

Tony Does Miami
(*Scarface* Spoof)

by
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EXT. YACHT - NIGHT

TONY (Cuban, medium height, late twenties) and an attractive young WOMAN are slow dancing to Barry White's "I'm Gonna Love You Just A Little More Baby."

After about thirty seconds, they stop and romantically gaze into each others eyes for a few moments.

As they slowly lean in to kiss, we hear a man's voice.

MASTURBAR (V.O.)

Tony.

EXT. SHIP - DAY (CONT.)

Tony is asleep and curled up against the wall of a small run down ship filled to capacity with CUBAN REFUGEES. He is kissing the air, and his erect penis can be seen propping up the crotch area of his pants.

MASTURBAR (O.S.)

(louder)

Tony.

Tony wakes up and sees MASTURBAR (Cuban, tall, late twenties) standing over him.

MASTURBAR

We're almost there. Get up, man.

Tony stands up. His penis is still erect.

MASTURBAR

Can you believe it, man? Five hours ago we were in a fucking cage in Cuba, and now we're five minutes away from the Joonited States.

TONY

Joonited States?

MASTURBAR

Yeah, man.

TONY

... It's the United States -- not the Joonited States. Joo sound like jore fresh of the boat when joo pronounce it like that.

INT. IMMIGRATION PROCESSING ROOM A - DAY

Tony is seated near a desk in a small room.

Two forty to fifty year old male IMMIGRATION OFFICIALS are sitting on the other side of the table.

IMMIGRATION OFFICIAL
What's your name?

IMMIGRATION OFFICIAL 2
Como se llama?

TONY
Rigatoni Dakota. ... But you can
call me "Tony."

INT. IMMIGRATION PROCESSING ROOM B - DAY (CONT.)

Masturbar is seated in a similar room and being interviewed by two other IMMIGRATION OFFICIALS.

IMMIGRATION OFFICIAL 3
What's your name?

IMMIGRATION OFFICIAL 4
Como se llama?

MASTURBAR
Pass.

IMMIGRATION OFFICIAL 3
Is that your first name or your
last name?

IMMIGRATION OFFICIAL 4
(Spanish)
Is that your first name or your
last name?

MASTURBAR
No -- I meant I'd like to pass on
that question. Move on to the next
one.

IMMIGRATION OFFICIAL 3
... You can't pass. Now what's your
name?

MASTURBAR
Masturbar Mucho.

INT. IMMIGRATION PROCESSING ROOM A - DAY (CONT.)

IMMIGRATION OFFICIAL
And what did you do for a living in
Cuba?

TONY
I was one of those religious
fuckers with the ninja suits.

IMMIGRATION OFFICIAL
... You mean a priest?

TONY
Whatever the fuck they're called --
that's what I was.

IMMIGRATION OFFICIAL
And why did you leave Cuba?

TONY
... Have you ever seen Cuba? Living
there is like living with your
mother-in-law in a cardboard box
next to a fucking garbage dump. ...
But to be fair, I should point out
that Team Castro throws you a bag
of rice and a bar of soap every
month.

INT. IMMIGRATION PROCESSING ROOM B - DAY (CONT.)

IMMIGRATION OFFICIAL 3
And what did you do for a living in
Cuba?

MASTURBAR
I was a hitman.

IMMIGRATION OFFICIAL 3
You were a hitman?

MASTURBAR
... Did I say hitman? I meant to
say... doctor.

IMMIGRATION OFFICIAL 3
And why did you leave Cuba?

MASTURBAR

Well -- let me put it this way. In Cuba, a doctor makes three hundred dollars a year. In America, a panhandler makes three hundred dollars a week. ... That Karl Marx was full of shit.

INT. IMMIGRATION PROCESSING ROOM A - DAY (CONT.)

IMMIGRATION OFFICIAL

And how do we know you're not just another criminal Cuba's trying to dump on us?

TONY

Criminal? No. I'm just a man looking for life, liberty, and vaginal intercourse -- and now I just want the forty acres and mule your fucking president promised me.

INT. IMMIGRATION PROCESSING ROOM B - DAY (CONT.)

IMMIGRATION OFFICIAL 3

Have you ever been convicted of a felony?

MASTURBAR

Yes.

IMMIGRATION OFFICIAL 3

Yes?

MASTURBAR

... Did I say yes? I meant to say... no.

INT. IMMIGRATION PROCESSING ROOM A - DAY (CONT.)

IMMIGRATION OFFICIAL

... OK. Welcome to America.

He hands Tony a green card.

IMMIGRATION OFFICIAL

Here's your green card.

INT. IMMIGRATION PROCESSING ROOM B - DAY (CONT.)

IMMIGRATION OFFICIAL 3
Alright. That'll do it.

He hands Masturbar a green card.

MALE
Welcome to America. ... Have fun.

EXT. BUSY MIAMI STREET - DAY

CU on Masturbar's face

MASTURBAR
Can you believe it, man? We're
legal residents, and we already got
jobs.

Masturbar is standing on the sidewalk next to a shopping cart
filled with orange bags.

Tony is seated nearby working on a pencil sketch of two men
standing next to two giant empty egg shell halves, one of
which has a Cuban flag drawn on it.

Tony looks up at Masturbar.

TONY
... You call this a fucking job? I
didn't come to America to do this
shit, man.

A car pulls up near them. The DRIVER pulls down his window
and says:

DRIVER
How much?

MASTURBAR
Two dollars.

The Driver hands him two one dollar bills, and Masturbar
hands him a bag of oranges.

The Driver drives away.

Masturbar opens another bag, takes out an orange, and begins
peeling it.

TONY

I'm telling you, man -- this country's like one great big chicken just waiting to get fucked --- and we're out here peddling oranges for a few dollars.

MASTURBAR

Hey -- it's just until we get on our feet. And it's not that bad, man. I mean, we get to spend our days outside, getting some sun, meeting new people. ...

He puts an orange slice into his mouth.

MASTURBAR

And oranges are nature's perfect food.

TONY

... You know -- you've always been a "glass is half full" kind of guy.

MASTURBAR

That's right. And it's half full of orange juice right now.

TONY

Yeah -- but half a glass is not enough for me. I want the whole fucking orange grove.

INT. SMALL CUBAN HOME - DAY (BLACK AND WHITE SCENE)

SUPERIMPOSE: "CUBA"

TONY 6 -- Tony at age 6 -- is sitting on the floor, finishing up a large crayon drawing of Fidel Castro sitting on the toilet.

His brother BENNY 7 -- a slightly taller Cuban boy -- is dressed in a police officer costume, holding a couple of bananas as if they're guns, and playing cops and robbers with an imaginary robber.

TONY'S MOTHER (late twenties) and his AUNT (early thirties) are seated at a kitchen table drinking coffee.

TONY'S MOTHER
(to Tony)
Tony -- show your Aunt your
drawing.

Tony picks up the drawing and shows it to his Aunt.

TONY'S AUNT
It's beautiful.

He puts the drawing back down and continues working.

TONY'S MOTHER
(to Tony's aunt)
You know, maybe one day Tony will
become a famous artist, and Benny
will become the chief of police.

TONY 6
Mamma. Where's pappa?

TONY'S MOTHER
I told you a thousand times, Tony.
He's in jail.

TONY 6
But why?

TONY'S MOTHER
How many times do I have to tell
you? He's in jail for selling
American pornography.

TONY 6
But why did he sell American
pornography?

TONY'S MOTHER
I'll tell you why. Because of the
situation those doo-doo head
Americans put us in. They're the
source of all of our problems.

TONY 6
When is pappa coming back home?

TONY'S MOTHER
Soon Tony.

INT. APARTMENT ROOM - DAY

Tony walks into the room.

TONY

Good news, man. I got us some real jobs.

MASTURBAR

Real jobs?

TONY

Yeah.

MASTURBAR

... So are we killers or drug dealers?

TONY

We're killers. For a drug dealer. And if we do a good job, we can work our way up to drug dealer.

MASTURBAR

Well what type of money are we talking about?

TONY

Our first hit pays twenty thousand.

MASTURBAR

Twenty thousand? Who the fuck do we have to kill? Chuck Norris?

TONY

No -- just some regular guy who tried to screw our boss.

MASTURBAR

... Twenty thousand dollars?

TONY

Yeah man.

MASTURBAR

... Bullshit, man.

TONY

No -- I'm serious.

MASTURBAR

... Bullshit, man.

TONY

No -- I'm serious.

MASTURBAR
... Bullshit, man.

TONY
No -- I'm serious.

MASTURBAR
... Are you serious?

TONY
Bullshit, man. I mean -- yeah man.
I'm serious.

MASTURBAR
Well how did you get this fucking
job.

TONY
I know a guy, who knows a guy, who
knows a guy, that we killed in
Cuba. And he knows what kind of
work we do.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING HALLWAY - DAY

Tony and Masturbar walk through the hallway and stop in front
of an apartment unit's front door.

MASTURBAR
You ready?

Tony puts his hand in the back of his pants and pulls a
pocket watch out of his butt.

It reads 12:58.

TONY
Let's wait a little while.

He puts the watch back in his butt.

MASTURBAR
Why?

TONY
It's bad luck to kill people during
the last ten minutes of an hour.

MASTURBAR
Yeah -- but it's not a good idea to
hang around outside the apartment
of the guy you're about to kill.

TONY
... OK. How about we go inside,
chit chat with him for a couple of
minutes, and then kill him.

MASTURBAR
Sounds good, man.

Tony knocks on the door.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
Yeah.

TONY
We're Mr. Goldenberg's friends. We
need to settle a few matters with
you.

The door is opened by a dark haired Caucasian MAN in his
early thirties.

Tony and Masturbar walk in.

INT. APARTMENT ROOM - DAY (CONT.)

TONY
Sit down.

The Man sits down on a sofa.

Tony looks around and remarks:

TONY
I love what you've done with the
place.

He spots a Che Guevara poster on the wall.

TONY
Is that Che Guevara?

MAN
Yeah. ... Do you like him?

TONY
Actually... No. That motherfucker
ruthlessly murdered my great uncle
back in Havana.

MAN
Oh. ... Well, I was planning to
take that poster down.

Tony notices a half-eaten quarter pounder with cheese lying on a table near the kitchenette.

TONY
Is that a quarter pounder with
cheese?

MAN
Yeah.

TONY
... Do you know what they call a
quarter pounder with cheese in
Cuba?

MAN
No.

TONY
(angrily)
They don't call it shit -- 'cause
they don't have McDonalds in Cuba!
(calms down)
... They don't have much of
anything in Cuba. But you know what
they have plenty of?

MAN
Uh... no.

TONY
(to Masturbar)
Tell him.

MASTURBAR
Nothing.

TONY
That's right. Nothing.

MAN
Uh... is this going anywhere or...

TONY
Have you ever heard of a guy by the
name of Jesus Christ?

MAN
Uh... Yeah.

TONY
There's a quote of his I'm awfully
fond of. Luke Six Thirty-One.

Tony takes a gun out of his pocket and points it at the Man.

TONY
(meanly)
Do unto others, as you'd have them
do unto you.

Tony fires three bullets into the Man.

INT. APARTMENT ROOM - DAY (LATER)

A couple of DETECTIVES are examining the Man's dead body while a FORENSIC PHOTOGRAPHER snaps photos.

DETECTIVE 1
So uh -- should we dust for prints,
look for hairs, interview
neighbors?

DETECTIVE 2
(casually)
No -- that doesn't seem necessary.
This looks like an obvious suicide.

DETECTIVE 1
But... no gun was found at the
scene. And he was shot multiple
times.

DETECTIVE 2
Well, I'll just put down...

He takes out a pad and pen, and begins writing.

DETECTIVE 2
...assisted suicide.

INT. BAR - EARLY EVENING

Masturbar is seated at a table drinking beer.

Tony walks into the bar and sits down next to him.

MASTURBAR
So what happened?

TONY
They gave me the next assignment.

MASTURBAR
Already? Who do we have to kill
this time?

TONY
We're not killers anymore. We're
drug dealers.

MASTURBAR
That was fucking quick.

TONY
Hey -- that's how they do things
around here. We're not in Cuba
anymore.

MASTURBAR
You can say that again.

TONY
You can say that again.

MASTURBAR
You can say that again.

TONY
You can say that again.

MASTURBAR
... So what do we have to do?

