(Name of Project)

by (Name of First Writer)

(Based on, If Any)

Revisions by (Names of Subsequent Writers, in Order of Work Performed)

Current Revisions by (Current Writer, date)

Name (of company, if applicable) Address Phone Number INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

CARMINE CAPPONI (30's) stands alone inside an empty warehouse. Next to him is an empty fold out table. A small light bulb hangs from above giving very little light. In his left hand is an alligator skin briefcase.

The front warehouse door opens, the outside light shines through for a moment. A FIGURE emerges under the doorway. The door slams shut on its own. The figure stands still.

Carmine looks over.

CARMINE

Yo! Over here!

The figure moves forward. Carmine takes out a cigarette and lights it up. The figure approaches him and stops right outside the circle of light that surrounds Carmine. In the figure's hands is a large suitcase.

FIGURE

Is that my money?

Carmine looks at his briefcase.

CARMINE

Yup.

He looks towards the suitcase.

CARMINE (CONT'D) Is that my merchandise?

The figure holds up the suitcase and gives it a pat.

FIGURE

Yes it is.

CARMINE Put it down on the table.

FIGURE

You first. Show me the money.

Carmine takes his cigarette out of his mouth and drops it on the floor then steps on it.

CARMINE

What ever you say Jerry Maguire.

Carmine lifts the briefcase and opens it up. It is filled with hundred dollar bills.

Satisfied?

FIGURE

Very.

CARMINE Your turn. Put the suitcase on the table.

FIGURE

But of course.

The figure steps into the light and sets the suitcase down onto the table then backs up into the darkness.

Carmine opens the suitcase. Inside are bricks of cocaine. He takes out a knife.

CARMINE You wouldn't be offended it I had a sample would you?

FIGURE

Not at all.

Carmine cuts open one of the bricks with the knife and scoops up a little coke. He brings it up to his nose and snorts it. He looks over to the figure.

CARMINE

Very good.

FIGURE

You like it?

CARMINE

I love it.

FIGURE Well I don't think you're gonna love this.

The figure pulls out a gun and aims it at Carmine.

CARMINE

What the....

BANG! BANG! BANG! Carmine's body flies through the air and lands about five feet away. Blood pours from the bullet wounds in his chest.

The figure steps forward and closes the suitcase and walks away.

From around the corner behind Carmine's body VINNIE PALEGIO (30's), steps forward.

The warehouse door opens and the figure exits. Vinnie walks up to Carmine's body and looks down.

VINNIE

Shit! This is not good.

INT. DINING ROOM (GIANNI CAPPONI'S MANSION) - NIGHT

Four men sit at the large dining room table. There is JOEY VECCHIO (20's), FRANKIE DEL BENE (50's), ANTHONY MONTEFELTRO (50's), and MICHAEL SFORZA (40's).

The room is filled with smoke, each man has a cigarette in their hands. The ashtray on the middle of the table is filled with butts.

Joey takes a drag from his cigarette.

JOEY

Where's is he, we've been waiting here a long fuckin' time?

FRANKIE

His son was just killed you fuckin' whop. I'm sure he has important business to take care of.

JOEY

You don't have to get all cunty on me, I was just asking a fuckin' question.

FRANKIE

If you don't want me to get cunty on you stop asking stupid fuckin' questions, use your fuckin' head.

Anthony looks annoyed.

ANTHONY

Will you two shut the fuck up you're giving me a fuckin' headache over here.

JOEY

I didn't do nuttin' it was this fuckin' ginny over here who started shit, all I did was ask a simple fuckin' question. If it was so fuckin' simple how come you couldn't figure it out yourself.

FRANKIE

JOEY

Fuck you Frankie!

ANTHONY

Look! I don't give a fuck who started what, I don't feel like listenin' to you two bitchin' at each other like a couple of homo's.

Joey leans back in his chair. He turns to Michael.

JOEY

Hey Michael, how did it go with that dame you met last night over at the Shark club.

Michael ashes out his cigarette.

MICHAEL

You're not gonna fuckin' believe this. I take that bitch home thinkin' I was gonna get a suck or a fuck outta her. So we're at my place and we're on my new white leather couch, you know the one that Chuck sold me?

