

DIRTY RATS

Written by

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BLACK SCREEN

SUPER:

"The Judge had made up his mind early on, the rest was all show business, a blizzard of strange publicity that amused half the English-speaking world for a few months and in the end meant nothing at all."

- Dr. Hunter S. Thompson "A Dog Took My Place."

FADE IN:

INT. JUDGE'S BEDROOM/BATHROOM - DAY - CONTINUOUS

JUDGE ROBERT G. BALESTEIN, a distinguished man in his late 40's, wakes up looking hungover and drug addled to an alarm clock version of a cheesy rock anthem. He stumbles from bed next to his WIFE to the bathroom in his pink bunny slippers.

JUDGE ROBERT BALESTEIN  
(to himself in mirror)  
All rise!

He splashes water on his face, then slaps himself hard several times. His wife wakes up upon hearing the slaps.

INT. ROSIE'S BISTRO - DAY

THREE MEN enter a small diner in Manhattan. They look around as DON DRACONI, Mafia kingpin, enters. He is a so called "Little person" although you wouldn't say that to his face. A larger than life Mob Boss who will stop at nothing to get what he wants. He fancies himself as an old school Gangster. A man of respect. He sits at his usual booth by himself.

INT. WEDGE'S CRIB - DAY

WEDGE, leader of the East Coast Black Mafia Family, is in bed with his WOMAN. He's also a "Little person" with an ego the size of a Blimp. Stubborn and cocky, no one tells him what to do. The woman smokes a joint and hands it to Wedge. He takes a fat hit and admires her ass as she walks to the bathroom.

INT. JUDGE'S DINING ROOM - DAY

The Judge and his wife sit on each end of a long dining table while served breakfast by their live-in house servant MARIA. He barely eats while scrolling the news on his tablet. His wife gives him a long anxious stare as he ignores her.

INT. ROSIE'S BISTRO - DAY

Don Draconi drinks a Mimosa and reads the morning paper. His men/capos, SWIFTY PETE, GUMMY THE BEAR and BOOGEY BONDISI are vying for ROSIE's attention as she serves CUSTOMERS.

INT. WEDGE'S CRIB - DAY

The woman returns, sits on the bed, takes a hit from the joint then playfully blows the smoke into Wedge's mouth till their lips meet. Giggling, she gets up to open the curtains.

INT/EXT. JUDGE'S FRONT DOOR/LIMO - DAY - CONTINUOUS

The wife adjusts his tie and kisses him on the cheek. Unresponsive and cold, he exits and gets into a waiting Limo. A GROUNDS KEEPER notices the Judge leaving.

INT. ROSIE'S BISTRO - DAY

A CANTANKEROUS OLD COUPLE are seated at the front table. A DELIVERY MAN pushes a large wheeled cart full of eggs over the door threshold and enters the diner. No one notices.

INT/EXT. JUDGE'S LIMO - DAY

Opening the limo's liquor cabinet the Judge grabs a glass and haphazardly mixes a cocktail. His hands have morning shakes.

INT. WEDGE'S CRIB - DAY - SLOW MOTION

The woman opens the curtains. Rays of sunshine illuminate her in her underwear as the windows shatter in a hail of bullets.

INT. ROSIE'S BISTRO - DAY - SLOW MOTION

The delivery man pulls out a gun and shoots at Draconi. He momentarily trips on the wheel of the cart, missing Draconi, but shattering the Mimosa in his hand.

INT. WEDGE'S CRIB - DAY - SLOW MOTION

Wedge runs to the girl on the floor, then peeks out the window seeing a GUNMAN changing the clip of his automatic rifle. Wedge reaches for his gun and points it at the man.

INT. COURTHOUSE - DAY

The Judge enters the courthouse full of liquid confidence.

INT. ROSIE'S BISTRO - DAY - SLOW MOTION

Draconi's men blast the man before he gets another shot.

INT. WEDGE'S CRIB - DAY - SLOW MOTION

Wedge blasts the gunman just as he raises the reloaded rifle.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

The Judge BANGS his gavel loudly. The sound reverberates.

JUDGE BALESTEIN  
Good morning ladies and gentlemen.

FADE OUT.

EXT. NEWSPAPER STAND OUTSIDE COURTHOUSE - DAY

A BLIND NEWSPAPER MAN is in a newsstand. TWO BOYS are browsing a dirty magazine and whispering about stealing it.

BOY ONE  
Do it. He can't see you.

BOY TWO  
You sure?

The boy starts to put the magazine under his T-shirt.

BLIND NEWSPAPER MAN  
Legally blind.

BOY TWO  
What's that mister?

BLIND NEWSPAPER MAN  
I'm legally blind. But I still see you as the ghostly blotch that you are. I'm also acutely aware of your nervous demeanor, and lack of personal hygiene masked by sub-standard fast food and root beer. Don't try it.  
(MORE)

BLIND NEWSPAPER MAN (CONT'D)  
 Not only will I chase you down and  
 beat you senseless with my cane,  
 I'll shove that magazine so far up  
 your ass you'll be farting  
 confetti. The kiddy section is  
 over there.

He points to the kid section. The boy puts the magazine back  
 and they get on their bikes and leave as fast as possible.

BLIND NEWSPAPER MAN (CONT'D)  
 Y'better run. Ain't chumpin' me.

INT. JUDGE'S PORCH BACK DOOR - DAY

Maria opens the back door letting the grounds keeper in. The  
 Judge's wife is sitting by herself in the living room.

EXT/INT. ROSIE'S BISTRO - DAY

CAPT. MAHONEY, a large lumbering usually drunk cop is in  
 charge of the crime scene. ONLOOKERS are gathering.

CAPT. MAHONEY  
 Sweep the streets! Get these sick  
 fucks out of here, and where's my  
 meat wagon? OK, You...  
 (to the CRIME  
 PHOTOGRAPHER)  
 Shoot the stiff! Work your magic!  
 (to some COPS)  
 You guys get prints and clean up  
 this mess! Christ! His ass is blown  
 right off! Look at that!  
 (to the customers)  
 Everyone I'm gonna have to ask you  
 to leave! I know you blood thirsty  
 sons o' bitches wanna lap up the  
 gore. Ya gotta get the fuck out!

He approaches the old couple seated at the front table.

CAPT. MAHONEY (CONT'D)  
 Excuse me folks, yer gonna have to  
 leave. This is a crime scene.

OLD LADY  
 We didn't see nuttin!

OLD MAN  
 Yeah! Didn't see nuttin!

CAPT. MAHONEY  
 Good for you but ya gotta get a  
 move on. We got a body here!

The old lady holds up her coffee cup.

OLD LADY  
 I want my refill!

OLD MAN  
 Me too! And I'm eatin' my eggs no  
 matter what you oinker's say!

OLD LADY  
 Yah! What he said!

CAPT. MAHONEY  
 God dammit people! This ain't no  
 joke! We got a stiff here!

OLD LADY  
 Fuck the stiff!

OLD MAN  
 What she said! And where's my  
 fucking coffee?

OLD LADY  
 Yah! Coffee you fuckity fuck fuck!

The old couple aggressively hold up their cups in unison.

CAPT. MAHONEY  
 Where's your... ahh... shit.  
 Right! Get these people some more  
 coffee. Then shut'er down.

Rosie comes with a pot of coffee but slips in the blood.

ROSIE  
 Oops. Whoopsie. Wow, slippery. Ha.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

JUDGE BALESTEIN  
 Affluenza. Right. OK we don't need  
 another circus show here. Council,  
 please approach the bench.

The TWO LAWYERS approach the bench.

JUDGE BALESTEIN (CONT'D)  
(whispering)  
Gentlemen. My head's thumping. You  
assholes holding at all?

LAWYER ONE  
Got a Perc and Demerol.

LAWYER TWO  
Vikes, Oxy's, Benzos....

JUDGE BALESTEIN  
Good. Meet me in my chambers.  
(to the court)  
This court calls a recess. We will  
reconvene in a half hour.

The Judge bangs his gavel.

EXT. ROSIE'S BISTRO - DAY

The old couple finish eating and drinking coffee while  
watching the body get bagged up, carried out, and the blood  
puddle mopped up. A DETECTIVE comes in to talk to Mahoney.

DETECTIVE  
So. Whatcha think Mahoney?

CAPT. MAHONEY  
Ah, just some punk. More punk on  
punk action. Whatever. Fuck it.

DETECTIVE  
Just like that?

CAPT. MAHONEY  
Yeah. Just like that.

INT. HOSPITAL WAITING ROOM - DAY

Wedge anxiously awaits news. A soft spoken nerdy Caucasian  
DOCTOR comes out looking at his clipboard.

DOCTOR  
OK, so you are... Mr. Wedge?

WEDGE  
Just Wedge.

DOCTOR  
Mr. Justwedge.

WEDGE  
No, just call me Wedge.

DOCTOR  
OK, Mr... I mean, Wedge. Well your  
bitch wuz plugged full of holes,  
ate some real slugs dawg. But she  
gon' be good Yo... Booya!

The Doc tries to hi-five. Wedge just looks at him.

WEDGE  
Wha'da fucks wrong wit choo?

Wedge's squad, G-RILLA and SOCKS approach.

G-RILLA  
What's the word Wedge?

WEDGE  
Word is, we gotta get right. Who  
with I dunno. But we'll get it.

SOCKS  
Word.

WEDGE  
Find out who the swiss cheese  
muthafucka was outside m'crib.

EXT. NEWSPAPER STAND OUTSIDE COURTHOUSE - DAY

The blind newspaper man sorts pencils. The Judge approaches.

JUDGE BALESTEIN  
'Morning.

BLIND NEWSPAPER MAN  
Your Honor! Top o' the 'morn to ya.  
Shouldn't ya be in court?

JUDGE BALESTEIN  
Recess.

BLIND NEWSPAPER MAN  
Right. What can I do ya for?

JUDGE ROBERT BALESTEIN  
World News. Special edition.

BLIND NEWSPAPER MAN  
Absolutely!



He puts an envelope inside a newspaper and hands it to him.

INT. JUDGE'S CHAMBERS - DAY

The Judge opens the envelope spilling coke on his desk. He does a huge line then fills his water glass full of vodka. He washes down pills and goes back to court, sits down and sets the water glass on his bench. The courtroom is full of AGITATED PEOPLE and the Judge just looks annoyed by it all.

INT. BOO BOO'S SOCIAL CLUB AND EXOTIC CABARET - DAY

MAFIOSO MOOD MUSIC plays as Swifty Pete and Gummy the Bear nervously greet Don Draconi. A WOMAN picks shards of glass from his face with tweezers. He has a cold stare in his eyes. Drops of blood dramatically drip down his cheek as the music intensifies. Draconi's penetrating gaze fixates on the men.

SWIFTY PETE  
Boss.

GUMMY THE BEAR  
Boss.

DON DRACONI  
Occasionally, some quirk in the  
cosmos brings upon us... a force  
beyond our control. In this  
business, it comes with the  
territory. This I know. Mr. Popular  
or not, I have a job to do, which  
at times may... well... may have a  
stench of danger. This I also know.

Don Draconi holds his hand up for the woman to stop. He violently slams his hand down on the table.

DON DRACONI (CONT'D)  
But the Eggman?! You shitting me?!

SWIFTY PETE  
We're looking into it Boss.

GUMMY THE BEAR  
Yeah Boss. Looking into it.

DON DRACONI  
You were busy looking at Rosie's  
tits! That's what you were doing!

SWIFTY PETE  
We didn't see da piece, just eggs!

DON DRACONI  
Didn't see the piece? You can't see  
your own dick you fat fuck!

GUMMY THE BEAR  
Inquiries are being made Boss.

DON DRACONI  
Inquiries? Where the fuck did I  
find you guys? Goombah.com? And  
where's Boogey?

Swiftly Pete and Gummy the Bear look at each other.

GUMMY THE BEAR  
We dunno.

DON DRACONI  
It didn't strike you as a little  
odd that after you splattered the  
Eggman, Boogey flew the coop?

SWIFTY PETE  
Yeah boss. It did.

DON DRACONI  
Yeah I'll say. And inquiries, like  
we don't know who's behind this.

The two men look at each other confused. Draconi gives them  
an ice cold stare, then rolls his eyes.

DON DRACONI (CONT'D)  
The Russians! Jesus fuck almighty,  
what planet do you Bozos live on?

SWIFTY PETE  
Damn you're smart boss.

Swiftly Pete nudges Gummy the Bear a few times.

GUMMY THE BEAR  
Oh, yeah boss. You must have like,  
an extra sixth sense or some shit.

Draconi shrugs, lights a cigar and plays into their bullshit.

DON DRACONI  
Yeah, you know... was learned by  
the best. Genetically predisposed  
to crime I guess. It's in my blood.

FLASHBACK - INT. DAY CARE CENTER - DAY

BABIES are playing. BABY RITCHIE has a rattle but BABY ANTONINO DRACONI does not. The BABYSITTER hears crying and sees baby Draconi happily playing with baby Ritchie's rattle.

BABYSITTER

You little rascal. That's Ritchie's rattle. Here. Give him his rattle back, and now here's one for you.

She hears crying. She sees baby Draconi with both rattles.

BABYSITTER (CONT'D)

Antonino!! Now don't get greedy. Every baby gets only one. OK?

She hands baby Ritchie his rattle back again.

BABYSITTER (CONT'D)

There ya go. Don't do that again.

Hearing all the babies crying now she sees baby Draconi playing with all of their rattles. She's struggling with baby Draconi over the rattles as DRACONI'S FATHER walks in.

DRACONI'S FATHER

What cha doin'? Why's my son upset?

BABYSITTER

Mr. Draconi, your son has been bullying the other babies!

DRACONI'S FATHER

No lie? You do that my Antonino?

BABYSITTER

Yes sir. He did indeed.

DRACONI'S FATHER

That's my boy. And guess what you?

He points at Baby Ritchie.

DRACONI'S FATHER (CONT'D)

That baby is an asshole!

BABYSITTER

(gasp)

They are only babies sir!

DRACONI'S FATHER

Yeah? Fuck you and your babies!

He picks up baby Draconi. We see a gun tucked in the back of his pants and a rattle in the back of baby Draconi's diaper.

BABY DRACONI  
(to the babysitter)  
Ga!!

Baby Draconi throws a rattle hitting the babysitter's head as father and son leave the day care.

BACK TO PRESENT DAY - INT. BOO BOO'S SOCIAL CLUB - DAY

A LOVELY LADY rubs Draconi's back while he watches the news.

ON THE TV  
Innocent verdict in Ventimiglia  
manslaughter and racketeering case.

A TELEVISION REPORTER is in front of the courthouse. The accused is preparing to make a statement. A crowd of NEWS PEOPLE and BYSTANDERS have gathered.

TELEVISION REPORTER  
As expected, this verdict isn't  
sitting too well with some people.

BACK TO BOO BOO'S SOCIAL CLUB

DON DRACONI  
Yeah! That's my boy! Business as  
usual ya lunkheads! Sure helps  
having low friends in high places.

The lovely lady is now on her knees, her head in his lap. He leans back relaxed with a cigar in his mouth.

DON DRACONI (CONT'D)  
Nearly got my head blown off, now  
gettin-- Awww yeah. Keep it up  
Princess. There's a celebration  
party and it just so happens to be  
in... oh... Oh yeah. Like that.

EXT. COURTHOUSE FRONT STEPS - DAY

A REPORTER and CAMERAMAN interview the Defendant, DANO VENTIMIGLIA making a statement to the press.

REPORTER  
After your verdict, what do you say  
to the victim's families?

DANO VENTIMIGLIA  
Yeah, well, you know, I won't sleep  
till they catch the real killer.

The Judge walks out of a side door to his waiting Limo.

ANOTHER REPORTER  
Look! It's the Judge!

They flock to the Judge as he slightly wobbles to his limo.

REPORTER  
Judge Balestein! Some say this is a  
typical example of underworld  
manipulation of a broken system.

The Judge pauses, faces the camera and the onlookers.

JUDGE BALESTEIN  
If you believe that malarkey you're  
the star of this freak show.

He gets in the Limo as a visibly upset GRIEVING MOTHER walks  
up to the limo and yells at him.

GRIEVING MOTHER  
You heartless bastard! Rot in hell!

REPORTER  
(to cameraman)  
You get that? You got that right?

CAMERAMAN  
Got it!

Someone throws a cup of coffee that splats on the limo's  
window as it pulls away. The window comes down. The Judge  
takes a big whiff of the fresh air.

JUDGE BALESTEIN  
Ahhhh. I love springtime.

CAMERAMAN  
Save that for prime time.

INT/EXT. WEDGE'S SUV - DAY

While SOCKS drives, Wedge is on the phone with Capt. Mahoney.  
Socks is a horrible driver. Running lights and stop signs.

WEDGE  
Quit bitin' my ass.

CAPT. MAHONEY (V.O.)  
No bullshit. At Rosie's.

WEDGE  
When?

CAPT. MAHONEY (V.O.)  
'round the same time as you, But  
instead of wasting his face, he  
wasted a perfectly good Mimosa.

WEDGE  
Shit's getting real now. If the  
Meatball didn't do me, who did?

CAPT. MAHONEY (V.O.)  
Beat's the fuck outta me. But you  
know the deal so stick to it.

WEDGE  
And what's the deal?

CAPT. MAHONEY (V.O.)  
The deal is, a deal's a deal.  
That's just the deal. I don't like  
that little dick pimple either, but  
he holds the reigns right now so  
you gotta abide by that.

WEDGE  
Oh do I?

CAPT. MAHONEY (V.O.)  
Yeah, you do. And until the big guy  
starts humming a different tune,  
the song remains the same.

WEDGE  
That song sucks ass. And what if I  
told you I know who the big guy is.

A beat.

CAPT. MAHONEY (V.O.)  
Yeah, well... that means nothin'.

WEDGE  
Listen, I ain't claim jumping, but  
crumbs ain't feedin' the monster.  
Somethins' gotta give. If I gotta  
git blood out' a stone. So be it.

CAPT. MAHONEY (V.O.)  
Just stick with the program.

INT/EXT. MEATPACKING DISTRICT DOCKS. MANHATTAN - DAY

Sitting in his car, Mahoney hangs up his cell phone. A HIPSTER dude is in the caged back seat of the cop car.

HIPSTER

Uh, sir?

CAPT. MAHONEY

Whatta you want?

HIPSTER

Uh, either you charge me or let me go. I have constitutional rights.

CAPT. MAHONEY

Rights? I got men dying in the streets! Wanna talk about rights?

HIPSTER

You can't arrest me for wearing socks with sandals.

CAPT. MAHONEY

Yeah? Well I did. Deal with it. I bet you wear crocks too!

HIPSTER

I don't wear cr... even if, my choice of footwear is my... Help! I'm being unlawfully detained!

CAPT. MAHONEY

That's it!

Mahoney drags the man out of the back door by his hair.

CAPT. MAHONEY (CONT'D)

Alright you smart phone fuck, how 'bout a real selfie?

Mahoney pushes the man to the ground, steps on his head and takes photos mashing the guy's face into the pavement.

CAPT. MAHONEY (CONT'D)

Now Instabook that you slimey fuck!