TONY
Buy a little coke from a new
supplier.

MASTURBAR
And how much does the job pay?

TONY
Twenty thousand.

MASTURBAR
Twenty thousand? ... Bullshit, man.

TONY
Don't start that shit again. ...
Anyways, we'll go over the plan
tonight.

MASTURBAR
OK, man.

Tony spots an attractive WOMAN standing a few yards away.

TONY
(to Woman)
Hey. You wanna have a drink with me
and my friend?

WOMAN
(in an "are you kidding
me?" tone, as if she
doesn't want to have
anything to do with them)
No.

TONY
... You wanna go to my apartment
and have sex?

WOMAN
...
(in a "why not?" / "sounds
good" tone)
Sure.

EXT. MOTEL - DAY

Masturbar is standing at the end of the a motel corridor.

Tony is several rooms down.

Tony walks up to a room and knocks on the door.

Masturbar hides behind the corridor corner.

An OLD LADY opens the door.

OLD LADY
Yes?

Tony looks at her and then glances into her room.

TONY
(confused)
Uh -- I don't suppose there's a
Columbian drug dealer in there
with you?

OLD LADY
Columbian drug dealer? No. The only
other person in here is my husband
-- a Jewish proctologist. I think
you're looking for the gentleman
next door.

TONY
Oh. ... OK. ... Sorry to bother
you.

She closes the door.

Masturbar reappears from around the corner, and watches as
Tony walks up to the next room and knocks the door.

Masturbar once again hides behind the corner.

A 40 year old COLUMBIAN MAN opens the door.

COLUMBIAN MAN
Tony?

TONY
Yeah.

COLUMBIAN MAN
I am a Colombian coke dealer.

TONY
OK.

COLUMBIAN MAN
Entra.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY (CONT.)

Tony walks in.

The Colombian Man closes the door behind him.

They walk to the center of the room.

COLUMBIAN MAN
So how are you doing?

TONY
OK.

A THUG bursts out of the bathroom holding a machine gun. He
points it at Tony.

COLUMBIAN GUY
OK! Enough small talk! Where's the
fucking money, you fucking Cuban
piece of shit!

TONY
(points out the window)
... It's over...

COLUMBIAN MAN
Not talking, huh?! Tough guy, huh?!
(to the Thug)
Bring over the chainsaw!

THUG
We didn't get one.

COLUMBIAN MAN
Well, do you have a knife or
something?

The Thug searches his pockets, but comes up empty.

COLUMBIAN MAN
Well, can you at least get me a
piece of paper!?

The Thug hands him a piece of paper.

COLUMBIAN MAN
(To Tony)
Sit down!

Tony sits down on a nearby chair.

The Columbian Man grabs a rope and ties Tony to the chair.

He then takes the piece of paper, and, with a sadistic look
on his face, uses its edge to give Tony paper cuts on his
forearm.

EXT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY (CONT.)

Masturbar is holding a stethoscope up to the door.

COLUMBIAN MAN (O.S.)
Now are you ready to talk, or do
you want more!

He throws the stethoscope aside and rings the doorbell.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY (CONT.)

The Columbian Man looks towards the door and says:

COLUMBIAN MAN
(to the Thug)
Who the fuck is that?

He walks towards the door, looks into the peephole, and sees Masturbar.

COLUMBIAN MAN
Who is it?

MASTURBAR (O.S.)
Yeah -- I'm here to deliver some
... free prostitutes.

COLUMBIAN MAN
Free prostitutes? From who?

MASTURBAR (O.S.)
Uh... Free Prostitutes...
Incorporated?

The Columbian Man thinks for a few moments, shrugs his shoulders, and then turns to the Thug and says:

COLUMBIAN MAN
Hide the Cuban in the bathroom.

The Thug grabs Tony's chair and drags it and Tony into the bathroom.

He then walks out of the bathroom and closes the door.

The Columbian Man opens the front door.

COLUMBIAN MAN
(to Masturbar)
Uh... where are the prostitutes?

MASTURBAR
There in my van. Uh... Would you
guys mind turning around for a
minute? I uh... need to give you an
aids test.

COLUMBIAN MAN
An aids test?

MASTURBAR
Yeah, man. Company rules.

The Columbian Man and the Thug turn around.

Masturbar takes a gun and silencer out of his pocket, attaches the silencer to the gun, and then points and fires several shots into The Columbian Man and the Thug, causing both of them to fall to the floor and die.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY (LATER)

Two new DETECTIVES and a new FORENSIC PHOTOGRAPHER are examining the dead bodies of the Columbian Man and Thug.

DETECTIVE 1

I suppose they shot each other up.

DETECTIVE 2

Actually -- it looks like they were both shot in the back.

DETECTIVE 1

... Yeah -- that's right.

DETECTIVE 2

... So, uh, should we start a murder investigation?

DETECTIVE 1

... What do I look like -- Sherlock Holmes? They don't pay me enough to go to all that trouble.

He pulls out a pen and pad.

DETECTIVE 1

I'll just put down double assisted suicide.

INT. CUBAN CLASSROOM - DAY (BLACK AND WHITE SCENE)

TONY 9 and 15-20 other eight to nine year STUDENTS are seated in a classroom while a TEACHER lectures from the front of the class.

Tony is working on a marker drawing of a cigar-smoking Fidel Castro defecating on a dozen blindfolded men holding pickaxes and shovels.

TEACHER

...And that's why Castro is a saint, and the Americans are a bunch of filthy pigs. ... Tony -- are you listening?!

TONY 9

Uh -- yeah. Castro gained weight by eating a bunch of American pigs.

TEACHER

No -- Castro is a saint, and the Americans are a bunch of filthy pigs!

TONY 9

Then how come so many Cubans want to go to America, and no one in their right mind wants to move to Cuba?

TEACHER

Well Mr. Smarty Pants, it's because people don't know any better. And that little remark of yours just earned you a month in prison.

A couple of POLICE OFFICERS walk into the room and up to Tony's desk.

TEACHER

But now you'll get to be with your criminal father. I hear he's in jail for selling American water.

INT. MEXICAN FAST FOOD RESTAURANT - DAY

Tony and Masturbar walk in.

Tony spots his MOTHER seated at a table.

TONY

Mama?!

TONY'S MOTHER

(Coldly)

Rigatoni.

TONY

... So. ... How you doing?

TONY'S MOTHER

(Coldly)

... OK. ... And what have you been up to, Tony?

TONY

Uh -- I work for Microsoft.

She looks at the blood stains on his clothing and says:

TONY'S MOTHER

And I suppose those red stains on
your clothes are computer fluid.

TONY

No -- that some dead fucker's
blood...

(checks himself)

...Uh... I mean, yeah, it's
computer fluid.

TONY'S MOTHER

... Get away from me, Tony.

TONY

What?

TONY'S MOTHER

You heard me. I don't want you in
my life. I'm not like you, Tony.
I'm an honest person. I work for my
living.

TONY

Well, what do you do?

TONY'S MOTHER

Well... I'm a prostitute. But
that's besides the point! And it's
just until your father gets back!

TONY

Gets back? He left you years ago
for that loony American woman.

She stands up and slaps Tony on the face.

TONY'S MOTHER

You think you're tough shit?! Look
at me when I'm talking to you!

TONY

Mama -- I'm looking right at you.

TONY'S MOTHER

Well then look at the floor!

He puts his head down and looks at the floor.

She slaps on the face again.

TONY'S MOTHER
Now look at me again!

He looks at her.

She slaps him again.

TONY'S MOTHER
Shut up! ... Now what do you have
to say for yourself?

TONY
Well I...

She slaps him again.

TONY'S MOTHER
I said shut up!

TONY
Calm down.

TONY'S MOTHER
I've had enough of your crap, Tony.
Don't you ever come near me again.

She begins walking out of the restaurant.

A MAN stares at her.

She stops, slaps the Man on the face, and resumes walking
out.

INT. KOSHER DELI - DAY

Tony and Masturbar are seated at a table with GOLDY
GOLDENBERG GOLDENSTEIN, a 40 something orthodox Hassidic Jew.

A WAITER walks up to the table holding a bottle of
Manischewitz wine.

GOLDY
Pour it for all of us.

The Waiter pours wine for Goldy, Tony, and Masturbar.

GOLDY
This is Manischewitz's best wine.
Twenty seven dollars a bottle. And
guess what: I buy it wholesale for
my home for only eight. Can you
believe the profit margins this
(MORE)

GOLDY (CONT'D)
place is making? I must be in the
wrong business!

Tony and Masturbar drink some wine.

Goldy points to SALVATORE SILVERSTEIN -- a fat Hasidic Jewish Man who is eating a sandwich several tables away.

GOLDY
See that guy over there? That's
Salvatore Silverstein of the Glatt
Kosher Mafia. That piece of shit
motherfucker gets paid five Gs a
month just to certify this
restaurant Glatt Kosher. In fact,
the way I figure it...

He takes a calculator out of his pocket and begins punching
in some numbers.

GOLDY
...over the years, that shithead's
Glatt Kosher tax has taken over two
thousand dollars out of my own
pocket.

He continues typing data into his calculator.

GOLDY
Figure in six and a half percent
interest compounded hourly, and the
number is up to... forty two
hundred dollars.

He thinks for a few seconds, and then gets out of his seat
and makes his way towards Salvatore.

Tony and Masturbar watch as Goldy confronts Salvatore and
exchanges some angry words with him (that we [as well as Tony
and Masturbar] cannot hear).

Goldy then takes a handgun out of his jacket and points it at
Salvatore, who, quite terrified, nervously takes out his
wallet, opens it, takes out about a dozen bills, and hands
them to Goldy.

Goldy, still not satisfied, angrily yells and points at
Salvatore's watch, prompting him to remove it from his wrist
and hand it over as well.

Goldy calmly walks back to his table and sits down next to
Tony and Masturbar.

GOLDY

That brings us to rule number one: rather than waiting for people to hand you your due, go out there and get it! It kind of reminds of something my grandmother used to say: "Meshuggennah ken bubbeleh yentl shikse bubkus pickle, boca raton shtup tuchis goyim fiddler on the roof."

TONY

What does that mean?

GOLDY

For every one saint, there are half a billion greedy, selfish, two faced motherfuckers who will go so far as to cheat their own siblings if they think they can get away with it.

TONY

That kind of reminds of a saying we have in Cuba: "Dos Feliz Navidad mi Speedy Gonzalez, la cucaracha esta sabado gigante."

GOLDY

What does that mean?

TONY

There are two kinds of people in this world: capitalists who will fuck you in the ass, and communists who will fuck you in the rear.

GOLDY

... I see you're familiar with rule number one. Well, let's move on to rule number two: love your neighbor as yourself -- unless, of course, he owes you money, he's your competitor, he's trying to screw you, or he just pisses you off.

He takes a small bag of cocaine out of his pocket, sticks his pinky finger in, takes it out, and snorts some cocaine off of it.

GOLDY

And last but not least, rule number three: Never get high on your own
(MORE)

GOLDY (CONT'D)

supply. ... But to be honest, I always thought rule number three was bullshit. I mean, if we don't get high on our own supply, whose supply do we get high on?

He snorts some more cocaine, and then continues.

GOLDY

So, Masturbar -- they tell me you really love the ladies.

MASTURBAR

Yeah, man. My goal in life is to have sex with as many women as possible. ... In other words, I'm a romantic.

GOLDY

Well, if you stick with me and make it big in this business, the women will be all over you -- and you'll be on your way to uh, how shall we say, starting the twelve tribes of Masturbar. ... Say -- that's a pretty unique name you've got. I don't believe I've ever heard it before.

MASTURBAR

Yeah -- it means "to masturbate" in Spanish.

GOLDY

... To Masturbate?

MASTURBAR

Yeah. ... My father was a sperm donor.

GOLDY

... ... Anyways, let me get right to the point. You've done some good work for us so far, and I want make you my Senior VPs in charge of operations and beating the living shit out of our enemies. ... So. ... What do you say?

Tony looks at Masturbar.

TONY
I say: Mazel Tov. You've got
yourself a couple of new VPS.

MONTAGE to "Movin' On Up" (*The Jeffersons* theme)

INT. ROOM 1 - DAY (CONT.)

Three DRUG DEALERS show Tony and Masturbar an open suitcase full of money.

They close the suitcase and hand it to Tony.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY (CONT.)

