

Omertà

Episode 1 - "The Spark"

Written By

Brett Schlagel

INT. DIVE BAR - NIGHT

It's 1979. RICO - mid to late 30sm Italian American, US Marine - sits at the bar. He's drifting in and out of sleep. He's having nightmares bout Vietnam, reliving days he wishes he could forget.

DREAM SEQUENCE

Edge of a village in Vietnam. Sounds of war permeate the air, bullets, bombs, ricochets. It's deafening and chaotic.

RICO
(into radio)
We're pinned down! Requesting air support!

RADIO
Request for air support denied. Too many civilians.

SOLDIER 1
Rico! We've got company! 12 o'clock!

RICO
(into radio)
Goddammit! We need air support now or we're all dead down here!

RADIO
Denied.

SOLDIER 1
Incoming!

A high pitched whistle.

SOLDIER 1
Rico! Rico!

BOOOOOOM! Mortar explodes.

END DREAM SEQUENCE

WAITRESS
Rico. Wake up.

Rico wakes up with a start and knocks over glasses and bottles that were laying in front of him.

WAITRESS

If Murphy catches you asleep in his bar he'll kick you out.

RICO

Sorry. It won't happen again.

WAITRESS

Still having nightmares?

RICO

Every time I close my eyes, I'm back in Vietnam. Back in the damn jungle.

WAITRESS

That's gotta be hard to deal with.

RICO

Is what it is. Hey, can I talk you into findin' me a glass of water?

WAITRESS

Sure, hun! I'll be right back!

Rico waits for the waitress to return but falls back asleep.

DREAM SEQUENCE

Gunfire everywhere, helicopters flying overhead.

RICO

Jackson! Marco! You two with me! The rest of you to the backside of the village! Their men are dressed in civilian clothing! Do your best but take no chances! Kill or be killed! Move out!

Heavy boots move through brush and dirt. Rico and his team take heavy fire from every direction. Enemies pop up from everywhere.

SHINK! SHINK! SHINK! Marco gets ambushed and is stabbed to death.

MARCO

Gahhhhh!

BAM AM AM AM AM! Rico blows the frail Vietnamese soldier in half.

JACKSON

Marco!

RICO

He's gone! Keep moving!

JACKSON

Marco!

RICO

Move it Jackson!

JACKSON

(to Rico)

Look out!

Rico darts quickly to avoid a knife attack and wraps an arm around the neck of assailant.

VIETNAMESE SOLDIER 1

Stop! I can't breathe!

END DREAM SEQUENCE

Rico has his arms wrapped around the neck of the Waitress. Squeezing. She's struggling, knocking over chairs and glasses.

WAITRESS

Rico....I can't....breathe...

He comes to and lets go in an instant. She gasps and coughs as she catches her breath.

RICO

I'm sorry! I'm sorry!

WAITRESS

What the hell is wrong with you?

MURPHY

Get the fuck outta my bar, Rico!

One of the bar's occupants stands up from his table.

BAR PATRON 1

Ya wanna try puttin' ya hands on me ya prick?

RICO

Look, I'm sorry. I got this thing -

BAR PATRON 1

How 'bout I give ya mutha my thing for
not teachin' ya how to treat lady?

RICO

I'm not lookin' for trouble here.

MURPHY

Rico! Get outta here!

RICO

(to Murphy)

I'm out! I'm leavin'! I'm leavin'!

Rico heads for the door. As he walks past the mouthy bar patron the patron pipes up again.

BAR PATRON 1

Ya that's right, get the fuck out you
piece of sh-

BLAM! Rico busts him in his nose. The patron falls to the floor moaning in pain.

BAR PATRON 1

Ohhhh...my nose...you broke my fuckin'
nose!

MURPHY

OUT!

Rico exits through the heavy bar door.

EXT. NYC STREETS - NIGHT

The bar door slams shut. Rico lights up a cigarette. He takes a big drag and exhales.

RICO

(to himself)

That went well.

He starts up the concrete steps to the street level when the bar door opens and out comes Murphy.

RICO

I'm leavin', Murphy.

MURPHY

Hold up a minute, would ya? Look, I
like you man, but I can't have you

roughin' up my staff. Especially the girls.

RICO

I'm really sorry, Murphy. I got this thing -

MURPHY

I know, I know. I get it. My brother's the same way since he got back. The others, they don't get it so much.

RICO

What are you gettin' at Murph? Are you kickin' me out for good?

MURPHY

Not for good. Just give it a couple weeks. Let things cool down here, then you can come back. But if I catch you sleepin' in there again...you're out for good.

RICO

Alright.

Rico starts walking away.

MURPHY

(louder)

Maybe try the joint up the block for a bit, huh?

Rico continues his walk. Cars pass on roads wet from the rain earlier that day. 70s music fades in and out as the drive by.

He walks by a prostitute.

PROSTITUE

Hey, baby. You look like you could use some company?

RICO

I'm good, thanks.

PROSTITUE

(louder as Rico walks away)

You know where to find me.

His footsteps continue onward. Yelling and screaming come

from an alley just ahead. Rico continues his steady pace. The closer he gets to the alley the louder the scuffle becomes. He stops at the alley's entrance.

MUGGER 1

Give me your fuckin' purse!

They struggle over the purse. A tug of war over belongings.

FEMALE VICTIM

Help! Somebody help me!

MUGGER 2

Shut the fuck up! Give me this!

Mugger 2 steps in and gives a hard yank on the purse. The strap breaks and Female Victim falls to the ground. The two muggers laugh.

RICO

HEY!

MUGGER 1

Mind your own business!

Rico walks toward the muggers.

RICO

Give her back her things and get out of here.

MUGGER 2

Or what? You gonna be both our asses?

The muggers laugh. Rico takes one last drag off his cigarette, drops it, and snuffs it out with this foot.

RICO

I'm not gonna ask again.

MUGGER 2

Man, fuck this muthafu-

BLAM! Rico unleashes a fury onto the muggers. He beats the ruthlessly until they're unconscious.

Rico picks up the woman's purse and hands it to her.

RICO

Here' you go. You alright?

FEMALE VICTIM

Did you...did you just kill them?

RICO

Nah, they'll be alright in a day or two.

FEMALE VICTIM

Thank you.

Female Victim brushes herself off.

FEMALE VICTIM (CONT'D)

I know you from somewhere. Don't you work at the Italian restaurant just down the street?

RICO

Yeah. It's my old man's place. I help out from time to time.

FEMALE VICTIM

I thought that was it. Well, I should be going. I'm sure I'll see you at the restaurant sometime. Thanks again.

RICO

Don't mention it. G'night.

FEMALE VICTIM

Good night.

Female Victim walks away and Rico continues his walk home.

He reaches the restaurant and enters the front door.

INT. FAMILY RESTAURANT - NIGHT

JING JING! The bells attached to the door jingle as the door opens and closes. Italian music plays over head and dinnerware clinks as tables are bussed.

JIMMY

Hey, Rico.

RICO

Hey, Jimmy. It's quittin' time. What are you still doin' here, man?

JIMMY

We were slammed tonight, dishes out

the ying-yang. Your dad's in the back office if you're lookin for 'im. Tony's back there though, so might give 'em a minute.

RICO

All good, brotha. Thanks.

Rico heads through the kitchen toward and makes his way to the back office. A muffled conversation leaks through the cheap hollow door.

Rico reaches for the door handle to let himself in but something in the conversation makes him stop and listen. It's not the usual Tony visit.

TONY (O.S.)

You're a good man, Enzo. Each week I walk troo dat door...and each week you pay no problem. Wit my blessin I can getchyou da ten tousand ya lookin' for.

ENZO (O.S.)

Good to hear. You know I'm good for it, Tony.

TONY (O.S.)

I know ya are, uddawise, I wouldn't even consida such a ting. But I'll tell ya right now, da udda guys ain't like me, dey don't know ya like I know ya. If you miss a payment...well ya juss don't wanna miss a payment, know what I'm sayin'?

ENZO (O.S.)

I know, I know. I'm good for it.

TONY (O.S.)

Okay, den. I'll be back first ting in da mornin' wit da money. I'll see ya den.

ENZO (O.S.)

Sounds good.

Tony opens the office door and almost runs into Rico.

TONY (O.S.)

Heyyy, Rico - Jesus buddy, ya smell

like da inside uva whiskey barrel,
huh? Ah, I'm juss messin' wit ya, big
guy. Have good one.

Tony walks himself out of the restaurant.

RICO

What was all that about?

ENZO

What'd I tell you about eavesdroppin'?

RICO

You're not seriously takin' a loan out
with these guys are you?