WITNESSES video the police brutality on their phones.

The man posts photos of his boot mashed face on-line.

EXT. BANK - DAY

A SHADY MAN is standing outside of a bank holding a briefcase. The Judge's limo pulls up, he gets in. The limo drops him off elsewhere minus the briefcase.

INT. ROADSIDE DINER - DAY

SWIFTY PETE and GUMMY THE BEAR are sitting at a booth eating.

GUMMY THE BEAR  
Russians huh? You buy that?

SWIFTY PETE  
It stacks up. That's what they do.

GUMMY THE BEAR  
Those Ruskie fucks don't scare me.

A TRUCKER at a booth eats like a complete slob, shovelling food in his face with complete disregard to other patrons.

GUMMY THE BEAR (CONT'D)  
Fucking disgusting.

SWIFTY PETE  
Ah, don't get all worked up 'bout it. This shit'll sort itself out.

GUMMY THE BEAR  
No, some people are just disgusting to look at while they eat, y'know?

SWIFTY PETE  
People suck. Whatta ya want.

GUMMY THE BEAR  
No, the guy behind you. Shoveling food in his face like a fucking pig. Disgusting.

Swiftly Pete is disinterested and keeps eating. The man at the other booth picks up a wad of waffles with his fork and watches the syrup ooze off them onto his pile of bacon.

GUMMY THE BEAR (CONT'D)  
Fucking animal that guy. I'm gonna waffle his fucking face. Look!

He pushes Swiftly Pete's plate, points to make him look.



SWIFTY PETE

Aw... Fuck! Why'd you do that? Now my breakfast is ruined.

GUMMY THE BEAR

Disgusting huh?

SWIFTY PETE

Just ignore the guy will ya?

GUMMY THE BEAR

How am I gonna ignore that fucking slob? I'm gonna puke.

The slob finishes his plate then licks his fingers clean.

GUMMY THE BEAR (CONT'D)

Yer fucking kidding. Aright, that's it, I'm plugging him right here!

Gummy the Bear pulls his gun out of his shoulder holder.

SWIFTY PETE

Put it away! This a family joint!

GUMMY THE BEAR

I'm doing the families a favor! He licked his fingers! In public!

SWIFTY PETE

He did?

GUMMY THE BEAR

Yeah. He's a fucking finger licker. I can't stand disgusting table habits. I'm squeamish that way.

SWIFTY PETE

I guess the douchebags hungry. Must have a tapeworm. Heh, heh.

Gummy the Bear starts gagging, almost throws up. His dentures get loose and almost fall out. The Trucker picks his nose.

GUMMY THE BEAR

No! Over and out! He's dead now!

He gets up with his gun. Swifty Pete pushes him back down.

SWIFTY PETE

Hold on! I got a better idea! Hey Maddy! Maddy! C'mere toots!

MADDY THE WAITRESS comes over to their table.

MADDY THE WAITRESS

Yeah?

SWIFTY PETE

That guy there. With his face  
buried in the pig trough all  
morning. The fuck's his problem?

MADDY THE WAITRESS

He's a trucker.

SWIFTY PETE

Yeah? Well Ben Franklin here sez  
you relieve yourself in his coffee.

He puts a \$100 bill on the table. Maddy looks at the bill,  
then looks at the trucker. She puts the bill in her bra.

MADDY THE WAITRESS

Gladly.

Maddy walks behind the counter and talks to ANOTHER WAITRESS.  
They both giggle. She grabs the pot and goes to the bathroom.

GUMMY THE BEAR

Should I laugh or puke?

Maddy the waitress comes back with the pot for the slob.

MADDY THE WAITRESS

More coffee?

TRUCKER

Sure thing sugar tits.

Rudely slamming his coffee cup on the table, she fills it to  
the brim. They watch the trucker drink the coffee. His face  
puckers up, then he burps loudly.

SWIFTY PETE

Come on.

They pay their tab then go outside.

EXT. ROADSIDE DINER PARKING LOT - DAY

The trucker comes and sees the men leaning against his truck.

TRUCKER

That's my truck.

SWIFTY PETE

Yeah? Nice rig. Gotta have a huge  
cock to drive somethin' like this.

TRUCKER

I'm hittin' the road so step aside.

SWIFTY PETE

All the modern bells and whistles  
n' shit too. Luxury on wheels.

GUMMY THE BEAR

A big fucking slob wagon that is.

TRUCKER

Look guys, no disrespect, but I  
gotta go, like now.

SWIFTY PETE

Well, scratch that Porky.

TRUCKER

What are you talking about?

Swiftly Pete pulls out a \$50 bill from his shirt pocket.

SWIFTY PETE

Ulysses S. Grant, Civil War Hero  
and the 18th President of these  
United States, says he's honored to  
take yer fucking truck.

TRUCKER

The fuck he is.

Gummy the Bear puts his gun into the truckers crotch.

GUMMY THE BEAR

The eggs or cook the sausage too?

TRUCKER

Aright, aright already! Here! Fuck!

He gives up the keys. Swiftly Pete gets in the truck.

GUMMY THE BEAR

You know how to drive this thing?

SWIFTY PETE

Sure I do.

TRUCKER

I am a Teamster ya know.

SWIFTY PETE

Really? So's my Uncle. Uncle who  
gives a fuck. Catch ya on the Flip  
Flop Porky.

The trucker cringes as Swifty Pete GRINDS the gears, stopping  
and starting then slowly starts moving down the road. He  
BLOWS the horn. Gummy the Bear stares the trucker down.

GUMMY THE BEAR

And mind yer fucking manners.

Picking the \$50 up off the ground, the trucker walks back to  
the diner grumbling. He puts the bill on the counter.

TRUCKER

More coffee.

MADDY THE WAITRESS

Sure hon. I'll make ya a fresh pot.

The other waitress takes the pot to the bathroom.

INT. JUDGE'S HOUSE - DAY

Slamming the front door The Judge goes straight to his study.

JUDGE BALESTEIN

I'm home!

Opening a safe under his desk he puts the money from the  
briefcase inside and puts a bag of white powder on his desk.

INT. JUDGE'S HOUSE. DINING ROOM - DAY

The Judge picks at his food. Barely eating, saying nothing.

JUDGE'S WIFE.

What's wrong honey?

JUDGE BALESTEIN

Nothing.

JUDGE'S WIFE.

Nothing?

JUDGE BALESTEIN

Yeah. Nothing.

JUDGE'S WIFE.

(giggles)

I'm supposed to say that.

JUDGE BALESTEIN  
Say what?

JUDGE'S WIFE.  
Nothing.

JUDGE BALESTEIN  
Nothing?

JUDGE'S WIFE.  
Yes.

The Judge looks at her then gets annoyed.

JUDGE BALESTEIN  
Is that a joke?

JUDGE'S WIFE.  
Honey I was jus--

JUDGE BALESTEIN  
Women. You think you hold the  
trademark to saying nothing is  
wrong, when clearly something is  
very wrong. Well, with us men, when  
we say nothing is wrong, nothing is  
wrong! I'm going out.

JUDGE'S WIFE.  
Calm down sweetie.

JUDGE BALESTEIN  
You calm down!

Maria the house keeper comes in with dessert.

MARIA  
Would you like cheesecake Robert?

JUDGE BALESTEIN  
No! And since when do you get off  
calling me by my first name?

MARIA  
Since you asked me to.

JUDGE BALESTEIN  
I did? I'm going out.

Upset, the Judge throws down his cloth napkin violently.

JUDGE'S WIFE.  
Honey please.

JUDGE BALESTEIN  
 (drugged out rambling)  
 No honey please nothing bullshit  
 calling me by first name in my  
 court! I am fucking out!

The Judge slams the door behind him and peels out of the driveway in his sports car. His license plate says "GR8JDG."

INT/EXT. UPPER CLASS NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - NIGHT

Two RENT A COPS sit in their car. The Judge speeds by.

ROOKIE RENT A COP  
 Well he sure is in a hurry.

SENIOR RENT A COP  
 Probably goin' to get whipped n'  
 flogged, pickle rammed up his ass  
 by some black leather Nazi chick.

ROOKIE RENT A COP  
 Tha' hell you talking 'bout?

SENIOR RENT A COP  
 All those Skull and Bones types do  
 that stuff. Buncha sickos.

ROOKIE RENT A COP  
 Get the fuck out. All of them?

SENIOR RENT A COP  
 All of them.

EXT. TILLY'S BROTHEL - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Screeching into the parking lot, the Judge stumbles out of his car holding bottles of booze and enters Tilly's. The LADIES paw all over him. TILLY comes down the stairs.

TILLY  
 Your Honor. What a delight.

JUDGE BALESTEIN  
 Tonight calls for a pair of your  
 most salacious women of punishment.

TILLY  
 No problem.

He rips open his shirt and puts the bottles up over his head.

JUDGE BALESTEIN  
I'm going full tilt animal! Wooo!

The ladies cheer him on as he goes upstairs where two sexy LEATHER CLAD DOM'S in Nazi uniforms abuse the Judge.

DOMINATRIX ONE  
You've been a bad Judge!

DOMINATRIX TWO  
You do the crime, you do the time!

She cracks a whip.

JUDGE BALESTEIN  
I demand the right to due process!

DOMINATRIX TWO  
Due process? You're due this!

They whip him, bend him over and make him kiss their boots.

DOMINATRIX ONE  
You want pickles with that?

Kicking him in the head, he fades out into a college memory.

FLASHBACK - INT. YALE UNIVERSITY SKULL AND BONES TOMB - DAY

The Judge as a young law student in a Skull and Bones initiation ritual. A MAN DRESSED AS THE DEVIL, A MAN IN A SKELETON SUIT and A MAN DRESSED LIKE DON QUIXOTE are forcing him to kiss a ceremonial skull.

MAN AS THE DEVIL  
Neophyte! Do you swear allegiance  
and adhere to the New World Order?

JUDGE BALESTEIN  
Yes!

He kisses the skull, the Bonesmen start beating on him.

BACK TO PRESENT DAY - INT. TILLY'S BROTHEL - NIGHT

The Judge is kissing the Dominatrix's leather boots. The voice overs from the ritual memory are ringing in his head.

MAN AS THE DEVIL (V.O.)  
Knowledge is pain.

MAN IN SKELETON SUIT (V.O.)  
Pain is power.

MAN AS DON QUIXOTE (V.O.)  
Power is control.

DOMINATRIX ONE  
Put this scumbag in the hole!

INT. DON DRACONI'S WAREHOUSE - DAY

The warehouse door opens. Swifty Pete drives the big rig in and screeches to a halt hitting a support beam. He gets out.

SWIFTY PETE  
And that's a big 10-4 fellas.

Gummy the Bear opens the back of the trailer with bolt cutters as Don Draconi walks up for the unveiling.

DON DRACONI  
My boy, My boy. Maybe yer not such  
a fuckin' douche after all.

Seeing many boxes, they cut one open with a switchblade. Numerous packages of buttplugs, all shapes, sizes and colors spill out. Draconi picks up a large black one.

DON DRACONI (CONT'D)  
Th' fuck are these?

GUMMY THE BEAR  
These? These are Buttplugs.

DON DRACONI  
What?

SWIFTY PETE  
Yeah, uh... Buttplugs. Worth a lot.

Gummy the Bear grabs a clipboard with shipping notes from the inside of the trailer and reads it.

GUMMY THE BEAR  
Says here... that's the whole  
shebang. 10,000 of'em.

DON DRACONI  
What the fuck are we gonna do with  
10,000 buttplugs?



GUMMY THE BEAR  
There's a lot of assholes out  
there. Heh heh.

Draconi looks at the trailer full of buttplugs, then starts  
violently throwing them at Swifty Pete and Gummy the Bear.

DON DRACONI  
Damn right! Two are right here! You  
fucks better sell these things or  
you're shoving every last one up  
there yerselves! Just gets better  
and better with you guys don't it?  
Bet you'd fuck up a free lunch too!

SWIFTY PETE  
Sorry boss.

DON DRACONI  
Sorry. Yeah. Dump the things n'  
part out the rig. Gummy, make sure  
the weeks pick up with the drunk  
Mic goes smooth. That fucks more  
and more off the rails every week.

GUMMY THE BEAR  
Sure boss.

DON DRACONI  
Then get the Niglet his weekly  
allowance. Him, and his delicate  
sensibilities. Christ! Buttplugs!  
Our rackets are the backbone of  
this organization, we're a well  
greased machine, and I get this?  
Havin' a fucking and-yerism here!

Swifty Pete starts to leave.

DON DRACONI (CONT'D)  
Where you goin?

SWIFTY PETE  
Me and my girl we're going to this,  
uh, this thing. Costume party.

JOEY BAGGADONUTS  
Get tha fuck out o' here.

Don Draconi looks at him then just walks away in disgust.

SWIFTY PETE  
Really.

GUMMY THE BEAR  
What's yer costume?

SWIFTY PETE  
Me in a Chicken Suit, she's Col.  
Sanders. Her idea mind you.

JOEY BAGGADONUTS  
Double get tha fuck out o' here!

SWIFTY PETE  
Yeah so, gotta go. Toodles!

They watch him leave.

GUMMY THE BEAR  
Somethin's wrong with that guy.

EXT. DARK ALLEY - NIGHT

Swiftly Pete and his girlfriend LUCINDA walk to the party in costume. Suddenly a black MUGGER threatens them with a knife.

MUGGER  
Gimme me your money!

SWIFTY PETE  
You fucking serious?

MUGGER  
Yeah I'm serious! The money! Now!

SWIFTY PETE  
Look, we don't want no trouble.

MUGGER  
Give me the money Chicken man!

SWIFTY PETE  
Do I look like I got my wallet handy? Even if I did, President George Washington, OG President of these United States and the almighty dollar, says go fuck yourself! So put yer little knife away n' run off like a good boy.

MUGGER  
I'm gonna cut you up, then carve up Col. Sanders here just for sport.

SWIFTY PETE

The fuck you are! Also, you do understand the irony of this, uh, particular situation n' all. Right?

The Mugger looks confused.

SWIFTY PETE (CONT'D)

Racial stereotypes? Never mind.

The Mugger starts swiping the knife at him.

SWIFTY PETE (CONT'D)

Whoa, you rustle up my feathers and I'll peck yer fucking eyes out!

People walking by see the chicken and black man fighting, shrug their shoulders and keep walking. The Mugger lunges at Swifty Pete and they fall down wrestling for the knife.

LUCINDA

Get him Petey! Don't let that asshole carve up my chicken!

The knife falls away. The Mugger is on top punching Swifty Pete in the beak. Lucinda picks up the knife and repeatedly stabs the guy in the back. Blood's all over their costumes.

SWIFTY PETE

Well, makin' us more realistic huh?

EXT/INT. MANSION - NIGHT

Swifty Pete and Lucinda in their bloody costumes knock on the large front door of the mansion. An eye slot opens.

SERVANT

Password?

LUCINDA

Flarpy Blunderguff.

The large door opens and the couple step in. The door closes loudly behind them. The room full of MASKED LOVERS suddenly stop in mid foot fetish to stare at the costumed couple.

SWIFTY PETE

(whispering)

This is one of them Eyes Wide Shut thingys. Footsie style.

WOMAN IN MASK

Pardon me but, are you sure you're  
in the right place?

Swiftly Pete proudly displays his costume's huge chicken feet as Lucinda grabs him by his feathers. He stops to get a last glance as she drags him out the door. Among the masked lovers is Judge Balestein wearing a deranged bunny rabbit mask.

JUDGE BALESTEIN

What the hell was that?

WOMAN IN MASK

A couple a freaks. That's what.

INT. CHINESE DRY CLEANERS - DAY

SWIFTY PETE

The fucking thing cost me 250 bucks  
so clean it good will ya?

A CHINESE COUPLE are bewildered with the bloody chicken suit.

INT/EXT. MEATPACKING DISTRICT DOCKS. MANHATTAN - DAY

Capt. Mahoney wakes up in the back seat of his car parked at an old pier. He opens the handle and falls out backwards.

CAPT. MAHONEY

Whoooooahh! Shit!

On his hands and knees he vomits. He crawls up to look in the rear view mirror. He looks like crap. He gets a text.

ON CAPT. MAHONEY'S PHONE.

"Be there in 20."

CAPT. MAHONEY (CONT'D)

Dammit!

He jumps in his car and peels out. As he's driving on the large empty pier he sees a BUM pushing a shopping cart.

CAPT. MAHONEY (CONT'D)

Out of my way loser!

The bum sees him coming and stares at him like a deer in the headlights. The car hits his shopping cart exploding the contents everywhere. The bum stands there with no reaction.

CAPT. MAHONEY (CONT'D)

Yes! I always wanted to do that!

The bum picks up an old nifty nabber arm with a broken claw. Squeezes the handle. Smiles and continues walking.

EXT/INT. HOLLAND TUNNEL TO NEW JERSEY - DAY

Stuck in a traffic jam, Capt. Mahoney HONKS his horn.

CAPT. MAHONEY  
C'mon! Move it will ya?!

Traffics at a dead stop. He inspects himself in the rear view mirror. His hands shake, he tweezers his nose hairs, puts toothpaste on a travel toothbrush and dry brushes his teeth. Looking for something to rinse, he drinks a huge gulp of the backwash of a 40 oz. bottle of Malt Liquor. He gets a sour look on his face and spits out the window on the white dress of a WOMAN in the passenger seat of the car next to him.

CAPT. MAHONEY (CONT'D)  
Shit.

He rolls up his window and turns the radio on. The woman's HUSBAND gets out and knocks on Capt. Mahoney's window.

HUSBAND  
Roll it down!

Capt. Mahoney rolls the window down.

CAPT. MAHONEY  
Yeah?

HUSBAND  
Did you just do that?

CAPT. MAHONEY  
Do what?

HUSBAND  
Spit all over my wife.

CAPT. MAHONEY  
Now why would I do such a thing?

HUSBAND  
You did do it.

WOMAN  
Asshole!

CAPT. MAHONEY  
Look Pal, Let it go. I'm'n a hurry.

HUSBAND

We're all in a hurry. Why did you spit all over my wife?

CAPT. MAHONEY

Uh, official police business?

HUSBAND

What?

CAPT. MAHONEY

We work in strange and mysterious ways. Now move along ya bother me.

HUSBAND

You're a friggin' nut job is what you are. You're lucky you're a cop.

The husband gets back in his car.

CAPT. MAHONEY

(to himself)

A nutjob huh? I'll show you a nutjob. Hell, I'll show your wife a nut job. Yeah, that's what I'll do.

He's tapping on the steering wheel and whistling along to a song badly. The woman puts various feminine products in the cap of her hair spray and throws the concoction all over him.

CAPT. MAHONEY (CONT'D)

Aaaahhh! You tramp! Dammit!

Looking around for a napkin, he grabs an old burger wrapper to sop up the mess on his shirt only making it worse. PEOPLE IN ANOTHER CAR next to him notice what he's doing.

CAPT. MAHONEY (CONT'D)

The fuck are you looking at?

The people all look away quickly.

EXT. WEDGE'S CRIB - DAY

Wedge's squad wear their clothes inside out and backwards.