Tony has a ferocious look on his face, and is shooting various MEN.

INT. ARCADE - DAY (CONT.)

Tony is playing a violent shooting video game.

INT. TONY'S APARTMENT - DAY (CONT.)

Masturbar is lying face down on the floor while Tony walks barefoot on top of his back.

EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY (CONT.)

Tony walks up to a baby in a carriage who is holding a lollipop.

He grabs the lollipop and runs away.

INT. TONY'S APARTMENT (CONT.)

Tony is sitting on his sofa, watching an episode of *The Golden Girls* on television.

INT. TONY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT (CONT.)

Tony is sitting in the dark in his underwear, using a plastic spork to eat beans out of a can.

INT. ROOM 3 - DAY (CONT.)

A cash counting machine is counting fifty dollar Monopoly bills.

Tony and Masturbar are standing nearby.

INT. TONY'S APARTMENT - DAY (CONT.)

Tony and Masturbar are watching television.

They suddenly get up and begin celebrating (slapping hands, smiling, jumping, etc.)

We look at the television, and see a key scene from a popular chick-flick.

EXT. PARK - DAY (CONT.)

A blindfolded Tony hits a pinata with a bat.

It breaks open, and cocaine comes pouring out of it.

He takes off his blindfold, gets on all fours, and snorts cocaine off the ground.

END MONTAGE

INT. SMALL CUBAN HOME - DAY (BLACK AND WHITE SCENE)

TONY 12 is holding a paintbrush, working on a variation of Van Gogh's *Potato Eaters* featuring Tony and his family, and rice in place of potatoes.

BENNY 13 walks in holding two buckets of water, singing the theme to *Cops*.

BENNY 13
Bad boys, bad boys
Watcha gonna do?
Watcha gonna do when they come for
you?
Bad boys, bad boys
Watcha gonna do?
Watcha gonna do when they come for
you?

Tony's Mother is seated at a kitchen table containing three plates of rice and beans.

She calls out to Tony and Benny:

TONY'S MOTHER
Lunchtime!

Tony and Benny make their way to the kitchen.

They sit down.

TONY 12
Where's dad?

TONY'S MOTHER
He left to, uh, buy some more rice.

TONY 12
That was five days ago.

TONY'S MOTHER
Well, he probably just wants to make sure he buys the right kind.

TONY 12
Mamma -- this is communist Cuba. There's only one kind.

TONY'S MOTHER
I said he wants to buy the right kind! ... Besides -- he called a few hours ago. He said he'll be home any day now.

TONY 12
Called? Mamma -- we don't have a phone.

TONY'S MOTHER
And you want to know why we don't have a phone? Because of those greedy, selfish, piece of shit Americans. ... Now eat your food before the Americans take away its heat!

INT. APARTMENT LIVING ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

Masturbar is sitting on a sofa watching TV.

Tony walks out of the bedroom wearing a sharp outfit and looking well groomed and ready to go out.

MASTURBAR

Where are you going, man?

TONY

I'm taking out Goldy's wife.

MASTURBAR

Bullshit, man.

TONY

No -- I'm serious. Goldy's stuck in Saudi Arabia, and he wants me to keep her company.

MASTURBAR

... So are you going to try to have sex with her?

TONY

Of course. ... By the way, do you have any more of those condoms with the holes in the tips?

EXT. GOLDY'S HOUSE - EARLY EVENING

Tony rings the doorbell.

Goldy's wife ANITA (white, American, mid twenties) opens the door.

TONY

You ready?

Anita sees Tony's car -- a Chevy Chevette that looks like it's been through a few dozen hurricanes -- parked on the street.

ANITA

Is that your car?

TONY

Yeah. You like it?

Tony takes out his keys, points the keyless entry remote towards the car, and presses a button.

The car horn plays the hook to "Guantanamera".

ANITA

It looks like a Guadalajaran Bar's
Men's Room toilet on Cinco de Mayo.

TONY

You know, that's a actually a
common misinterpretation of its
abstract expressionist style.

ANITA

And what exactly is it trying to
express abstractly?

TONY

That I drive a piece of shit.

ANITA

Well. I'm not getting into that
car.

TONY

Oh. ... Are you sure?

ANITA

Yeah.

TONY

(calmly)

... OK. Go back inside for a few
minutes. I'll take care of this.

Anita looks at him, walks back in the house, and closes the
door.

EXT. GOLDY'S HOUSE - EARLY EVENING (MINUTES LATER)

Tony is standing next to the door. He rings the bell, and
then runs back to the car and ducks behind it.

Anita opens the door.

ANITA

Hello?

She looks around, spots some cocaine on the ground.

She gets on her knees and sniffs it.

After doing so, she looks forward and spots some more cocaine
on the ground a few feet away.

She walks over to it and snorts it.

This pattern continues until she closes in towards Tony's car parked in the street. The car door is open, and there is some cocaine on the front passenger seat.

She crawls up onto the passenger seat and snorts the cocaine on it.

Tony closes the door behind her and gets into the car.

He pours some cocaine on his lap.

She begins snorting it.

He drives off.

INT. DINER - NIGHT

25-35 DINERS are seated in a medium sized 50s style diner.

The WAITERS are knockoffs of OSAMA BIN LADEN, AYATOLLAH KHOMEINI, SADDAM HUSSEIN, ADOLPH HITLER, KIM JONG IL, JOSEPH STALIN, IDI AMIN, POL POT, GENGHIS KHAN, BENITO MUSSOLINI, OJ SIMPSON, BARBRA STREISAND, and DARTH VADER.

Tony and Anita are seated at a table, studying their menus.

Their waiter Osama walks over.

OSAMA

Hello -- I am your waiter Osama.
What can I get you, you son of a
bitch American infidels.

ANITA

I'll have the Adolph Hitler
Vegiburger.

OSAMA

And do you want the cow beheaded or
electrocuted?

ANITA

Cow? I ordered a vegiburger.

OSAMA

I know. The Adolph Hitler
Vegiburger contains beef.

ANITA

Oh. Um...
(studies her menu)
(MORE)

ANITA (CONT'D)
...then I'll have the Mussolini
Macaroni with Marinara sauce.

OSAMA
And to drink?

ANITA
(studying her menu)
Um... The OJ Simpson OJ.

He turns to Tony.

OSAMA
How 'bout you, you piece of poo.

TONY
Yeah, I'll have the fucking Kim
Jong Il Kimchi, the Ayatollah
Khomeini Khoresht, the Barbra
Streisand Bagel and Lox, and the
one dollar shake.

OSAMA
... It's the five dollar shake.

Tony takes out his gun and points it at Osama.

TONY
It's the one dollar shake.

OSAMA
(backing off, agreeing)
OK -- it's the one dollar shake.

Osama walks away.

Tony takes out a huge sack of cocaine, pours some of its
contents onto the table, and snorts up some of it.

TONY
Feel free to help yourself.

ANITA
Thanks.

Anita snorts some.

TONY
So -- I heard you did a pilot.

ANITA
Yeah. And would you believe he took
me to the restroom? He wouldn't
(MORE)

ANITA (CONT'D)
even let me anywhere near his
cockpit.

TONY
... No -- I meant I heard you
starred in a TV pilot.

ANITA
Oh. ... Yeah. That was my fifteen
minutes. ... Well -- thirty
minutes. Minus commercials.

TONY
What was the show about? Pilots?

ANITA
Actually... yes. It was about a
Cuban pilot who married a redheaded
American stewardess.

TONY
Were you the stewardess?

ANITA
Uh... to be honest, I don't really
remember. I was pretty high at the
time.

TONY
OK. Enough about you. Let's talk
about me.

ANITA
OK. ... Uh -- my husband tells me
you kill people and deal drugs.

TONY
Well. I prefer to say I'm in non-
life solutions and coca derivative
distribution.

ANITA
Well, I'd prefer to say I'm in
gluteus couch relations and high
grade stimulant absorption -- but
that doesn't change the fact that I
sit around all day doing coke.

TONY
Touche.

ANITA
So, I suppose you're part of the
Cuban crime wave.

TONY
Indeed I am.

ANITA
Why'd you leave Cuba?

TONY
Well -- we have a saying where I'm
from: "Vamos al bano, sony o
sanyo."

ANITA
What does that mean?

TONY
"Cuba is a fucking shithole." ...
But, I will admit, I do miss some
things about Cuba. Some of the
little things.

ANITA
Like what?

TONY
Well, for example -- in America,
people jack off like this...

He makes a masturbation motion in the air.

TONY
...but in Cuba, they jack off like
this.

He flips his hand over and makes an overhand masturbation
motion.

Osama walks over to the table with Tony's shake and Anita's
orange juice.

He puts them on the table.

Tony looks at his drink suspiciously.

TONY
(to Osama)
Did you fucking spit in this?

OSAMA
Mr. Infidel -- I swear to God, I
did not piss in your shake.

TONY
 ... Who said anything about pissing
 in it?

Tony looks Osama in the eyes.

Osama looks back at Tony.

Tony suddenly rises from his seat, pulls a handgun out of his pocket, and shoots Osama in the stomach three times.

He then sits down and casually continues his conversation with Anita.

TONY
 So uh... how's your drink?

INT. CUBAN STREET - DAY (BLACK AND WHITE SCENE)

TONY 16 and a male FRIEND are playing a game of Cubilete (Latin American Yahtzee).

They spot an attractive 17 year old WOMAN walking with a handsome well-dressed 20 year old MAN.

Tony notices them.

TONY 16
 (to his Friend)
 Ay dios mio. Look at that girl.

The Friend looks at her.

TONY 16
 Man, would I like to pour my cement
 in her foundation.

FRIEND
 ... Tony -- that's my sister.

TONY 16
 Oh yeah. ... Well, when I said pour
 my cement in her foundation, I
 meant, uh, put a wedding ring on
 her finger. ... Look at that guy
 she's with. What's he got that I
 don't got?

FRIEND
 Well -- it starts with a D and ends
 in an O.

TONY 16
... He has a dildo?

FRIEND
No. ... Dinero. ... Money.

TONY 16
Well -- how did he get all that money?

FRIEND
Hey -- you know how it is here.
You're not gonna get rich curing cancer or painting the Mona Lisa.

TONY 16
Well how about if I paint Mona Lisa curing cancer?

FRIEND
No -- that's not cut it either.
There's only one way to make big money here -- and it starts with a C and ends in an E.

TONY 16
... But who are supposed to circumcise?

FRIEND
No -- not circumcise. Crime.

INT. DINER - NIGHT

A couple of new DETECTIVES are examining the crime scene.
They look at Osama's dead body.

DETECTIVE 1
Well. ... Looks like a suicide bombing went wrong.

INT. / EXT. TONY'S CAR - DAY

Tony is driving alone.
He spots something.

TONY
I don't fucking believe this.

DICKY (Cuban, early fifties) is standing on the sidewalk, offering bags of oranges for sale.

Tony pulls over by him.

He walks over to Tony's car.

He looks at Tony with a surprised expression on his face.

DICKY

Tony?!

EXT. STREET - DAY (MOMENTS LATER)

Tony's car is parked on the street. He is standing on the sidewalk, having a conversation with Dicky.

TONY

So what are you doing here? What happened to your wife?

DICKY

I found out she was sleeping with our neighbor. ... And his wife! ... And our baby-sitter!

TONY

What about your job at the nightclub?

DICKY

Well, I started drinking, and one thing led to another -- and let's just say I'm banned from the New York nightclub scene for banging every nightclub owner's wife from Albany to Yonkers.

(Long pause)

Look Tony. I know I haven't been the best father in the past. But now that fate has given me this opportunity to be in your life again, I want to make the best of it.

TONY

Yeah -- you already had a million fucking opportunities, and you blew them all. You weren't there for my first tap dance recital, my first assassination, my first coke deal, my bar-mitvah.

DICKY
Tony -- we're not Jewish.

TONY
... Anyways, the point is, I hardly even know you -- and that you see me driving by in my fly ride, you suddenly decide you want to be part of my life.

DICKY
Well... that pretty much sums it up.

TONY
Fuck that, man.

INT. TEXTILE STORE - DAY

CU on Tony

TONY
They tell me you buy from McLaugherty.

CU on OWNER

OWNER
Yeah.

TONY
Well -- not anymore. From now you buy from us. Five keys a month.

OWNER
Five keys?

TONY
Yeah.