ENZO

My restaurant is my business, Rico. I
need a little extra money to fix this
place up a bit. Some new equipment,
I'll get the painters in here, some
new tables and chairs - it'll be like
a whole new place. Boy I wish your
mutha were here to see it when it's
done.

RICO

That's all good, Pop, but these guys
are no good. You heard 'im. You don't
want to miss a payment. They'll come
in and break your legs, or worse. Why
don't you tell 'em you changed your
mind and I'll figure out how to get
you the money you need?

ENZO

No, no. Really, I wanna do this for
you. I ain't got much to pass on...but
I got this restaurant. Once I'm gone
this place will be yours.

RICO

Look, I really appreciate what you're
doin', but-

ENZO

Enough of that. It's done. I got a few
things to finish up in here before I
head upstairs for the night. Help
Jimmy finish up the dishes so he can
get outta here, will ya? He's a good

kid but I swear he takes 3 years to wash a single plate.

RICO
Sure thing, Pop.

INT. FAMILY RESTAURANT - DAY

The traffic buzz and honks leak inside the restaurant as the HANDYMAN - 40s-50s, gruff, sleazy - steps into the restaurant with one of his employees.

JIMMY
Just the two of you guys for lunch today?

HANDYMAN
Actually, I'm here to talk with Enzo.

JIMMY
Sure, I'll go get him for -

Enzo steps in from kitchen.

ENZO
Hey, you the painter?

HANDYMAN
Paintin', floorin', electrical...my buddy's wife - got my hand in a few things! Heh heh heh! Gotchyer cwall. I hear ya lookin' to spruce things up a bit.

ENZO
Yeah, that's right.

HANDYMAN
Whatchya lookin' to do ehzactly?

ENZO
I wanna turn this into a real gem, ya know? Fixin' drywall, some fresh paint, new carpet...I got some new equipment comin' in too, gonna need some electrical work done in the back. New sinks - so some plubmin'. I got a laundry list, I tell ya! Ha ha ha!

Enzo and Handyman laugh.

HANDYMAN

Boy am I glad you cwallled *ME*! Heh heh!

INT. FAMILY RESTAURANT - NIGHT

The restaurant is closing for the night.

ENZO

Alright guys, let's call it a night.
Closin' time. Jimmy, lock the front
and turn off the signs, would ya?

JIMMY

Yep.

ENZO

(to Rico)

Thanks for stickin' around to help out
these past few weeks, Rico. We've been
so busy. Kinda like old times, 'memba?
You use to help ya mudda bus these
tables and do the dishes. Always her
shadow you was.

Rico and Enzo share a quick chuckle over fond memories.

RICO

Yeah I remember that. I tell you
though, pop...I wasn't sure about the
guys you hired but this place looks
great, like a whole new restaurant.

ENZO

Yeah, it does doesn't it?

RICO

Probably why things picked up 'round
here.

ENZO

Ahhh, see! Now ya gettin' it. Since we
did them renovations 3 months ago our
profits have been up 12-13%
consistently. I know it don't sound
like much, but that adds up, ya know?

RICO

That's good to hear, pop.

JIMMY

So what you're sayin' is now would be

a good time to ask for a raise?

A beat passes and they all laugh.

ENZO

Get outta here! You had me for a second! Just a second though -

BAMAMAM! KRSHHHHHHHH! SKURRRRRRR! Three shots are fired through the front window. The windows shatter and a black Ford sedan takes off like a banshee in the streets.

RICO

Jesus! - Everybody okay? Dad? Jimmy?

ENZO

I'm alright, I'm alright.

JIMMY

I'm okay.

ENZO

Che due palle! Son of a bitch!

RICO

Was that Tony and his men?

ENZO

Yeah, think so. Look at this. What a mess!

RICO

You told me you been payin' 'em.

ENZO

Well...not exactly.

RICO

Pop! This is what I was talkin' about. You can't take these guys' money and not pay 'em.

ENZO

I know, I know! It just cost me more to do this place up then what I was thinkin'. So now I'm payin' Tony the protection money, the loan money, and I'm payin' the contractor on top of that. Things is tight, Rico.

RICO

Jimmy, why don't you bus the rest of these tables and do the dishes. I'm gonna help pop clean this mess up.

JIMMY

Alright.

ENZO

Oh, what are we to do?

RICO

Pay 'em.

ENZO

I can't give 'em what I ain't got!

RICO

Then stop payin' the handyman. Go to the bank and take out a loan there to pay these guys off. At least the bank won't shoot the place up.

ENZO

You don't think I woulda went to the bank if I could've in the first place?

RICO

Want me to talk to 'em?

ENZO

The bank?

RICO

No Tony. Maybe I can work somethin' out-

ENZO

Nooo, nooo. You'll juss make things worse. We'll figure somethin' out. For now, go to the back and grab some plywood to board up this window while I sweep. I'll call the window guy in the mornin'.

INT. DIVE BAR - NIGHT

Rico sits at his usual place at the bar. Smoking a cigarette and drinking whiskey on the rocks.

RICO
Hey, Murph. Can I get anotha one?

MURPHY
Yeah.

Murph puts a clean glass in front of Rico and makes the drink.

MURPHY (CONT'D)
No sleepin'. Got it?

RICO
No sleepin'.

Murphy slides the glass forward to Rico.

MURPHY
I'm surprised she still even works here.

RICO
Who, Samantha?

MURPHY
Tried to explain it to her. I think she gets it.

RICO
She avoids me like a bad case of herpes.

MURPHY
You wouldn't?

RICO
You're right.

MURPHY
What you *should* do is apologize to girl.

RICO
I did.

MURPHY
You said it when it happened 6 months ago. Not the same. Take it from a married man. You're still in the doghouse on this one.

RICO

So what am I supposed to say? "Oh hey sorry 'bout that one time I almost choked you out"?

MURPHY

Maybe a little more finesse. Just be cool man...and mean it. It'll smooth things over.

RICO

I'll give it a shot.

MURPHY

Look at that, an opportunity presents itself. She stepped out front for a cigarette. You gonna do it or what?

RICO

Yeah, yeah...

Rico gets out of his seat and exits the bar.

EXT. DIVE BAR - NIGHT

Samantha, the waitress, smokes a cigarette just outside the doors.

RICO

Hey, uh...mind if I join you?

SAMANTHA

Free country, isn't it?

Rico chuckles under his breath.

RICO

Yeah...I guess it is...

Rico lights up a cigarette. An awkward moment, goes by as they both take drags off their cigarettes.

RICO (CONT'D)

Heyyy, soooo...I ain't ever been too good at this sort of thing but uh...I wanted to say I'm sorry about what happened a little while back.

SAMANTHA

You mean when you jumped up, wrapped your arms around my neck, and choked

me until I almost passed out?

RICO

...Yeah. That's uh...that's what I'm talkin' about.

They both take a drag off of their cigarettes. A beat goes by.

RICO (CONT'D)

Sooo-

SAMANTHA

So what? You said you wanted to apologize, but you haven't yet.

RICO

Okay...I'm sorry... I'm sorry for scarin' you if I did. I'm sorry for hurtin' you...if I did. I didn't mean for that to happen.

Samantha takes another drag from her cigarette and exhales loudly. Rico patiently waits for her response.

SAMANTHA

Apology accepted...if you buy me a drink.

RICO

I'd be happy to. Whaddya want? I'll have Murph make it up.

SAMANTHA

Not here. Somewhere else...after I get off, which is in about an hour.

RICO

Okay, anywhere you want. It's on me.

SAMANTHA

I gotta get back in there or Murphy's gonna shit.

Sirens begin to wail in the distance. They get closer and closer with each passing second.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

What is that?

RICO
The sirens?

SAMANTHA
No, in the sky down the road. Is
something on fire?

WEEEEEOOOOOOOOOOOHHHHH! Firetrucks and cop cars blaze past
Rico and Samantha headed toward the restaurant.

RICO
Is that? The restaurant!!

Rico sprints up the steps and runs after the emergency
vehicles.

EXT. NYC STREETS - NIGHT

Rico runs as fast as he can, huffing and puffing as his feet
pound the pavement.

He passes the prostitute still working the corner.

PROSTITUE
Hey, Ricoooo!

He runs and runs. Until he makes it to the restaurant.

EXT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

The restaurant is an inferno. It's a scene of chaos as flames
burst through windows, glass shatters, emergency crew
scramble, and onlookers gather.

Rico Rushes toward the restaurant door but is quickly stopped
by a firefighter.

FIREFIGHTER
Stop! You can't go in there!

RICO
My fathers in there, upstairs! Let go
of me!

FIREFIGHTER
Sir! You can't go in it's too dang-

RICO
AHHH!

