them and they go with it.

DINO

(from the driver seat)

Load him up.

Dino is that type of boss. Doesn't matter what's going down, needing to insulate himself or not. His men need help.

He leads from the front to his own detriment.

He would storm any hill with these guys rather than ever be called a coward. The Escalade rear hatch opens up.

Ben and Sam go ahead and start dragging the guy up towards the hatch. He starts struggling but Sam gives him a good knee to the balls and they toss him in.

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED:

EDDIE

Come on! Just let me go, I'll get the money. I'll take the fuckin' thing back.

BEN

Nah.

Ben pulls out his piece and shoots the guy, right there in the back of Dino's escalade, boom, boom. boom.

Boom.

Dino spins around, ears ringing.

DINO

**WHAT THE FUCK?!**

He loses his shit and climbs out. This has gone farther than he needed or wanted it to go. He comes around to the back of the car, shuts the rear hatch and points to Ben and Sam to get in but he looks as if he could kill them.

Everybody gets quiet, they get in the SUV.

Dino peels out hard.

CUT TO: OUTSIDE,  
IN THE ALLEY

We watch the escalade drive away, turn the corner then we're back inside with the fellas.

DINO (CONT'D)

I don't know if it's a fuckin' thing but if I can demote you back to associate after this, I'm doing it.

BEN

(from the back seat)  
I lost my temper.

DINO

Losing your temper is how you end up in jail, you know all the shit I'm gonna have to go through now to get my car cleaned out?

Dino looks over at Sam.

DINO (CONT'D)

What the fuck are you doin' call Skags!

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED: (2)

SAM  
He's never up this early.

DINO  
It's gotta be 12' old people get up  
earlier than this and what would  
you rather do? Drive around with  
this moke?

SAM  
Alright, alright.

DINO  
Fucking A. Now shut up, gotta call  
the wife.

Dino takes his phone out and calls home.

DINO (CONT'D)  
Hey Honey, the car was stolen. I  
need you to call the police.

9 INT. DINO'S HOUSE

**Donna Armati**, bruenette, 40s, well dressed for someone at home in the middle of the day. Thick chunky gold earrings but the quality is obvious as well a Versace medusa pendant around her neck.

DONNA  
You fuckin' serious?

DINO  
(flatly)  
Yes. I am.

DONNA  
Alright then. I'll call right now.

She hangs up, she knows his business, knew to take his word and keep it short in case they were being listened to.

10 EXT. SCAGS JUNKYARD

An old school looking junkyard, mountains of trash blocking the view of anything from the outside.

Dino's Escalade pulls up.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

**Skags Scarabino**, probably in his 80s, still moves well, wiry old crook that never gave it up. Overalls, cigar, wears his years heavily on his face but is the kind of guy you could see having been a Cagney type back in the day.

Dino climbs out the SUV, looking around. Ben gets out too but is walking like a kid in trouble.

SKAGS  
(1930s kind of accent)  
Whats' it fellas?

BEN  
Gonna see if I can find something  
to wrap him up in.

DINO  
Yeah sure you do that.

Dino speaking to Ben without turning to look back at him. An exhibition of the anger he was holding in.

SAM  
Situation in the back.

Skags walks towards the back of the escalade as if he doesn't have a care in the world, contrasting Dino's *agita*.

Sam is already there and Skags is still shuffling along like he's coming to see what's on the television.

Dino opens the hatch, revealing the mess in the back.

SKAGS  
Whattaya' lookin' ta' do about it.

DINO  
It's gotta go, all of it.

SKAGS  
Car too?

DINO  
Yeah.

SKAGS  
Together?

DINO  
No, no, it could get back to me.  
The fuck, out. The car. --

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DINO (CONT'D)

Part it, as for the guy you could burn em. You got one of those incinerators don't you?

SKAGS

That's gonna cost a lot more.

DINO

What's a lot to you?

SKAGS

Six big ones.

DINO

Six hundred?

SKAGS

Thousand, six hundred thousand.

The look on Dino's face is as if he'd seen a ghost.

DINO

What are you doing to me? What the fuck is this? It's taking a car apart which you do every damn day and throwing a stiff into an oven!

SKAGS

It's the end. I know the clock is tickin' on me. Gonna be going up sooner than later. The fuck am I gonna be? 120?

Skags shrugs.

SKAGS (CONT'D)

I want to leave my kids with somethin', ya' know I do good work but this might be tha' last one.

...I'm sorry, it's business.

You fellas don't come round' much anymore. Cameras all over this place these days. It's a risk.

DINO

Anybody else, i'd fuckin' tell them I know for a fact they ain't sorry. But you, I know you mean it.