OWNER
Um... there seems to be some confusion here.

Pan Out to reveal the textile store.

OWNER
I'm in the textile business.

Tony pulls out a gun and points it at the Owner.

TONY
Hey! I don't give a fuck what
business you're in! From now, you
buy five keys a month!

OWNER
(scared)
OK, OK.

INT. SMALL CUBAN HOME - NIGHT (BLACK AND WHITE SCENE)

Tony 16 walks into the home and is met by his Mother.

MOTHER
(angry, concerned)
What's going on Tony?!

TONY 16
What do you mean?

MOTHER
You're a pickpocket!

TONY 16
What? What ever gave you that idea?

Zoom out to reveal a huge pile of wallets.

MOTHER
Um -- the two hundred wallets in
the middle of our living room.

TONY 16
What -- that? No -- I'm in the used
wallet business.

MOTHER
Yeah -- I'll bet.

TONY 16
Well suppose I am a pickpocket.
What's the big deal? I mean, it's a
victimless crime. No one gets hurt.

MOTHER
What about the people you steal
from?

TONY 16
Well... besides them.

MOTHER

... Do you know where you're headed Tony?

TONY 16

Well, I was planning to use the bathroom once you finished lecturing me.

MOTHER

No -- I mean do you know where you're headed in life?!

TONY 16

... Can you give me a clue?

MOTHER

OK. ... You'll be living in a small piss-infested cell, you'll be eating beans and rice three times a day, and you won't be able to so much as scratch your ass without getting someone's permission.

TONY 16

But mamma -- I'm already in Cuba.

MOTHER

No -- not Cuba! Prison!

INT. GOLDY'S HOME - DAY

Goldy is standing near his doorway talking to a person that has yet to be revealed to us.

GOLDY

I'm telling you -- that doo-doo head Dakota's out of control. He doesn't listen to me anymore. He's out their making moves on his own, like he's running the joint! From now on, I'm watching him like a hawk!

The camera pans out to reveal a young GIRL SCOUT standing outside Goldy's open front door.

GIRL SCOUT

... So do you want buy any cookies or not?

GOLDY
No! ... Now get lost!

The Girl Scout walks away.

Goldy closes his front door, takes a cell phone out of his

GOLDY
Yeah -- I want you to stake out
Dakota. ... What do you mean north
or south? ... No -- not the state.
The person -- Tony Dakota. ...
Yeah. ... Yeah. ... OK.

INT. PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE - DAY

Tony is sitting across from a PSYCHIATRIST.

PSYCHIATRIST
... And so Tony, based on what
you've been telling me about
yourself, such as your belief that
it's bad luck to kill people during
the last ten minutes of an hour,
your ritual-like recitation of
scripture before each of your
killings, and your habit of
snorting coke lines in multiples of
three, I think you're suffering
from a case of OOCDD, or Oddball
Obsessive Compulsive Coke Dealer's
Disorder.

TONY
(Pointing his finger, with
a tone and facial
expression that seem to
indicate he is impressed)
You, you...
(his expression and tone
suddenly turn to anger)
... You fucked up! OOCDD -- that's
not what I have!

PSYCHIATRIST
Tony -- if you just...

TONY
(interrupting)
No. You fucked up!

Tony takes out a pistol and points it at the Psychiatrist.

TONY

And now I'm cancelling your fucking contract.

PSYCHIATRIST

Tony -- wait a second. I have a couple of great alternate theories. One has to do with your father, and...

TONY

Shut the fuck up!

Tony pulls his watch out of his butt. It read 2:59.

He calms down and rests the gun on his lap.

TONY

So uh... you know what they call a Big Mac in Cuba?

PSYCHIATRIST

... They have McDonald's in Cuba?

TONY

... No. ... Um... are you married?

PSYCHIATRIST

Uh... yeah.

TONY

Do you have life insurance?

PSYCHIATRIST

Yeah.

TONY

Good, good. So uh, I guess your death would actually help those you love most.

PSYCHIATRIST

Tony -- what you're doing right now is what we call rationalization. You...

He glances at his watch again.

TONY

Oh -- I'm sorry, but looks like you're out of time. ... But don't worry -- we'll be able to finish
(MORE)

TONY (CONT'D)
this session in the fucking
afterlife.

He points his gun at the Psychiatrist.

TONY
(meanly)
Do unto others, as you'd have them
do unto you.

Tony fires three bullets into the Psychiatrist's body.

INT. PSYCHAITRISTS OFFICE - DAY (LATER)

Two new DETECTIVES are examining the Psychiatrist's dead
body.

DETECTIVE 1
Looks like he's dead.

DETECTIVE 2
Yeah -- he's dead alright.

DETECTIVE 1
... Should we try to figure out
what happened?

DETECTIVE 2
... ... That sounds like a lot of
work.

DETECTIVE 1
... Suicide?

DETECTIVE 2
Case closed.

INT. GOLDY'S OFFICE - DAY

Goldy is seated at his desk.

His ASSISTANT (male, early thirties, tall) is standing across
from him.

GOLDY
OK. So give me the rundown. What
did he do yesterday.

The Assistant takes a piece of paper out of his pocket,
unfolds it, and begins reading.

ASSISTANT

He got up. He snorted some coke.
 He did some push ups and sit ups.
 He snorted some coke. He showered,
 dressed, and ate breakfast. He
 snorted some coke. He left the
 house and got into his car. He had
 a meeting with Cain Cocaininose. He
sold him some coke. He went to the
 Deli. He ordered a pastrami
 sandwich. He got into an argument
 with some guy who worked there over
 how much pastrami was supposed to
 be in his sandwich. He went to the
 library. He read *The Bible*. He got
 into an argument with the librarian
 over the Dewey Decimal System. He
 went to see a psychiatrist. He shot
 the psychiatrist. He drove home. He
 worked on a painting of a piece of
 gold in a toilet. He snorted some
 coke.

(quickly, looking down and
 partly covering his
 mouth, as if he is trying
 to sneak the next item
 past Goldy)

He had sex with your wife.

(back to normal tone,
 speed, volume, and body
 language)

He snorted some coke. And he went
 to sleep.

GOLDY

Hold up, hold up. Go back one item.

ASSISTANT

Uh -- he snorted some coke?

GOLDY

No -- before that.

ASSISTANT

He snorted some coke?

GOLDY

No -- after that.

ASSISTANT

... He had sex with your wife.

Goldy looks furious.

Seconds later, there is a knock on the door.

GOLDY
Who the fuck is that?!

The Assistant walks over to the door and looks through the peephole.

ASSISTANT
It's Bill Bullshitstein.

GOLDY
... Send that motherfucker in!

The Assistant opens the door to reveal Bill (age 50, Jewish).

Bill walks into the office.

He looks at Goldy and says:

BILL
Goldy. I thought about what you said, and, you know, my deli's been in my family for decades, and it's quite a moneymaker, but I'd be willing to let it go for three hundred thousand dollars.

Goldy stares at him with a mean look on his face.

BILL
... OK. Two hundred fifty thousand. But that's as low as I'll go.

Goldy still looks pissed.

BILL
... OK. Two hundred thousand. But you're killing me here! You're killing me!

Goldy's expression remains the same.

Bill walks towards the door and says:

BILL
OK. I already have a foot out the door. One hundred ninety thousand, and that's it. I can't go a penny lower. I mean, it's pulling in three Gs a month.

Goldy still looks like he is about to rip off Bill's head.

BILL
... Two Gs?

GOLDY
... You know, word on the street
is, you take care of problems. And
by "take care of problems," I mean
"kill people."

Tony walks back to Frank's desk.

BILL
... Well, between me and you, I
have a stable of some of the finest
hitmen in Miami. And rest assured,
all of our hits are one hundred
percent Glatt Kosher.

Goldy gives him another ice cold stare.

BILL
... OK, maybe they're not a hundred
percent Glatt Kosher -- but we
never boil our victims in their
mother's milk.

GOLDY
... Well... it just so happens I'm
in the market for a new hitman. And
I already have a first assignment:
... Kill... Rigatoni... Dakota!

INT. SMALL CUBAN HOME - NIGHT (BLACK AND WHITE SCENE)

TONY 18 walks into the house and is met by his Mother.

TONY'S MOTHER
(angry, concerned)
Where have you been?!

TONY 18
Uh... I was at church.

TONY'S MOTHER
At twelve thirty AM?

TONY 18
Hey -- the devil never takes a
break.

TONY'S MOTHER

You think I don't know what's going on?! You think I don't know you're career criminal?! You think I don't know four plus four equals a number greater than four?! You think I don't know you hang out with that no good Masturbar Mucho?!

TONY 18

Hey -- he's a nice guy.

TONY'S MOTHER

He robs tourists for a living!

TONY 18

Yeah -- but he feels real bad about it afterwards.

TONY'S MOTHER

... Why can't you be more like your brother? ... Ughhh. I can just see it now. I'll have one son on the police force, and another son in prison.

TONY 18

.. Which one will I be?

TONY'S MOTHER

The one in prison!

INT. STUDIO ROOM - EARLY EVENING

Dicky is finishing up a performance of "Santiago Chile" in front of a couple of MEN and Tony.

DICKY

(Singing and playing the guitar)

De Santiago Chile
De Santiago Chile
De Santiago Chile
Te Chile Ooooh

MAN 1

(to Man 2 & Tony)

Yup -- he's everything you guys said.

(to Dicky)

Mr. Dakota. -- I'll have the contract worked up today, and you
(MORE)

MAN 1 (CONT'D)
 can be performing for us within a
 few days.

He shakes Dicky's hand, and he and Man 2 leave the room.

Dicky turns to Tony and says:

DICKY
 Tony. After everything I've done to
 you over the years, why did you
 help me out like this?

TONY
 Well, it's like they say in my
 country: "Mis huevos son muchos
 rancheros, Jennifer Lopez para
 bailar La Bamba." Don't you
 want to know what that means?

DICKY
 Tony -- I know what it means. I'm
from your country.

TONY
 Oh. ... Well, I'll translate it
 anyways. "If a superior person is
 unwilling to help out a piece of
 shit in need, he's not really
 superior person." ... By the way,
 I'm the superior person in this
 equation.

DICKY
 (somewhat annoyed)
 Yeah -- I figured you were.

TONY
 ... And you're the piece of shit.

DICKY
 (annoyed)
 Yeah, yeah -- I get it.

INT. LOBBY - EARLY EVENING

Tony walks into a Men's Restroom.

A HITMAN (Jewish, late 20s) covertly watches from several
 yards away.

After a few seconds, he walks into the Restroom.

INT. MEN'S RESTROOM - EARLY EVENING (CONT.)

Tony is standing at a urinal.

The Hitman slowly walks towards Tony's back.

He makes his way behind Tony and reaches for a handgun.

As he does this, Dicky walks into the Men's Room and sees the Hitman and his gun.

(In Slow Motion)

Dicky yells out to Tony.

DICKY
Tony! Turn around!

Tony turns, sees the Hitman and his gun, grabs his wrist, and pulls his shooting arm up and away.

As he does this, the Hitman pulls the trigger, sending a bullet in Dicky's direction.

The bullet hits Dicky. He yells "Ah", and falls to the floor.

Tony and the Hitman struggle for the gun that is still in the Hitman's hand.

Dicky gets up, runs over, and punches the Hitman in the face, sending him to the floor, and allowing Tony to pry the gun from his hand.

(End Slow Motion)

Tony points the gun at the fallen Hitman, and with his eyes on the Hitman, says to Dicky:

TONY
Are you alright?

HITMAN
I think my jaw's hurt -- but other than that, I'm OK.

Tony points/tilts his head towards Dicky.

TONY
I was talking to him!

HITMAN
Then why were you looking at me?

TONY

'Cause I'm pointing a fucking gun
at you! ... Dicky, are you alright?

DICKY

I'm fine. The bullet barely grazed
my arm. ... Uh Tony -- your fly's
open...

(clears his throat, leans
in to Tony, and speaks in
a loud whisper)

...and your schmeckle is hanging
out.

Tony closes his zipper with his free hand.

TONY

So I suppose you're a hitman.

HITMAN

Yeah.

TONY

You want a job?

HITMAN

Uh... sure.

TONY

How much do you charge per hit?

HITMAN

Ten to forty Gs.

TONY

And how much for you to hit
yourself?

HITMAN

Well... that sounds pretty simple.
... Ten Gs.