He uses all his force to shove the Firefighter away and he

bursts through what used to be the doors to the restaurant.

INT. FAMILY RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Flames and smoke are blinding. Glass is crunching under his feet. He's coughing and yelling out for his father over the roar of the fire.

RICO

Pop! Pop!

Chunks of the building collapse around Rico.

RICO (CONT'D)

Pooooop!

BOOOOOOOOOSH! A huge beam falls from the ceiling.

END.

OMERTÀ

Episode 2 - "The Ante"

Written by

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INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Rico lays unconscious on a hospital bed. The machines tracking his vitals beep and whir. A dull midday soap opera drones softly from the TV.

NURSE MAY is adjusting the IV in Rico's arm while humming a tune.

Suddenly, sounds of Vietnam (machine gun fire, helicopter blades, dying men) fill the air.

Rico's eyes snap open. He snatches the nurse's wrist. She yelps.

NURSE MAY
Let go! You're hurting me.

RICO
Where the fuck--

NURSE MAY
You are in the hospital. Now would you please let go of my arm.

Rico let's go.

RICO
Hospital?

NURSE MAY
Yes. You're lucky to still be with us. They said they pulled you out a burning building after the roof collapsed.

RICO
Fire?...Pop!

He shoots up out of bed, pulling out the IV and cables tied to the machines. The machines beep and alarm.

NURSE MAY
Sir, you mustn't - Sir!

RICO
I gotta go.

He bursts through door.

NURSE MAY
Help! Bobby!

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - DAY

Rico stumbles down the hall.

BOBBY - male nurse, quite large, farm boy twang - blocks Rico's path.

BOBBY
That's far enough, sir.

RICO
You must be Bobby.

BOBBY
Please return to your room.

RICO
I'm gonna need you to get out of my way, Bobby.

Rico tries pushing past Bobby with a grunt, but he's quickly overwhelmed. Rico roars with exertion as Bobby wrestles him to the ground. Sounds of flesh hitting the hard tile and rubber shoe screeches permeate the air.

BOBBY
You'll ruin your stitches, sir.

More grunting.

RICO
UMPH!! Okay! Okay. Just get off of me, big guy.

They stand up.

BOBBY
Let's get you back to your room.
I'll get Dr. Farley. He'll be able to explain what happened.

They both walk towards Rico's room.

RICO
I'm goin, I'm goin...You're an animal, Bob. You know that? And I mean that as a compliment. You serve?

BOBBY
No, sir. Thankfully not.

RICO

Heh. "Thankfully not"... ain't that the truth?

(to Nurse May)

Hey, Miss, I'm sorry for grabbing you earlier and the trouble. I've got this thing...kinda messes with my head when I first wake up.

NURSE MAY

Military, I know. See it a lot. Don't think anything of it, I'm a tough old bird.

(to Bobby)

I got it from here, Bobby. Thanks.

BOBBY

I'll go get the doctor.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

NURSE

Alright, just lay down now.

RICO

I'm real sorry, Miss.

NURSE

Don't mention it. I'll check in on you in a bit.

She leaves. A beat passes. There's a knock at the door, DR FARLEY walks in.

DR FARLEY

It's good to see you up so soon, Rico. You've been through quite a lot in the past 24 hours.

RICO

I'll live. Where's my father? Enzo?

Awkward silence.

DR FARLEY

Well...

RICO

Is he alright?

DR FARLEY

Well yes and no. I suppose it's all relative.

RICO

Talkin' in damn riddles, doc. He's alive, right?

DR FARLEY

Yes, yes, of course, sorry. He's in this hospital actually, in the burn unit. But...he hasn't regained consciousness since the accident.

RICO

(scoffing)

Accident.

(normal)

He's okay though? Like, he'll wake up?

DR FARLEY

There's normal brain activity as far as we can tell. But as far as when, or if, he'll wake up, there's just no way of knowing. Bit of a waiting game, I'm afraid.

RICO

I can't be sittin' around here, doc. I gotta go.

DR FARLEY

Are you kidding me? Your injur--

RICO

Am I free to leave?

DR FARLEY

Well, yes but--

RICO

Then get the paper work. I'm outta here.

The doctor grunts and leaves.

Beat.

There's another knock at the door. In walks Murphy holding a nice bouquet.

MURPHY

You look like shit.

RICO

What're you doing here, Murph?
Don't tell me you bought those
flowers.

MURPHY

Nah, nah. I ain't a flowers kinda
guy, 'specially not for a shmuck
like you. Ha ha! They're from a
certain little lady we both know...
Samantha!

RICO

Thought maybe you was finally gonna
profess your love to me.

MURPHY

God, you really are a bastard.

RICO

Sounds about right...How is Sam? I
still owe her drink.

MURPHY

She don't care about no drink.
We...I mean SHE was worried 'bout
you. She wanted to visit but she
said she can't do hospitals, gives
her the willies. Something 'bout
her brother. Sweet girl that one.

RICO

Yeah...she is.

Dr. Farley comes back in.

DR FARLEY

Here are the discharge papers.

MURPHY

Discharge papers?! Are you out of
your mind, doc?

DR FARLEY

Talk to *him*.

RICO

I gotta get out of here, Murph.

MURPHY

You're crazy.

RICO
Ain't the first time you said that
to me.

Murphy scoffs.

MURPHY
Let's go see your pop.

INT. ENZO'S ROOM - DAY

Rico and Murphy stand over the comatose Enzo. The ventilator pulses sickeningly.

RICO
God, Pop. Look what they did to
you. Hardly recognize you.

MURPHY
Hey, Enzo. You's gonna pull
through, okay. I don't know no one
tougher than you and your boy here.
Tough as they come you two.

RICO
Idiot.

MURPHY
Huh?

RICO
He's a damn idiot!

MURPHY
Aw, come on Rico. Why you talkin'
like that?

Rico gets quiet so no one passing by the door can eavesdrop.

RICO
You know Tony, right?

MURPHY
Big Tony? The guy who collects
payment on our block?

RICO
Yeah. Pop took out a pretty good
size loan with him.

MURPHY
Ohhhh, noooo. That's why -

RICO

Right, Pop hadn't been makin' those payments so they lit the place up with him inside.

MURPHY

That's bad news, Rico. No one in their right mind should be doin' business with that guy...or any of those goons for that matter.

A beat goes by

MURPHY (CONT'D)

So what now?

RICO

I hate to ask, Murph, but can I crash at your place for a while?

MURPHY

I ain't got no room there, Rico. I got my brother on the couch already as it is.

RICO

Right. I guess I'll go down to -

MURPHY

I got some place else you can stay...long as you ain't picky.

RICO

Just need someplace to lay my head.

MURPHY

Okay, sure. I'll take you there now.

Beat.

RICO

Alright, Pops. I'll be back soon. Don't give these nurses no trouble.

MURPHY

See ya, Enzo.

EXT. SHITTY TRAILER - DAY

A car pulls up. Murphy and Rico get out of the car and walk toward the crumbling trailer. The wind blows through the grass.

MURPHY

I know it ain't much, but its dry
and it'll do in a pinch. Quiet,
too. Ain't a neighbor for a few
miles each way.

Murphy opens the door with a creak.

RICO

It'll do.

INT. SHITTY TRAILER - DAY

RICO

Someone's gotta deal with those
bastards. Tony and all them.

MURPHY

They're too big, they run too
much...Right? Rico...tell me you
ain't planning nothing crazy like
going to war with the Liotta
family.

RICO

I had enough with war, Murph. It
hangs around me. All the time. Like
a bad smell. Can't shake it. Last
thing I need is more war.

MURPHY

Okay, good. 'Cause that's a death
wish. The Liotta family ain't
nothin' to be messin' with.

RICO

I'm just gonna talk to him.

MURPHY

To Tony?

RICO

Yep.

MURPHY

You just gunna waltz into his
office and talk to him? I dunno
that's such a good idea, you know?

Rico doesn't respond.

Murphy exhales for a long time.

MURPHY

Open that drawer there.

Rico does, and from it he pulls out an old revolver. He flicks out the cylinder and spins it with satisfying clicks.

MURPHY

Long as you is being dumb, you might as well be strapped. There's a couple boxes of ammo under the sink if you need it.

RICO

Thanks, Murph.

INT. LA SALSA ROSA RESTAURANT - DAY

Soft traditional Italian music plays. Rico steps in the door, bells on the door jingle. The BARTENDER tends to a phone call but pauses to greet Rico. He's suspicious of Rico.

BARTENDER

(on the phone)

Yeah, yeah, we can do dat. Now dat comes wit da house made red sauce, dat okay? Okay. No problem, no problem. Alright, dat'll be twenny-eight sixty-two - gimme abouuuuut...say 35 minutes and I'll have it ready for pickup, kay? Kay. See you soon. Bye now.