Dino places his hand of Skags shoulder.

(CONTINUED)

DINO (CONT'D)

Problem is, if I pay you that I'm not gonna be able to buy a new car. My income on the year is laid out. They ain't gettin' me like they got Capone. I can't swing that.

(CONT'D)

SKAGS

You could clean this one out. Good luck to ya', looks like he shit himself.

As soon as Skags said that, Dino's jaws got tight. But it wasn't because of the shit. It was the way Skags said it.

Was he pressing the boss? No matter how old this guy was, there was a certain respect to be expected.

DINO

That isn't the point i'm makin' here. If you crush my car. I have to get one like it as not to raise the optics of the situation.

SKAGS

All due respect. That isn't my problem son.

Dino had in that instant made a decision and it had nothing to do with what he was about to say.

DINO

Take it, I'll bring the money back in a couple hours.

Dino heads around to the back of his car.

Skags taking some precaution grabs a pipe from a small junk stack nearby, keeping it low out of sight.

He heads towards the back of the car, Dino pops the trunk as Skags comes around and he clocks Skags in the jaw.

Skags takes it well for a man of any age and starts fighting back. He takes a swing with the pipe and catches Dino in the temple. He staggers and drops to a knee holding his head.

Sam in a relative moment of shock starts charging around the vehicle towards Skags.

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED: (4)

He takes out his gun and hits him with it as he comes around the rear right side as Skags is looking down at Dino. It drops him, the pipe goes rolling away but Skags is still conscious speaking from the ground.

SKAGS  
(pained and out of breath)

Come on! Come on you rat bastard!  
Only reason ya' anything at all is  
because your old man is gone! You a  
boss? Not in my day. Go fuck ya'  
*mudda*.

Sam has control of the situation but he's shocked things went so bad so quickly. Standing with his gun at his side.

SAM  
You alright boss?

DINO  
I'm fine.

Dino gets up to his feet with a groan.

Skags starts crawling towards the back of the SUV.

**Dino hears the clock ticking again** but it fades as soon as it began, seeing someone crawling for their life just like Mikey but Skags comes to a stop so he can sit with his back to the bumper. He ends up in a seated position as Sam takes aim.

DINO (CONT'D)  
Wait, wait.

Sam looks back at Dino, gun still on Skags.

SAM  
What? He tried to fucking kill you.

DINO  
I started it.

Dino heads to Skags, bleeding from his temple.

DINO (CONT'D)  
Listen old man. I'm the boss of  
this family. I can't continue to go  
on like this. This, all this it's  
messy.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

DINO (CONT'D)

I am trying to continue this tradition for all of this to keep our families fed for another generation and it all fell on me and I know you don't give a fuck because you could never get made because you're scotch whatever the fuck. But-

SKAGS

Do it.

DINO

(blinking)

-Do, do what?

SKAGS

Kill me, I'd rather die right here right now as a man. A man's man than listen to you ramble on about your problems you two bit fuck.

He was clearly trying to piss them off enough that they would kill them and Sam stepped towards Skags about to take the bait but Dino put his hand up.

DINO

No, no. Too easy. It's what you want. So I'm not gonna' do that.

Dino gets within an inch of Skags, taking a knee so he can make sure the old guy hears him.

DINO (CONT'D)

You have 4 daughters? Two sons? Well how'd you like me to bring those numbers down? Understand me? It'd only take one phone call. Come on. Why you makin' me an asshole?

Skags had known Dino a lot of years so he should have seen this coming but nobody expected today to go this way.

Dino stands up.

DINO (CONT'D)

So, you're gonna handle this and I'm not paying you anywhere near what the fuck you quoted me.

Dino seems satisfied, Skags is quiet but Sam is still looking concerned. He lowers his weapon and motions for Dino.

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED: (6)

Dino walks over to Sam.

DINO (CONT'D)

What?

SAM

He's gotta go. Too much bad blood now. He's an old man that wants to retire, thinks you're gonna kill his kids. He's gonna do something and if he's dead the worry ends.

A pause between them, Dino staring at Sam, knowing he's right but hating it.

DINO

You're stupid all day, then you gotta be smart?

Dino was accepting Sam's advice, exasperation and resignation meeting at the same intersection.

SAM

I'm just saying

Dino walks back over to Skags and offers him a hand. Skags takes it and Dino pulls him up to his feet.

DINO

Listen to me.

Skags nods his head in silent defeat.

Dino just stares at Skags, looking into this eyes, looking for the answer but he doesn't find what he's looking for.

DINO (CONT'D)

Sam.

It was all he had to say. Sam opens fire, one to the gut to crumple him. Nexts shots to the chest, sending him into the back with Eddie's body.