TONY

OK.

Tony pulls five thousand dollars cash out of his pocket and
throws it and his gun at the Hitman.

TONY

Here's five. I'll give you the rest
when you finish the job.

HITMAN

OK.

TONY

(to Dicky)

Let's go.

Tony and Dicky walk out of the Restroom...

INT. LOBBY - EARLY EVENING (CONT.)

...and back into the Lobby.

Seconds later, they hear a single gunshot from the Bathroom.

TONY

That fucking dumbass. The second he comes to collect the other five, I'm gonna pop a cap in his ass.

EXT. STREET PAYPHONE - NIGHT

Tony is using a street payphone.

He inserts a quarter into the slot and dials a number.

TONY

(imitating the Hitman)

Yeah -- we got him. He's finished.
... Uh... sorry. Wrong number.

He hangs up the phone.

He then glances down at a piece of paper that reads "People Who Might Want to Kill Me" on top, and contains a list underneath with the following names: Groucho Diaz, Harpo Diaz, Chico Diaz, Al Pacino, Brian De Palma, Oliver Stone, Armitage Trail, Masturbar, OJ, Hamza bin Laden, Goldy, Leonard Maltin, Dave Kehr, Castro, Barbra Streisand, Mamma, Emilio Rebenga Sr., Jack Valenti, Nancy Reagan, César Gaviria, Jimmy Carter, Frank Serpico, Bugs Moran, Eliot Ness, Rico, Marsellus Wallace, Dave Grossman, Caleb Bradham, Cal Hockley, Johnny Appleseed, Emilio Barzini, Henry Fleming, Dick Tracy, Benny Blanco, Neil McCauley, Beverly D'Angelo, Johnny Lovo, Thomas Cook, Charles Goodyear, Ben Guarino, Flaherty, Will Hays, Adam MacLean, and Chief Rain in the Face.

He crosses off one of the names, and then picks up the phone, inserts a quarter, and dials another number.

TONY
(imitating the Hitman)
Yeah -- we got him. He's finished.
... Uh... sorry. Wrong number.

He hangs up the phone and crosses off another name.

He pulls his pocket watch out of his butt.

It reads 7:43.

EXT. STREET PAYPHONE - NIGHT

Tony's watch now reads 7:50.

He puts another quarter in the payphone and dials a number.

TONY
(imitating the Hitman)
Yeah -- we got him. He's finished.
... Uh... sorry. Wrong number.

He hangs up the phone and takes out his list, which now has about twenty names crossed out. He crosses out another name, puts another quarter into the phone, and dials another number.

TONY
(imitating the Hitman)
Yeah -- we got him. He's finished.
... OK. ... OK. ... I'll tell him.

He hangs up with a furious look on his face.

TONY
Goldy!

INT. GOLDY'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Goldy is sitting at his desk.

Masturbar and Tony walk into the office with guns in hand.

Goldy looks bewildered.

TONY
Of all the cocaine operations, in
all the towns, in all the world, I
had to walk into yours.

GOLDY
Tony. ... What are you doing here?

TONY
Oh -- I just felt like dropping by.

GOLDY
Uh... What's with the gun, Tony?

TONY
Oh, nothing. I'm just taking
advantage of my second amendment
rights.

A cell phone on a table rings.

Tony immediately takes aim and fires several bullets at it.

He turns to Goldy.

TONY
Someone in this room fucked up. ...
Guess who?

GOLDY
... You?

TONY
No.

GOLDY
... Masturbar?

TONY
No.

GOLDY
... You?

TONY
You already said that!

Tony points the gun at Goldy.

GOLDY
Tony! You've got me all wrong! It's
that time of the month for you --
you're not thinking straight!
Whatever you think I did -- I
didn't do it!

A (land line) phone rings a few times. Tony looks at it.

The answering machine picks up.

Music from a Jewish folk song plays in the background, while the greeting plays:

GOLDY (ANSWERING MACHINE)
 You've reached Goldy Goldenberg
 Goldenstein. Please leave a message
 after the beep.

The machine beeps.

BILL (ANSWERING MACHINE)
 Yeah, Goldy. Are you there? I tried
 calling you on your cell. Anyways,
 I got some bad news: we weren't
 able to take care of Dakota. But
 don't worry -- we'll finish the job
 ASAP. Although we can't do it
 tomorrow, it being the Sabbath and
 all. And Sunday's out, too. We're
 having our annual employee picnic.
 So uh, give me a call and we'll
 sort everything out.

The message ends.

Tony looks at Goldy.

GOLDY
 What? ... Oh -- you must think he
 was talking about killing you. Oh --
 what a misunderstanding! No -- that
 was a babysitting service. That guy
 was just talking about taking care
 of my illegitimate child Dakota.
 She lives up in, uh, Montana.

The phone rings again. The answering machine picks up.

GOLDY (ANSWERING MACHINE)
 You've reached Goldy Goldenberg
 Goldenstein. Please leave a message
 after the beep.

The machine beeps.

BILL (ANSWERING MACHINE)
 Yeah -- I just realized that last
 message was kind of vague. Just to
 be totally clear, when I said "take
 care of Dakota," I meant "kill
Rigatoni Dakota." The guy you
 (MORE)

BILL (ANSWERING MACHINE) (CONT'D)
 called a dirty rat motherfucker the other day. ... OK. So uh -- I'll talk to you later. ... Unless, of course, Tony's in your office right now, about to blow your fucking brains out. ... And if that's the case, I'd just like to say, I've always hated you, and I think you're a complete piece of shit. ... And if that isn't the case, I'd like to wish you and your lovely wife a Happy Passover. ... OK. Bye.

The caller hangs up, and the machine stops recording.

Tony looks at Goldy.

TONY
 You know, almost getting shot today was quite an experience for me. It made me think of a an old Cuban saying: Dos Equis que Don Quixote, Bucanero Tecate tu Toyota.

GOLDY
 What does that mean?

TONY
 There are two certainties in life: taxes, and death by murder. ... That reminds me: I've got some good news, and some bad news.

GOLDY
 What's the good news?

TONY
 The good news is, you're never gonna have to pay taxes again in your life.

GOLDY
 What's the bad news?

Tony fires three bullets into Goldy, mortally wounding him.

TONY
 The bad news is, you're fucking dead.

MONTAGE to James Brown's "Living in America"

INT. ROOM - DAY

Tony and Masturbar are standing near a table. A money counting machine on the table is counting hundred dollar Monopoly bills.

INT. TONY'S APARTMENT - DAY (CONT.)

Tony and Masturbar are dancing in tandem to the montage's music.

INT. DINER - NIGHT

Tony and Anita are seated at a table in the same diner from a previous scene.

EXT. DECK SHUFFLEBOARD COURT (CONT.)

Tony is playing shuffleboard with various SENIOR CITIZENS.

He pushes the disc with his shuffleboard stick.

It slides into the ten point zone.

INT. TONY'S APARTMENT - DAY (CONT.)

Tony and Masturbar continue dancing.

INT. DINER - NIGHT (CONT.)

Kim Jong Il is taking Tony's order.

Tony pauses, and, with a vicious look on his face, suddenly springs up, grabs the back of Kim's head, and slams it into the table.

EXT. BANK - DAY (CONT.)

Tony and Masturbar lead a number of MEN carrying large stuffed laundry bags in front of a bank.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY (CONT.)

Tony, dressed in combat gear and holding a machine gun, opens a closet to reveal a six year old ELIAN GONZALEZ knockoff standing alongside a 35 year old MAN.

Tony points his gun at the two of them while Elian cries hysterically.

EXT. ZOO - DAY (CONT.)

Tony walks among a group of flamingos while Anita watches.

INT. ROOM - DAY (CONT.)

Tony is playing *Mike Tyson's Punch Out* on a Nintendo NES system and 80s style television.

EXT. BANK / LAUNDROMAT - DAY (CONT.)

Tony and Masturbar lead the Men past the bank and into a laundromat.

INT. CLUB - DAY

Tony, dressed in an 80s James-Brown-ish outfit, is dancing with Anita while other CLUBGOERS watch.

INT. ROOM - DAY (CONT.)

Tony and Masturbar are standing near a table while a money counting machine flips through five hundred dollar Monopoly bills.

INT. WEDDING CEREMONY ROOM - DAY (CONT.)

Groom Tony and bride Anita are being married by a MINISTER while various WEDDING GUESTS watch on.

EXT. TONY'S HOME -DAY

A WOMAN and a group of young TRICK OR TREATERS are standing by the front door.

Tony opens it, grabs a few Cuban cigars out of a container, and puts one of them in each of their bags.

INT. TONY'S APARTMENT - DAY (CONT.)

Tony and Masturbar continue dancing.

INT. LAUDROMAT - DAY (CONT.)

Tony, Masturbar, and the other Men load dirty laundry out of their bags and into a few washing machines.

EXT. PLAYGROUND - DAY (CONT.)

Tony is playing double dutch with two LITTLE GIRLS.

INT. WEDDING CEREMONY ROOM - DAY (CONT.)

Tony puts a wedding ring on Anita's finger.

They share a romantic gaze into each other's eyes.

INT. ROOM - DAY (CONT.)

Tony and Masturbar are standing over the same table, watching the same money counting machine flip through one million dollar Monopoly (Here and Now Edition) bills.

EXT. LARGE LUXURY SHIP - DAY (CONT.)

Tony and Anita are in the midst of a romantic kiss.

END MONTAGE

INT. BOWLING ALLEY - DAY

Tony is up to bowl, while Masturbar is seated in the area adjacent to his lane.

Tony bowls his ball.

It knocks nine pins down, leaving one in the back left corner.

Tony takes a handgun out of his pocket, aims towards the remaining pin, and shoots it down.

He puts his gun away.

He walks back towards Masturbar, and sits down.

Masturbar gets up and grabs a ball.

He walks up to bowl, makes his way towards the lane, and bowls his ball.

It goes into the gutter.

He grabs a machine gun off of the floor, points it towards the pins, and guns them all down.

He walks back.

Seconds later, COPY COPPERSON (age 50, white) walks up to them.

COPY

Well -- if it isn't Tony Dakota and his good friend Masturbar Mucho.

TONY

... Who the fuck are you?

COPY

Copy Copperson. US Narcotics officer. And I think we need to have a talk.

Tony gets up.

TONY

And what if I don't feel like talking?

COPY

Well, if you don't talk to me now, odds are you'll be in a jail cell next year, getting ass-raped by a three hundred pound man named Antoine. ... Now -- let me get right to the point. I know everything. Goldy Goldenberg Goldenstein, a psychiatrist who shot himself three times without a gun, a waiter who spit in the wrong man's drink, and a guy who didn't get to finish his quarter pounder with cheese. ... But, uh -- there is something that can make me look the other way.

TONY

... Oh yeah? ... What?

COPY

Well -- it starts with an M and ends in a Y.

TONY

Well -- how many games of Monopoly are we talking about?

COPY

No -- not Monopoly. ... Money.

TONY

... OK. How much money are we talking about?

COPY

Twenty thousand. ... A day.

TONY

Are you serious?

COPY

Bullshit, man! ... Uh... I mean... oh yeah. I'm serious.

EXT. COPY'S HOME - NIGHT (LATER)

Copy unlocks the door to his home, opens it, and walks in.

INT. COPY'S HOME - NIGHT (CONT.)

Copy flicks on the lights. He walks to his den, flicks on the den lights, and sees Tony and Masturbar standing in the middle of the room holding guns.

Copy stares at him in silence for several seconds.

TONY

I bet you're wondering why I'm here. ... I'll give you a clue. It has something to do with the bullets in this gun, and the vital organs in your body.

COPY

Tony. You can't do this. You'll get caught!

TONY

Caught?! Have you been watching this fucking movie?! I've been killing people left and right ever since I got to Miami, and I haven't even made a fucking suspect list.

COPY

Good point.

Tony points his gun at Copy.

TONY

Go to hell. Go directly to hell. Do not pass Go. Do not collect twenty thousand dollars.

He fires three bullets into Copy's body.

INT. TONY'S CAR / EXT. STREET - DAY

Tony is driving and talking on his cell phone. Anita is in the front passenger seat.