Bartender hangs up the phone.

BARTENDER

(to Rico)

What can I do you for?

RICO

Lookin' for Tony. He here?

BARTENDER

Which Tony? Small Tony, Big Tony, Tony the Peeper? Lotta Tony's 'round here.

RICO

Big Tony.

BARTENDER
Wat you want wit Big Tony?

RICO
None of your business what I want
with Tony.

BARTENDER
Look, pal. I don't givva shit,
okay? But he's gonna axe me who da
fuck wants 'im and why the fuck dey
want 'im. So, again, wat you want
wit Big Tony?

RICO
I want to talk finances. Tell him
it's Rico, Enzo's son.

BARTENDER
Okay...don't move.

The Bartender makes his way to the end of the room where
Tony sits in a booth with his back to the rest of the
restaurant and relays the information.

BARTENDER
(from the back of the restaurant)
Hey kid! Back 'ere.

The bartender waves him back. Rico walks over to the table.

TONY
Have a seat.

Tony continues cutting up his food and eating while he's
talking.

TONY
I know why ya here. Your old man.

RICO
That's right.

TONY
Look, Rico. I like ya. I like ya
father, Enzo. But when it da day is
said and dun wit...bidness is
bidness.

RICO
It may be just business to you but
that's my father laying up there in
a coma.

(MORE)

RICO (cont'd)

You took the only thing that man ever had. He built that place with my mother.

TONY

God res' her soul. Loved dat woman.

RICO

Now he's got nothin'. With you to thank for it.

TONY

Dat's where ya wrong. He's got you and himself to tank. Enzo is not a stupid guy, kay? He knew wat he was gettin' into, it's not like I hid anyting frum 'im. I even told da man, you don't *paaaay...then...*ya know? Tough guy, ya dad.

RICO

That's why he's still here. Which I'm assuming didn't settle his account.

TONY

Look at dis guy! Smart cookie, here!...Ya fatha neva paid a damn nickle on his debt. I gave him chances, sent a message to...you know...encourage the guy. But nuthin'. So...here we are den.

RICO

Here we are.

TONY

He owes 10 jeez, plus intrest. And da late fees - don't get me started. So, we're talkin' more to da tune uv 21 jeez here, Rico. He pays...or we finished wat we started. Simple as dat.

A beat goes by. Tony continues eating - not a bother in the world.

RICO

He ain't got it Tony...and the only means of makin' that money you took away from him.

TONY

So it's done den. I can have one of my guys pay him a visit tomorrow. He'll make it quick.

RICO

There's gotta be another way, Tony...Is there something I can do?

TONY

You gots 21 large?

RICO

You know the answer to that.

TONY

Well den - nuthin' else to talk about.

RICO

Jesus Christ, Tony. You've known the man since the day he opened up shop 20 some years ago. Can't look the other way or or or help him out somehow? The man would give you the shirt off his back if you needed it. Until this loan, he never missed a payment. You know that. You know that, Tony. You can't do somethin' for him in return? Just gonna wash your hands like that?

A beat goes by. Tony is paused in time, staring at Rico. He sighs heavily.

TONY

Ya know, there might be sumthin'. I could use a guy wit your skills. Got some tings I dat I need to get wrapped up soona ratha den latuh... Okay, let's do dis. How 'bout, you work for me doin' some jobs, some odds and ends type tings. Maybe a little bit of collectin' - maybe movin' tings from one place to anutha. Whateva. Flat rate. Each job, no matta da job, I take a tousand off what Enzo owes. Dat's da offa. Take it or leave it.

RICO

If that's what it's gotta be then I'll take it. When do I start?

TONY

Tonight. Some Paddy fuck by da name
of Danny Coleman. Word is he hangs
'round some shitty Irish pub in the
Bronx, somewhere near Woodlawn.
Mullen's I think. He owes me 15
g's.

Rico stands up.

RICO

Okay.

TONY

And Rico, if he can't pay...send
him on vacation...permanently.

EXT. MULLEN'S PUB - NIGHT

Rico drags on a cigarette as he walks with purpose towards
Mullen's Pub. A BUM covered in tattered robes and towels
sits cross legged next to the door.

BUM

Hello, fine sir! Spare some change
for a man who served his country?

Rico fishes out some change and drops it into the Bum's
metal bowl.

RICO

We gotta look out for each other.

BUM

Yes! Indeed! Thank you, sir.

Rico flings open the door.

INT. MULLEN'S PUB - NIGHT

Rico strides up to the bar. PAT - 50s, Irish - is tending
it.

PAT

What can I get ya? We gots
domestics, a few imports...runnin'
a blow the keg special on a stout
right now, too.

RICO

I'm lookin' for someone, comes
round here quite a bit.

PAT

Oh, is that so? And who might you be?

RICO

Don't matter who I am. I'm looking for Danny.

PAT

Well I'm sorry but the name Danny don't much narrow things down 'round here.

RICO

Danny Coleman.

PAT

Ah, that Danny. I haven't seen him in quite a bit. But that bloke there with the blonde lass.
(gestures to a booth)
That's his mate Christy. He might be able to help.

RICO

Thanks.

Rico strides over to the booth. CHRISTY - early 50s, sleazy - is getting real handsy with an incredibly drunk (clearly under-aged) JOAN.

JOAN

I don't...stop it. I don't wanna...

CHRISTY

Shhh. Stop, stop. It's all good, baby.

JOAN

Hey...stop grabbin' me...so hard. It hurts.

Rico clears his throat loudly.

CHRISTY

Can I help you, Pal.

RICO

Yeah, PAL, I think you can. I'm lookin' for Danny Coleman.

CHRISTY

I don't know no Danny Coleman.

RICO
Yeah you do. Where is he?

CHRISTY
I don't know no fuckin' Danny
Coleman! Are you deaf? Piss off.

Rico weighs his options a minute. He decides on patience.

RICO
My bad, bud. I musta got the wrong
guy. Sorry for botherin' you.

CHRISTY
Glad we settled that. Now leave us
alone.

Rico walks away and sits at his own table. He keeps an eye
on Christy.

CHRISTY
You know what hun, I'm tired of
this place. How about I show you my
new apartment? It's real fancy,
even got a pool table.

JOAN
I like...I like it here.

CHRISTY
Come on, baby. Let's get outta
here.

JOAN
I wanna...call my...mom.

CHRISTY
Come on.

They start getting up, Joan moves toward the front door, but
Christy grabs her.

CHRISTY
Not that way, baby. We'll go
through the back, through the
alley. It's quicker.

They walk towards the back door, his voice and her protests
trailing off as they get further. They exit through the back
door. Rico follows.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

Rico bursts through the door.

RICO

Hey!

CHRISTY

Hey man, I told you al-

RICO

(to Christy)

Shut up.

(to Joan)

How old are you?

CHRISTY

She's none of your fuckin' busin-

RICO

Am I talkin' to you? No. She can speak for herself.

JOAN

I'm fift...I mean, I'm 21.

CHRISTY

You know what? I had enough of you, you fuckin' guinea.

He swings on Rico, but Rico catches it. Rico twists Christy's arm and throws him to the ground.

RICO

That feel good? Just a little twist and it'll break your arm. Let's twist it real slow.

CHRISTY

Fu--

Rico breaks Christy's arm. Christy screams.

RICO

When I run out of arms I'll take your teeth next. Where is Danny.

CHRISTY

Okay. Okay. He's...ah my fuckin' arm!...He's, he's the bum. Out front, by the doors.

(MORE)

CHRISTY (cont'd)
He wears all that shit as like...
ahhhh...a disguise. Okay!? Fuck...
goddamn it my fuckin' arm.

Rico stands up. He kicks Christy square in the gut, knocking the wind out of him.

RICO
(to Joan)
Come with me.

JOAN
O-okay.

They walk back into the bar.

INT. MULLEN'S PUB - NIGHT

Rico and Joan walk up to the bar. Rico wraps his knuckles on it.

PAT
Whatcha need?

RICO
You been gettin' this girl here
plastered all night, next to that
creep. She's 15.

PAT
I didn't know.

RICO
Fuck you "you didn't know." You
scumbag...Here's what you're gonna
do. You're gonna let her use your
phone. She's gonna call her mom and
you're gonna watch her get in the
car when she gets here. Got it?

PAT
Ya, I got it.

RICO
And if I find out you didn't do
like I said, I'm coming back and
I'll break your ribs. Then I'll
kick your teeth down your throat
for the aggravation you caused me.

PAT
I said I got it.

RICO

Good.

(to Joan)

Stay here, call your mom.