That's when Benny comes running from distance.

He sees the situation.

BEN

What the fuck!?

DINO

What the fuck me, where you you been? Old fuck almost killed me.

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED: (7)

Sam double takes, remembering how Dino brushed it off when he pointed it out himself.

BEN  
I was looking for a tarp, I told  
you that before --

DINO  
Did you find one?

BEN  
No but --

DINO  
-- Christ, shut up.

Dino wipes the blood away from his temple went to shut the hatch, leaving Eddie and Skags inside.

His escalade was now doing more business than a hearse.

DINO (CONT'D)  
Listen you two, today is gettin'  
out of hand.

SAM  
Yeah I can see that.

DINO  
Are you getting smart with me? Shut  
the fuck up and listen. **Everybody**,  
shut the fuck up, please, for fuck  
sakes shut the fuck up!

Benny put his hands behind his back, almost like a soldier to show he was really listening.

Sam on the other hand was tired and sick of dealing with all this so he just started to tuck his gun away in his belt when Dino started talking.

DINO (CONT'D)  
This is starting to feel like the  
end.

SAM  
The fuck are you talking about?

DINO  
The end my friend. When guys like  
us start fuckin' up, it's like  
dominoes.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED: (8)

DINO (CONT'D)

You pop one guy, you get fuckin' nervous and start doing more shit and it turns into this.

We're not in some street gang, it's classy, that's why we do it like this. So we don't have all this paranoia but this shit this creates paranoia.

Pointing to the car then rubbing his forehead.

DINO (CONT'D)

Here's what we're gonna do.

His tone lowers.

DINO (CONT'D)

Nothing changes. We disappear both of them. Then we take the car to my girl.

SAM

What girl?

BEN

You fuckin' her?

DINO

No! And why would it matter? Right now? WHY. Could you focus please? I swear to Christ, if there was a family draft I'm trading you to the Santoros' for anybody they have.

Dino exhaled.

DINO (CONT'D)

*LOOK*, It's not like that. I don't know that I'd want it to be either.

11 INT. REED'S HOUSE

It's almost palatial like something any successful rapper would own. 20 foot ceiling in the living room, a broken chandelier above that's dimly lit.

Paint supplies are everywhere, dining table, coffee table and spills all over the floor and lit candles are everywhere they shouldn't be.

(CONTINUED)



11 CONTINUED:

**Lada Kamenev**, a Russian woman somewhere between 20 and 40 sort of a visual enigma, young energy but likely older.

If the Professional's Mathilda and Harley Quinn fused you'd get Lada. She's dressed in an adidas hoodie a few sizes too big, plaid shorts and no shoes.

She's singing along to Leningrad's "Nikogo Ne Zhalko"

LADA

Mnogiye iz nas ne khotyat bol'she  
zhit... (Many of us don't want to  
live anymore.)

She's enjoying herself, dancing around the living room with a bottle of alcohol but she appears more coked up than drunk.

Decorating the house are an odd amount of paint canvases. Most of the walls, from floor to ceiling and where they can't fit on the walls they're propped round the perimeter of the room. But these canvases are covered in blood.

LADA (CONT'D)

My vse drochim na kogo-to ili  
drochim na sebya. (We're all  
jerking off somebody or jerking off  
ourselves.)

Most of the art is abstract but a lot of it is angry and expressionist, some scenery surprisingly enough.

Behind the couch and there's a body bag and against the wall near the front door are several very clean rifles.

These guns were not bought on the street.

Russian military type carbines.

**A knock at the door**, should have broken her focus but it didn't until the knocking turned to banging.

Lada hops over the coffee table and stumbles to the door.

It's Dino with the stress of the day all over him from the slow healing wound to his posture and tone.

Off to the side behind him is the escalate, backed into the driveway with a tarp over everything but the front window. Ben is no longer with him and Sam is leaning against the SUV having a smoke.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED: (2)

LADA (CONT'D)

Ay' man! You're here! I don't  
remember your fucking name though!  
That's so fuck. You're bol'shoy  
though I remember!

DINO

I got something you can use.

LADA

Lit, bratan! You got *me present*.  
Great man. Wondrous.

Sam took the cigarette out of his mouth and eyeballed her,  
taken aback by her energy.

As soon as Dino motions for her to come with to the SUV, she  
launches herself from the front door down the steps like it's  
Christmas morning and scurries to the back hatch that had  
seen far too much action today. -- Dino pops the back and  
reveals the bodies.

On the left, Eddie. On the right, good ole' Skags.

LADA (CONT'D)

Khoroshaya, Khoroshaya.