WEDGE

What's with the clothes yo?

G-RILLA

This?

G-Rilla points at his own clothes.

WEDGE

Yeah, that. You got yer shit on backwards. And inside out.

G-RILLA

This is how we roll now Wedge.

SOCKS

Word.

WEDGE

How you roll?

G-RILLA

Yeah. How we roll. The new Gangsta.

SOCKS

Wilin.

WEDGE

What the fuck? What happened to lettin' yer shit hang low?

G-RILLA

Man... that's old school. This is what's up now. This... is the shit!

SOCKS

Word!

WEDGE

You Nigga's gone stone cold crazy?

That's stupid. I can see it now.

(imitating a white cop)

Uh, Please describe the African Americans who jacked you ma'am.

(imitating white woman)

They was two dumb looking Niggas

wearing inside out backwards

clothes. Size double XL Hanes T's.

42, 34 loose fit jeans and fat

muthafucka size fruit o' the looms!

G-Rilla and Socks look at their clothes saying nothing.

WEDGE (CONT'D)

I don't give a fuck how you roll on your time. But on mine you roll my way. And today we infiltrate. Get yer summer clothes, loafers n' tighty whities. We be golfin'.

Gorilla and Socks both look at each other.

G-RILLA  
Golfin'?

SOCKS  
Crazy.

EXT. NEW JERSEY. REMOTE PARKING LOT - DAY

Capt. Mahoney parks his car next to a Military issue black sedan, gets out and opens his trunk. TWO SOLDIERS get out, open their trunk and put large suitcases in Mahoney's trunk. Seeing his messy shirt, they sniff, and look at him funny.

CAPT. MAHONEY  
What?

Saying nothing they get back in the black sedan.

EXT. NEW JERSEY. DIFFERENT REMOTE PARKING LOT - DAY

Mahoney meets Draconi's men including JOEY BAGGADONUTS.

JOEY BAGGADONUTS  
Late again eh Mahoney? Drunk tank?

GUMMY THE BEAR  
What's with the fashion statement?

CAPT. MAHONEY  
Ah just spilled some crap on me.

They smell him and fan their noses.

JOEY BAGGADONUTS  
Y'smell like a cheap french whore.

GUMMY THE BEAR  
Or a back alley dumpster whore.

CAPT. MAHONEY  
Just... my girl's fragrance.

JOEY BAGGADONUTS  
Fragrance of vagrants you mean.

CAPT. MAHONEY  
Mind yer fuckin' business aright?

GUMMY THE BEAR  
Ug! Your breath! What the fuck? You  
been gargling cat shit?



CAPT. MAHONEY  
Let's just fucking do this.

Mahoney opens the suitcases revealing large bricks of white powder. Draconi's men open their briefcase full of cash.

GUMMY THE BEAR  
The Boss would appreciate  
punctuality every week. Captain.

CAPT. MAHONEY  
Yeah, well... you tell the Boss,  
I'll do what I do how I do it.

JOEY BAGGADONUTS  
We'll tell him.

They put the suitcases in their car and Mahoney walks back to his car with the briefcase. He stops and turns around.

CAPT. MAHONEY  
Ay! Where's my bag a donuts?

JOEY BAGGADONUTS  
Fuggedaboutit. You wuz late.

EXT. COUNTRY CLUB - DAY

The Judge loads up a golf cart with booze as his friend PROSECUTOR FLYNN checks in with the front desk.

PROSECUTOR FLYNN  
All good. You're going down Judge.

The Judge cracks open a beer, then throws one to Flynn.

JUDGE BALESTEIN  
Prepare to accept your ass whooping  
of the year award.

PROSECUTOR FLYNN  
I don' want any part of said award.

The Judge starts swinging his club around like a madman.

JUDGE BALESTEIN  
Now where the fuck's my caddy? Ay!

He signals to the MANAGER who walks over to the two men.

COUNTRY CLUB MANAGER  
Good morning gentlemen.

JUDGE BALESTEIN  
Need a caddy, now. We're turning up  
the heat and ready to cook.

The Judge swings the club again getting dangerously close to  
the manager's head. He ducks.

COUNTRY CLUB MANAGER  
Well, that's the thing sir, we  
don't have a caddy for you.

JUDGE BALESTEIN  
And why not? I see all kinds  
working here today.

COUNTRY CLUB MANAGER  
Well yes, but...

PROSECUTOR FLYNN  
But what?

COUNTRY CLUB MANAGER  
We don't have a caddy willing to  
work for you due to Mr. Balestein's  
history of abusive behavior.

PROSECUTOR FLYNN  
This guy? Ha! Bob, your thoughts?

JUDGE BALESTEIN  
That's the past.

COUNTRY CLUB MANAGER  
That was last week.

QUICK FLASH - The Judge abusing various Caddies.

BACK TO SCENE

PROSECUTOR FLYNN  
C'mon. Bob jokes around. He's  
really a teddy bear. Ain't cha Bob?

JUDGE BALESTEIN  
Right. Teddy Bear. Squeeze me.

COUNTRY CLUB MANAGER  
(sighs)  
Hold on. I'll be right back.

JUDGE BALESTEIN  
They don't expect me to sling these  
irons myself? That's criminal.

The manager returns with BRUNO, a very large man.

COUNTRY CLUB MANAGER  
OK, this is Bruno.

PROSECUTOR FLYNN  
Hello Bruno.

Bruno gives them a cold glare.

COUNTRY CLUB MANAGER  
Bruno has agreed to work for you,  
provided no improprieties occur.  
Normally he works security.

BRUNO  
I know who you are, I don't care.  
You fuck with me, I break you.

JUDGE BALESTEIN  
Fine with me Mongo. Start lugging  
and crack a cold one!

The Judge throws Bruno a beer.

BRUNO  
It's Bruno.

Bruno opens his beer, picks up the clubs and walks as  
Prosecutor Flynn drives them to the first hole. The Judge  
pulls out a portable cocaine dispenser and starts snorting.

JUDGE BALESTEIN  
Time to up the ante. Booger sugar?

PROSECUTOR FLYNN  
That'll put a shine on it.

They snort coke rapidly getting amped up to golf.

INT. COUNTRY CLUB FRONT DESK - DAY

Wedge and his men awkwardly approach the front desk. He tries  
to talk sophisticated and as non-gangsta as he possibly can.

WEDGE  
Good morning. Myself and my two  
associates here would like to get  
on the next Tee available please.

FEMALE DESK CLERK  
You must be mistaken.

WEDGE

And why's that?

FEMALE DESK CLERK

Well, this is not a min... uh.

WEDGE

Not a min... uh?

FEMALE DESK CLERK

Not a... uh.

WEDGE

I don't quite get you.

G-RILLA

Not mini golf Wed-- I mean William.

WEDGE

Now why would you just assume such a thing? I am adequately equipped for regular golf thank you!

FEMALE DESK CLERK

I apologize sir. Um, are you members of this club?

WEDGE

Well as of now, no, but we have been invited as guests. We wanna sorta, feel it out before we join.

FEMALE DESK CLERK

I'm sorry but I don't see expected guests in this morning's registrar.

WEDGE

First you insult me, then you say I'm not on the list? I need to have a word with your manager!

FEMALE DESK CLERK

That won't be necessary. Sorry for my shortsightedness... oh, uh, I promise it won't happen again.

WEDGE

Well... OK. Now about our Tee.

FEMALE DESK CLERK

Yes, 20 minutes. Sign in here, then continue on to the outside Kiosk.

Wedge signs and they walk towards the Kiosk.

FEMALE DESK CLERK (CONT'D)

Oh and Mr...

She looks at the sign in sheet.

FEMALE DESK CLERK (CONT'D)

Whitehead. Who's guest I might ask?

WEDGE

You just did. The Honorable Federal Judge Robert G. Balestein. Bitch.

EXT. COUNTRY CLUB - DAY

Prosecutor Flynn sets up his drive.

JUDGE BALESTEIN

What's the skinny on next week?  
Who's locked up, who's not.

PROSECUTOR FLYNN

Hold on. I'll check in a minute.

JUDGE BALESTEIN

Flip a coin?

The Judge hands Prosecutor Flynn a blast of coke in the dispenser. He does the coke, then flubs his drive.

PROSECUTOR FLYNN

(with a noseful)

From now on...

(exhales)

Don't mix business with golf. Fucks  
up my game.

JUDGE BALESTEIN

Eh... c'mon Mongo, next hole.

BRUNO

Bruno.

Wedge plays horribly but deliberately tries to hit the ball by the Judge to get his attention. Finishing a drink, the Judge sees Wedge waving at him through the bottom of the empty glass. He looks at his glass puzzled.

Prosecutor Flynn drives the ball.

PROSECUTOR FLYNN

Fore!

The Judge notices's two attractive WOMEN GOLFERS nearby.

JUDGE BALESTEIN  
Tits!

PROSECUTOR FLYNN  
Tits?

JUDGE BALESTEIN  
Four tits. Two pairs.

BRUNO  
Lecherous Old Fuck.

JUDGE BALESTEIN  
Shut the fuck up Mongo.

PROSECUTOR FLYNN  
A pair or a par? Tits is my  
favorite word by the way.

BRUNO  
Bruno!

JUDGE BALESTEIN  
Yep. If ya like words. Tits is a  
good one. I gotta piss.

In his inebriated state, it's challenging for the Judge to  
piss on a tree. Wedge peeks out from behind some bushes.

WEDGE  
Pssst. Hey Judge. We gotta talk.

Surprised by Wedge, he steps back, trips and pee's himself.

JUDGE BALESTEIN  
God dammit!

Trying to refocus his eyes through his coked up stupor he  
zips up, then stumbles out of the bushes to rejoin the game.

JUDGE BALESTEIN (CONT'D)  
You see... like a... black guy  
'bout this high, in the bushes?

Prosecutor Flynn and Bruno look at the Judge like he's crazy.

EXT. COUNTRY CLUB GOLF COURSE -DAY

Wedge and his boys give up on golfing.

G-RILLA  
I can't golf for shit Wedge. My  
feet hurt and I got bug bites!

WEDGE

Them bugs like your greasy  
cheeseburger eatin' ass.

SOCKS

Word.

WEDGE

We ain't here to join the jet set.  
I got to talk to the Judge.

G-RILLA

N' wuzzup wit that? What's that  
muthafucka got ta do with yo' shit?

WEDGE

That muthafucka is da man. A'ight?

SOCKS

Word. The man.

G-RILLA

Yeah he's da man. That's why I stay  
as far away from da man as I can.

WEDGE

Not that man. Da man who controls  
da pipeline. And we gotta get in  
from the ground floor. Cut out that  
Draconi fuck steppin' on our game.

G-RILLA

No shit?

WEDGE

Who do you think brings in all da  
shit? Like clockwork every week.

G-RILLA

Da man?

SOCKS

Word!

WEDGE

With a little help from Uncle Sam.  
Ain't sayin' no mo.

The Judge is in the sand trap yelling and hitting sand.

JUDGE BALESTEIN

Oh fuck me! I'll send you to hell!

PROSECUTOR FLYNN  
Hit it harder Bob! Use some muscle!

JUDGE BALESTEIN  
You will not disrespect this court!

BRUNO  
Time to move on from this ball.

Judge Balestein puts his head up from the sand pit.

JUDGE BALESTEIN  
Wha'd you say Mongo?

BRUNO  
Nothing. And it's Bruno!

The Judge climbs out of the sand trap.

JUDGE BALESTEIN  
Ok Bongo.

PROSECUTOR FLYNN  
Let's call it a game Bob. A tie.

JUDGE BALESTEIN  
No. I win.

PROSECUTOR FLYNN  
Alright, you win. As usual. You  
fucking win. Fuck it.

The Judge's ball is on the edge of the sand pit by the pond.

JUDGE BALESTEIN  
We're calling it a game Wango. Get  
that ball will ya?

BRUNO  
I'll gladly get that ball. Asshole.

Bruno's at the edge of the pond grabbing at the ball. The  
Judge gets in the golf cart and rams Bruno who falls in.

JUDGE BALESTEIN  
Have a nice swim Moby Dick!

Prosecutor Flynn looks disgusted but is amused.

Back at the Kiosk returning rental gear, Wedge spots the  
Judge and Prosecutor leaving. He runs to the parking lot and  
jumps out from behind a car trying to flag down the Judge.



JUDGE BALESTEIN (CONT'D)  
Did you see that?

PROSECUTOR FLYNN  
See what?

JUDGE BALESTEIN  
See a black Gnome waving at me.

PROSECUTOR FLYNN  
You are a really fucked up guy Bob.  
Why we work well together. I guess.

INT. JUDGE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The Judge enters the house quickly and slams the door.

JUDGE BALESTEIN  
I'm home!

He goes straight to his study not noticing random paintings, art and furniture is missing.

INT. JUDGE'S STUDY - NIGHT

He makes a stiff drink, nervously guzzles it and unlocks the desk drawer. He pulls out his pills, takes a few and leans back in his chair to relax. He notices faded wallpaper where paintings used to be, and other items in the study gone.

JUDGE BALESTEIN  
What the... Honey? Hey honey did  
you take th... Shit!

Thinking he's been robbed he frantically opens his safe to find it empty and jumps back in shock.

JUDGE BALESTEIN (CONT'D)  
Aaaahhh!

As he freaks out, five strangers dressed in black with ski masks emerge from the shadows. One is dressed as a Ninja.

WOMAN IN SKI MASK  
Hello... Your Honor.

JUDGE BALESTEIN  
What do you want? Are you  
terrorists? Where's my wife?

WOMAN IN SKI MASK  
Oh, she's fine.

JUDGE BALESTEIN  
You know who you're fucking with?

MAN IN SKI MASK  
A dirty piece of shit. That's who.

JUDGE BALESTEIN  
What's with the Ninja?

The people in black look at the ninja.

WOMAN IN SKI MASK  
What is with the Ninja?

NINJA  
I didn't have any regular black.

JUDGE BALESTEIN  
Take what you want then leave.

WOMAN IN SKI MASK  
Oh we're not here to rob you.

JUDGE BALESTEIN  
Then what's all this?

The Judge points at the empty safe and missing art.

WOMAN IN SKI MASK  
Your wife took what she wanted.

MAN IN SKI MASK  
She's on her way to the Cayman's  
with your account info too.

NINJA  
Thanks to us.

The Judge casually looks back at his Ornamental sword collection on the wall, then lunges to grab a sword only to get a drugged dart in the neck instead. He falls down and looks up at the strangers standing over him in a blur.

WOMAN IN SKI MASK  
Nice try asshole.

NINJA  
You make a very bad Ninja... Judge.

They take off their masks. Maria and the Grounds keeper are among them. Everything goes black.

INT. PRISON - DAY

An apparently hardened PRISONER/BRODSKY in his cell sorts his meager belongings. A CO/GUARD bangs on the cell bars.

GUARD ONE  
Time to go Brodsky.

He stands up, puts a pile of books on a table including "Revenge for Dummies" and fist bumps his CELL MATE. The guard throws handcuffs in the cell.

BRODSKY  
But I'm out.

GUARD ONE  
Just put'em on Brodsky.

Putting on the cuffs, the guard opens the cell door and they walk down the hall. PRISONERS shout insults and well wishes. At the end of the hall a GUARD turns him around to frisk him.

BRODSKY  
The hell would I sneak outta here?

GUARD TWO  
Just one more for the road Brodsky.

The guard frisks him. When he's down to his ankles he pauses and takes a big whiff of his butt, then exhales loudly.

GUARD TWO (CONT'D)  
Aaaaahhhhhhhh!!!!

They put the prisoner into a holding tank.

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Special Agent LEONARD ST. CLAIR addresses FBI AGENTS. He's the team leader in the fight against organized crime. He's also a dry humorless bore. A complete square.

AGENT ST.CLAIR  
Good morning Agents. Today we're forming a new task force in the fight against organized crime. It will be a slow, bumpy road, but the priorities at hand are clear. An increasing presence of new Mob activities have been confirmed. With most, if not all the same dynamics we've known in the past.  
(MORE)

AGENT ST.CLAIR (CONT'D)  
And we're gonna hammer these  
no-goodniks with all we got.

All the Agents start clapping.

AGENT ST.CLAIR (CONT'D)  
Thank you. The Mob movies and TV  
stereotypes we all know well may be  
a thing of the past, but some  
details still ring true. Crime  
families still exist, yet today  
they're content to operate in the  
shadows. The days of Teflon Dons  
are over, but the sinkhole of vice  
remains. And our aim is to cast a  
net on the entire operation.

INT. DESERTED WAREHOUSE SOMEWHERE - DAY

The RAT/BOOGEY BONDISI who sold Draconi out to the Russians  
is standing in a bucket. His hands are tied to a ceiling  
beam. Swifty Pete and Joey Baggadonuts are mixing cement.

JOEY BAGGADONUTS  
Sorry Boogey. You fucked up.

BOOGEY BONDISI  
Is what it is. Do what ya gotta do.

JOEY BAGGADONUTS  
Why'd you sell us out anyway?

BOOGEY BONDISI  
I'm a born scumbag. What can I say?

SWIFTY PETE  
A dead scumbag now.

They're still mixing the cement.

BOOGEY BONDISI  
Hey, I got a deathbed confession.

JOEY BAGGADONUTS  
What's that?

BOOGEY BONDISI  
I fucked your mother. For real.

JOEY BAGGADONUTS  
Go fuck yerself.

BOOGEY BONDISI  
(to Swifty Pete)  
Yer mother too! In the ass!

SWIFTY PETE  
Hurry up with that cement!

BOOGEY BONDISI  
Then I fucked the boss's mother,  
after she watched me fuck both your  
mother's. In the ass. I'm a bad  
motherfucker! Ha! Fuck you guys!

Joey Baggadonuts pours the cement into the bucket.

JOEY BAGGADONUTS  
Yer gonna sink like the Hindenburg.

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Special Agent Leonard St. Clair is showing a slide show  
depicting the upper echelon of organized crime.

AGENT ST.CLAIR  
Remember these faces. These men are  
currently active and we're  
gathering evidence case by case.

Slides of Draconi's men are on the screen. Then a photo of  
Don Draconi appears and the slide show stops.

AGENT ST.CLAIR (CONT'D)  
This man in particular, Don  
Draconi, is the current boss. And  
please... save the midget jokes.

THREE AGENTS raise their hands.

AGENT ST.CLAIR (CONT'D)  
We know they prefer to be called  
"Little People."

The three Agents lower their hands.

AGENT ST.CLAIR (CONT'D)  
Don't let his size or appearance  
fool you. He's a stone cold killer.  
Working his way up the ranks  
busting kneecaps, catching bodies  
and general sociopathic asskickery.  
He... is the puppeteer.

INT. BOO BOO'S SOCIAL CLUB AND EXOTIC CABARET - DAY

Draconi's men are assembled around their bosses desk.

DON DRACONI  
So here's how it's goin' down.

EXT. CLASSY RESTAURANT - NIGHT

DON DRACONI (V.O.)  
We got this classy restaurant cased  
right? Where the real upper crust  
types drop serious duckets. You got  
Valet jackets and a couple cones,  
some little tickets and a sign.