JOAN

Thank you.

Rico storms out.

EXT. MULLEN'S PUB - NIGHT

RICO

Danny, Tony needs his money.

Long beat.

Danny gets up.

DANNY

Well then. Let's see how fast you
can run!

Danny books it down the street.

RICO

Shit.

He chases after his target.

The two men run up the block huffing and puffing, take a sharp turn and sprint down an alley. The rubber soles of their shoes beat the pavement in a frenzy.

Garbage cans clatter to the ground. Startled pigeons take to the sky in a flurry.

They run through a group of 3 WOMEN who bemoan over being jostled. Rico and Danny run on, paying them no mind.

DANNY

I can't pay! I don't have any
money!

RICO

(under his breath)

Goddamn.

(louder)

I just wanna talk!

DANNY

Ha! Yeah right!

He crashes through the heavy doors of an abandoned mid-size factory. Rico bursts through a second after.

INT. FACTORY - NIGHT

Rico pull his revolver out from the back of his waistband. He aims and cocks it.

RICO
I'll shoot!

Danny doesn't stop.

Rico pulls the trigger. There's a loud BOOM from the gun. The bullet nicks Danny's thigh. He yells and falls to the ground. He thinks it's worse than it is.

Rico walks patiently towards the moaning man.

DANNY
So much for looking out for each other, huh?...You'd shoot a man with his back to you?

RICO
I only nicked you. If I wanted you dead you'd be dead. Besides, we did worse stuff in that jungle.

DANNY
We did. But it weren't for money and it weren't for some dead eyed gangster.

RICO
Sure it was. You can bet your ass on that. Only difference is the gangsters were a lot more powerful...and ruthless.

DANNY
You don't believe that do you?

RICO
You owe Tony a lot of money, Danny. I'm here to collect.

DANNY
Well, you don't get blood from a turnip do ya? I don't have it.

RICO

You sure? You better think real hard about that, because it's either you pay up or I put a bullet through your skull.

DANNY

I ain't got it! Can't get it! So do what you gotta do!

RICO

Goddamn it. GODDAMN IT!

DANNY

What's your name, soldier.

RICO

Don't call me that.

Rico lets out a long breath.

RICO (CONT'D)

Rico. My name is Rico.

DANNY

I'm only human, Rico. I got kids, family...I was down on my luck and Tony took advantage of that just like they do everyone else 'round here. I don't want to die. Not here. Not like this. You don't have to do this, Rico?

RICO

Yeah, I do.

DANNY

Please, You don't have to kill me. It's just money, man. It's just money.

RICO

I don't give a damn about the money. I don't give a damn about Tony or the Liottas or any of the other mob families that think they own this city. They prey on everyone, even their own. Christ.

An awkward beat goes by.

RICO

It has to be done, Danny. On your knees.

DANNY
Rico, plea-

RICO
Get on your knees!

DANNY
Okay. Okay.

He complies. Let's out a heavy sigh.

Rico brings the gun up and points it directly at Danny's forehead.

DANNY
Rico, come on. Put the gun down.
Put the gun down.

The sounds of war take over.

DREAM SEQUENCE:

RICO
Put the gun down, Miller! These are
civilians!

SOLDIER 1
They're not civilians, sir!

RICO
Do you see any weapons on these
people?! No! Lower your weapon!
That's an order!... Mill-

BAMAMAMAMAM! The soldier mows down the civilians.

END DREAM SEQUENCE

Rico is breathing heavily.

DANNY
You get 'em, too? The flashbacks?

RICO
Shut up! Close your eyes.

DANNY
What?

RICO
Close your eyes. Don't look at me.

DANNY
If that makes it easier for you.

He shuts his eyes.

Rico pulls back the hammer of the revolver with a resounding click.

END.

OMERTÁ

Episode 3 - "Franky Lips"

Written by

Brett Schlagel

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Rico exhales a concentrated breath.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

INT. ICE CREAM PARLOR - DAY

Enzo sits across from a 12-year-old Enzo. They're both eating vanilla cones. 50s music plays in the background.

RICO

Pop, how come I'm not in trouble?

ENZO

Rico, you got suspended. That not "in trouble" enough for you?

RICO

I guess...but you're not mad? I got suspended, but now we're eating icecream.

ENZO

The kid whose nose you smashed--

RICO

Marty.

ENZO

Yeah, Marty. Big kid, right?

RICO

Real big. Like 7 feet tall.

ENZO

Okay, so...why'd you do it?

RICO

He was picking on Ronnie.

ENZO

Why?

RICO

He's small...and he has asthma.

ENZO

That's why you're not in trouble wit me. Dis world, no matta where you go, is full of big guys who pick on small guys, and they do it just because they can.

RICO

Oh.

ENZO

Da world needs people like you,
Rico. Otherwise those big guys just
keep on hurtin' people, and dey
never get what's coming to 'em.

RICO

Like a broken nose.

Enzo chuckles.

ENZO

When it's necessary...And Rico?

RICO

Yeah?

ENZO

Don't tell Ma about da ice cream.

RICO

Okay.

Enzo starts chuckling, Rico joins in.

ENZO

I love you, kid.

END FLASHBACK.

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

RICO

No.

He decocks the revolver.

RICO (cont'd)

I can't do it.

DANNY

Oh! Thank you, Jesus Christ.

RICO

But we gotta talk.

Danny gets up in a flurry and starts undoing his jeans.

DANNY

Talk? Sure no problem. Whatever you want, big guy.

RICO

What're you doing? Put your pants back on.

DANNY

I'm checking out your handiwork.

RICO

I told you, I just nicked you.

DANNY

Forgive me if I want to double check the BULLET WOUND you gave me.

RICO

(exasperated)

It's practically a paper cut.

DANNY

Wow, it really is barely a graze. So, does that mean you're really good or really bad?

RICO

I can always try again.

An awkward beat goes by.

RICO (cont'd)

I'm kiddin'.

Danny let's out a heavy exhale.

DANNY

Not funny, man.

Rico chuckles.

RICO

Look, we need to talk. How 'bout we go grab a cup of coffee someplace outta the way. On me.

DANNY

Alright...I guess. It ain't a date though so don't getchyer hopes up.

RICO

(sarcastic)

I'm crushed.

INT. DINER - NIGHT

Rico and Danny sit across from each other in a booth, each with a cup of coffee in front of them.

Danny takes a loud sip.

DANNY

Mmm. A crappy cup of coffee tastes like the drink of the gods after having a gun pressed against your skull and being recalled to life.

RICO

Hm.

DANNY

"Recalled to life"? Tale of Two Cities? You know, the book?

RICO

I don't read much.

DANNY

Now that doesn't surprise me. Too many kneecaps, so little time.

RICO

I don't break kneecaps. You was the first guy I was supposed to collect from...(sigh)...and look how that turned out.

DANNY

Hmm, so how'd you get mixed up in all this?

RICO

Long story.

DANNY

I suddenly find myself with all the time in the world. So what's the story?

RICO

With these guys, it's same shit different day. It's always about money, and us folks, honest folks, folks who just wanna get a nice job, raise a family, laugh, you know - just live our lives, we're the ones who get all that shit dumped on us.

DANNY

So, what...you owe Tony money too?

RICO

Not me, my old man. But seeing as they put him in a coma, his debt is as good as mine. Now if I don't do what Tony says they'll kill my dad, and probably me too. All that B.S. they talk about family and Italy and lookin' out for your own, and yet most of the people whose lives they're messin' with and exploitin' are immigrants like them and from the same neighborhoods back in Italy. It's never gonna stop, you know? They need to be taught a lesson.

They both sip from their mugs.

DANNY

Can't say I don't disagree. It'd take someone with a serious set of bollocks, that's for sure...or someone who ain't firing on all cylinders.

Long pause.

RICO

Well...I'm thinking 'bout burning the whole thing down. Starting at the bottom and just hacking my way up until there's nothing left. Snuff 'em out for good.

DANNY

Won't work.

RICO

Why's that?

DANNY

The way each family is setup is the same. You got the boss - the top dog right? Then you got the underboss who is kind of like the V.P. - he's next in line, then you have 3 or 4 Capos, or captains, these guys oversee everyone on the street they call soldiers or associates. There's a metric butt ton of those guys at the bottom.

(MORE)

DANNY (cont'd)

The problem is the bottom is too replaceable - it's meant to be that way. They get popped all the time or put in the slammer for god knows how long, it's an occupational hazard. You'd be killin' nobodies for the rest of your life until one of them gets a lucky shot in...and it only takes one... If you're gonna do it...you gotta start with the Capos who oversee the soldiers, then the underbosses, and the bosses themselves.