FRANKIE

That's a nice fuckin' couch Mike, you got a good deal on that.

MICHAEL

Damn straight I did. Anyways, We're on the couch and I'm grabbin' her ass and squeezes' her tits, and she had nice tits, I'm not talkin' oranges, I'm talkin fuckin' cantaloupes. So we're kissin' and touchin' and shit, I put my hand up her dress and the bitch had a bigger hard on than I did.

ANTHONY

Holy fuck!

JOEY

What did ya do?

MICHAEL

I pulled out my .45 And blew that fag bitch's brains all over my new fuckin' couch.

FRANKIE So you ruined the couch?

MICHAEL

Yup.

FRANKIE What a shame. That was a nice couch.

The door leading to the dining room opens. In walks GIANNI CAPPONI (70's), and Vinnie Palegio.

The four men get up off their seats.

ANTHONY Sorry to hear about Carmine boss.

Gianni grunts.

GIANNI

Sit down, all of you.

The four men sit back down onto their seats. Gianni has a piece of paper in his hands. He sets it down on the table.

> GIANNI (CONT'D) As you already know my son was killed, and Vinnie over here got a look at the shooter. What we were doing back there while you fuckin' ladies were bickering was having a sketch draw of the man who shot Carmine. I gotta friend over at the police department who happens to be one of them sketch artists. I want you to take a look at this picture and bring me this cocksucker, dead or alive, I would prefer alive, I would like to watch this son of a whore die before my very eyes.

Joey picks up the piece of paper and takes a look at it. The drawing is of a man who looks like he's in his mid twenties. He paces the drawing over to Frankie.

> GIANNI (CONT'D) Now just one more thing.

Gianni looks over at Vinnie. He pulls out a gun and blows Vinnie's brains all over the wall. His body drops to the ground.

> GIANNI (CONT'D) That was for not doing something when you had the chance.

The four men look up at Gianni with their eyes wide open.

GIANNI (CONT'D) Now you find that cocksucker, you find him and bring him to me.

MICHAEL

Yes boss.

GIANNI Now get the fuck outta here.

The four men get off their seats and leave the room.

INT. VEGGIE SHACK - DAY

MEGAN (20's), stands behind the counter of a small vegetarian restaurant. She is wearing a white t-shirt with a red maple leaf in the center of a circle with a line through it.

There are a few patrons sitting inside the restaurant.

The front door opens. In walks THOMAS MURPHY (20's). He is of medium height and has short blonde hair. He walks towards the counter.

MEGAN You're late Thomas.

THOMAS I'm sorry, I couldn't find the key to my bike lock and I had to run here.

He looks at her shirt.

THOMAS (CONT'D) What's with the shirt?

MEGAN I'm boycotting everything Canadian.

THOMAS Why you doing that?

MEGAN

Because of the seal hunt. I can't believe what those barbarians of the north are doing. At least we have respected super stars like Pamela Anderson and Cory Feldman on our side. I think they can get a lot of people to listen, i mean what person in their right mind wouldn't?

THOMAS

You do know she's Canadian right?

MEGAN Shut up and get your butt back here.

Thomas smiles and walks behind the counter.

MEGAN (CONT'D) So how was your weekend?

THOMAS

Well on Saturday there was another protest against the war in Iraq, so I was there for a while, then I had yoga, then later that evening I had a meeting with the legalization of marijuana foundation, that went really well, I think we're gonna get propaganda out there and really change some minds.

MEGAN You're apart of so many great organizations.

THOMAS

And tonight I have an anti gun rally. I hope Soon we'll have all the guns taken away from every American, then the world will be a better place, a safer place.

Megan opens the cooler behind her and takes out a sandwich.

MEGAN

Try this.

She hands it to Thomas.

THOMAS

What is it?

MEGAN

A new menu item.

Thomas grabs the sandwich and takes a bit.

THOMAS

(with his mouth full) This is good. What kind of sandwich is this?

MEGAN

Spicy tofu.

Thomas gulps, his eyes open wide.

THOMAS You know I can't have anything spicy.

Megan puts her hand over her mouth.

MEGAN Oh my God I'm so sorry.