The Valet sign is badly drawn over a sidewalk sign. The fake  
Valet's are waiting as cars line up for the cheaper parking.

DON DRACONI (V.O.)  
Our spot's nearby but not right in  
front and we underbid the other  
Valet's by a couple of bucks. All  
these rich fuck's stroking each  
other, showing off their goods. And  
what better way to show off?

Cars are pulling up in front of the restaurant and DRIVERS  
are just handing over the keys to the fake Valets.

JOEY BAGGADONUTS (V.O.)  
New car.

DON DRACONI (V.O.)  
Kablammo! Maserati's, Mercedes,  
Porche's, you name it. We rotate  
shifts one after another, disable  
tracking devices and drive'em right  
on to a waiting ship.

INT. CARGO SHIP - NIGHT

Don Draconi oversees the cars being driven into the ship.

DON DRACONI (V.O.)  
Then back for more. We're in and  
out before they know what hit'em.

INT. RESTAURANT FRONT DESK - NIGHT

MAN

Excuse me. Maitre D'...

MAITRE D'

Yes sir.

MAN

Please have the Valet bring my car around. Here's my ticket.

The man tries giving the Maitre d' his ticket.

MAITRE D'

Valet?

MAN

Yes, your Valet. Here's my ticket.

MAITRE D'

Oh I'm sorry sir, but we have no Valet. We usually recommend the parking garage across the street.

MAN

Of course you have a Valet. Here's my ticket!

MAITRE D'

I can't take your ticket because we don't have Valet parking.

The restaurant MANAGER joins in.

MANAGER

I'm sorry sir, is there a problem?

MAN

Yes there is a problem! This... this imbecile you call an employee won't get me my car.

MANAGER

Your car?

MAN

Yes, my car from the Valet.

More COUPLES put on their coats and have their tickets ready.

MANAGER

Oh I'm sorry sir. We have no Valet.

MAITRE D'  
That what I told him.

MANAGER  
We usually recommend the parking  
lot across the street.

MAN  
Is everyone crazy around here? Is  
this the freakin' Twilight Zone?

ANOTHER MAN  
What's this about?

MAN  
These people say there's no Valet  
for this restaurant.

ANOTHER MAN  
Sure there is. I have a ticket.

MORE PEOPLE gather with their tickets. The first man waves  
his ticket in the air and yells at the manager.

MAN  
I'm calling the police. And I'm  
calling from the house phone so  
they know exactly where to go!

MANAGER  
You can't just use our phone sir.

MAN  
Oh yes I can! Gimme that!

As they struggle over the phone the man drops the ticket and  
it unfolds. He picks it up. Inside it says, "SUCKER."

DON DRACONI (V.O.)  
By 10 we've got choice rides  
already bound for Europe while the  
cops scramble 'round town for a  
chop shop. Chumps.

OTHER PATRONS also open their tickets with the same message.  
QUICK FLASH - THE POLICE are frantically checking warehouses.

INT. CARGO SHIP - NIGHT

Draconi proudly admires the awesome collection of new cars.

DON DRACONI  
There's a sucker born every minute.



VOICE IN DON DRACONI'S HEAD (V.O.)  
You sure are a criminal master  
mind. For a drop out.

DON DRACONI  
This is true.

VOICE IN DON DRACONI'S HEAD (V.O.)  
You're talking to yourself again.  
You should see someone about that.

DON DRACONI  
Alright already. I'll do that. Dick.

INT. PSYCHIATRIST OFFICE - DAY

Don Draconi's in session with DR. IZZY KNUTILLA PH.D

DR. IZZY KNUTILLA PH.D  
Retirement? Really? And how did  
this decision come about?

DON DRACONI  
I dunno Doc. Maybe that near death  
experience fucked my mug up. Was  
thinking 'bout settlin' down, house  
in the sticks, nab me some classy  
broad, pump out a few rug rats, you  
know, the whole nine yards.

Don Draconi lights his cigar and smirks a little.

DR. IZZY KNUTILLA PH.D  
Even powerful successful men are  
adherent to the human condition,  
like everyone else. Procreation,  
growth, comfort, stability, coming  
to terms with your own mortality.

DON DRACONI  
Yeah. And I'll build me a castle,  
get a moat full of gators, hire  
Rambo to work the drawbridge. Maybe  
a whole team full of Rambos.

The Psychiatrist looks confused.

DON DRACONI (CONT'D)  
I'm fucking with you Doc. Why would  
I quit this? I'm the King. Sheesh,  
get a clue Doc.

DR. IZZY KNUTILLA PH.D  
Oh. OK. I see.

DON DRACONI  
But my head's still locked in  
neutral. You know. Doing some  
serious reflecting. The win some  
lose some, loves me loves me nots,  
shoulda coulda wouldas, all that.

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Slide show of Wedge in various situations.

AGENT ST.CLAIR  
Wedge. Leader of the Black Mafia  
Family. Should be the poster child  
for gun and birth control. A major  
player keeping the streets riddled  
in dope and bullets. Also the  
heavyweight champ of boxing cock  
and balls back in Sing Sing. And  
yes, he's also a... moving on.

INT. DESERTED WAREHOUSE SOMEWHERE - DAY

BOOGEY BONDISI  
You losers can't do nuttin' right.

JOEY BAGGADONUTS  
What you takin' 'bout?

Boogey Bondisi stomps his feet in the wet cement.

BOOGEY BONDISI  
Too much water. Dumbass.

JOEY BAGGADONUTS  
Stand still ya fuck.

BOOGEY BONDISI  
It ain't settin' Eisenstein.

JOEY BAGGADONUTS  
Let's just shoot him.

Joey Baggadonuts pulls out his gun.

SWIFTY PETE  
Boss wants cement shoes.

BOOGEY BONDISI  
Enough monkey business. Shoot me!

SWIFTY PETE  
You shut the fuck up.

JOEY BAGGADONUTS  
But we fucked up the cement.

SWIFTY PETE  
Correction. You fucked up the cement. Re-mix it.

JOEY BAGGADONUTS  
I don't have another bag.

BOOGEY BONDISI  
I'll just stand here till it dries.  
In the meantime grab me a steak,  
cocktails and a couple a' hookers.

SWIFTY PETE	JOEY BAGGADONUTS
Shut up!	Shut up!

SWIFTY PETE  
You only got one bag?

BOOGEY BONDISI  
Cinder blocks. Bag o' bricks. Use  
your imagination or is that too  
complicated?

JOEY BAGGADONUTS  
Should I go get another one?

BOOGEY BONDISI  
Your erroneous comical adventures  
amuse me. You guys should get into  
show business.

SWIFTY PETE  
Let's see what the boss says.

BOOGEY BONDISI  
I think I'll just die of boredom.

INT. PSYCHIATRIST OFFICE - DAY

DR. IZZY KNUTILLA PH.D  
You've mentioned that your mother  
is, uh, high maintenance at times?

DON DRACONI  
Right Doc.

DR. IZZY KNUTILLA PH.D  
Perhaps some of your feelings stem  
from her overbearing presence?

MONTAGE - DRACONI'S MOTHER

-- A CONDEMNED MAN is teetering on the edge of a chair with  
his neck in a noose. Draconi answers his mother's phone call.

DON DRACONI  
This ain't a good time Ma.

-- Draconi is in the middle of hot sex with a GIRLFRIEND. His  
phone won't stop ringing. He stops to finally answer it.

GIRLFRIEND  
Fuck me dammit! Not your phone!

DRACONI'S MOTHER (V.O.)  
Who is that?

DON DRACONI  
That's my friend Ma.

DRACONI'S MOTHER (V.O.)  
Tell her to go back to Whore  
Island! I need you here. Now!

The woman slams the door to the bathroom behind her.

-- Draconi is in the confessional booth. His phone is ringing  
on vibrate over and over. He doesn't answer it.

PRIEST IN BOOTH  
Do you want to get that my son?

END MONTAGE

DON DRACONI  
She has this uncanny ability to  
always call at the wrong time.

Draconi's phone RINGS.

INT. DESERTED WAREHOUSE SOMEWHERE - DAY

SWIFTY PETE  
How 'bout I cut his tongue out?

Don Draconi walks into the room.

DON DRACONI  
Th' fuck's this? Why didn't you  
dunk the clown?

SWIFTY PETE  
Sorry boss. Joey fucked up the  
cement and Boogey's insultin' us  
the whole time. I can't take it.

BOOGEY BONDISI  
Sorry yer feelings hurt Sweet Pea.

DON DRACONI  
Then shoot the fuck.

JOEY BAGGADONUTS  
My pleasure.

Joey Baggadonuts aims his gun.

DON DRACONI  
Better yet. I'll do it.

Don Draconi pulls out his gun.

BOOGEY BONDISI  
Finally something's getting done  
around here. You really gotta hire  
more competent help. Find some  
migrants or some shit. Not losers.

SWIFTY PETE  
See boss? No respect!

DON DRACONI  
Any last words Bondisi?

BOOGEY BONDISI  
I'll tell god not to forgive you.

Don Draconi shoots him.

BOOGEY BONDISI (CONT'D)  
Aaaaah! You shot me!

DON DRACONI  
Well, yeah. Kinda the expected  
result when you point a gun at  
someone and pull the trigger.

BOOGEY BONDISI  
It hurts!

DON DRACONI

That too.

BOOGEY BONDISI

You missed vital organs. You even  
shoot like a schnook. I feel good  
in fact I think I'll go for a walk.

Don Draconi shoots him again twice.

BOOGEY BONDISI (CONT'D)

Shit! Akkkkk. Grrrrrr.

Boogey Bondisi is spitting blood and groaning.

DON DRACONI

That's that. Dump the stiff and  
let's eat. My treat.

BOOGEY BONDISI

(gurgling blood)

That the best you got? Still ain't  
dead. Flunkie.

Don Draconi, Joey Baggadonuts and Swifty Pete all shoot him,  
knock him to the floor and kick the shit out of him.

SWIFTY PETE

Die you fuck!

JOEY BAGGADONUTS

Fuck you Bondisi!

DON DRACONI

Die you rat bastard piece of shit!

After making sure he's finally dead, Boogey Bondisi's body  
emits a monstrously loud explosive death fart. The men all  
fan their noses in vaporous agony and quickly vacate.

INT/EXT. MUSCLE CAR - OUTSIDE OF PRISON - DAY

BRODSKY'S GIRLFRIEND is in the driver's seat of a vintage  
muscle car with her legs and bare feet propped up on the dash  
and browsing on her smart phone. Ex-Con Brodsky opens the  
door, sits in the passenger seat, then calmly looks at her.  
She puts her phone down, sits up, then jumps on him.

BRODSKY'S GIRLFRIEND

Baby!

She kisses him all over and practically dry humps him in the  
car. A guard bangs on the window.

GUARD  
Take it home Romeo.

She gets back in the drivers seat and peels out.

BRODSKY  
Is everything in place?

BRODSKY'S GIRLFRIEND  
All according to plan baby.

He looks at her long legs and bare feet on the pedals then touches her thigh. She gives him a bright smile and winks.

BRODSKY  
First things first.

INT/EXT. MAHONEY'S POLICE CAR. UNDER FREEWAY OVERPASS - DAY

Mahoney's passed out in his car looking lifeless. Kids skate by, notice him and stop. They cautiously approach the car.

KID ONE  
That guy's dead!

KID TWO  
And he's a cop too!

KID ONE  
Cool!

They yell to some other kids on bicycles.

KID ONE (CONT'D)  
Hey guys! Wanna see a dead body?

The other kids come closer.

KID THREE  
Wow, is he really dead?

KID ONE  
Looks like it. Is he stiff?

KID FOUR  
I heard dead bodies crap themselves.

KID TWO  
No way!

KID FOUR  
Does he smell like shit?

KID ONE  
I don't wanna know.

KID FOUR  
Go see.

KID ONE  
You go see.

KID THREE  
You guys are pussies. I'll go see.

Kid three gets close to Mahoney.

KID THREE (CONT'D)  
Yuck! Oh yeah, he smells like shit.  
He's dead all right.

Mahoney wakes up with a loud sleep apnea chortle. The kids scream, get on their skates, bikes and leave quickly. Mahoney starts up his car, turns on his siren and goes after them.

CAPT. MAHONEY  
C'mere you Guttersnipes!

Capt. Mahoney runs them off the road.

CAPT. MAHONEY (CONT'D)  
Adios Bambinos! Ha!

He opens a bottle of cheap whiskey and takes a huge gulp.

EXT. NEW JERSEY. REMOTE PARKING LOT - DAY

Capt. Mahoney screeches into the parking lot and stops. He gets out, opens his trunk and pulls out large suitcases.

GUMMY THE BEAR  
You won't be late to your own  
funeral Mahoney. I'll see to it.

CAPT. MAHONEY  
Stuff a sock in it. You got a  
better connect, be my guest.

SWIFTY PETE  
Once a pig, always a pig.

CAPT. MAHONEY  
Oink fucking oink.



INT. LARGE EMPTY ROOM - DAY

The Judge is alone tied to a chair. Waking up, suddenly loud music, lasers and strobe lights bombard his senses. Barely visible in the lights is a MAN coming towards him. The man pulls up a chair, places it in front of him and sits down. He hand signals for the music and lights to stop. It's Brodsky.

BRODSKY  
Hello. Your Honor.

Brodsky smiles menacingly, staring him down. The Judge defiantly focuses his eyes back at the vengeful Brodsky. A silent but intense stare down ensues. The Judge displays an obvious "Uh Oh Face". He's a pompous ass, but in deep shit.

INT. PSYCHIATRIST OFFICE - DAY

DR. IZZY KNUTILLA PH.D  
So, could there be unresolved  
issues with your parents?

DON DRACONI  
Like some kinda Oedipus Shmedipus  
bullshit? You off your nut Doc? I  
ain't got a hard on for ma!

DR. IZZY KNUTILLA PH.D  
I wasn't implying tha--

DON DRACONI  
And pops got whacked already.

DR. IZZY KNUTILLA PH.D  
Oh, I'm sorry.

DON DRACONI  
I wanna go on record, I didn't  
whack him if that's what you mean.  
Well, not really.

The psychiatrist looks puzzled.

DON DRACONI (CONT'D)  
You got my head spinnin' here Doc.

DR. IZZY KNUTILLA PH.D  
We've never covered any details  
about your father in these  
sessions. Would you care to?

DON DRACONI

No! Fuck no! You ain't hoodwinkin' me into no cry me a river of daddy issues bullshit!

DR. IZZY KNUTILLA PH.D

Ok, moving on I--

DON DRACONI

I ain't openin' that can of worms.

DR. IZZY KNUTILLA PH.D

What if we--

DON DRACONI

Ice Cream.

DR. IZZY KNUTILLA PH.D

Uh, excuse me?

DON DRACONI

Ice Cream. Ice fucking Cream!

DR. IZZY KNUTILLA PH.D

Oh... kay. And?

FLASHBACK - EXT. STREET SCENE - DAY

DON DRACONI (V.O.)

I was 8. Pop used to take me to this joint the Slo Cone. Had some good shit that place. He told me to wait in the car. Things were hot and he didn't want me in the muck. So he went and got us a couple cones. Him, a Chocolate Brittle, me, a Cherry Swirl. He was headin' back n' about 20 steps away these GOON's come gunnin' fer pops.

DR. IZZY KNUTILLA (V.O.)

Oh no.

DON DRACONI (V.O.)

(emotionally)

Fuck'n goons. Blowing lead at Pops!

DR. IZZY KNUTILLA (V.O.)

Oh my.

DON DRACONI (V.O.)  
He was eatin' bullets Doc. But my  
pop, hard as nails, crawling,  
bleeding, he got me my cone.

We see Draconi's Father crawling to the car.

DRACONI'S FATHER  
Never... let'em... win kid.  
Failure... tastes worse than shit.

Draconi's Father hands young Don Draconi his ice cream cone.

DON DRACONI (V.O.)  
His dying words. I ate that cone,  
bawling my 8 yr old eyes out  
watching the old man die.

Young Draconi cries while eating the Ice Cream cone and  
watching his Father die. His tears drip into the Ice Cream.

BACK TO PRESENT DAY - INT. PSYCHIATRIST OFFICE - DAY

DON DRACONI  
To this day, I still can't eat no  
fuckin' Ice Cream.

INT. LARGE EMPTY ROOM - DAY

JUDGE BALESTEIN  
Do I know you?

BRODSKY  
We met. Some years ago.

JUDGE BALESTEIN  
Oh. What do you want?

BRODSKY  
All I want, all anyone wants... the  
truth.

INT/EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Swiftly Pete picks up Don Draconi in a Ice Cream truck.

DON DRACONI  
Nice ride. Turn on that jingle  
thing will ya?

Swiftly Pete hits a button and Ice Cream truck music starts.  
Don Draconi bops his head and snaps his fingers to the music.

SWIFTY PETE

Boss. What's with the truck again?

DON DRACONI

Therapy.

They park the truck by a city park. A sign on it says "Free Ice Cream" and Don Draconi is generously handing it out.

DON DRACONI (CONT'D)

Ice Cream! Ice Cream! Get yer  
fucking Ice Cream!

Kids wait in line as Draconi pulls Ice Cream bars from the cooler and hands them out.

Agent St. Clair approaches the Ice Cream truck.

AGENT ST.CLAIR

Winning the hearts and minds of the  
people are we Draconi?

DON DRACONI

I don't know what you're doin', but  
I'm just giving back to the  
community that gave so much to me.  
That's it.

AGENT ST.CLAIR

Sure ya are. How about a Rocket Pop  
while you're at it?

DON DRACONI

Sure thing Secret Agent Douche.

We see the former ICE CREAM MAN frozen underneath the Rocket Pops. His eyes glazed open, his face has a look of terror.

Opening the Rocket Pop, Agent St. Clair eats it in a sort of phallic and provocative way. Draconi looks at the Agent, then looks at the frozen Ice Cream man. Looking back and forth between the two images he cringes and gets the shivers.

INT. PSYCHIATRIST OFFICE - DAY

DR. IZZY KNUTILLA PH.D

Well, one way to face your fears.

Don Draconi lights a cigar.

DON DRACONI  
Yeah. And get a buncha new ones.

INT. LARGE EMPTY ROOM - DAY

BRODSKY  
Corruption, which in turn enables  
your unscrupulous hedonism. But  
it's all trivial compared to the  
big picture. And that picture, is  
you, what you represent.

JUDGE BALESTEIN  
Your point?

BRODSKY  
You're a dinosaur. And a hypocrite.  
If there's one thing I can't stand,  
is hypocrites.

Brodsky gets up and starts walking away.

JUDGE BALESTEIN  
Wait, where are you going?

BRODSKY  
You've failed at humility. You've  
failed at love. Driven solely by  
greed, cruelty, and lust for power.  
Time for re-programming, Judge.

Brodsky exits the room. The Judge is visibly parched.

BRODSKY'S GIRLFRIEND (O.S.)  
Water?

Her hands help Judge Balestein gulp down a glass of water. He  
reacts to a suspicious taste. Loud music begins again and a  
large screen starts projecting a montage of graphic images.  
Immediately his reality is warped by psychoactive drugs.