RICO

Hmm. Easier said than done.

DANNY

Absolutely...but it's your only option. Gotta cut the monster's head clean off - not the tail. Not that you'd be able to do it, not alone anyway.

RICO

I'm used to doin' things alone.

DANNY

I can't decide if I should have you committed or find you a wheelbarrow so you can haul your massive balls around.

Rico laughs a small laugh.

RICO

Why do I feel like you don't got many friends?

DANNY

I don't. Can't imagine why.

Rico and Danny chuckle. A beat goes by.

DANNY (cont'd)

Doin' this on your own is a death wish.

RICO

I don't know, man.

DANNY

Let's take down the fucking mob... together.

RICO
You serious?

DANNY
Yeah, couple of trained guys like us on a mission? With our background...we might have a real shot of pulling this off.

Rico contemplates this.

RICO
What about your family?

DANNY
Rico, you had a gun in my face. That was all bullshit, I'd have said anything. I don't got a family anymore. My wife left me while I was in the jungle, never had kids, no siblings, parents are dead...I'm a nobody with no where to go and nothin' to lose...

A moment passes as they are both taking in the heavy idea of going after the deadliest people in New England.

DANNY (cont'd)
So whaddya say? You in?

RICO
Yeah. I'm in.

DANNY
Great. So where do we start?

RICO
Right now we got nothin'. We gotta find out who's who, what they're involved with...some intel is what we need.

DANNY
Right, okay.

RICO
For now, lay low. You're supposed to be dead. Tomorrow I gotta go tell Tony I offed you. If they see you somewhere we're both dead. Like, for real dead. Okay?

DANNY
Yeah, low profile. Got it.

RICO

Check in each day at the Irish pub
I found you at. If I get something
I'll call and leave a message with
the bartender with a time and place
to meet up. Sound good?

DANNY

Sounds good.

RICO

Alright... I'm headed out. Been a
long day, time for some shut-eye.
I'll be in touch.

INT. LA SALSA ROSA RESTAURANT - DAY

Tony sits in front of a tower of plates. He's picking at his
teeth with a toothpick.

Rico walks in.

RICO

You gotta get your guys to stop
hasselin' me.

TONY

The hell you talkin' 'bout?

Rico sits down with a sigh.

RICO

Every time I come to see you I
gotta play 20 questions and get my
pockets turned inside out.

TONY

It's called security. I gots
enemies that wish to do me harm.
You understand. Anyways, tell me
what's goin' on with our ginger-
headed sonovabitch, uhhh...Coleman.

RICO

It's done.

TONY

Done? Done as in you got me my
money?

RICO

It went the other way.

TONY

Ah. Well. Forgive me if I don't shed no tears for the slimey bastard. The world's better off without him. He got under my skin, the little smartass.

RICO

We didn't do much talkin'. What's the next job?

TONY

Ahhh, the old boy came to work, huh? I knew you'd be a uh, valuable asset.

RICO

You need me to do another collection?

TONY

No, no, no. I gots something a bit more special for you to do. There's a, let's say, colleague of mine. He goes by the name Franky Lips: mean sonovabitch, and built like a refrigerator. Not unlike myself, Franky is of a certain status 'round here...and as such, he has a driver to take him around to conduct his business. You understand? Well, it's come to my attention that the kid who normally drives him 'round has been dippin' his dirty toe in the drugs business - coke and grass, that kinda shit. Drugs is bad for business. Period. End of story. And so well, little driver boy is going to be relieved of his duties... permanently.

TONY (cont'd)

You get what I'm tellin' ya?

RICO

So you need me to drive Franky Lips around?

TONY

Ah, see you're smarta than you look.

RICO

When?

TONY

Startin' tomorrow morning. And Rico, you best watch yourself 'round ol' Franky. He ain't as nice as me, and to tell you the truth he ain't exactly all together upstairs, something just ain't wired quite the way it should be.

Rico gets up and starts to leave.

TONY (cont'd)

Hey, Rico. Give my best to ya fatha.

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

LOBBY

Rico walks to the front desk where a bubbly RECEPTIONIST is sat.

RICO

Hey, Miss. I'm here to visit a patient, my father, looks like they moved him to another room.

RECEPTIONIST

Sure thing! Patient name?

RICO

Lorenzo. Rossi. R-O-S-S-I.

RECEPTIONIST

Rossi, Rossi, Rossi...here!

(shuffling papers)

Room 356. Go ahead and put this visitor's badge on for me, and then you're all set.

RICO

Thanks.

RECEPTIONIST

You bet!

HALLWAY

Rico exits the elevator and walks on.

Ambient sounds of beeping vital machines, shuffling shoes, and clinking carts fill the air.

ENZO'S ROOM

The door swings open. Enzo's ventilator is still pulsing. Rico strides over to his father's bedside.

Unbeknownst to Rico, DETECTIVE KOWALSKI - female, late 40s - is sat in the corner. She stands up.

RICO

Hey, Pop. I brought -

KOWALSKI

Rico, I presume?

Rico whips around with a grunt. He lands in a boxer's stance, ready for action.

KOWALSKI (cont'd)

Woah! At ease.

RICO

You can't sneak up on people like that. Who are you?

KOWALSKI

Detective. Kowalski. I'm working your father's case. Nice to--

RICO

You're not gonna get much from a someone who's in a coma. You just spend your days sitting with victims?

KOWALSKI

Sometimes. I find it inspires me, keeps me sharp. And if, let's say, a family member that is particularly difficult to track down pops in? Well, that's just, how you say - fortuitous.

RICO

"Track down"?

KOWALSKI

Basic questioning. There are some peculiarities with this case I'm trying to work out.

RICO

What's so weird about a restaurant catching fire? We run ovens, grills, there's grease everywhere, some of the equipment is older than I am. Could be any one of those things.

KOWALSKI

Perhaps. I'll leave that to the arson squad. I myself, am apart of the Organized Crime Division.

RICO

Oh yeah?

KOWALSKI

I've got a feeling this might've been mob related. Not uncommon for the mob to burn down a business if an owner has refused to play their game or if they owe them money. Wasn't the windows of your father's restaurant shot out a few weeks prior to this incident?

RICO

I don't know anything about that.

KOWALSKI

I've worked this beat for a long time, and in that time I've developed a bit of an instinct. And that instinct tells me this has mob written all over it. Any details you could provide would be greatly appreciated.

RICO

I don't know what to tell you, Detective. All I know is there was a fire and my father's in a coma.

KOWALSKI

Hm. So where've you been? You checked yourself out quite quick, much to Dr. Farley's dismay. He said you seemed quite...

She flips through her notebook.

KOWALSKI (cont'd)
...driven...is the word he used.
()

RICO
Yeah, lots to do.

KOWALSKI
Hm, like what?

RICO
My family's source of income is
laying in a pile of rubble. I'm
lookin' for work and tryin' to make
ends meet.

KOWALSKI
Hm, "lots" to do indeed. Where've
you been staying since the
accident? You were living in the
apartment above the restaurant with
your father, correct?

RICO
I was. Now I'm drifting from couch
to couch for the time being.

She doesn't trust him.

KOWALSKI
Sure. I understand. Well, if
anything you might've forgotten
comes to light, here's my card.
Let's stay in touch.

She hands it to him.

RICO
Thanks. Will do.

KOWALSKI
Have a good day, Mr. Rossi.

She exits.

Rico sighs and walks up to his dad.

RICO
Hey, Pop.

EXT. DIVE BAR - NIGHT

Rico walks toward Murphy's joint. There's the faint sound of two people arguing in the distance: Samantha and her ex-boyfriend, Greg - 30s, gross.

Greg's beat up sedan is parked and running on the street next to them.

GREG

I ain't seen you in 3 days!

SAMANTHA

We aren't together anymore, Greg.

GREG

Like hell we ain't. Get in the car.

SAMANTHA

Get it through your head. I don't want you. I dumped your sorry junkie ass!

GREG

What did you say?!

Greg slaps Samantha clean across the face.

Rico runs over.

RICO

Hey!

Rico decks Greg in the chin, and then square in the gut.

GREG

Oof!

RICO

Hittin' a girl? Huh?!

Greg swings at Rico but Rico grabs his arm as it flies by and uses Greg's momentum to slam him against the car with his arm behind his back.

With his free hand, Rico grabs a fistful of Greg's hair and slams his face against the hood of the car. Greg groans and grumbles in pain.

RICO (cont'd)

Tell her you're sorry.

GREG

Fuck you, man.

RICO
Let's try that again. Give me your
hand.

Rico opens the car door, forces Greg's hand onto the door
jamb. SLAM! CRUNCH! He slams the door onto Greg's hand and
pins it in place, crunching the bones the harder he presses.