TONY

Yeah -- you fucking tell that motherfucker that if he doesn't fucking finish the fucking job by Friday, I'm gonna fucking take a fucking kitchen knife and fucking stab his motherfucking heart so many fucking times that even after he fucking dies, he's still gonna be fucking feeling it in the motherfucking afterlife! ... Yeah ... I love you too. ... OK. ... Bye grandma.

Tony flips closed the phone.

TONY

(to Anita)

Fucking contractors, man. They'll take ten years to do a one week job, unless you put a fucking gun to their heads.

ANITA

(annoyed)

God Tony. Do you really need to use the word "fuck" so much?

TONY

... Why the fuck shouldn't I? It's not like we're going for a fucking PG-13 rating.

ANITA

Yeah -- but let's at least give ourselves a chance of being shown on regular cable.

TONY

Let me tell you something, honey. There's no fucking way anyone is going to fucking show this on regular fucking cable. They'd have to fucking cut out half the fucking movie, and have me saying crazy shit about eating pineapples and plucking chickens.

ANITA

Well whose fucking fault is that?

TONY

Hey! I'm trying to run a fucking drug empire -- not sell a fucking movie to cable.

INT. CUBAN COURTROOM - NIGHT (BLACK AND WHITE SCENE)

Tony 18 is on the witness stand in a small courtroom. A JUDGE and a few other PEOPLE are present.

JUDGE

Rigatoni Dakota, you've been charged with possession of unlicensed beef. How do you plead?

TONY 18

Not guilty.

JUDGE

... OK. I find you guilty of all charges, and sentence you to five years in prison.

TONY 18

Shouldn't I get a chance to defend myself?

JUDGE

(sighs)

OK. Did you in fact possess
unlicensed beef?

TONY 18

No. I was simply...

JUDGE

OK -- the defense rests. I find you
guilty of all charges.

TONY 18

Wait a second! Shouldn't I get a
jury vote?

JUDGE

Fine!

He turns to twelve JURORS sitting in a jury box.

JUDGE

If you think he's guilty, raise
your hand.

Eleven of the twelve jurors raise their hands.

The Judge takes out a rifle and shoots the Juror with his
hand down.

JUDGE

OK -- it's unanimous.

EXT. RICO'S HOME / FACTORY - DAY

SUPERIMPOSE: BOLIVIA

Tony is standing near RICO, a tall Hispanic man wearing a
"Just Say No To Drugs" T-shirt.

RICO

We got a lot of cocaine here. And
we use it for everything. ...

(touches his hair)

Look at my hair. You like it?

TONY

Yeah, man.

RICO

I wash it with pure cocaine. ...
And see that lady over there?

A WOMAN is holding up a compact and applying blush to her face.

RICO

That blush she's using is pure cocaine. ... And look at my wife...

Rico'S WIFE is changing her BABY'S diaper, and pouring powder out of bottle onto the baby's butt.

RICO

That's not baby powder -- that's pure cocaine. ... And see those Indians salting fish?

Several INDIANS are salting fish.

TONY

Are they using cocaine?

RICO

No -- they're using salt. What, do you think we're crazy or something, using cocaine to salt fish? ... Anyways, let's talk price. If you buy in quantity, I can sell for as little as seventeen hundred a key.

TONY

... Well, I'd still have to move the stuff, and that's a lot of risk. I mean, it's like they say: "A bird in the hand isn't a chicken until its eggs have hatched."

(thinks for a moment)

... Wait a second -- that's not it. ... Ah. "Don't count your chickens til you have two in the bush." ... No -- that's not it either. ... Anyways, the point is, there's no guarantee I'll be able to transport the stuff to Miami. ... Wait a second. I got it. "A bird in the hand is worth two chickens and one bush."

RICO

Well, what do you suggest we do?

TONY

How about we split the risk: you deliver to Africa, and I'll take it from there.

RICO
Africa? That's not even between
Bolivia and Miami.

TONY
That's the beauty of it: no one
will ever expect it.

RICO
... Well, if I got to deliver the
stuff to Africa, I'm upping my
price to seven five a key.

TONY
Seven five a key? You must be high!

RICO
Of course I'm high. I'm always
high. Uh... What were we
talking about?

TONY
The price.

RICO
Right. ... What do you suggest?

TONY
How about five Gs per key?
Delivered to Africa.

RICO
That sounds good. I'll take a
hundred thousand keys.

TONY
Wait a second! -- you're the
seller! I'm the buyer.

RICO
Oh. ... Well then, I can't go under
seven thousand.

TONY
That's too much.

RICO
Come on Rico, I have kids to feed.

TONY
Wait a second. You're Rico. I'm
Tony.

RICO

Well, let's not get into who's who right now. Let's just agree on a price first.

TONY

How about six five?

RICO

... OK. ... Deal. ... But only because I like you.

EXT. SMALL HOME - DAY

Tony walks up to a small house and rings the doorbell.

Seconds later, Tony's Mother opens the door.

She slaps him in the face.

TONY'S MOTHER

What the hell do you want! Didn't I tell you to stay away from me?!

TONY

I just want you to be part of my life.

TONY'S MOTHER

You want me to be part for your life? Like that's going to happen.

TONY

... There's a hundred thousand dollars in it for you.

TONY'S MOTHER

... .. A hundred thousand dollars?

He picks up a briefcase and opens it to reveal several stacks of hundred dollar bills.

A few seconds pass.

TONY'S MOTHER

(cheerful / friendly)

Tony! It's so good to see you!
Please -- come in!

Tony walks into her home.

INT. CUBAN PRISON - DAY (BLACK AND WHITE SCENE)

A PRISON GUARD throws Tony 18 into a cell with a mean looking 40 year old CONVICT.

The Guard closes the cell and walks away.

CONVICT

I suppose you're my new boyfriend.

TONY 18

Boyfriend? No -- I'm your new cellmate.

CONVICT

Same thing! ... So -- how long are you in for?

TONY 18

Five years.

CONVICT

So... Let's see. If I have sex with you two times a day, that will be three thousand six hundred and fifty two times total. Or eighteen hundred twenty six with good behavior.

TONY 18

Good behavior? What do I look like -- Mother Teresa?

CONVICT

Tough guy -- huh? Well, let me tell you something, shithead -- I'm the boss here! You'll do what I say, or take a knife in the throat!

TONY 18

(calmly)
... OK.

INT. CUBAN PRISON - DAY (THE NEXT MORNING) (BLACK AND WHITE SCENE)

A GUARD walks by Tony's cell and discovers the Convict's dead body on all fours with his head in the toilet.

He looks at Tony.

GUARD

What happened?

TONY 18

What do you mean what happened?
Isn't it obvious? He was drinking
out of the toilet, and he fell
asleep.

INT. TONY'S DEN - NIGHT

Tony and Anita are sitting on a couch in front of a TV. Tony is working on a variation of *American Gothic* featuring a cigar-smoking Tony as the man, Anita as the woman, and a machine gun in place of the pitchfork. Anita is reading Fidel Castro Biography.

Tony puts his paintbrush down, and then leans in towards Anita and begins kissing her.

Anita pulls back a bit and hardly even looks away from her book as she says:

ANITA

I'm not in the mood right now.
Maybe later.

She continues reading her book.

Tony makes a "Oh well -- off to plan B" type expression, puts his left hand in his pants, and begins masturbating.

A few seconds later, Anita notices the noise Tony's masturbation motion is making.

She looks towards him and sees his hand moving up and down under his pants.

ANITA

What are you doing?

Tony stops stroking and responds very "matter of fact"-ly

TONY

... I'm jacking off.

ANITA

For God's sake, Tony. We're a
married couple. I will not have you
servicing yourself like that.

TONY

Hey, if you're not gonna give it up to me, I'm gonna have to defragment my hard drive every once in a while.

ANITA

What are you talking about, Tony? We just had sex two hours ago.

TONY

Hey -- that was anal sex! That doesn't count!

ANITA

Doesn't count my ass! It counts double!

TONY

Well, apparently we have a difference of opinion on the matter. Now if you'll excuse me, I'm in the middle of something.

He continues masturbating.

ANITA

(annoyed / angry / upset /
disgusted with Tony)

Ughh.

She gets up and walks out.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

Tony is on the witness stand.

TONY

Cocaine? I don't have anything to do with cocaine. As a matter of fact, I don't even know what cocaine is. ... Is it some kind of a car part?

The camera reveals an average sized courtroom. A JUDGE, PROSECUTOR, DEFENSE ATTORNEY, BAILIFF, JURY, and 10-20 OTHER PEOPLE are on hand.

PROSECUTOR

(confused)

Uh... Mr. Dakota. I haven't asked you any questions yet.

TONY
Oh ... Well... ask away.

PROSECUTOR
Mr. Dakota. Do you know a Rico
Fukmeeko of La Paz, Bolivia?

TONY
Never heard of him.

PROSECUTOR
What about an Anita Hardkok of
Miami, Florida?

TONY
I have no idea who that is.

PROSECUTOR
But... she's your wife.

TONY
Well... I still never heard of her.

PROSECUTOR
(skeptical)
Mr. Dakota...

TONY
I don't know any Mr. Dakota. I
never heard of the guy.

PROSECUTOR
... Sir... you are Mr. Dakota.

TONY
Well -- that might be so. I'm not
sure. I'll have to check my
records.

PROSECUTOR
Mr. Dakota. May I remind you that
you're under oath?

TONY
Are you calling me a liar?

PROSECUTOR
Uh... not exactly.

TONY
May I remind you that you're under
oath?

PROSECUTOR

Uh... Well, maybe I was implying...
uh ... wait a second here! I'm not
the one being questioned!

TONY

And why's that? Do you have
something to hide?!

PROSECUTOR

(to Judge)

Your honor. Help me out here.

JUDGE

Mr. Dakota. Just answer the
questions.

PROSECUTOR

Thank you your honor.

(turns to Tony)

Mr. Dakota. On your last five years
worth of tax returns, you reported
a combined net income of thirteen
dollars and twenty two cents -- and
yet, last week, a police officer
found ten million dollars cash in
your car trunk.

TONY

... I'm not quite sure where you're
going with this.

PROSECUTOR

Where did you get the money?

TONY

Uh -- I was holding it for a
friend.

PROSECUTOR

Who?

TONY

Uh... Bill Gates?

PROSECUTOR

And if we called Bill Gates, I
suppose he'd confirm your story.

TONY

... .. Wait. Which Bill Gates are
you talking about?

PROSECUTOR

What do you mean which Bill Gates am I talking about? I'm talking about Bill Gates of Seattle -- the software tycoon.

TONY

Oh. ... Well I was talking about Bill Gates of Cuba -- the coffee farmer.

PROSECUTOR

... OK. So if we called Bill Gates of Cuba, he'd confirm your story.

TONY

Call him? ... No -- that's not possible.

PROSECUTOR

Why? Doesn't he have a phone?

TONY

He's dead. Castro killed him.

PROSECUTOR

... Mr. Dakota...

TONY

He's dead too.

PROSECUTOR

(Aggravated)

...For the last time, you are Mr. Dakota!

TONY

Well. ... Allegedly.

PROSECUTOR

(to the Judge)

Your honor. I'd like to be removed from this case and permanently disbarred.

TONY

Checkmate.

INT. TONY'S LIVING ROOM - EARLY EVENING

TONY

We gotta get rid of that fucking guy. He knows too much.

MASTURBAR

Wait. ... What guy?

TONY

Our head of distribution.

MASTURBAR

But... you're our head of distribution.

TONY

Yeah -- I know.

MASTURBAR

So... you wanna get rid of yourself?

TONY

Yeah.

MASTURBAR

But... you're you.

TONY

Hey -- I don't give a fuck who I am! I know too much!

MASTURBAR

Tony. I don't think you're properly weighing the pros and cons here. I mean, the pro is you won't be able to cross yourself. The con is you'll be dead. That's the worst con possible.

TONY

... Maybe you're right. ... So -- what are you doing tonight? You wanna go to that French restaurant?

MASTURBAR

Um... I don't think they're gonna let us back in after that shit you did last time.

TONY
(confused)
... How come we didn't do that
scene?

MASTURBAR
I don't know, man.

Tony walks towards a DIRECTOR standing near a camera,
CAMERAMAN, and small CREW.

TONY
Hey! Why aren't we doing the
restaurant scene?

The director turns to the Crew and says:

DIRECTOR
(annoyed)
Cut, cut.

He turns to Tony.

DIRECTOR
Tony baby -- we couldn't fit it in.