INT/EXT. WEDGE'S CAR - DAY

Wedge and his men are driving.

WEDGE  
Chillax bro. The time will come.

SOCKS  
I can do this.

WEDGE

Yeah, yeah, you street, you bad.

SOCKS

Really. I ain't gon' lie. I can.  
Let me pop some muthafucka!

Wedge's phone RINGS. It's Capt. Mahoney calling on FaceTime.

WEDGE

Shut the fuck up, let me git this.

Wedge answers the FaceTime call.

INTERCUT - FACETIME CONVERSATION

WEDGE (CONT'D)

What up Mc drunk fuck?

CAPT. MAHONEY

Hey, this shit works. That ugly mug  
better not break my damn phone.

WEDGE

Th' fuck you want Mahoney?

CAPT. MAHONEY

Mr. Big flew the coop. He's gone.

WEDGE

What? Wait, What choo mean gone?

CAPT. MAHONEY

Hit the mattress. MIA. Vanished. No  
clue. Meaning, all systems on hold.

WEDGE

Fuck! We're already days behind,  
that's some serious scratch!

CAPT. MAHONEY

Nothin' I can do about it. He pulls  
the strings. The big string puller.

WEDGE

Well do something 'bout it! I got  
so much Nigga nose up my ass fo'  
dope I'm fartin' snot!

CAPT. MAHONEY

I'll do what I can do. Nuff said.  
For now. So hey, Shaniqua. Super  
booty. She available?

WEDGE

You ain't gettin' no Shaquika till  
you get me my shit. Period! Cops  
all think this is some candy store  
snatch n' grab bullshit from the  
rip. Fuck that! Get me my bricks!

Wedge slams his smart phone down on the cars dashboard.

WEDGE (CONT'D)

Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!

G-RILLA

Wussup Wedge?

WEDGE

Shit's gettin' real now!

Wedge pulls out a gun, opens the chamber, looks inside,  
closes the chamber and hands it to Socks.

WEDGE (CONT'D)

Right Muthafucka! It's on now.

SOCKS

What?

WEDGE

You wanna gang bang? You wanna  
drive by? This is it bro.

Wedge sees an OLD WOMAN walking with her groceries.

WEDGE (CONT'D)

Slow the fuck down G! There ya go  
Socks... Ice the bitch!

SOCKS

The old lady?

WEDGE

Yeah!

SOCKS

She looks like my Grandma!

WEDGE

So fucking what? You think you  
street? Think you bad? Do it!

SOCKS

She didn't do nuthin!

WEDGE

That's the point! If you gon' be a  
stone cold killa... prove it!  
Grease the Grandma!

They slow down next to the old woman.

G-RILLA

Do it Socks.

Socks leans out and points the gun at the woman who drops her  
groceries. He closes his eyes, points it up and pulls the  
trigger three times. CLICK CLICK CLICK. The gun's empty.

Wedge and G-Rilla laugh at him. He sits back down in a huff.

SOCKS

Fuck y'all!

WEDGE

Man, you pointed at the sky.

G-RILLA

You pussied out Socks.

SOCKS

I shot it! It was empty!

G-RILLA

She did have the Uh Oh face though.

WEDGE

Gangsta lite at best. Fuck this, we  
got work. We gotta find us a Judge.

INT. BOO BOO'S SOCIAL CLUB AND EXOTIC CABARET - DAY

Draconi's at his desk smoking a cigar and reading the papers.  
Swift Pete and Gummy the Bear are playing double solitaire.  
Joey Baggadonuts gets a call from FRANK ROSSELINI.

INTERCUT - TELEPHONE CONVERSATION

FRANK ROSSELINI

Hey uh, Joey, y'know that thing you  
guys got here? Remember?

JOEY BAGGADONUTS

Oh. Yeah, yeah Ross. Whadaboutit?

FRANK ROSSELINI

Well you gotta get it out. It's  
pretty ripe n' a, takin' up space.



JOEY BAGGADONUTS

Shit.

(to Don Draconi)

We got a problem boss.

Don Draconi takes the cigar out of his mouth.

DON DRACONI

What now?

JOEY BAGGADONUTS

That thing... at Rosselini's?

FLASHBACK - INT. ROSSELINI'S RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Don Draconi and his men are at a table laughing and having a good time. A loud annoying man GOOGLE GLASSES GUY/MARKY wearing Google glasses is next to them at a table by himself nursing a beer. Joey Baggadonuts shows his bullet wounds.

JOEY BAGGADONUTS

That ain't shit. I took one in the back, the shoulder, even the ass.

GUMMY THE BEAR

Took it in the ass eh?

JOEY BAGGADONUTS

Got shot in the ass dipshit. Whatta 'bout you? Nice prison pussy FiFi.

GOOGLE GLASSES GUY

Cool! Right dollface? Oh, clear as day. I can even see you blushing. oooh... you, don't be embarrassed Hon. It's cute. You're cute.

GUMMY THE BEAR

The teeth? Or lack thereof. I told the cops they're a buncha pussies. Brutalizin' guys already behind bars like that. So they knocked my fucking teeth out. End of story.

GOOGLE GLASSES GUY (CONT'D)

Oh yeah babe. Just a little more. So hot baby. No I love'em. My little cupcakes. So sweet.

DON DRACONI

Who's that fuck talking to?

GUMMY THE BEAR

Himself.

JOEY BAGGADONUTS

Got them googly glasses things.

DON DRACONI

Tell the nerd to clam it will ya?

Gummy the Bear approaches the obnoxious man.

GUMMY THE BEAR

Hey pal. Ya mind pipein' it down a notch? We're socializing over here.

GOOGLE GLASSES GUY

I'm socializing here too! ok? Yes hon? Oh, some guy. Anyway--

GUMMY THE BEAR

Listen, we're having a good time tonight and don't want no trouble.

GOOGLE GLASSES GUY

Fuck off will ya? No babe, just some idiot. Yeah. I told him.

Gummy the Bear calmly sits back down annoyed.

GUMMY THE BEAR

What a Goober. Trying not to fuck him up in your favorite joint Boss.

DON DRACONI

Fuck the prick. Your call.

Swiftly Pete goes over to the guy.

SWIFTY PETE

Hey you, ya gotta quit flappin' yer trap like a yappy ass housewife. You're outta your element here.

GOOGLE GLASSES GUY

I'm not "yapping," I'm "talking" to my girlfriend. In Tokyo! So fuuuuuuck you! Yeah. I just told him off. It's ok. I can handle it.

Swiftly Pete takes the guys glasses and puts them on.

SWIFTY PETE

Wow. Look at that. Hiya toots!

GIRL ON GLASSES

Who is that?

Her boobs are out of her shirt which she quickly zips up.

GIRL ON GLASSES (CONT'D)  
Put my boyfriend back on!

SWIFTY PETE  
This the itty bitty titty  
committee? Pull them things out  
again! These things really work.

GOOGLE GLASSES GUY  
Gimme those asshole!

They play keep away with the guys glasses. Swifty Pete throws  
them to Joey Baggadonuts who puts them on.

JOEY BAGGADONUTS  
Whoa, check you out! You n'  
supernerd here do that cyber sex or  
sum shit? How's that work? Got like  
robot crotch parts? Sign me up!

GIRL ON GLASSES  
Put Marky back on you jerk!

Joey Baggadonuts pretends to give glasses back.

JOEY BAGGADONUTS  
Here ya go Marky. Oops!

Joey Baggadonuts deliberately drops the glasses. Gummy the  
Bear's walking with a handful of beers and steps on them.

GUMMY THE BEAR  
Oops.

GOOGLE GLASSES GUY  
You assholes! You're gonna pay for  
that! Those things cost more than  
all your stupid suits combined!

Gummy the Bear calmly puts the beers down and puts his arm  
around the Google Glasses Guy.

GUMMY THE BEAR  
Look Bionic boy, personally, I  
don't care if you live or die. But  
lucky for you tonight's our night  
off. So I suggest you pay your tab,  
then go home to Mommy. Capishe?

They take his wallet then escort the guy out the door.

EXT. ROSSELINI'S RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Later when they leave the place obviously drunk they see the Google Glasses Guy standing in front of their car. He's keyed it all along the side and thrown trash all over the hood.

DON DRACONI

Really? My car? Why'd you do that?

GOOGLE GLASSES GUY

My girlfriend text me and said to stand up for myself. So that's what I did. I stood up! That's right!

JOEY BAGGADONUTS

(slurring a bad De  
Niro/Taxi Driver  
impersonation)

Here's man who-- a Dweeb, who would not take it anymore, he stood up.

Don Draconi rolls his eyes and lights a cigar.

DON DRACONI

A stand up guy eh? Fuck this dork up will ya boys?

GUMMY THE BEAR

My pleasure.

GOOGLE GLASSES GUY

Hands off me! Help! Police!

They drag him into the alley, then come back alone.

SWIFTY PETE

We didn't mean to boss, but the little prick just fucking broke.

DON DRACONI

Broke?

GUMMY THE BEAR

He snapped like a toothpick.

DON DRACONI

Crap. Dump the toothpick and let's bounce. I'm sick of these little distractions I tell ya.

Knocking on the back door of Rosselini's, the owner answers.

FRANK ROSSELINI

Gentlemen I--

JOEY BAGGADONUTS  
Sorry Frank, need storage.

They dump the guy on the boxes of canned goods.

FRANK ROSSELINI  
Hey! You can't leave that there!

SWIFTY PETE  
We'll be back Frank. Promise.

BACK TO PRESENT DAY - INT. BOO BOO'S SOCIAL CLUB - DAY

DON DRACONI  
Thought you took care o' that.

JOEY BAGGADONUTS  
I fergotaboutit.

INT/EXT. ROSELLINI'S/CAR - NIGHT

FRANK ROSSELINI  
I apologize. Don't want no trouble.  
Just, we have the health inspector  
coming. I didn't know what to do.

DON DRACONI  
You do what you gotta do, I do what  
I gotta do. But don't worry we got  
this. A pain in the ass, sure. You  
can make it up to me later.

They drag the body out and dump it in the car's trunk.

JOEY BAGGADONUTS  
He wasn't kiddin'. This guy reeks.

They put him in the trunk of the car and get in.

DON DRACONI  
Jesus fuck! Roll the windows down  
or get the stiff a diaper. Sheesh.

They roll the car windows down.

INT. LARGE EMPTY ROOM - DAY

Clearly drugged up, his eyes won't stay shut, The Judge is  
bombarded with loud music and imagery designed to mind fuck  
him into submission. Images of violence then serenity, horror  
then beauty. Brodsky's voice is heard over the PA.

BRODSKY (V.O.)

-- Blind respect for authority is  
the greatest enemy of truth.  
-- Power is not a means to an end,  
it is an end.  
-- The world is merely a speck  
comprised of dust and emotions.  
-- You are utterly insignificant.

The music and images accelerate. Brodsky's voice gets louder.

BRODSKY (V.O.)

The war on drugs is over.  
Drugs won. Your tyranny and  
hypocrisy has sentenced you to  
life. A life of being... you.

#### NIGHTMARE SEQUENCE

The Judge spins into a psychedelic nightmare. He's back at court in a huge towering bench with an oversize gavel. The court officers and stenographer are ZOMBIES, the prosecutors are COWBOYS, the defense are INDIANS, the audience/families are WEREWOLVES and VAMPIRES. He bangs his huge gavel as the doors swing open and muscle bound ACTION HEROES storm in shooting up the courtroom. A sopping wet BRUNO the caddie has the JUDGE'S WIFE with him. They point and laugh at him. Cowering below his bench he SCREAMS bloody murder.

#### INT/EXT. CAR - DAY

On their way to dispose of the body, Draconi gets a hysterical call from his mother in her heavy Italian accent.

MRS. DRACONI (V.O.)

Antonini you come over right away.

DON DRACONI

Ma, I'm in the middle of something.

MRS. DRACONI (V.O.)

It's an emergency! Don't leave your  
poor old mother out like this.

DON DRACONI

Ma, It's work related. Important.

MRS. DRACONI (V.O.)

There's a monster in the bathroom.

DON DRACONI

There ain't no monster ma. And I  
can't come right now, really.

MRS. DRACONI (V.O.)  
You come right now boy!

She hangs up on him. Don Draconi sighs.

DON DRACONI  
A little detour fellas.

EXT/INT. MRS. DRACONI'S HOUSE - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Don Draconi and his men pull into the driveway.

DON DRACONI  
Roll up the windows so the stink  
don't bug the neighbors.

Mrs. Draconi greets them at the door.

MRS. DRACONI  
Thank god you're here. I thought I  
was gonna die.

DON DRACONI  
Where's the monster Ma?

MRS. DRACONI  
It's in the bathroom. I swear and  
you gotta do something.

There's a large black spider behind the toilet.

GUMMY THE BEAR  
Just a spider boss. Big one though.

DON DRACONI  
Kill the thing and let's go.

GUMMY THE BEAR  
Uh, I kinda don't like spiders.

DON DRACONI  
Then kill it!

GUMMY THE BEAR  
I don't wanna go near it.

JOEY BAGGADONUTS  
I'll kill the fucking spider.

Joey Baggadonuts takes a shampoo bottle and squashes it. He flicks it off the bottle into the toilet and flushes.

DON DRACONI  
Monster's flushed Ma, gotta go.

MRS. DRACONI  
Grazie Antonini. You're such a good boy. You all look hungry. I got a huge Cannelloni in the oven. Let me fix you all a nice big meal.

DON DRACONI  
Another time Ma, Gotta go.

MRS. DRACONI  
Mr. Bear you open the wine. Mr. Donuts set the table. I get ready.

DON DRACONI  
We're workin' Ma!

GUMMY THE BEAR  
Where's the opener Mrs. Draconi?

DON DRACONI  
We can't freakin' do it Ma!

MRS. DRACONI  
In that drawer Mr. Bear. Ah, music. I put on nice phono record. Mario Lanza. Such a beautiful voice.

DON DRACONI  
There's a rotting corpse in the trunk stinking up the car!

Mrs. Draconi is startled by her son's outburst, then starts crying. She falls into Gummy the Bear's arms for comfort.

GUMMY THE BEAR  
You made your ma cry boss.

MRS. DRACONI  
My son! He no like my Cannelloni!

DON DRACONI  
It's not the Cannelloni Ma, it's...

JOEY BAGGADONUTS  
I'd like some Mrs. Draconi.

SWIFTY PETE  
Cannelloni's banging. I could eat.

DON DRACONI  
Boy do I feel like a douche.



INT. BATHROOM OF IRISH PUB - DAY

Capt. Mahoney is at the urinal. A PEEING MAN is standing next to him. Capt. Mahoney farts super loud and long.

CAPT. MAHONEY

Now that's Irish spring for ya. Eh?

Saying nothing the man quickly washes his hands and leaves. Mahoney zips up as Wedge's men walk into the bathroom.

CAPT. MAHONEY (CONT'D)

Who let the apes out?

G-RILLA

Wedge wants to talk to you.

Wedge walks into the bathroom.

CAPT. MAHONEY

I thought I flushed you.

WEDGE

Cut the shit Mahoney. You know why I'm here.

CAPT. MAHONEY

Shoe shine? Get to it.

WEDGE

Business! With no product it's a bitch keepin' up with the Jonesers.

CAPT. MAHONEY

Hey I wanna keep you people doped up as much as you do. But the big guys on a hell bender or something. Till he shows, it's a stand still.

WEDGE

If you're holding out, we got a problem.

CAPT. MAHONEY

Ain't no problem. Speaking of problems, what's that weird ugly growth on your neck? Yuck!

Wedge looks in the bathroom mirror.

CAPT. MAHONEY (CONT'D)

Oh, it's just your head. Sorry.

WEDGE  
Keep it up funny boy.

Wedge and his men leave the bathroom.

G-RILLA  
Why's the Judge control the  
pipeline Wedge?

WEDGE  
Right place, right time. Oh yeah.

FLASHBACK - INT. AFGHANISTAN WAR TRIBUNAL - DAY

SUPER: "2005 - The People of Afghanistan vs. Blackwater  
Security Company"

Charged with war crimes, Blackwater Security Company is  
represented by Attorney Robert G. Balestein. The war  
tribunal's Judge bangs his gavel, Blackwater's exonerated.  
The defendant's display victorious hugs and handshakes. The  
victims families protest by yelling and throwing shoes.

CUT TO:

Attorney Robert G. Balestein shakes hands with Afghanistan  
War Lords as piles of bricks of white powder are loaded into  
military trucks, then onto military planes to the U.S.

BACK TO PRESENT DAY - INT. IRISH PUB - DAY

Wedge is emotional and teary eyed after telling the story.

WEDGE  
And that, ma Niggas... is how the  
man at the bench... is the new...  
American Gangster.

SOCKS  
Word.

EXT. SKID ROW - DAY

The Judge wakes up inside a refrigerator box. He crawls out  
of the box only to see BUMS AND HOOKERS looking at him.

INT. MRS DRACONI'S HOUSE - DAY - CONTINUOUS

They're finishing their meal.

GUMMY THE BEAR  
Excellent Cannelloni Mrs. Draconi.

MRS. DRACONI  
I'm glad you like. I have dessert.  
But, I know you have business so I  
let you go now.

SWIFTY PETE  
What's for dessert?

Don Draconi jumps up and hugs his mother.

DON DRACONI  
Thanks Ma food was excellent I love  
you c'mon fellas we gotta go!

They go outside and all get in the car at once. Suddenly  
their faces turn green. Immediately they all open the doors  
and fall to the ground at the same time vomiting.

JOEY BAGGADONUTS  
Holy Shit!

GUMMY THE BEAR  
That's rank!

DON DRACONI  
Fuckin' A!

SWIFTY PETE  
I'm dieing over here.

EXT. SKID ROW - DAY

Judge Balestein stumbles down skid row. Street people take  
notice of him. He's still tripping hard, people's faces melt  
into random hallucinations. A HOOKER/TEE GEE takes notice.

TEEGEE  
Whoa, what got into you? You look  
fuuuuucked up.

JUDGE BALESTEIN  
Can you help me?

TEEGEE  
Depends. What help you need?

JUDGE BALESTEIN  
To get home.

TEEGEE  
Home? Then you don't need my help.

JUDGE BALESTEIN  
Please.

TEEGEE

Gonna cost ya. If you got it.

The Judge pulls out his wallet and finds everything intact including his credit cards.

JUDGE BALESTEIN

God bless plastic. C'mon.

He hails a taxi bringing the hooker with him. Stopping at a liquor store, he buys bottles of booze to take the edge off his psychedelic handicap. He starts swigging the bottles.

TEEGEE

You gonna kill yo'self!

JUDGE BALESTEIN

Maybe that's the point. I gotta wash out the mindfuck.

TEEGEE

You are fuuuuucked up.

JUDGE BALESTEIN

Must you keep saying that?

TEEGEE

Mister, you buying this? Because if you ain't then I'm out.

JUDGE BALESTEIN

Yes, yes. Whatever you want. I just need someone... to talk to. And get my brains back in place.

He repeatedly whacks his head like he's emptying his ears.

TEEGEE

I don't do crazy! My pussy don't do crazy! Find another Ho. I'm out.