Greg yells in pain.

GREG
AHHHH!

RICO
Tell her you're sorry!

GREG
(as fast as he can and in pain)
I'm sorry!

RICO
For what?

KRNNNNNNCHHH! Rico pushes on the door.

GREG
Ahhh! I'm sorry I hit you!

RICO
And?

GREG
What?! And what?!

KRNNNNNNCHHH! Rico pushes on the door some more.

GREG (cont'd)
Ahhhh! Okay okay! I'm sorry I hit
you and I'm sorry I'm a junkie
piece of shit!

RICO
Good.

Rico let's go of the door. Greg grabs his mangled hand and
is breathing through his teeth to cope with the pain. Rico
grabs him by the shirt and brings him in close to deliver a
warning only he and Greg can hear.

RICO (cont'd)
I ever see you 'round Samantha or
this bar ever again...I will beat
you so bad you will beg me to put a
bullet through your skull. Got it?

TAYLOR
(scared and in pain)
Y-yeah! Yes!

RICO
Get out of here.

He releases Taylor roughly.

Taylor gets in his car and drives off in a hurry.

RICO (cont'd)
You okay, Sam?

SAMANTHA
Yeah... Thanks to you.

RICO
That guy's a real piece of work.

SAMANTHA
I know how to pick 'em, don't I?

An awkward moment passes.

Murphy exits the bar.

MURPHY
Hey! What's all the racket?

RICO
Just taking out the trash.

SAMANTHA
Sorry, Murphy. I'll get back to work.

She walks toward the door, but Murph blocks her. He eyes the pair a moment.

RICO
What're you starin' at, Murph?

MURPHY
Hey, Samantha, we ain't that busy, why don't you take off early. Maybe the two of you could, I don't know, go get a drink somewhere that's not my bar.

Awkward silence. Murph throws up his hands and starts walking back into the bar.

MURPHY (cont'd)
Just a suggestion! You need me,
I'll be inside!

The door slams shut behind him.

RICO
I do still owe you a drink.

SAMANTHA
You do.

RICO
Well, let's take care of that.
There's this little Irish pub I
know. It's ...uh...well it ain't
here.

SAMANTHA
(stifling a smile)
Okay.

INT. MULLEN'S PUB - NIGHT

Samantha, with a vodka cranberry, sits across from Rico,
with a Jack and Coke.

SAMANTHA
Greg is just another in a long line
of mistakes, and truthfully, he
isn't even the worst of the bunch.

RICO
Why do you date these scumbags? If
you don't mind me asking.

SAMANTHA
I wish I could say it's 'cause my
mom never loved me, or that maybe
my dad came home drunk every night
and beat the four of us around the
house, but that wouldn't be true.
My parents were great. Between the
hundreds of opportunities they gave
me and the private school education
they paid for, I should be...well I
should be doing a lot better than
waitressing at some run down dive--
oh crap, sorry. I know you and
Murphy are friends.

RICO

All good. I know it's a crap hole,
and so does he, even if he denies
it.

Both of them chuckle lightly and awkwardly.

SAMANTHA

Yeah, well. It is what it is. I
keep telling myself, "Pull yourself
together, Sam. Go back to school.
Make something of yourself." But of
course I never do it, I just
keeping walking in circles.

RICO

There's still time.

SAMANTHA

Yeah, maybe. What about you, do you
like where your life is going?

RICO

I don't think my life is really
"going" anywhere.

SAMANTHA

Of course it is.

RICO

Nah, I think I'm spent. Done with
new things. Done with change, you
know? I did it all. I'm spent.

SAMANTHA

So what's the point?

Rico raises his drink. The ice cubes clink against the
glass.

RICO

Just to survive I guess.

SAMANTHA

Oh, come on.

No response.

SAMANTHA (cont'd)

Why'd you go into the military?

RICO

I was a Marine, and the honest
answer is fear.

(MORE)

RICO (cont'd)

Kids I came up with, good kids, it seemed like one by one they was either getting locked up, getting mixed up with the wrong people, or overdosing. I didn't want that, I was scared that if I stuck around I'd be next, and I felt like I had outgrown workin' in my folks' restaurant and I just wanted to feel, I don't know, useful. I thought the structure and duty would give me that. So I went to the recruiting office and signed on the dotted line.

SAMANTHA

What was it like...over there?

RICO

Wet and hot. The jungle, it's like soup, but like its hungry too, you know? Like, its alive, and it knows you're there, and it hates you, and you know it hates you. It's so big and you're just this little speck trudging your way through it to the next stop. I made a lot of friends there that...well, they didn't get to come home. They're gone and I'm not. I'm here and they're not...and in the end...what difference did we make?

SAMANTHA

I can't even--

RICO

God...the things they made us...I was a kid, you know? A lot of us were and--

He stands up suddenly.

RICO (cont'd)

Sorry...I'm getting another drink. You want another...

SAMANTHA

Uh, sure, yeah. Vodka cranberry.

RICO

Got it.

Rico leaves the table. Samantha slurps at the little bit of drink still in her glass.

Rico returns and sets down the new drinks.

SAMANTHA

Hey, I'm sorry if I pushed too much.

RICO

No, no, you didn't do anything wrong. I just spend all day tryna forget, but...somethin' like that...you can't.

SAMANTHA

I understand.

RICO

It's worst when I'm sleepin'. I'm right back there and it's like my brain doesn't know the difference between what's a dream and what's not. When I wake up I'm still in this fog for a few seconds. It takes me a minute to realize it was just a dream. That's probably why I can't keep a girl around.

SAMANTHA

So you aren't seeing anyone?

RICO

Nah.

SAMANTHA

Good.

RICO

Good?

SAMANTHA

No, I didn't mean good as in good, I meant...uh, nevermind.

She laughs an awkward laugh.

SAMANTHA (cont'd)

How's your dad doing?

RICO

Mostly the same. I saw him today. The doctors say the future seems a little more, uh "promising".

SAMANTHA

That's good! What about the restaurant? Any ideas what you're gonna do?

RICO

I don't know. The last few months before it was torched I was there a lot more to help Pop out. I guess I always thought Pop would always run the restaurant, never really thought about what would happen if he were to retire or pass away. When he told me he wanted to pass the restaurant to me it was the first time in a long time I felt like I had something to look forward to, to work toward, ya know? Now...now it's just a pile of ashes.

SAMANTHA

Do you think you will rebuild or maybe find a new building?

RICO

The thought is there. Right now my focus is on Pop, so things are still too soon to tell.

SAMANTHA

Makes sense.

They just sit a moment, enjoying both their drinks and each other's company.

RICO

So, you like it here?

SAMANTHA

Honestly, it's kinda gross.

They laugh.

RICO

I guess you're right. We could go someplace else?

SAMANTHA

What if we went back to your place?

RICO

My place?

SAMANTHA
Or not! If you don't want to.

RICO
I do. It's just that, the place I'm staying...it's not great.

SAMANTHA
Fine with me, let's go.

RICO
Okay. Can't say I didn't warn you.

INT. RICO'S TRAILER - NIGHT

The flimsy door shuts behind them.

RICO
Well, here we are. Sorry about the mess, I--

Samantha cuts him off with a deep kiss on the lips.

SAMANTHA
It's great... You're great.

They kiss again.

EXT. TRAILER - NIGHT

An upbeat 70s rock song plays as the trailer shakes, lamps fall from side tables, a headboard beats the wall, and Samantha screams rhythmically in ecstasy.

INT. TRAILER BEDROOM - DAY

Rico is sound asleep, snoring slightly. Samantha is doing her best to get dressed silently.

Samantha bumps her hip on a table with a thud.

SAMANTHA
(whispered)
Oh, shit!

Rico wakes up.

RICO
G'morning.

SAMANTHA

Oh, sorry. Did I wake you?

RICO

Yeah, it's okay. I should be up anyway... God, I can't remember the last time I slept that good.

Rico yawns and stretches.

Leaving already?

SAMANTHA

Yeah. I mean isn't that how these things work?

RICO

Doesn't have to be.

SAMANTHA

Oh, yeah?

RICO

Yeah. I really enjoyed hangin' out with you. I'd like to do it again sometime.

SAMANTHA

Do *it* again?

He laughs.

RICO

Well yeah, that, but I meant I'd like to see you again.

SAMANTHA

Okay. Yeah, I'd like that too. Well you know where to find me.

RICO

Alright. I'll see ya.

SAMANTHA

Bye.

She exits the trailer. Rico yawns and has a realization.

RICO

Huh, no nightmares.

He clears his throat, grabs the phone off of the receiver, and spins the dial to enter a phone number. A phone rings in the ear piece before Jimmy picks up.

