

THE PREZ.

By

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FADE IN:

SUPER: 1962

INT. ROOM - DAY

Three men sit around a table smoking cigars. The room is dark except for a single light bulb glowing above the table.

Cigar smoke hangs heavy in the air, a gossamer-like shroud.

In the center of the table sit a telephone and a bottle of whiskey. Each man has a glass. One other, empty, sits in front of an unoccupied chair.

FRANK, 40's, pudgy face, silk tie, crisp white cotton shirt and suspenders, is the first to talk. He irritably looks at his watch.

FRANK

Where the fuck is he? You know I was always leery 'bout gettin' caught up with these Micks. Buncha fuckin' numbskulls.

PETER, 40's, sharp features, neat haircut, double breasted pin stripe suit, leans forward, grabs the bottle and pours all three a large refill.

PETER

Guess we shoulda listened to you in the first place. These guys just do what they wanna do when they wanna do it. No fuckin' respect!

DEAN, 40's, sharkskin suit, quiffed oiled hair, puffs on his Davidoff, blue smoke scudding into the existing web of haze.

The incandescent bulb lights up his Romanized features. He takes a large slug from his glass.

DEAN

Maybe we give him a chance to explain. S'gotta be tough tryin' to control a boy like Jack.

Frank slams his hand down hard on the table.

FRANK

Y'see, this is the whole fuckin' issue here...you're gettin' soft on us Dean. Just 'cos it's his

FRANK  
son...he should've slapped him  
down, got him back in line.

Peter raises his glass to Frank, addresses Dean.

PETER  
Gotta agree with him there pal. Joe  
should'a kicked his ass a long time  
ago.

The telephone rings. Frank snatches up the receiver.

FRANK  
Yeah, good. Send him in.

Frank replaces the handset.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
He's here. You start Deano. Just  
don't be too easy, huh?

Dean shuffles in his seat, uncomfortable. The door opens.

The harsh exterior light cascades through, silhouetting the  
frame of a tall man.

JOSEPH, 50's, motionless momentarily, slowly enters. He  
gently closes the door behind him.

Sporting a double-breasted charcoal gray suit, cut to  
emphasise his athletic physique, he removes his Homburg and  
reveals a mop of sandy colored hair. He places his hat on  
the table.

As he peers through the gloom his round eye glasses reflect  
the yellow light.

All three incumbents rise and shake Joseph's hand.

JOSEPH  
Frank, Dean, Peter. No Sammy?

PETER  
C'mon Joe, you know they don't like  
him bein' around.

Frank indicates the empty chair.

FRANK  
Come my friend. Sit.

He grabs the whiskey bottle.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Drink?

JOSEPH

Sure. Sun's up right?

The other three laugh. Joesph takes a large gulp, produces a pristine white handkerchief and wipes his mouth.

His demeanor changes, now serious, focussed.

JOSEPH

So...I guess this is important,  
callin' me down here on a Sunday.

Frank looks at Dean and nods. Dean clears his throat.

DEAN

Thanks for makin' it Joe---

Frank interrupts.

FRANK

Cut the crap Dean. Get on with it.

Joseph removes his glasses and stares at Frank hard, piercing blue eyes lasering through the fug.

DEAN

Okay...Joe, this is about Jack.

Joseph pouts, downs his drink, refills his glass and leans back in his chair.

JOSEPH

Shouldn't you be talkin' to him?

Frank jumps in.

FRANK

Don't be a wise guy Joe. If it gets  
to that...you know what's gonna  
happen.

Joseph doesn't move his head, but his eyes are once again trained on Frank.

JOSEPH

Enlighten me, "my friend".

Peter chimes in.

PETER

We'll take him out Joe, no shit.

Dean leans forward.

DEAN

Joe, look. We got Jack elected 'cos we wanted him to run the show our way...but he just ain't doin' it.

Joseph swirls his drink around his glass, thoughtfully.

JOSEPH

How so?

FRANK

This guy---

JOSEPH

My son---

Frank shakes his head angrily.

FRANK

This guy...is way outta control...and you gotta reign him in.

JOSEPH

He's his own man.

FRANK

Bullshit! He's always been your puppet and now he's ours. We've invested a lot here---

Dean tries to calm things down.

DEAN

What Frank's sayin' is that since Jack became president, he's ignored us...ignored us all, and the families are pissed.

PETER

He's runnin' around like he owns the fuckin' place. Can't keep his dick in his pants and most of the time he's bombed outta his head.

Dean leans across and touches Joseph's arm.

DEAN

Jackie's real embarrassed Joe. She ain't been seen for weeks. I mean we all like to get some ass but he's hawking that blond broad around and don't give a shit. it ain't right.

Frank is near exploding point.

FRANK

That's one thing but our real beef is that he's fuckin' with our business...and when I say "our" I mean yours too.

Joseph looks concerned for the first time. Peter pours himself a drink.

PETER

Y'see Joe, we've heard that he's planning to bring Bobby in---

JOSEPH

What's wrong with that? He's the smart one.

FRANK

Too fuckin' smart for his own good. Word is he's comin' in to stop the girls and control our booze deals.

Frank pauses, looks firecely at Joseph.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Thought that might get your attention...your two college boys are carving this whole thing up. There's no respect here. Not for us, not for you...not for no one.

Joseph stands ubruptly and sweeps his glass and the whiskey bottle from the table.

JOSEPH

This is fuckin' shit! My boys wouldn't do this...not to me...I've been supplying you guys for years...you're wrong Frank.

Frank leans forward and pushes the telephone towards Joseph.

FRANK

Make the call, pal. Ask him  
yourself.

Joseph looks at the other two. They both nod.

DEAN

Gotta be done Joe. He might be the  
president but he's gotta understand  
who put him there.

Joseph sits down slowly. He picks up the receiver and dials.

JOSEPH

Jack? It's Pop...Yeah I'm here with  
Frank and the boys...They tell me  
you're screwin' around...in more  
ways than one.

Joseph listens intently.

JOSEPH (CONT'D)

But you can't do that Jack. Just  
'cos you're in office don't mean  
that you can piss on us...and Bobby  
had better not touch my deals here.

Joseph freezes. His face contorts with anger.

JOSEPH (CONT'D)

What did you say? You ungrateful,  
cocky little bastard!...Now you  
listen to me...Get your sorry ass  
over here now, we're gonna settle  
this thing once and for all...and  
bring your brother with you.

He slams the receiver down.

JOSEPH (CONT'D)

Fuckin' punks.

Frank smiles victorious.

FRANK

Good. Well done Joe. If he won't  
listen...well let's hope it don't  
come to that.

PETER

If we can still bring the girls in  
the families'll be happy again. We  
can't lose the girls.

Frank looks across to Dean.

FRANK

Get two more chairs, scotch and  
glasses.

He turns his attention to Joseph.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Okay Joe. When they get here I want  
Jack to know that even the  
president has to do the right  
thing...Go through the right  
channels...You know, just last week  
the sonofabitch went and put up the  
green fees...I mean, this is our  
fuckin' golf club, not his!

FADE OUT:

THE END.