JUDGE BALESTEIN

I'm not crazy! I'm a Federal Judge!

She breaks out laughing.

JUDGE BALESTEIN (CONT'D)

What's so funny?

TEEGEE

If you are, a Judge n' all. Then you is definitely crazy.

JUDGE BALESTEIN  
You're probably right. What's your  
name anyway?

TEEGEE  
Teegee.

JUDGE BALESTEIN  
Teegee? What kind of name is that?

TEEGEE  
My pimp calls me Tits McGee. But I  
prefer Teegee.

JUDGE BALESTEIN  
Teegee. I like that. Let's go.

TEEGEE  
Where we going?

JUDGE BALESTEIN  
On an enormous bender. Gonna drink,  
snort and fuck all this razzle  
dazzle bullshit outta my head.

TEEGEE  
Drug out the drugs. Makes sense.

JUDGE BALESTEIN  
But first, the bank.

INT/EXT. CAR - DAY

A MOTHER and son TOMMY are driving. He has a toy gun.

TOMMY  
Bang! You can't catch me coppers!

TOMMY'S MOM  
Where'd you get that Tommy?

TOMMY  
My dad. Drive the getaway car mom!

TOMMY'S MOM  
You tell your dad no more toy guns.  
Now put that away.

TOMMY  
But mom!

INT. BANK - DAY

Tommy and his mother go into the bank.

TOMMY'S MOM  
You wait here Tommy.

While she talks to the TELLER, Tommy jumps on a table.

TOMMY'S MOM (CONT'D)  
I'd like to cash this check. It's  
made to myself from my other bank.

TELLER  
I'm sorry but we can't do that.

She argues with the teller and doesn't monitor Tommy.

TOMMY  
Alright everybody, this is a stick  
up! Gimme yer money!

An ELDERLY SECURITY GUARD panics and pushes the police alarm.  
SWAT comes and surrounds the bank.

TOMMY (CONT'D)  
Look mom! Cops! Lots of'em!

SWAT raids the place and has guns on Tommy.

INT. BOO BOO'S SOCIAL CLUB AND EXOTIC CABARET - DAY

Don Draconi is at the bar watching the evening news.

ON THE TV

"8 yr. old boy accused of bank robbery." On bottom of screen.

DON DRACONI  
8 years old. That's slick! Ha!  
Where is this kid? Gotta recruit  
the little fucker.

JOEY BAGGADONUTS  
Yah boss. Cool kid.

Draconi makes his fingers like a gun to the BARTENDER.

DON DRACONI  
Alright you mothersticker, this is a  
fuck up! Nobody shoot or I'll move!  
Ha Ha. 8 years old. Great.

He sees the Judge coming out of the vault on the news and makes the Bartender use the remote to pause and review.

DON DRACONI (CONT'D)  
 Hey! Hold on! Pause that will ya?  
 Now do that fancy thing you do  
 during games. Scroll back a bit. A  
 little more... a little more...  
 Stop! Now zoom in. Up a little.

We see a freeze frame of the Judge.

DON DRACONI (CONT'D)  
 There he is! You little bugger  
 there he is!

JOEY BAGGADONUTS  
 What?

DON DRACONI  
 The Judge. He was deep down in the  
 bottom of that vault.

Draconi's deep in thought as Wedge and his crew walk into the bar. Draconi sees them in the bar mirror. He pulls his cigar from his mouth and turns around with his arms out.

DON DRACONI (CONT'D)  
 My Niggaz!

WEDGE  
 Don't you "My Niggaz" me you sawed  
 off Soprano muthafucka! I'm losing  
 90 Gzz a day!

DON DRACONI  
 Yeah, well, shit's on the upswing.

WEDGE  
 And how's that?

DON DRACONI  
 The missing link is back.

WEDGE  
 Says who?

DON DRACONI  
 Says me. I give you my word.

SOCKS  
 Word.

WEDGE

Yo' word ain't shit til you  
greaseball's get me product!

DON DRACONI

Let's get one thing straight, bling  
bling. I ain't lettin' no two bit  
hood come in here busting balls!  
You'll know when we're back on  
track. Now get the fuck out!

WEDGE

You'll be hearing from me.

INT/EXT. CAR - DAY

The Mother and Tommy are driving home from the bank.

TOMMY'S MOM

I've never been so embarrassed.

TOMMY

That was cool!

TOMMY'S MOM

Cool? You could have been in so  
much trouble young man.

TOMMY

I ain't scared of no coppers!

TOMMY'S MOM

The police these days do whatever  
it is they want. They could really  
hurt you. Definitely arrest you.

DAYDREAM - TOMMY IN INTERROGATION ROOM

POLICEMAN

Why'd ya do it Tommy?

TOMMY

Because I'm an outlaw!

DAYDREAM - TOMMY IN COURT

JUDGE

Mr. Tommy. For bank robbery and  
picking on Geeks, Dorks and Nerds,  
you have been found guilty. What do  
you have to say for yourself?



TOMMY  
Screw you poop for brains!

EXT. NEWSPAPER STAND OUTSIDE COURTHOUSE - DAY

JUDGE BALESTEIN  
(whispering)  
Hey... it's me.

BLIND NEWSPAPER MAN  
(loudly)  
Your Honor! Where the hell ya been?

JUDGE BALESTEIN  
I've been... on sabbatical.

BLIND NEWSPAPER MAN  
I bet, folks are asking about you.

JUDGE BALESTEIN  
Give me a double issue of World  
News. And you didn't see me, ok?

They exchange money for the newspaper full of drugs.

BLIND NEWSPAPER MAN  
I didn't see you. You're funny. Got  
it. Enjoy your news. Didn't see ya.

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS - DAY

A private meeting with the FBI DIRECTOR, DEPUTY DIRECTOR and Agent St. Clair. On the wall among the photos of known criminals is a photo of Judge Balestein.

DIRECTOR  
Federal or State?

AGENT ST.CLAIR  
Federal sir.

DEPUTY DIRECTOR  
(skeptically)  
You say he calls the shots, for the  
pipeline. The Afghani connection.

AGENT ST.CLAIR  
I believe so sir.

DEPUTY DIRECTOR  
Sounds like CIA.

DIRECTOR  
Definitely.

DEPUTY DIRECTOR  
I say hands off.

AGENT ST.CLAIR  
Sir, we're not positive he's CIA.

DIRECTOR  
They'd have a field day with this.  
FBI agent cock happy for a Judge.

AGENT ST.CLAIR  
I'm not... But sir, he could be the  
biggest importer of heroin on the  
eastern seaboard. It's an epidemic.

DEPUTY DIRECTOR  
Yeah, yeah. Kids all doped up,  
dropping like flies. How long have  
you had a hard on for this guy?

AGENT ST.CLAIR  
I don't have a har--

DIRECTOR  
But you're all up his ass crack  
without following protocol.

DEPUTY DIRECTOR  
Peeping Tom with a stiffy.

AGENT ST.CLAIR  
You're misundersta--

DIRECTOR  
Not on the Agencies time.

DEPUTY DIRECTOR  
Try a bath house instead.

DIRECTOR  
Or a Lady Gaga concert.

AGENT ST.CLAIR  
But sir.

DIRECTOR  
That'll be all Agent.

AGENT ST.CLAIR  
But...

The two superior officers stare Agent St. Clair down. He leaves the office defeated shaking his head.

INT/EXT. WEDGE'S CAR - DAY

Wedge and crew are driving and see Wedge's bitches walking.

WEDGE  
Bitches get in!

TEEGEE  
Wuuddup Wedge!

SHAQUIKA  
Wedge!

WEDGE  
How's tricks my little butterflies?

SHAQUIKA  
Banging!

TEEGEE  
Crazy as hell!

SHAQUIKA  
Had a John w' 3 balls! No shit! 3!

G-RILLA  
What?

SHAQUIKA  
One lil' one between the 2 bigguns.

WEDGE  
Well, did 3 ball have money?

G-RILLA  
Pay with 3 dollar bills? Heh heh.

TEEGEE  
John I had was crazy as hell.  
Kinky shit, and holdin' court.

WEDGE  
Wait. Holding court, like a Judge?

TEEGEE  
Oh yeah. Said he was. Didn't make  
me pee on him like most Judges do.  
But he was fuuuucked up.

WEDGE  
Show me the fucked up Judge's crib.  
A'ight?

INT. BOO BOO'S SOCIAL CLUB AND EXOTIC CABARET - DAY

JOEY BAGGADONUTS

She said she tried phone sex but  
the damn thing didn't fit.

Draconi looks disgusted, he's on a call with Capt. Mahoney.

INTERCUT - TELEPHONE CONVERSATION

DON DRACONI

Done? What do you mean done?

CAPT. MAHONEY

Had some epiphany of some sort.  
Quittin' the biz. So suck it up ya  
little prick. It's over. Ha!

DON DRACONI

You wanna end up on a meat hook  
don't cha?

CAPT. MAHONEY

I got your meat hanging! I mean,  
ah, you know what I mean. Later.

Capt. Mahoney hangs up phone.

DON DRACONI

Fellas, it turns out our man, the  
main man, has reached the end of  
his tenure. We've got to do  
something about this.

GUMMY THE BEAR

What's that boss?

DON DRACONI

The Viper.

Uttering those words make their eyes all light up at once.

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS - DAY

AGENT ST.CLAIR

The Viper. A brutal assassin under  
the employ of Cosa Nostra, taunting  
law enforcement with a hodge podge  
of exotic, creative kills. Poison,  
stabbing, shooting, crossbow,  
explosive enema, chainsaw, fed to  
rats, tar and feathered, you name  
it. Even death by gorilla.

QUICK FLASH. ZOO - DAY

A FAMILY at the zoo SCREAMS as a head splats against the window of the Gorilla observation pit. The GORILLA's are playing, hitting each other with arms, legs and body parts.

GORILLA ONE  
Oooo, Oooo!

GORILLA TWO  
Oooo, Oooo!

AGENT ST.CLAIR (V.O.)  
The Viper's signature touch is  
leaving his calling card at the  
scene of the crime.

A card is taped to the window, "Courtesy of, The Viper."

BACK TO SCENE

AGENT ST.CLAIR  
It's chilling to think that such a  
killer of this magnitude can allude  
us for so long. This guy likes the  
game just as much as the job.

Mistakenly, the FBI's profile believes The Viper to be a man.

INT. AVERAGE AMERICAN HOUSEHOLD - DAY

A FATHER is taking the KIDS to school.

KID ONE  
Bye mom!

KID TWO  
Bye!

FATHER  
See ya this evening Hon.

He kisses his WIFE/THE VIPER goodbye.

WIFE/THE VIPER  
You kids be good today! Love you!

KID ONE  
We will.

KID TWO  
Ok Mom!

The housewife/The Viper closes the door then goes to her office. She logs on to her laptop, lights up a cigarette and views an encoded message.

ON THE MONITOR

"Encrypted download complete"

Don Draconi's voice begins. On the screen a cartoon silhouette with a question mark appears as the narrator, cut between a slide presentation with info about Judge Balestein.

DON DRACONI (V.O.)

Hello Viper. Regretfully, the news of your retirement ain't sittin' too well. Your years of service have been invaluable and you are deeply respected in this organization. While we never met personally, I consider you a hi-ranking member of our brotherhood. That said, I hope this last job will be your crowning achievement and you'll go out with a bang. Heh. One for the history books. All the pertinent info's in the file. This guys kinda high profile, a loose cannon if you will. Make it hurt. And should you change your mind about retirement, you know you always got a job with me. Ciao.

A beat.

Oh yeah, this message will self-destruct when you put the fucking thing in the trash or recycle bin or whatever the fuck. Good luck.

She deletes the file and closes her laptop.

INT. JUDGE'S HOUSE - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Waking up late, still drugged and disoriented, the Judge goes to the bathroom and looks in the mirror.

JUDGE BALESTEIN

All Rise!

The Judge's reflection doesn't mirror his movements. He stares back at himself confused for a second.

JUDGE BALESTEIN IN MIRROR

Not this time. Your Honor.

JUDGE BALESTEIN

Wait... what?

JUDGE BALESTEIN IN MIRROR

Ain't happening.

JUDGE BALESTEIN

I'm confused.

JUDGE BALESTEIN IN MIRROR  
Damn right you are.

JUDGE BALESTEIN  
What's happening to me?

JUDGE BALESTEIN IN MIRROR  
Ain't it obvious?

JUDGE BALESTEIN  
What do you mean?

JUDGE BALESTEIN IN MIRROR  
Time to get out. Split! Scram!

JUDGE BALESTEIN  
Why?

JUDGE BALESTEIN IN MIRROR  
Because either they kill you, or  
jail you. Or jail you then kill  
you. Either way you gotta go.

JUDGE BALESTEIN  
When?

JUDGE BALESTEIN IN MIRROR  
Yesterday dumbass! Go! Now!

JUDGE BALESTEIN  
I still have loose ends to wrap up.

JUDGE BALESTEIN IN MIRROR  
Always the stubborn asshole. You'll  
have a real loose end if you don't  
get the fuck out of here now.

JUDGE BALESTEIN  
You're the drugs talking.

JUDGE BALESTEIN IN MIRROR  
Ya think? Someone's at the door.

JUDGE BALESTEIN  
I don't hear anything.

DING DONG!

Wedge RINGS the Judge's doorbell. The Judge looks out the peephole and doesn't see anything. Wedge RINGS again. The Judge looks out the peephole again to see nothing. The doorbell RINGS yet again. Opening the curtains looking out the side window he sees Wedge smiling and waving at him. He quickly closes the curtains and panics.

JUDGE BALESTEIN (CONT'D)  
The dark Gnome!

He runs to his study and nervously downs a bunch of pills. He sees himself in a different mirror in the study.

JUDGE BALESTEIN IN MIRROR  
You're fucked now!

JUDGE BALESTEIN  
You gag it!

Wedge is banging on the front door and yelling.

WEDGE (O.S.)  
C'mon Judge! We gotta talk!

JUDGE BALESTEIN  
I gotta get out of here.

JUDGE BALESTEIN IN MIRROR  
That's what I said asshole!

INT. BOO BOO'S SOCIAL CLUB AND EXOTIC CABARET - DAY

DON DRACONI  
Gents, Time to split some wigs.  
We're calling... the Commission.

GUMMY THE BEAR  
The new Commission Boss.

DON DRACONI  
Yeah, yeah. New Commission. Sheesh.

Draconi annoyingly lights a cigar and snarls.

EXT. COUNTRY CLUB FRONT GATE - DAY

TWO FBI AGENTS are staking out a Country Club. They're watching the entrance with binoculars as guests arrive. Draconi's men greet the guests and joke around in front.

AGENT ONE  
Whatta ya think those low level  
goons get paid annually?

AGENT TWO  
Dunno, one Mill? Two? Tax free.

AGENT ONE  
That much?



AGENT TWO  
Would you take a bullet for less?

AGENT ONE  
Good point.

Through the binoculars they see GUESTS arriving. As the men outside the club wait for more guests, they flirt with bikini clad COCKTAIL WAITRESSES serving them drinks and food.

AGENT ONE (CONT'D)  
Morally repugnant.

AGENT TWO  
Despicable.

They get the waitresses phone numbers. A waitress walks away and one of the men pulls her bikini top strap loose. She catches it, smiles, flirtatiously pushes him and reties it.

AGENT ONE  
Why do chicks like bad guys?

AGENT TWO  
Danger? Daddy issues? Who knows?

AGENT ONE  
Scumbag pheromones.

AGENT TWO  
Motherly instinct.

The waitresses come back and make out with the men.

AGENT ONE  
Trollops.

AGENT TWO  
Floozies.

AGENT ONE  
Money and pussy ain't everything.

AGENT TWO  
That it is not my friend.

AGENT ONE  
Wouldn't catch me doing that.

AGENT TWO  
Me neither.

The Agents stare longingly at the romantic encounters.

INT. BAR - HAPPY HOUR - DAY

The Judge is alone at the bar trying to drink his drugged psychosis away. The Viper sits next to him. She lights a cigarette. The Judge notices her beauty and overall sexiness.

BARTENDER

Ma'am, you can't smoke here.

THE VIPER

And why not?

BARTENDER

That's just the law.

The BARTENDER turns around. She blows smoke at him and puts the cigarette out in the cocktail cherries on the bar.

THE VIPER

(to the Judge)

Those things are bad for you. The cherries. Red dye number two.

She slurps the last sip of her cocktail with the straw.

JUDGE BALESTEIN

Buy ya a drink?

THE VIPER

You're not some kinda creep are ya?

JUDGE BALESTEIN

Nah. No creep here. Bartender! What she's drinking.

The Bartender grabs her empty glass to make another drink.

THE VIPER

Wait a second, I know you. I couldn't place it at first. I seen you on TV! You're that Judge!

JUDGE BALESTEIN

Was, perhaps.

THE VIPER

My husband says you're a hack.

JUDGE BALESTEIN

A hack?

THE VIPER

Yeah. He's a paralegal.

JUDGE BALESTEIN  
A paralegal? Th' fuck does he know?

THE VIPER  
Doesn't know how to fuck. That's  
for sure.

Their eyes meet, the sexual tension is obvious.

EXT. COUNTRY CLUB FRONT GATE - DAY

Through the binoculars, the Agents see an old man get out of a Black Limo. One of the Country Club's HANDLERS tries to help him and the Old Man beats him with his cane.

DON BOLONI  
Hands off faggot!

DON BOLONI, 104 yr. old legendary Mafia kingpin has been in hiding, but is attending the sit down. He's famous for cane beat downs. A move he learned from Al Capone.

AGENT ONE  
Wait a second. Can't be.

AGENT TWO  
What?

AGENT ONE  
Unless my eyes deceive me. That's  
Don Boloni!

AGENT TWO  
Don Boloni? He's dead.

They call Special Agent St. Clair on the radio.

AGENT ONE  
Sir, we have a slew of suspicious  
guests arriving over here.

AGENT ST.CLAIR (V.O.)  
Oh?

AGENT ONE  
Including one that looks an awful  
lot like Don Boloni.

AGENT ST.CLAIR (V.O.)  
Can't be. Boloni's dead.

AGENT ONE  
He just beat a man with his cane.

AGENT ST.CLAIR (V.O.)  
Holy gee willikers! It is Don  
Boloni! All right men, looks like  
we got us a sit down. Mobilize!

AGENT TWO  
How are you sure it's Don Boloni?

AGENT ONE  
His signature cane beat down.  
Learned from Al Capone himself.

AGENT TWO  
Capone? Damn. That's old school.

INT. MARINA - DUSK

The Viper takes the Judge aboard the sailboat, "The Nauti  
Sawfish." She puts some sexy music on.

JUDGE BALESTEIN  
Nice. This thing yours?

THE VIPER  
No. Friends. Drink?

JUDGE BALESTEIN  
Yes.

THE VIPER  
Help yourself. I'll freshen up.

She leaves the room. He makes a stiff cocktail. She comes  
back in a sexy black laced bra, panties and high heels.

JUDGE BALESTEIN  
Dazzling. Justice isn't blind here.

THE VIPER  
I know how you like it chancellor!

He spills his drink as she pushes him onto the bed. She jumps  
on top of him pinning him down.