TONY
I think you're making a huge
mistake.

DIRECTOR
Tony, there's really nothing I can
do about it. My hands are tied.

TONY
Well -- let me look at the script.

The Director hands Tony a script.

Tony looks through it and begins reading it. Something
catches his attention.

TONY
Are you responsible for all of
this?

DIRECTOR
... Yeah.

TONY
... Just you?

DIRECTOR

Well, me and the writer over there.

He points to the WRITER -- a thirty year old man standing by a food table, eating an apple.

Tony points to an open page in the script.

TONY

(angrily)

So you two are the ones who put that fucking Narcotics Officer on me?

DIRECTOR

Tony baby, it was nothing personal -- just part of the movie.

TONY

Part of the fucking movie, huh? ... OK. Let me talk to you and the writer in private for a second. I want to run some ideas by you two.

DIRECTOR

Uh -- OK Tony.

Tony yells out to the Writer

TONY

Hey screenwriter!

The Writer looks towards Tony.

TONY

We're having a creative meeting in my bathroom.

Tony leads them into his bathroom. He shuts the door. Moments later, we hear the sound of a running chainsaw. As the chainsaw continues to run, we hear the Director and Writer yell in agony.

The Movie Crew Members are staring towards the closed door with looks of uncertainty and fear.

Several seconds later, the noise of the chainsaw and the cries of the Writer and Director stop.

Tony, drenched in blood, opens the door and walks out of the office alone.

The Movie Crew Members glance at Tony, and then look down and to the side and track him in the corners of their eyes as he makes his way from his office towards them.

Tony turns to a random FILM CREW MEMBER.

TONY
Hey -- you want to be the new
director?

FILM CREW MEMBER / NEW DIRECTOR
Uh -- sure.

INT. CUBAN PRISON - DAY (BLACK AND WHITE SCENE)

TONY 25 is sitting alone in a small prison cell.

A GUARD escorts MASTURBAR 25 to the cell, opens the door, watches him walk in, and closes the door behind him.

TONY 25
Hey. How did you end up back here?

MASTURBAR 25
You know how it is, man. It's all
politics.

TONY 25
Politics? What do you mean?

MASTURBAR 25
Well -- I had sex with the mayor's
daughter, and he dug up some dirt
on me.

TONY 25
Oh.

MASTURBAR 25
What about you? I thought you were
out?

TONY 25
Yeah -- I was. But now I'm back in.

MASTURBAR 25
Well, how long were you out?

TONY 25
... Nine hours.

MASTURBAR 25
Nine hours? What happened?

TONY 25
You know how it is, man. It's all politics.

MASTURBAR 25
The mayor's daughter?

TONY 25
His wife.

INT. TONY'S HOME (HALL)

Anita walks through a hallway and up to a door. She opens the door...

INT. TONY'S HOME (BEDROOM) (CONT.)

...and discovers Tony having stand up doggy style sex with an attractive thirty-something WOMAN.

ANITA
Tony!

TONY
(casually)
What?

ANITA
How could you?!

TONY
What are you talking about?

ANITA
You're having sex with another woman!

TONY
What?

He leans to the side and looks at his sex partner.

He then turns back to Anita and says:

TONY
Anita -- I've never seen this woman before in my life.

ANITA

Oh really! Then what is your penis doing inside of her?

TONY

I don't know. She must have gotten onto the wrong penis.

ANITA

Gotten onto the wrong penis?! What does that even mean?!

TONY

... You know, when you think about it, I'm the one who should be upset with you!

ANITA

Oh yeah! And how do you figure that?

TONY

There are a thousand possible explanations as to why my penis is in this woman, and you had to assume the worst!

ANITA

(disgusted /annoyed)

Ugghhh -- I'm out of here.

Tony quickly cuts her off at the door.

TONY

Wait.

She stops.

ANITA

What.

Tony breaks an "In Case of Emergency Break Glass" box located on his bedroom wall, takes a ring box out of it, and hands it to Anita.

TONY

I got you this.

She opens the box to reveal a gold ring featuring a huge diamond.

She stares at it and him for a few seconds.

ANITA
I love it!

She puts on the ring and admires it.

ANITA
You're the best!

TONY
Yeah -- I know.

INT. RICO'S HOME - DAY

Tony and Rico are seated across from one another.

RICO
Tony -- have you ever heard the
saying, "You scratch my back, and
I'll scratch yours"?

TONY
Yeah.

RICO
Well, I've heard that you have a
little something itching you right
now -- that you have some legal
problems in the US. ... Well Tony,
I know some people who can take
care of your itch. And by "itch," I
mean legal problems.

TONY
... OK. ... So what's your fucking
itch?

Rico stands up.

RICO
This is my itch.

He takes off his shirt and turns his back to Tony.

RICO
It's on the top of my back. Can you
scratch it for me?

Tony gets up and scratches Rico's back.

INT. TONY'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Tony's phone rings.

He presses its speakerphone button.

TONY

Hello?

RICO (ON SPEAKERPHONE)

Tony. It's Rico.

TONY

Que paso, man?

RICO (ON SPEAKERPHONE)

(Angrily)

Tony -- my back still itches.

TONY

That's OK. I'll take care of it tomorrow.

RICO (ON SPEAKERPHONE)

No, it's too late for that. I'm really pissed off, Tony. My back has been itching all day. ... Consider yourself dead, you fucking monkey!

TONY

... Listen. There's something I need to tell you. Put the receiver against your good ear and listen closely.

RICO (ON SPEAKERPHONE)

... OK.

Tony picks up the phone, puts it on the table, pulls a pistol out of his pocket, points it towards the phone receiver, and fires several bullets into it.

He looks towards several surveillance camera screens showing a bunch of INTRUDERS with guns pouring into the Dakota estate.

TONY

(to himself)

That was fucking quick.

He gets up and grabs a machine gun off the floor.

He walks out of his office...

INT. TONY'S MANSION LOBBY - NIGHT (CONT.)

...and to the indoor balcony at the top of his stairway. He hides behind a large pillar, and waits for the Intruders to make their move.

A few seconds later, a dynamite-like explosion blows off the mansion's front door, and dozens of intruders begin making their way into Tony's home.

Tony immediately opens fire on them, and a gunfight ensues.

Tony uses the pillar as his shield, and does his best to fight off the intruders, who now number fifteen to twenty.

Tony fires off a few rounds.

He manages to hit a few Intruders.

A doorbell rings several times.

Everyone stops shooting.

One of the Intruders walks up to the door and looks into the peephole.

INTRUDER
(to everyone involved in
the gunfight)
Oh shit. It's the cops, man.

The doorbell rings again.

INTRUDER
(to the person or persons
on the other side of the
door)
Who is it?

COP 1 (O.S.)
It's the police. Open up.

INTRUDER
Uh... One moment, please.

Everyone hides their guns behinds their backs.

A few Intruders drag the dead bodies of other intruders out of sight, smearing trails of blood all over the floor.

The Intruder opens the door. It reveals two COPS.

Cop 1 looks inside Tony's Mansion.

COP 1

Yeah -- we got some reports of some
gunshot noises going off around
here.

The Intruders look like they aren't sure how to handle this situation.

Tony speaks up.

TONY

Oh -- we were just watching
Scarface with the volume turned up
really loud.

COP 1

... *Scarface*, huh...

The Cop looks around and examines the room, as if he is not entirely sold on Tony's story yet.

After a few seconds, however, his expression of seeming suspicion turns to one that indicates everything looks fine.

COP 1

I love that movie. Sorry to bother
you.

TONY

No problem, man.

The Cop walks out.

The Intruders look at each other. They look at Tony.

After a few seconds, they take out their guns and resume the gunfight.

TONY

Come on!

Tony shoots his machine gun.

Various intruders are shot.

Tony continues shooting his machine gun.

More intruders are shot.

Tony, now with two machine guns in his hand and a Cuban cigar in his mouth, makes his way to the staircase, sits on the stair rail, and slides down it while shooting at the intruders and smoking his cigar.

He finishes off the remaining intruders as he slides down to the ground floor.

He looks at all the dead intruders laying everywhere.

He pulls out his cell phone and dials a number.

TONY
(into cell phone)
Yeah -- waste management? ... Yeah
-- I've got a few tons of waste I'm
gonna need to manage.

INT. RICO'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Tony and Masturbar creep into a dark bedroom.

Rico is standing up near a wall, having sex with an inflatable woman.

RICO
Come on! Come on! Is this what you
want?! Is this what you want?!
Huh?! Huh?!

Tony flicks on the lights.

Rico turns around, keeping the woman in front of him.

TONY
You having fun?

RICO
Tony. Uh...

He throws the woman aside.

RICO
What a pleasant surprise. Can I get
you some water, juice, a blow up
doll?

TONY
No -- I'm okay.

RICO
Uh... Who's your friend?

TONY

... Well -- normally I'd introduce you two... but since you're gonna be dead in about ten seconds, I figured, "What's the point?"

He pulls out a gun and points it at Rico.

RICO

Tony. I don't deserve to die! I never hurt anyone!

TONY

Oh! You never hurt anyone! ... You know how many lives cocaine ruins?

RICO

Tony. ... What the fuck are you talking about? You're a coke dealer, too.

TONY

Yeah -- but I only sell it. You grow it. You're the root of the problem.

RICO

Tony -- what you're doing right now is what we call rationalization.

Tony fires three shots into McGwire's body, sending his

TONY

Oh -- I'm sorry. I forget to mention I have a little spasm in my trigger finger. ... Anyways, you were saying something about rationalization.

INT. CUBAN PRISON CELL - DAY (BLACK AND WHITE SCENE)

TONY

OK. I got verification from Ronaldo and Hector.

MASTURBAR

Which Hector?

TONY

The one that jerks off all the time.

MASTURBAR

Both Hectors jerk off all the time.

TONY

The black Hector.

MASTURBAR

Why didn't you just say that in the first place?

TONY

... I didn't want to sound racist.
... Anyways -- it's going down
today at sixteen hundred hours.

MASTURBAR

A.m. Or p.m?

TONY

Well, uh... it's gotta be p.m. ...
Anyways, after we get out, we're
gonna take a raft northwest to
Miami.

MASTURBAR

Northwest? ... Don't you mean
northeast?

TONY

Well -- I figured we'd go the other
way just to be safe.

MASTURBAR

Tony -- it's twenty four thousand
miles that way.

TONY

... OK -- fine. We'll go northeast.

A GUARD walks by and opens their cell.

TONY

(to the guard)

What the fuck is going on?

GUARD

We're sending all of you fucking
lowlifes to America. Now you can
roam free and fuck up their
country.

TONY

They're gonna take us?

GUARD

Yeah. Just make sure you don't tell them you're a convict. Now get all of your shit and meet us in the courtyard in five minutes.

TONY

Five minutes a.m. or p.m.?

GUARD

Um... a.m.

The Guard walks away.

TONY

Fucking A.

MASTURBAR

What?

TONY

I spent the last three months planning our escape! And I already bribed the guards. That shit is nonrefundable!

MASTURBAR

Tony -- who gives a shit? We're fucking out of here.

INT. RICO'S BEDROOM - DAY

BENNY -- now in his early thirties -- is examining the crime scene with another DETECTIVE.

He glances over Rico's dead body.

BENNY

Let's see. It looks like he was shot three times in the midsection. Uh... I'm not quite sure why he has an erection -- but uh, as long he does, we might as well obtain a semen sample.

DETECTIVE

... OK.

Benny kneels down next to the body, takes off his hat, and, from what we can see, appears to begin stroking Rico's penis.

BENNY

Alright -- call in the squad and get the wheels rolling. I want them to collect blood and hair, dust for prints, search the house for porn, and see if he has any library books out.

DETECTIVE

Whoa -- calm down. I think you're taking this job a bit too seriously.

BENNY

The hell I am! I am sick and tired of these animals running around shooting people and destroying our city. It's no wonder our suicide rate is so high! ... Now go get me a cup. It looks like this guy is ready to shoot whitey.

EXT. SHIP - DAY (BLACK AND WHITE SCENE)

- Same setting/situation as Scene 2 (page 1) -

MASTURBAR

Can you believe it, man? Five hours ago we were in a fucking cage in Cuba, and now we're five minutes away from the Joonited States.

TONY

... Didn't we already do this scene?

MASTURBAR

... Oh yeah.