Thomas grabs a bottle of water from the cooler behind him. He takes a swig.

THOMAS It's okay Megan, I couldn't even taste any spice.

MEGAN Just wait a second.

Thomas's face turns bright red.

THOMAS

Jeepers!

He takes another swig from his bottled water.

EXT. VEGGIE SHACK - CONTINUOUS

A black BMW pulls up in front of the veggie shack. Anthony and Michael get out of the car.

> ANTHONY Why are we stoppin' here?

MICHAEL

I'm fuckin' hungry', I wanna get somthin' to eat.

ANTHONY

This is a fag joint, why do you wanna eat at a fuckin' tree huggin' fag joint.

MICHAEL

Hey I've never been here before, but my doctor says I need to eat more healthy.

ANTHONY

We could go to Mario's, you can get a fuckin' salad there. I don't wanna bee seen in there, only fags and pussies eat at a joint like this.

MICHAEL I'll get it to go okay.

ANTHONY You're not turnin' queer on me are you?

MICHAEL No I'm not turnin' queer.

ANTHONY Good, then I guess I don't have to fuckin' kill ya.

The two of them walk into the veggie shack.

INT. VEGGIE SHACK - CONTINUOUS

Michael and Anthony walk into the restaurant. They look over at the counter. They see Thomas and Megan talking. Michael turns to Anthony.

> MICHAEL Take a look at that guy.

Anthony takes a closer look.

ANTHONY

It can't be.

MICHAEL

I think it be.

Michael takes out the drawing from his coat pocket. He and Anthony take a look.

ANTHONY It sure fuckin' looks like him.

MICHAEL It looks exactly like him.

ANTHONY What would a drug dealer be working in a place like this?

MICHAEL Who gives a fuck, lets take him down.

Anthony and Michael pull out their guns. Thomas looks over.

THOMAS (frightened) Goodness gracious! Guns!

Megan turns around. Anthony and Michael open fire. Thomas drops to the ground. Megan is hit by a series of bullets. Blood splatters everywhere. Her body drops to the ground. Her white t-shirt is soaked with blood.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Megan!

The firing stops.

MICHAEL

We know you're back there shooter, you come out now I promise to make it quick, you don't, you're gonna hurt like you've never hurt before.

There is no response.

ANTHONY Fuck this, lets get it over with.

The two men walk up to the counter. They look down. All they see is Megan's blood soaked body.

MICHAEL

Where the fuck did he go?

Anthony turns towards the hallway. Thomas bolts through the back door.

ANTHONY Shit! Get the car. I'll go after him.

Anthony runs towards the back door. Michael leaves through the front exit.

EXT. BACK ALLY - CONTINUOUS

Anthony burst through the back door. He looks right but see's nothing, he looks left. Thomas is seen near the end of the ally. Anthony takes off after him. He takes his cell phone out of his pocket.

> ANTHONY He's in the back ally! Get the fuckin' car back here!

Thomas runs down the ally. He comes to a dead end.

THOMAS

Dang it!

He bolts into the parking garage to his right.

ANTHONY

(on his cell) He headed into the parking garage!

Anthony enters the parking garage.

INT. PARKING GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Thomas runs up staircase, Anthony is not far behind him. Anthony aims his gun at Thomas and pulls the trigger.

BANG! BANG! BANG! The bullets hit the wall missing Thomas.

Thomas reaches the top and exits through the door. Anthony takes out his cell phone.

> ANTHONY He's on the top floor.

Thomas runs through the parking garage. He trips over his feet and lands on his face. He pushes himself up and turns around. Standing in front of him with a gun in his hand is Anthony.

> THOMAS Please mister don't shoot me!

ANTHONY

I'm gonna fuckin' enjoy this.

He pulls the trigger. CLICK! Nothing, the chamber is empty.

Flatulence comes from Thomas, it's loud and liquidly.

THOMAS

(embarrassed) Dang it!

Anthony chuckles.

ANTHONY

I guess you're scared shitless

huh?

Thomas puts his hand over his ass and takes off. Anthony blots after him.

Thomas runs with his hand over his ass. Another juicy fart.

THOMAS

Not again.