THE VIPER (CONT'D)  
You may be good at banging your  
gavel, but you're in my court now.

She pulls out handcuffs and secures him to the bedpost.

JUDGE BALESTEIN  
Whoa! Oh! OK, yeah. I can do this.

THE VIPER  
You've been a bad boy your Honor.

JUDGE BALESTEIN  
Oh yeah, very bad.

She leaves the room. The Judge waits. Then gets impatient.

JUDGE BALESTEIN (CONT'D)  
Ms.? Come out, come out wherever  
you are! Here come de Judge! To,  
uh, bang... the gavel? Damn cuffs.

He struggles with the cuffs. She comes back with a large vase and sets it on the night stand. She lights a cigarette then enticingly stands with one leg propped up on a chair, just smoking and staring him down. Saying nothing. Looking sexy.

JUDGE BALESTEIN (CONT'D)  
What's that? Toys? You play rough?

He tries to make small talk while she still just stares at him saying nothing, her cigarette is almost finished.

JUDGE BALESTEIN (CONT'D)  
Um, awaiting verdict here. The  
balls in your court I guess?

EXT. SPEED BOAT - DUSK

A SEX CRAZED COUPLE in a speed boat approach the Marina.

MAN AT HELM  
All hands on deck! Prepare to  
launch the torpedo!

WOMAN ON BOAT  
Aye aye captain!

She gets on her knees and blows him.

MAN AT HELM  
Dive! Dive! Dive!

His eyes cross as he climaxes not watching the water.

MAN AT HELM (CONT'D)  
Well blow me down!

She gets up wiping her lips. He laughs, then they see they're dangerously too fast and about to hit a boat. They scream.

INT/EXT. MARINA - DUSK

The boats collide, the Viper falls to the floor. The vase topples and opens. Snakes emerge biting her as she SCREAMS.

THE VIPER

Not like that!

She stiffens as the venom takes effect. The Judge struggles to get loose as snakes crawl towards him. He gets one hand free and grabs a diving spear hanging from the wall above him. He uses the spear to push the snakes off the bed, get her purse from the table and spill out the contents to find the handcuff keys. He also finds The Viper's business cards.

JUDGE BALESTEIN

Holy shit!

Un-cuffing himself then leaving he looks back to see The Viper on the floor with her venom stunned stare as she dies. Cautiously leaving the boat he sees the sex crazed couple docking their damaged boat and laughing hysterically.

MAN AT HELM

Two seconds earlier and you would have bit my dick off!

WOMAN ON BOAT

That would have been so hot!

He leaves the Viper's calling card on the boat's ramp.

INT. COUNTRY CLUB BANQUET ROOM - DUSK

All of the DIFFERENT MAFIAS have assembled for the sit down. DON BOLONI'S CONSIGLIERE addresses all present.

BOLONI'S CONSIGLIERE

Good evening gentlemen and welcome to this assembly. On behalf of Don Boloni and myself we'd like to say thank you for attending. After a brief introduction, food and entertainment will be provided prior to the meeting. I see we have quite the diversified cultural tapestry in attendance. We have of course our Italian constituents, high ranking members of the Brotherhood. Then the Kosher Mafia, longtime Yiddish friends. Our Russian partners are present.

(MORE)

BOLONI'S CONSIGLIERE (CONT'D)  
Of course the Black Mafia Family is  
here. Our brothers in arms.

DON BOLONI  
How many fuckin' Mafia's are we?

BOLONI'S CONSIGLIERE  
Of course our Latin associates,  
Cartel's etc. And the Asian sector,  
Yakuza, Korean, Chinese Mob...  
Hmmm, where's the Chinese Mob boss?

GONG! The CHINESE MOB BOSS enters. He has a HELPER that RINGS  
a huge Gong before he ever speaks a word.

CHINESE MOB BOSS  
Sorry I'm late.

BOLONI'S CONSIGLIERE  
Um, Welcome. Anyway, assorted  
affiliated branches... the Amish  
Mafia, the Dixie Mafia--

GONG! The Chinese helper interrupts ringing the Gong.

CHINESE MOB BOSS  
Traffic.

BOLONI'S CONSIGLIERE  
Rainbow Mafia, Memphis Mafia,  
Falafel Mafia, Biker Ga... uh,  
Motorcycle enthusiasts.

DON BOLONI  
The hurry the fuck up Mafia?

BOLONI'S CONSIGLIERE  
Is there anyone I forgot? Ok, whew.  
Now, Don Boloni, the legend, in  
person, will speak.

They all greet him with Applause.

DON BOLONI  
Grazie. First I like to start with  
a little story. So, once upon a  
time there was this Guido. Good  
man. He worked hard for a living.  
And Guido he had this great big  
sugar cookie. A real good one too.  
(MORE)

DON BOLONI (CONT'D)

One time another man comes and sez,  
 "Guido, times are tough, I need to  
 feed the family, can you help?" Of  
 course Guido he sez, no problem n'  
 gives him a piece of the cookie.  
 Then another man sez he needs help  
 to feed the family so Guido, nice  
 guy he is, he gives a piece to that  
 guy too. Soon another and another  
 comes. So when Guido he looked at  
 his own cookie, only a little itty  
 bitty piece remained. Crumbs.

An uncomfortable silence in the room.

DON BOLONI (CONT'D)

The moral to the story...

He slams his cane on the table.

DON BOLONI (CONT'D)

Where the fuck is my cookie?!

BOLONI'S CONSIGLIERE

What I think the Don is saying is--

RUSSIAN MAFIA BOSS

We know what he says.

KOSHER MAFIA BOSS

We want our cookie too!

YAKUZA

I got shit cookie for you.

RUSSIAN MAFIA BOSS

What of protection?

KOSHER MAFIA BOSS

Right. You got the judges and cops  
 in your pocket, we're getting  
 creamed out there. Not Kosher.

MEXICAN CARTEL

Don't lose your head over it. Or  
 do. We'll help you. Ha ha!

WEDGE

Y'all a bunch of pussies. I got  
 Niggaz behind the wall slinging all  
 kinds of dope. We're killin' it!

GONG! The Chinese helper RINGS the Gong.



CHINESE MOB BOSS  
All journeys begin with a step.

AMISH MAFIA  
No more of this horse head stuff!

THE DIXIE MAFIA  
South's gon' rise again!

FALAFEL MAFIA  
A Jihad might shut your fuck up!

MEMPHIS MAFIA  
What would Elvis do?

The motorcycle enthusiasts/biker gangs brandish chains. The Rainbow Mafia blow kisses at Don Boloni. He's not amused.

BOLONI'S CONSIGLIERE  
Gentlemen please! Inside voice.  
Everyone will have a chance to  
express their grievances.

GONG! The Chinese helper RINGS the Gong.

CHINESE MOB BOSS  
Expression purifies the soul.

DON DRACONI  
What's with the fuckin' gong?

GONG! The Chinese helper RINGS the Gong.

CHINESE MOB BOSS  
It strikes fear in the hearts of  
men.

DON DRACONI  
Yeah? So does my .45.

Don Draconi takes out his gun and shoots the Gong multiple times. The helper then hits it. PLAP! Now it sounds like an old flappy aluminum pie tin.

CHINESE MOB BOSS  
Touche'.

BOLONI'S CONSIGLIERE  
Please Gentlemen. Let's normalize  
our blood sugar before emotions run  
too hot. Enjoy the wonderful buffet  
accompanied by the musical stylings  
of MR. FRANK SINATRA JUNIOR JUNIOR.

G-RILLA  
 (to Wedge)  
 Why's the old man missing his  
 cookie Wedge?

WEDGE  
 That's just a metaphor G.

G-rilla thinks for a moment.

G-RILLA  
 A meta for what?

WEDGE  
 Just keep watch yo. I don't trust  
 these diversified muthafuckas.  
 Especially Hong Kong Phooey there.

Everyone helps themselves to the buffet. The table also has  
 ornamental flowers and butt plugs. Don Boloni is with his  
 entourage at a table. He wants Frank Jr. Jr. to join them.

BOLONI'S CONSIGLIERE  
 Mr. Junior Junior.

FRANK SINATRA JUNIOR JUNIOR  
 Call me Franky JJ.

BOLONI'S CONSIGLIERE  
 Mr. Franky JJ, Don Boloni would  
 like you to join us. If you don't  
 mind.

FRANK SINATRA JUNIOR JUNIOR  
 No prob bub.

They walk to Don Boloni's table.

BOLONI'S CONSIGLIERE  
 Don Boloni, meet Frankie JJ.  
 Frankie JJ, The great Don Boloni.

DON BOLONI  
 Have a seat kid.

He sits down at their table.

DON BOLONI (CONT'D)  
 So. Frank Junior Junior? Number 3?

FRANK SINATRA JUNIOR JUNIOR  
 Yes sir.

DON BOLONI

Well me and your grandpa, we were tight ya know, real tight.

FRANK SINATRA JUNIOR JUNIOR

Really?

DON BOLONI

Oh yeah, me n' Frank, we used to break bread, bump balls, all dat shit. Rolled big and your Grandma, the tits on her? What a rack! She did this thing wit'em, bounced each one up and down like fucking Yo-yos. Piece of ass that broad.

FRANK SINATRA JUNIOR JUNIOR

Well Frank Senior had more than a few wives. I doubt that's her.

DON BOLONI

That was yer Grandma all right. I boinked the ol' bitty when Frank lost a bet. She wasn't old at the time mind you. Gotta be now though, or dead. If she ain't dead she's probably good for a gummer I bet. Ever had a gummer kid?

FRANK SINATRA JUNIOR JUNIOR

Well no sir, I haven't.

DON BOLONI

You don't know what yer missing. 'cept teeth! Heh, heh.

FRANK SINATRA JUNIOR JUNIOR

Well sir, I need to get on stage now. It was a pleasure meeting you.

DON BOLONI

Break a leg kid. Before we gotta break one for you. Heh, heh.

Frank Sinatra Jr. Jr. and his band start their show. They're absolutely horrible. Frank Jr. Jr. sings way off key.

Wedge leans in to discretely confront Draconi. A Russian is within earshot and listens in.

WEDGE

I know the big guys back in the mix. What choo doin' 'bout it?

DON DRACONI

Don't you worry your pretty little head. We got it covered.

WEDGE

I know the muthalode's just sittin. And I know where. You tap that stack, or we do. Get me my bricks.

Joey Baggadonuts comes running to the table.

JOEY BAGGADONUTS

We got problems boss! The Feds!

A sudden panic as the different Mafia's scramble to escape. The Russians brandish machetes and run into the thick woods like fearless Commandoes. Frank Jr. Jr.'s band stops.

FRANK SINATRA JUNIOR JUNIOR

Hey, Do I still get paid?

EXT. COUNTRY CLUB FRONT GATE - DUSK

The FBI gathers outside the Country Club's front gate. Special Agent St. Clair RINGS the intercom. A voice responds.

GUMMY THE BEAR (V.O.)

Yeah?

AGENT ST.CLAIR

This is Special Agent St. Clair and the FBI. Open this gate!

GUMMY THE BEAR (V.O.)

We don't want any.

AGENT ST.CLAIR

Don't want any?

GUMMY THE BEAR (V.O.)

What you're selling. Don't want it.

AGENT ST.CLAIR

We're not selling anything. This is a raid. Hello? Hello?!

He RINGS the buzzer again.

GUMMY THE BEAR (V.O.)

Yeah?

AGENT ST.CLAIR

This is the FBI. Open up!

GUMMY THE BEAR (V.O.)  
You got the wrong place pal, we  
didn't order no Pizza Pie.

AGENT ST.CLAIR  
The FBI!

GUMMY THE BEAR (V.O.)  
Dave's not here.

ANOTHER AGENT  
He's stalling sir.

AGENT ST.CLAIR  
Alright! Break it down!

INT. COUNTRY CLUB BANQUET ROOM - DUSK

Draconi opens a bottle of Viagra and crushes the pills  
putting them in the coffee and sprinkles the cupcakes.

DON DRACONI  
(to the Manager)  
Give this to them freeloading cops.

COUNTRY CLUB MANAGER  
Yes sir.

DON DRACONI  
(to Don Boloni)  
Godfather, we gotta scram.

Don Boloni ignores them and lights a cigar.

DON DRACONI (CONT'D)  
We really gotta go. Like now.

DON BOLONI  
I'm too old to run and I'm through  
hiding. Fuck the Cops! I'm going to  
the pool!

COUNTRY CLUB MANAGER  
Excuse me sir, but today our pool  
is clothing optional for our more,  
ahem... liberated guests.

DON BOLONI  
Yeah? Even better. I happened to  
have brought my birthday suit.  
Lookout boys, I'm going Commando!

Don Boloni exits out the back taking his clothes off.

COUNTRY CLUB MANAGER  
 (to Don Draconi)  
 We do have an old speakeasy sir.  
 Your party could hide there.

Everyone who didn't run goes into the basement speakeasy. The Agents raid the Country Club only to find the banquet room empty except for a few WAITERS/WAITRESSES's cleaning up.

EXT. COUNTRY CLUB SWIMMING POOL - DUSK

Don Boloni finishes undressing by the pool. NUDE WOMEN in the hot tub look horrified until they see his well endowment.

DON BOLONI  
 (singing the Oscar Meyer  
 theme song)  
 "My Bologna has a first name, it's  
 G-I-A-N-T. My Bologna has a second  
 name S-C-H-L-O-N-G." Hello ladies.

We see his wrinkly butt as the women smile and cheerfully welcome him. He relaxes in the hot tub smoking his cigar.

DON BOLONI (CONT'D)  
 Some suits are chasing my ancient  
 ass. You gals mind coverin' for me?

The ladies surround him until he's out of view. He admires them from behind while smoking his cigar.

DON BOLONI (CONT'D)  
 Now that's what I call a view.

Slowly sinking in the tub, Don Boloni's head submerges until only the lit end of the cigar is left. The fire goes out.

FBI agents run to the pool area surprised to see NUDISTS.

NAKED MAN  
 You can't be dressed like that!

AGENT ST.CLAIR  
 The sign says "optional".

NAKED MAN  
 Optional my ass! Freeball it or get  
 the fuck out!

Nudists throw things at the Agents until they retreat back to the Banquet room.

INT. COUNTRY CLUB BANQUET ROOM - DUSK

COUNTRY CLUB MANAGER  
Sir, while you are conducting your investigation, would you care for some coffee and cupcakes?

AGENT ST.CLAIR  
Why certainly. Thank you.

COUNTRY CLUB MANAGER  
My pleasure.

All the Agents help themselves to coffee and cupcakes.

AGENT  
What do we do now sir?

AGENT ST.CLAIR  
(mouth full of cupcakes)  
We wait it out here while the team searches the grounds. They're here somewhere. These cupcakes are good.

The Agents keep eating the cupcakes and drinking coffee.

INT. JUDGE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The Judge throws personal items in his car and peels out.

EXT. GATED COMMUNITY STREET - NIGHT

The two rent a cops see the Judge screech by in his car.

ROOKIE RENT A COP  
There he goes again!

SENIOR RENT A COP  
Off to the ER. Driving like that.

ROOKIE RENT A COP  
The ER?

SENIOR RENT A COP  
Somethin's stuck up there. Salad tongs, light bulb. I know, a Gavel!

ROOKIE RENT A COP  
Crazy.

SENIOR RENT A COP  
All them high society types, the  
Illuminati and so on do that stuff.

ROOKIE RENT A COP  
Holy crap.

SENIOR RENT A COP  
You said it.

INT. COUNTRY CLUB BANQUET ROOM - DUSK

The Viagra kicks in. An Agent sees a PRETTY LATINO MAID vacuuming. She smiles at him noticing his monstrous bulge.

INT/EXT. JUDGE'S CAR - NIGHT

The Judge is driving like mad. Prosecutor Flynn calls the Judge's cell. He answers on the car's speaker phone.

PROSECUTOR FLYNN (V.O.)  
Bob! Where you been buddy?

JUDGE BALESTEIN  
(suspiciously)  
Been around.

PROSECUTOR FLYNN (V.O.)  
Around? Around the bar room?

The Judge says nothing and keeps driving.

PROSECUTOR FLYNN  
This lost weekend of yours or  
whatever it was got me worried.  
Where you at now? You there? Bob?

The Judge hangs up and keeps driving.

INT. COUNTRY CLUB LAUNDRY ROOM - DUSK

The Agent is fucking the Maid hard on top of the washing machine. Wedge climbs out the dryer with panties on his head.

WEDGE  
What's shakin' bacon? The spin  
cycle? Say cheese!

Wedge takes a selfie on his phone smiling with a thumbs up. The Agent and Maid are behind him.



The Maid smiles and waves to the camera. The Agent tries to grab him but can't stop fucking. Wedge runs out the back and escapes in the woods.

INT. COUNTRY CLUB BANQUET ROOM - DUSK

The Agents fidget and sweat as their pants bulge. Trying to stand, Agent St. Clair knocks himself back into his chair when his erection hits the underside of the table.

All of the Agents can't stand it anymore.

AGENT ST.CLAIR  
Agents. Abort mission immediately!

The Agents run to their cars. Agent St. Clair calls his wife.

AGENT ST.CLAIR (CONT'D)  
Honey? I'm coming home!

The FBI vehicles peel out of the Country Club parking lot.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

Barely down the street the Amish mafia are in horse and buggy. FBI Agents pull up with a stern look but drive on.

INT/EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

Wedge and crew are speeding down the road. The Russians approach and shoot out the windows. They spin out and stop.

RUSSIANS  
Come out my little bean bag!

Wedge appears from the wreckage.

WEDGE  
What choo want Sputnik? Cuz I got no fucks to give your commie ass.

RUSSIANS  
One question. Where is Motherlode?

WEDGE  
Man... the Motherl... Oh. Shit.  
Only if you cut my ass in!

The Russians shove an assault rifle practically up his nose.

WEDGE (CONT'D)  
Or don't.

EXT. MARINE BASE. NEW JERSEY - NIGHT

The Russians are outside the fence. Using wire cutters to cut a hole the size of their Humvee, they drive in.

INT. SERGEANTS QUARTERS. MARINE BASE. NEW JERSEY. - NIGHT

A Marine drill sergeant, SERGEANT SPARKLY is verbally berating a SOLDIER up close to his face.

SERGEANT SPARKLY  
Do you care about fruity underwear?

SOLDIER  
Yes I care about fruity underwear sir!

SERGEANT SPARKLY  
When?!

SOLDIER  
Now!

SERGEANT SPARKLY  
Where?!

SOLDIER  
There! Sir!

SERGEANT SPARKLY  
Right! On your knees soldier!

Sergeant Sparkly pushes the soldier to his knees. At that moment the fence alarm goes off with lights and sounds.

SERGEANT SPARKLY (CONT'D)  
Holy fucking sheep shit can't a man get a piece of mind around here?!

Sergeant Sparkly goes to the base surveillance control room. At this point the Sergeant is only seen from above the waist.

INT/EXT. MARINE BASE. NEW JERSEY - NIGHT

The Russians drive their Humvee through the field area towards the barracks where Wedge said the dope is.

RUSSIAN ONE  
Stupid Americans. They spend all  
their money on Military. For what?