INT. TONY'S MANSION, OFFICE - NIGHT

Tony is sitting at his desk working on a variation of Da Vinci's *Last Supper* featuring Tony as Jesus and mountains of cash and cocaine in place of the disciples.

TONY

(To himself)

You know, all in all, everything seems to have worked out well. I mean, this all only proves that crime pays.

About a second later, Anita storms through Tony's door with an angry look on her face.

ANITA
I'm leaving you, Tony.

TONY
What? Why?

ANITA
... You know, I could look past the cheating, the drug dealing, the swearing, the murders, the watch in your ass... even the chronic masturbation -- but I just cannot stand the way you blow your nose into toilet paper! ... Goodbye, Tony.

She walks out of the room.

Seconds later, Tony's phone rings.

He presses a button on it.

TONY
Hello?

MAN (ON SPEAKERPHONE)
Tony, it's me. I've got some bad news.

TONY
Well -- does it accompany some good news?

MAN (ON SPEAKERPHONE)
Uh -- no.

TONY
Well -- can you think of some good news, and then give me a "good news bad news" combo?

MAN (ON SPEAKERPHONE)
... OK. ... Tony -- I've got some good news and some bad news.

TONY
OK. What's the bad news?

MAN

Our coke storage was cleaned out
last night.

TONY

What!? How?

MAN

Some crackhead got in and snorted
it all up.

TONY

All five thousand keys?!

MAN

Yeah.

TONY

(calmly)

... OK. Just call our insurance
company. They'll take care of
everything.

MAN

Uh... Tony. There's no such thing
as cocaine insurance.

TONY

... Oh yeah. ... Well, where the
fuck is that crackhead? I'd like to
crack his fucking head.

MAN

He's dead. He Oded on the coke.

TONY

... Fucking A. ... Listen. You have
that fucker cryogenically frozen.
Then maybe one day we'll be able to
bring him back to life, so I can
fucking kill him myself.

MAN

Uh... OK, Tony.

TONY

So, uh... what's the good news?

MAN

Uh... there's a sale at
Bloomingdales.

TONY
There's a sale at Bloomingdales?

MAN
Yeah.

TONY
... That is good news. ... OK. Bye.

He presses a button on the phone.

Seconds later, Tony's Mother walks through the door and up to Tony's desk.

TONY'S MOTHER
Tony -- I just came to tell you
that I did some thinking, and I
decided that you're no good, and I
never want to see you again! ...
And you can have your filthy money
back.

TONY
... OK. ... Where is it?

She slaps him.

TONY'S MOTHER
Shut up!

She turns around and walks straight out of his office.

Seconds later, Tony's phone rings again.

He presses the same button and puts it on speakerphone.

DOCTOR CARTER (ON SPEAKERPHONE)
Tony -- it's Doctor Carter.

TONY
How you doing?

DOCTOR CARTER (ON SPEAKERPHONE)
Alright.

TONY
And how am I doing?

DOCTOR CARTER (ON SPEAKERPHONE)
Uh -- not so great. According to
our tests... you don't have a
liver. It's been replaced by a
large cluster of hardened cocaine.

TONY

Well -- that's OK. I mean,
cocaine's a versatile substance.

DOCTOR CARTER (ON SPEAKERPHONE)

Um... actually...

TONY

Well -- thanks for your call.

DOCTOR CARTER (ON SPEAKERPHONE)

But, uh, you might want to...

TONY

OK, take care.

He presses a button on the phone and ends their call.

Seconds later, Masturbar walks through the door.

TONY

Bad news, man. Some crackhead
snorted up all of our coke.

MASTURBAR

Are you serious?

TONY

Yes, I'm serious! And it's all your
fucking fault!

MASTURBAR

How is it my fault?

TONY

I wanted to get rid of Dakota a
long time ago -- but you wouldn't
let me! He's the one who got us
into this mess!

Masturbar rolls his eyes, sighs, and shakes his head.

MASTURBAR

You know what -- you're out of
control, man. I've had enough of
your fucking shit. Just pay me for
my half of the business, and we'll
go our separate ways.

TONY

... OK. Let's see. ... We lost a
hundred million dollars worth of
coke today -- so that makes your
(MORE)

TONY (CONT'D)
half of the business worth... uh...
negative ten million dollars.

MASTURBAR
... On second thought, you can keep
my half.

He turns around and quickly walks out of the room.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

MAN
Good news. A security camera
spotted two men going into the Rico
Fukmeeko home the night of the
murder. And we found about a dozen
foreign prints in his bedroom. Half
of them belong to a blow up doll by
the name of Sharon Head, and the
others are from a local suspected
coke dealer named Tony Dakota.

BENNY
Tony Dakota?

MAN
Yeah. Do you know him?

BENNY
... He's my brother.

INT. TONY'S OFFICE - DAY

Tony's phone rings again.

He presses its speakerphone button.

TONY
Hello?

CARRIE (ON SPEAKERPHONE)
Yeah -- it's me.

TONY
Me? ... Tony?

CARRIE (ON SPEAKERPHONE)
No -- it's Carrie.

TONY
You're gonna have to be more
specific.

CARRIE (ON SPEAKERPHONE)
... Your mistress.

TONY
Keep going.

CARRIE (ON SPEAKERPHONE)
I'm five foot seven. ... I have a
tattoo of a butterfly on my butt.

TONY
Oh -- yeah. So uh -- you wanna come
over and uh, make my caterpillar
happy.

CARRIE (ON SPEAKERPHONE)
... Tony -- I just called to tell
you that I'm sick of being your
woman on the side, and as far as
I'm concerned, we're finished.

TONY
But baby! I love you! You mean
everything to me!

CARRIE (ON SPEAKERPHONE)
Yeah -- you've used that one too
many times. I mean, it's like they
say: "Fool me once, shame on you;
fool the mice, the cats will play."

TONY
I can't argue with that.

CARRIE (ON SPEAKERPHONE)
... Goodbye Tony.

She hangs up.

Tony presses a button on the phone.

Seconds later, the phone rings again.

Tony presses the speakerphone button.

TONY
Hello.

DICKY (ON SPEAKERPHONE)
Tony -- it's me.

TONY
... My mistress?

DICKY (MY SPEAKERPHONE)
No -- it's Dicky. ... Your father.

TONY
Oh. ... Well -- what do you want?

DICKY (ON SPEAKERPHONE)
I need to borrow a hundred thousand dollars.

TONY
Well -- I'm having a little cash flow problem right now.

DICKY (ON SPEAKERPHONE)
So -- the answer's no?

TONY
Yeah.

DICKY (ON SPEAKERPHONE)
The answer's yeah?

TONY
No.

DICKY (ON SPEAKERPHONE)
Wait... I'm confused.

TONY
The answer is no

DICKY (ON SPEAKERPHONE)
What was the question?

TONY
Can I borrow a hundred thousand dollars!

DICKY (ON SPEAKERPHONE)
What a coincidence. I was going to ask you for a hundred thousand dollars.

TONY
I know. You did. And my answer is no!

DICKY (ON SPEAKERPHONE)
... You know, I never liked you Tony. You're nothing but a fucking lowlife scumbag. You're the reason I stayed away from our home, you're
(MORE)

DICKY (ON SPEAKERPHONE) (CONT'D)
the reason I broke up with your
mother, and you're the reason the
Confederates attacked Fort Sumter!

He hangs up.

Tony presses a button on the phone.

Seconds later, JESUS CHRIST walks through the door.

TONY
Jesus?

JESUS
'Tis I.

TONY
... What do you want?

JESUS
I just dropped by to tell you that
I hate you.

TONY
... You hate me?

JESUS
Yes.

TONY
I thought you loved everyone.

JESUS
Well... almost everyone.

Jesus snaps his fingers and disappears.

TONY
(to himself)
I'm beginning to think crime
doesn't pay.

The phone rings again.

Tony presses a button on it.

TONY
Hello.

MAN (ON SPEAKERPHONE)
Tony. I've got some good news and
some bad news.

TONY

Well -- what's the good news?

MAN (ON SPEAKERPHONE)

Well -- to be honest, there is no good news.

TONY

... OK. What's the bad news?

MAN (ON SPEAKERPHONE)

Word on the street is the cops found a security video of you and Masturbar walking into Rico's house the night of the murder. They also found your hair and fingerprints at the crime scene. They say it's going to be an open and shut case.

TONY

... Open and shut for me, or for them?

MAN (ON SPEAKERPHONE)

For them.

TONY

Fucking A, man. ... OK. You call me back in five minutes with some good news!

MAN (ON SPEAKERPHONE)

Um... OK, Tony.

Tony presses a button on the phone.

Seconds later, he hears Benny's megaphone-enhanced voice coming from another room.

BENNY (O.S.)

Tony Dakota. This is Ben Dakota of the Miami Police Department. Come out with your hands up.

TONY

(to himself)

... Benny?

He glances at his security camera and sees Ben in his lobby.

He walks out of his office...

INT. TONY'S LOBBY

...and into his home's lobby area.

BENNY
Long time no see, Tony.

TONY
What the fuck are you doing here?

BENNY
I'm here to take you in. You're
under arrest for the murder of Rico
Fukmeeko.

TONY
... What are you, fucking kidding
me?

BENNY
(dead serious)
Do I look I'm kidding?

TONY
... I hope so.

BENNY
Well... I'm not! Now are you
coming, or not?

TONY
Why? So you can put me in prison
for the rest of my life?

BENNY
(reassuringly, innocently)
We're not going to put you in
prison.

TONY
Oh yeah? Then what are you going to
do to me?

BENNY
Well... we're going to put you in
the electric chair.
(reassuringly)
But Tony -- we'll get you a good
lawyer, and he might be able to get
the voltage reduced.

Tony walks behind a pillar.

TONY

Now, I'm not fucking around Benny!
I have a shitload of weapons in
this pillar. You can leave right
now -- you go your way, and I'll go
mine... provided, of course, that
your way isn't the same as mine.
... But if you stay, one of us will
be leaving in a fucking body bag!
... Now, what's it gonna be?

BENNY

... No.

TONY

"No" as in you don't want a
gunfight, or "no" as in you're
unwilling to leave?

BENNY

I'm not going anywhere, Tony. I
came to make an arrest.

TONY

(angry, emotional)
... OK! OK! You wanted a war?! You
got one!

Benny takes refuge behind a pillar.

Tony opens a secret door in his pillar, revealing a variety
of weapons.

He grabs a machine gun and begins firing at Benny.

The bullets bounce off of Benny's pillar.

Benny answers back with his machine gun, and sends a few
bullets bouncing off of Tony's pillar.

They exchange another round of gunfire.

Tony grabs a grenade out of his pillar.

Benny grabs a grenade out of his pocket.

Tony pulls the pin out of his grenade and launches at Benny.

Benny pulls the pin out of his grenade and tosses it up to
Tony.

Tony glances down and spots Benny's grenade near his feet.

TONY

Oh shit.

Benny glances down and spots Tony's grenade near his feet.

BENNY

Oh shit.

Tony and Benny both dive out of the way a split second before their grenades explode.

A second later, they take aim at each other and begin firing.

Benny takes a couple of shots to the arm.

Tony takes a couple of shots to the midsection. Another bullet hits his gun, causing it to fall out of his hands.

He stumbles around for a few seconds and then falls down near the top of his staircase.

Benny gets up and, with his gun pointed at Tony, cautiously makes his way up the stairs.

He reaches Tony, who is badly wounded, and appears to be on the verge of dying.

BENNY

(concerned, upset)

Tony. ... Tony -- say something.

TONY

... Rosebud.

BENNY

(confused)

What?

TONY

(emotionally)

I mean. I could've... I could've been a painter. ... A painter with a loving wife, two and a half kids, real friends, liver cells, and all that other shit. ... But instead, I'm a fucking thug. ... And now, I'm about to die. ...

(casually)

Oh well -- you win some, you lose some.

Tony dies.

INT. TONY'S OFFICE - NIGHT (CONT.)

Tony's phone rings three times.

TONY (ANSWERING MACHINE)
Yeah -- it's Tony. Talk to me.

The machine beeps.

MAN (ANSWERING MACHINE)
Yeah -- Tony. I've got some good news. It turns out that crackhead is actually in a coma. The doctor says he has about a ten percent chance of coming out of it. So uh -- let me know if you want to kill him now, or take our chances and hope for a recovery.

THE END