Anthony is right behind Thomas. A black BMW speeds right in front of Thomas. He jumps out of the way. The car hits its breaks and slams right into Anthony. The BMW rolls right over his head. SQUISH, blood bursts out everywhere.

Thomas hopes over the railing and runs down along the parkway.

Michael gets out of the BMW. He runs over to Anthony's headless body.

MICHAEL

Oh shit.

He takes out his cell phone.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Joey sits behind the wheel of a large black cadillac, sitting next to him is Frankie.

Joey's cell phone rings. He takes it out of his pocket and flips it open.

JOEY

Michael stands above anthony's body.

MICHAEL

We found him.

JOEY (V.O.) Where the fuck are you?

MICHAEL

Parking garage off commox and denmen. Hurry your ass up. He's wearing a white t-shirt and blue jeans, he's shit himself so he's got his hand over his ass.

JOEY (V.O.) We're on our way.

Michael hangs up his cell phone and puts it in his pocket.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Joey puts his cell phone in his pocket.

JOEY They found him.

FRANKIE

Where?

JOEY Commox and denmen.

Joey starts the car.

FRANKIE

Well hurry up, and don't drive like a fuckin' bitch.

JOEY

Where do you get off calling me a fuckin' bitch?

FRANKIE

I didn't call you a fuckin' bitch, I said don't drive like a fuckin' bitch.

JOEY Means the same fuckin' shit. JOEY Not until you fuckin' apologize.

FRANKIE I ain't apologizing for shit!

JOEY

You're not gonna fuckin' apologize? Well I'm gonna make you fuckin apologize.

Joey pulls out a gun and points it at Frankie. At the same time Frankie pulls out his gun and points it at Joey.

FRANKIE

Put your fuckin' gun down or I'll blow your fuckin brains all over the place.

JOEY You put your gun down!

FRANKIE

I'm not gonna ask you a second time! Put your fuckin gun down!

A split second later both me start firing. Fountains of blood splatter all over inside the car. The firing stops.

EXT. PARKING GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Thomas runs out of the parking garage with his hand over his ass. He stops and looks behind him.

THOMAS

(screeching) Yikes!

The black BMW drives into him. His body slams into the building that is five feet from him. He drops to the ground.

Michael gets out of the car and walks over to Thomas. He takes out his gun and points it at him.

THOMAS (CONT'D) Why are you trying to kill me?

MICHAEL I'll let the boss tell you.

Michael picks up Thomas by the hair.

INT. STUDY(GIANNI'S HOUSE) - DAY

Gianni sits behind his desk with a cigar in his hand. There is the crackling of wood coming from the fire place on the other side of the study. Opera music is comes from his stereo. There is a knock at the door.

GIANNI

Come in.

The door opens. Thomas is pushed through the front door. Behind him is Michael with a gun pointed in Thomas's back.

Gianni gets up off his chair and walks around his desk.

MICHAEL

Here he is boss.

Gianni walks closer. He sniffs the air.

GIANNI What the fuck is that smell?

MICHAEL Cocksucker shit himself.

GIANNI

(to Thomas) You shit yourself?

THOMAS

I have IBS and I ate something I shouldn't have, and why are you trying to kill me?

GIANNI IBS? What the fuck is IBS?

THOMAS Irritable bowel syndrome.

GIANNI

Well I don't think you have to worry about that condition for much longer.

THOMAS What did I do?

THOMAS

No I don't know.

Another loud fart followed by a splatter sound in Thomas's pants.

Michael turns away in disgust.

MICHAEL

Jesus Christ!

Gianni turns away. In that moment Thomas spins around and takes the gun out of Michael's hand. He places the nuzzle underneath his chin and pulls the trigger. Blood sprays everywhere.

He spins around and points the gun at Gianni.

Gianni goes for his pocket to reach for his gun.

THOMAS Don't even fucking think about it.

Gianni gets on his knees. He looks up at Thomas.

GIANNI Please! What do you want?

THOMAS Right now, I'd love a steak.

He cocks the gun.

THOMAS (CONT'D) Say hello to your son for me you fat fuck.

He pulls the trigger. BANG!

CUT TO BLACK:

17.