INT. SURVEILLANCE ROOM. MARINE BASE. NEW JERSEY. - NIGHT

The surveillance monitors show the Russian's Humvee broke through the fence and is approaching the warehouse.

SERGEANT SPARKLY  
What's this? A breach in the outer  
perimeter! Prepare for a showdown!

Sergeant Sparkly and the soldier grab an arsenal of weapons and go outside to confront the approaching aggressors.

EXT. MARINE BASE WAREHOUSE. NEW JERSEY - NIGHT

The Russians pull up to the warehouse, shoot anyone in sight and attempt to break in. Sergeant Sparkly confronts them.

SERGEANT SPARKLY  
Who dares defile my platoon?!

The Russians shoot at him. It turns into a gun battle. Sergeant Sparkly blasts huge automatic weaponry at the Russians. In mid gun battle we see Sergeant Sparkly reveal below his standard Marine officers coat and hat, he's wearing pink laced Victorian age ladies bloomers and high heels. The Russians fire back. Sergeant Sparkly jumps behind a truck.

SERGEANT SPARKLY (CONT'D)  
Identify yourself shooter!

RUSSIAN ONE  
I am your worst nightmare!

SERGEANT SPARKLY  
Well Mr. your worst nightmare,  
you're up against the United States  
Marines so I suggest you surrender  
or face hell on Earth!

RUSSIAN ONE  
I never surrender.

The Russians shoot again. Sergeant Sparkly looks at his feet to see he broke a high heel. Now he's really pissed off.

SERGEANT SPARKLY  
Fuck me! My \$900 Louboutins!

He comes out from behind the truck waving the broken shoe in the air and fearlessly yelling straight at the Russians.

SERGEANT SPARKLY (CONT'D)  
Look what you did! This is war!!

He throws the broken high heel hitting a Russian in the head. Noticing the Sergeants half in drag, the Russians are momentarily stunned. The gun battle continues. Sergeant Sparkly ducks behind the truck to call in a Drone strike.

EXT. SKY - NIGHT

A flying DRONE zeros in on the Russian targets.

SERGEANT SPARKLY (V.O.)  
(on radio)  
Weapon in position, target secure.  
Blast the sons of Ruskie bitches!

The Drone reduces the Russians to a pile of smoldering ash.

EXT. MARINE BASE WAREHOUSE. NEW JERSEY - NIGHT

Sergeant Sparkly gets on the radio to the MP's.

SERGEANT SPARKLY  
Come in 10-32, come in 10-32. This  
is Sergeant Sparkly. Operation  
Snowball is hereby terminated.  
Prepare for incineration.

MP'S quickly pull up to the scene in Jeeps. Opening the warehouse they drag large white bricks with Arabic writing on them outside, douse them in gasoline and set on fire.

INT. MARINE BASE BARRACKS. NEW JERSEY - NIGHT

The fumes from the fire penetrate a neighboring barrack's air vent. The SOLDIERS party it up, playing guitar, singing, FEMALE SOLDIERS dancing half naked. Everyone is high.

EXT. GRAVEYARD FUNERAL - DAY

MOURNER's gather around Don Boloni's gravesite. Don Draconi administer's the eulogy.

DON DRACONI  
He lived like a boss, and died like  
a boss. Drowning in pussy.  
(MORE)

DON DRACONI (CONT'D)  
He was the first to tell me, "Don't  
buy into your own bullshit." And  
those words ring true to this day.

KOSHER MAFIA BOSS  
Yeah right.

INT. MOBSTER SUMMER HOME - DAY

A lavish party for Don Boloni's memorial service ATTENDEES.  
High class ESCORTS in Lingerie flirt with all the Mobsters.

JOEY BAGGADONUTS  
You know what this means boss.

DON DRACONI  
Wuzzat?

JOEY BAGGADONUTS  
You're the big boss now.

SWIFTY PETE  
Yah boss, the big Kahuna.

GUMMY THE BEAR  
Or the big cheese.

JOEY BAGGADONUTS  
What's a Kahuna anyway?

SWIFTY PETE  
I dunno. But it's big.

GUMMY THE BEAR  
Cheese is bigger.

SWIFTY PETE  
No it ain't.

Don Draconi thinks for a moment, then relishes in delight.

DON DRACONI  
Hmmm, the big guy eh?

An ESCORT playfully flops her boobs over Don Draconi's head  
from behind. He puffs his cigar without flinching.

DON DRACONI (CONT'D)  
I can roll with that. This racket  
needs a spin though. A little PR so  
people don't believe all that  
cockeyed bullshit in the papers. I  
think I got just the idea.

INT. FILM PRODUCTION STUDIO. FAKE DOORWAY - DAY

A flickering grainy B&W film shows an empty doorway. OLD-TIMEY MUSIC plays as Don Draconi storms out of it dressed in a pin striped suit, Fedora hat and brandishing a Tommy gun.

DON DRACONI

That's right ya Dirty Rats. I'm making youse an offer, and I'll plug ya full of holes if you refuse it, see? Nyah!

Don Draconi shoots the Tommy Machine Gun.

MARTIN SCORCESE (O.S.)

Cut!

DON DRACONI

Cut? Whatta ya mean cut?

BACK TO COLOR FROM THE GRAINY B&W FILM

We see that MARTIN SCORCESE has been directing.

MARTIN SCORCESE

Like I said! Cut! Fucking cut! Who wrote that dialogue? It's awful!

DON DRACONI

I did!

MARTIN SCORCESE

I can't work with this!

DON DRACONI

(assertively)  
And why not?

MARTIN SCORCESE

Because it sucks!

DON DRACONI

Look Scorsese, I hired you. So let's do this.

MARTIN SCORCESE

No disrespect, but I'm only doing this as a favor to your father. Rest his soul. But this... this really sucks the big one.

DON DRACONI

Yeah? Well you're fired Scorsese!

MARTIN SCORCESE  
No one fires me. I quit!

Martin Scorsese walks out of the set.

DON DRACONI  
No ones like a quitter Scorsese!

Martin Scorsese keeps walking.

DON DRACONI (CONT'D)  
You're a hack Scorsese! A hack I  
tell you!

GUMMY THE BEAR  
Want I should go get him boss?

DON DRACONI  
Nah, let him go.

Don Draconi puffs his cigar.

DON DRACONI (CONT'D)  
Get me Coppola on the phone!

INT. CABLE NETWORK CONTROL ROOM/MOVIE THEATER - NIGHT

The DIRECTOR, PRODUCER and VIDEO TECHNICIANS of "The World's Most Stupidest Criminals" TV show are preparing a broadcast. Cueing 2 camera feeds, the monitors show FBI Agent St. Clair on one camera, and FBI AGENT FRANKENHAUSER on the other.

INTERCUT - CONTROL ROOM/MOVIE THEATER

DIRECTOR  
Stand by to roll tape! Agent St.  
Clair are you ready?

AGENT ST.CLAIR  
Ready here.

DIRECTOR  
Agent Frankenhauser. How about you?

AGENT FRANKENHAUSER  
Ready.

PRODUCER  
Camera's in position.

The cameras focus and steady their frames.

DIRECTOR  
Ok, Ready One. Roll tape! Action!

AGENT ST.CLAIR  
Tonight! On the World's Most  
stupidest criminals. Sneak attack.  
Join us as we flush out Orinthal  
Williams, better known as notorious  
Gangsta... Wedge.

DIRECTOR  
Camera Two!

AGENT FRANKENHAUSER  
Our fugitive bought reserved seats  
online at this theater. With his  
own credit card.

AGENT ST.CLAIR  
He's on a date.

AGENT FRANKENHAUSER  
Let's watch a Gangsta go down.

The camera's follow the Agents as they walk down the aisle of  
the movie theater. Audience members take notice.

DIRECTOR  
Project camera feed on big screen.

To catch Wedge off guard, they interrupt the movie and  
project their broadcast on the big screen of the theater.

AGENT ST.CLAIR  
Wedge is at seat 21 and 22, Row H.

The camera zooms in on Wedge. He sees himself on the screen.  
He looks at the camera, then looks at the screen seeing  
himself looking at the screen. He looks at the camera again.

AGENT FRANKENHAUSER  
The jig is up Wedge!

AGENT ST.CLAIR  
We suggest you come quietly!

Wedge throws a large popcorn and soda in the air, hops over  
the seats and runs for the exits by the screen.

AGENT FRANKENHAUSER  
What a popcorn toss! I bet his date  
didn't see that coming!



AGENT ST.CLAIR  
He's making a run for it! Watch as  
he meets our officers standing by  
the back exits.

Wedge runs through the left exit door. Then he runs out that  
door across the floor to the right exit door. He re-emerges  
then runs to the stage below the screen and stops.

WEDGE  
I ain't going back to prison!

The projection of Wedge on the screen as he stands in front  
of it creates video feedback and a trail of multiple Wedges.

DIRECTOR  
Nice effect. Zoom in.

The camera zooms in on Wedge to a close up with effects.

AGENT FRANKENHAUSER  
Give it up! There's nowhere to run!

WEDGE  
Shoot me in front of all of these  
people. Violate my civil rights!

AGENT ST.CLAIR  
Don't play that game Wedge!

WEDGE  
I ain't going! I ain't no bitch!

AGENT FRANKENHAUSER  
Like it or not, it's over!

WEDGE  
Kiss my black ass! You too America!  
Kiss it! Smoochy smooch smooch!

Wedge makes a vulgar facial expression at the camera then  
turns around pointing to his ass.

DIRECTOR  
Zoom to ass.

The camera zooms to Wedge pointing at his ass.

AGENT ST.CLAIR  
There may be another option Wedge!

WEDGE  
And what's that?

AGENT ST.CLAIR  
See the screen behind you? That's  
TV land. If you jump into it, we  
can't follow you!

Wedge looks behind him at the screen, then looks back at the  
camera. He turns around, runs and jumps at the screen hitting  
it hard and falls flat on his back.

AGENT FRANKENHAUSER  
He fell for it!

FBI AGENTS apprehend and handcuff Wedge on camera. The Agents  
hosting turn back to the cameras.

AGENT ST.CLAIR  
Another classic fail. That's it for  
the World's Stoopidest Criminals.

AGENT FRANKENHAUSER  
Join us next week in hot pursuit of  
more complete dumbasses. Goodnight.

DIRECTOR  
Cut!

INT. BOO BOO'S SOCIAL CLUB - NIGHT

Don Draconi switches off his TV after watching Wedge busted.

DON DRACONI  
Well, that's that. Family business  
gets settled one way or another.

Don Draconi's nude GIRLFRIEND is on a rug by the fireplace.

DRACONI'S GIRLFRIEND  
You have business to settle over  
here too tough guy.

DON DRACONI  
That I do darlin'. That I do.

Still puffing his cigar he dives between her legs.

EXT. SOUTH CAROLINA HIGHWAY - NIGHT

The Judge is driving like a bat out of hell, freaked out and  
escaping his former life. He drives by a sign, "Welcome to  
South Carolina." Local boy BUBBA sees him drive by. Bubba  
calls his brother ROY on a walkie talkie.

BUBBA

We got us a live one Roy!

Roy throws a spiked chain across the road. Hitting the spikes the Judge's car tires blow out. The car spins out then stops in the weeds next to the road. Roy walks up to the disabled car with the Judge sitting stunned in the front seat.

ROY

Well looky here. Car trouble?

EXT. DARK ALLEY - NIGHT

Capt. Mahoney drunkenly stumbles out the door of an Irish Pub singing Dirty Sea Shanties.

CAPT. MAHONEY

(singing)

"An old Sea Dog with a cock like a  
Moose. Fucked a hairy twat till the  
crabs got loose. They jumped on his  
prick like a pogo stick. Got  
blottoed right on Sea Dog juice."

Wobbling into a dark alley, he stops to look back. Seeing only an empty alley, he continues to walk and sing. He stops and looks back once again. No one there. At his car he fumbles for his keys. In a dark doorway next to the car, Don Draconi illuminates his face as he calmly lights his cigar.

CAPT. MAHONEY (CONT'D)

You.

DON DRACONI

Surprised?

CAPT. MAHONEY

Thought I smelled Chicken WOP pie.

Draconi's men walk up from the darkness, guns drawn.

DON DRACONI

Constant verbal diarrheas gotta  
hurt, Captain.

CAPT. MAHONEY

You here for the reach around?

DON DRACONI

Our organization has a long history  
of working well with Cops, Judges  
and Politicians. But times change,  
and so do people. Some get, cold.

Capt. Mahoney takes a deep breath and sighs.

CAPT. MAHONEY  
(solemnly)  
I'm just a bit player. But I guess  
that just the way the story goes.

DON DRACONI  
Indeed.

CAPT. MAHONEY  
Do I get a choice here? Drown in a  
vat of Whiskey? Fucked to death by  
an Irish woman's soccer team?

DON DRACONI  
No reward coupons are given at time  
of departure, asshole. You're going  
for a ride.

CAPT. MAHONEY  
A ride. Gimme a fucking break.  
You're a fucking cartoon! A ride.  
And while we're at it, what kind of  
name is Draconi anyway? That's not  
Sicilian or Neapolitan!

DON DRACONI  
My grandfather was  
Romanian/Sicilian and... nunna yer  
fuckin' business! Get in the back.

They push Mahoney into the back of his car.

CAPT. MAHONEY  
Omertà is dead! And you're a  
disgrace. Your pop'd be ashamed.  
Leaving a bloody trail like that,  
dieing for your god damn ice cream  
cone. Then you turn out a fucking  
half ass putz!

Don Draconi does a double take.

DON DRACONI  
What'd you say?

CAPT. MAHONEY  
A fucking half ass putz!

DON DRACONI  
The other thing, 'bout my pop.

CAPT. MAHONEY  
I said... I... sai... oh.

QUICK FLASH - EXT. STREET SCENE - DAY

YOUNG DON DRACONI sees a YOUNGER CAPT. MAHONEY as one of the shooters that whacked his father along with the Ice Cream truck driving contract killer known as MR. SOFTIE.

BACK TO SCENE

Realizing Capt. Mahoney was one of the shooters, Draconi's engulfed by rage and opens fire shooting him in the balls.

CAPT. MAHONEY  
(in excruciating pain)  
At least... I got balls to shoot  
you Guido faggot!

DON DRACONI  
(calmly)  
Say hello to Mr. Softie.

Draconi and his men blast him full of holes.

DON DRACONI (CONT'D)  
Your lease is null and void. You no  
longer rent space in my head.

INT. MASSAGE ROOM - DAY

Draconi lays down on a massage table smoking a cigar through the face hole. A MASSEUSE gives him an erotic massage.

DON DRACONI  
Got creaks, aches, pains all over  
babe. Work your magic like you do.

MASSEUSE  
I'll do what I can Mr. Draconi.

DON DRACONI  
How 'bout da warm oil? Grease me up  
good. Hard week at the office.

MASSEUSE  
Yes sir.

She puts the oil on then suddenly large male hands replace the female hands and continue massaging him.

DON DRACONI

Nice. Wow. Oh yeah. Been working out? Save that grip for later. Heh.

The large male hands really work his back.

DON DRACONI (CONT'D)

Whoa, that's some deep tissue.

FBI AGENT (O.S.)

(deep voice)

How deep do you want it?

Draconi spits out his cigar and struggles. Agents hold him down and handcuff him. He sees feet walk below the massage table. Agent St. Clair kneels down and looks up at him.

AGENT ST.CLAIR

Having fun are we?

DON DRACONI

A fucking blast.

AGENT ST.CLAIR

Your goose is cooked tough guy.

DON DRACONI

How about my happy ending?

They turn Draconi around and he sits up.

AGENT ST.CLAIR

No happy ending for you.

DON DRACONI

What charges you think you got?

AGENT ST.CLAIR

Plenty. The icing on the cake, Mahoney's body cam.

DON DRACONI

He didn't have no body cam.

AGENT ST.CLAIR

Musta slipped his mind. Sure made for some excellent viewing.

Agent St. Clair shows him the footage on his smart phone.

PHONE:

DON DRACONI ON SCREEN

"Say hello to Mr. Softie."

DON DRACONI  
That's my stunt double.

AGENT ST.CLAIR  
I'm not as stupid as I look. I  
mean... Do I look stu... anyway,  
your buddy on the bench ain't  
around to help you either.

DON DRACONI  
Dunno what yer talking 'bout.

AGENT ST.CLAIR  
Turn up the heat and the roaches  
scatter. We'll catch up to him.

EXT. SOUTH CAROLINA HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Roy ransacks the car as Bubba holds a shotgun on the Judge.

BUBBA  
Got a real pretty mouth, ain't he?

Roy chains up the car to his truck and gets in.

ROY  
In the truck Bubba! Ain't no time  
fer gittin' rapey!

Bubba gets in and sticks his head out the window.

BUBBA  
You a lucky boy! Squeal like a pig!

Bubba makes a disgusting pig squealing sound. The car drags  
on shredded tires and rims as they drive away. The Judge has  
a stern look as if he's still the powerful man he once was.

INT. FEDERAL PRISON - DAY

Don Draconi sits in his cell staring at the graffiti on the  
ceiling. The clanging of the bars ring out in the hallway. He  
notices the newly arrived Wedge being escorted down the hall.

DON DRACONI  
There goes the neighborhood.

WEDGE  
Muthafucka!

INT. FEDERAL PRISON MESS HALL - DAY

Don Draconi is at a table eating. Wedge sits across from him.

DON DRACONI  
Well, well. My favorite hemorrhoid.

WEDGE  
My favorite boil on a Baboon's ass.

They continue eating. Don Draconi has a dessert on his plate.

WEDGE (CONT'D)  
You gonna eat that?

DON DRACONI  
Yeah I'm gonna eat that.

WEDGE  
Then eat it.

DON DRACONI  
I'll eat it when I eat it.

Wedge leans in close and stares Draconi down.

WEDGE  
Eat it.

Don Draconi leans in close staring Wedge down back.

DON DRACONI  
You eat it.

WEDGE  
Aright.

Wedge snatches it and eats it quickly.

DON DRACONI  
Hey! I was gonna eat that!

EXT. PRISON YARD WEIGHT PILE - DAY

Don Draconi is spotting Wedge bench pressing.

DON DRACONI  
You bench like a girl.

WEDGE  
You are a girl. A damn ugly one.

They walk the yard together.



DON DRACONI  
Is your hood book gonna be called,  
"It's a washed up thug's life?"

WEDGE  
Your book will be called, "A  
Greaseball's guide to Faggotry."

INT. PRISON HALL - DAY

Don Draconi and Wedge are both mopping the floor.

DON DRACONI  
They'll make an HBO Series about  
you called "The Ghetto Turd."

WEDGE  
Your Series is called "Shit." Just  
plain old shit. That's what it is.

The GUARDS are laughing.

GUARD  
They used to be big shots.

EXT. SOUTH CAROLINA - DAY

Judge Balestein walks down a dusty main street of a small town. Robbed of everything, penniless and destitute. Sitting at a bus stop he contemplates the moment. He looks at a sign in the window of a Diner across the street, "Dishwasher Wanted." He gets up and walks towards the Diner.

THE END