I can use these, murders too huh?  
That makes it better, if they die  
bad the energy in the blood is  
angrier, makes the art really  
scream fuck it all. -- Goryacheye  
der'mo.

Dino nods, he didn't agree, nor does he understand a lot of  
it but she sort of scared him.

LADA (CONT'D)

Oh look! Death cock!

Lada reaches into the car, and grabs Skags post mortem  
erection, biting her bottom lip before pulling back.

LADA (CONT'D)

Let's get em in I can have fun with  
that.

Sam just drops his cigarette in shock, swatting at the butt  
as it bounced onto his pants leg and burned him. He doesn't  
say anything because she was their last hope but she was  
striking him as every level of what the fuck.

Dino was apparently ready for this and mostly unphased.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED: (3)

Lada runs around back of the house and returns back with a low level dolly, moving like a fiend, it's heavy and she's tugging it behind her like a sled dog raring to go.

DINO

Hey, help me.

Snapping his fingers for Sam.

Sam springs into action and they drag the bodies out the back and onto the dolly in a hurry.

Lada yanks the tarp off the SUV and over the bodies.

Dino and Sam help her adjust it and she starts to wheel it around back. Sam still looking agitated like he wants to say something clears his throat and does.

SAM

Hey uh, hey ma'am.

Dino's eyes widen, like Moe looking at Curly.

He felt like this was over and now this guy's poking at this coked up cleaner. **Lada stops.**

Turns back to look at them, says nothing, dead eyes, complete shift in how she'd been acting. Enough to scare even these two mobsters.

SAM (CONT'D)

If you're gonna do what I think you're gonna do. The younger guy might have somethin' you don't wanna get.

Sam clears his throat and Lada continues to stare for a few more seconds then breaks into a grin.

LADA

(nodding)

Thanks druzhishche. Good looking out. I remember you.

She grins even wider then keeps pushing the dolly to the back to wherever she is taking them to get the bodies into her expanse of a house it seems like she had a plan.

Now it's just Dino and Sam, with the escalate it had all began with. Dino finally feeling like he could relax for a second sat down on the back bumper.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED: (4)

DINO

Give me one.

Sam hands Dino a cigarette, he sparks him up and gets his own lit, taking a puff before they got to talking again.

SAM

I uhh, I uhh gotta, gotta go ahead and ask. Is she gonna fuck them?

DINO

(raising his voice)

I don't know.

Taking a drag from his cigarette.

DINO

It's none of your business, it's none of *my* business. What she does, in that house is her business. It's a free country. Might be why she came here. Maybe they persecute necrophiliacs over there or somethin. I don't know. Let freedom ring motherfucker.

SAM

It's Trumps' America right?

DINO

Don't start with the politics

SAM

Anyway-- probably should though, that's a good thing. People shouldn't fuck the dead.

DINO

That's why we fuck the living. You aren't gonna run that misused fucking definition of irony by me.

-- We can't pick and choose right now though. We've been relyin' on Skags since my father was a hang around. Now he's in there gettin' desecrated by our soviet connection.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED: (5)

SAM

Yeah about that, can we just leave?  
My girlfriend has been waiting on  
me for ten hours.

DINO

Believe me I want to but I think I  
gotta give her some money and a  
firm handshake so I have some  
inkling she understands what I need  
her to do with them when she's  
done. She's like trying to get a  
straight answer out of a ferret.

Dino puts his cigarette out but doesn't leave it, DNA  
worries, he hands it to Sam and heads around back to where  
Lada went but we stay here with Sam.

Watching Dino disappear around the corner.

Sam takes a couple drags.

Then Dino comes speed walking out the back, shaking his head  
side to side, clearly he saw something.

DINO (CONT'D)

We're good, get the car started.

SAM

Really?

DINO

Yeah, it's whatever. I heard  
thudding and more Russian -- It  
sounded like when you overhear your  
parents going at it and your motha'  
is winnin'-- she sounded *pleased*.

Fumbling with the door like he was being chased.

DINO (CONT'D)

I'll come back in a couple days. If  
her house--

Dino gets into the passenger side, Sam climbs into the  
driver.

DINO (CONT'D)

Ain't crawling with cops we'll be  
fine. This is what happens, gotta  
deal with it.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED: (6)

They pull out and start driving down the street, looking to finally relax Dino plugs his phone back into the aux cord.

*"Dream Lover" starts playing again.*

Both Dino and Sam groan but the disgust turns into laughter as the escalade drives further away into the night.

*Dream lover until then,  
I'll go to sleep and  
dream again, that's the  
only thing to do, till  
all my lover's dreams  
come true.*