JIMMY (O.S.)

Hello.

RICO

Jimmy, it's Rico. I need a favor.

EXT. FAMILY RESTAURANT - DAY

Jimmy leans against Enzo's 1956 Lincoln Continental outside the charred remains of the restaurant.

Rico approaches him from down the street.

RICO

Hey, Jimmy.

JIMMY

Hey, Rico! It's all set, gassed up and ready to go.

RICO

Keys?

JIMMY

In the visor.

RICO

Got it. Did you wash it? You didn't have to do that.

JIMMY

Yeah, man. You know much how your old man loves this car. It just felt right.

RICO

Thanks, Jimmy.

JIMMY

You got it, Rico. Take it easy!

RICO

You too.

Jimmy walks away.

Rico gets into the Lincoln. The engine roars to life. He pulls away.

EXT. FRANKY LIPS' HOUSE - DAY

Rico pulls to a stop outside of Franky's house. He drums his fingers on the door of the car as he waits.

FRANK LIPS - mid 40s, HUGE - brings his hulking frame toward the car. He bends down and looks into the passenger side window.

FRANKY LIPS

You Rico?

RICO

Yeah.

FRANKY LIPS

I'm Franky.

END.

OMERTÀ

Episode 4 - Disconnect

Written by

Brett Schlagel

INT. RICO'S CAR - DAY

Rico down a busy road, unaware of the destination.

Franky Lips is reclined in the passenger seat with his feet on the dash.

FRANKY

And Christ Almighty - forgive me,
Father - the women. I tell you this
much, kiddo. Livin' this life is
like bein' a god, honestly. Those
girls, they want you more than they
wanna breathe, more than they even
know and, believe me, more than
they want whatever limp dick "nice
guy" they're dating or are married
to or whatever...And the girls that
say no at first? They want you the
most, believe you me. All that
pushin' and pleadin' is nothing but
a game to them and when you finally
win, you win BIG.

RICO

Uh-huh.

FRANKY

Go right up at the light.

RICO

Hey, how about you just gimme the
address, Franky? That way you can
just relax.

A switch flips in Franky's head. His blood boils.

FRANKY

No more a this "Franky" business!
Huh!? You got me? It's sir, now,
forever, and even longer than that,
you miserable fucking cockroach!

RICO

Yes, sir.

The switch flips back.

FRANKY

Oh. Oh! You see that gas station
there? Or I guess what's left of a
gas station.

He laughs a huge laugh.

FRANKY

So one day, couple years ago, I go in there. The owner, some Asian guy, Chinese or something, is workin' the cash register. Real smug "ching chong" asshole, you know?

Rico doesn't respond.

The switch flips again.

FRANKY

You know?!

RICO

Yes...sir.

The switch flips back.

FRANKY

I go in there. I got my bitch in the car waiting - real good looking broad too - and I go in there to get a candy bar. I like my sweets, you know?

Beat.

RICO

Yep. Me too.

INT. GAS STATION - NIGHT

Franky saunters up to the counter. He slams a chocolate bar down in front of the CASHIER.

FRANKY

Just this.

FRANKY (V.O.)

So I smack the candy bar in front of him and I stare right into his eyes. I don't move a muscle. He's quiet for a couple seconds, and then...

CASHIER

\$1.63.

FRANKY

You know who I am?

CASHIER

No.

FRANKY

No? You don't know who I am, huh?
Okay, uhhh, gimme a pack of Reds
and a bottle of that scotch there,
and uhh, gimme a lighter too.

The Cashier gathers the items and puts them on the counter.
He punches keys on the cash register. A bell chimes.

CASHIER

\$31.65.

FRANKY

\$31.65, huh?

CASHIER

Yes.

The switch flips.

FRANKY

Listen. I ain't paying no \$31.65!

CASHIER

(getting scared)

If you do not pay, you cannot have
the stuff!

FRANKY (V.O.)

At this point I'm really heating
up. I decide "fuck it" and sock him
right in the mouth.

Franky punches the Cashier in the face, and then drags him
over the counter. Stuff falls and glass breaks.

The Cashier begs for mercy but all Franky gives him is a
kick in the stomach.

FRANKY

THIRTY-ONE-FUCKING-SIXTY-FIVE!?

FRANKY (V.O.)

I drag the scumbag out in front of
his gas station and I call a couple
buddies on the phone out front.

EXT. GAS STATION - LATER

One of Franky's GOONS holds the screaming Cashier in place while Franky and 3 other goons slosh the place in gasoline.

FRANKY (V.O.)
Me and my boys gave that whole
Goddamn place - forgive me,
Father - a gasoline bath. And
then...

Franky throws a match at the building, the place catches fire with a WHOOSH. It quickly becomes a roaring inferno.

FRANKY (V.O.)

Boom!

FRANKY
Hey! Hey, was that worth \$31.65,
you squinty eyed fuck?!

The Cashier weeps as he watches his livelihood burn down.

CASHIER
Fuck you!

FRANKY
Fuck me?

He punches the Cashier across the jaw.

CASHIER
Fuck you!

FRANKY
(to his goons)
Throw him in.

Two of the goons drag the screaming Cashier towards the burning building and throw him in.

His screams are sickening.

INT. RICO'S CAR - DAY

The car engine hums. A far off car honks.

FRANKY
Disrespect. There's nothing worse.

RICO
I agree.

A couple beats of silent driving.

FRANKY

Pull over there, laundromat.

Rico complies.

Franky gets out and walks to the front door. He swings it open.

FRANKY

Mr. Gil Ramos! You got my money?

The door shuts behind him. Rico waits for his passenger.

After a bit, a whistling Franky emerges. He oozes into the Lincoln.

FRANKY

Good guy. Always pays on time. He's usually the easiest of these collections I gotta do. Anyway, let's get moving. Lotta work to do and I gotta be back home at 5 on the dot. It's important, so keep an eye on that clock.

RICO

Yes, sir.

FRANKY

If I miss my appointment, well, let's just say your employment with us is gonna come to an end.

RICO

I understand.

FRANKY

Go left at the stop sign.

INT. RICO'S CAR - LATER

Rico is speeding towards Frank Lips' house. It's 4:40

FRANKY

Come on man, push it! I gotta be back in 20 minutes!

RICO

We'll make it. I promise.

FRANKY

Goddamn Iovino, always dragging and wasting my time. The cheap bastard is always so slow with the payment...And look! He even got his dirty blood on my new shirt. Fuck!

They screech to a halt outside Franky's home. Franky hops out and slams the door. He leans against the car and looks in through the passenger window.

FRANKY

Hey, you did good today, Rico. Same time tomorrow morning. Call me before you leave so I know you're coming, huh?

RICO

Yes, sir.

FRANKY

Good boy.

Frank walks off.

RICO

Fuckin' pig.

INT. RICO'S CAR - DAY

For the following MONTAGE we will cut from PICKUP to MID-DRIVE and finally to DROP-OFF for the next few days of Rico's employment as the driver of Franky Lips.

BEGIN MONTAGE:

PICKUP - DAY 2

FRANKY

Rico! Ready to knock some skulls?

He gets in.

RICO

If that's what I gotta do, yeah.

FRANKY

That's the spirit, but I'm only kiddin'.

(MORE)

FRANKY (cont'd)
Should be an easy day, but I need
you to put the pedal to the metal
today. Yesterday was too slow. I
gotta be home at 4:30. I got a very
important call and I CAN'T be late,
you got it?

RICO
Yes, sir.

MID-DRIVE - DAY 2

FRANKY
You pretty new to our organization?

RICO
Yep, pretty new.

FRANKY
You whack anybody yet?

He laughs a sick chuckle more akin to a father talking to
his son about dating than to a man discussing murder.

RICO
One guy.

FRANKY
Yeah, yeah Tony mentioned something
'bout that. Some Irish shmuck,
right?

RICO
Yes, sir.

FRANKY
So much for bein' lucky, huh?

He laughs.

FRANKY
Yeah, I remember the first house I
ever painted...You know what
"paintin' houses" means?

RICO
Yeah...killing. Whacking guys...
Guys that have it coming to them.

FRANKY
That's right. "Paintin' houses",
"wet work" it's all the same thing.
(MORE)

FRANKY (cont'd)

I like those, what would you call 'em, those phrases. Makes it seem messier, more real, like you can smell it, taste it.

(proudly)

You probably could paint a house with all the blood I've spilled. Yeah, yeah, paint that bitch inside and out.

Couple beats of silent driving.

FRANKY

Oh yeah, I was saying - first house I painted. I was just a kid. There was this guy, nasty gambler - I never mess with gamblin' to be honest, my old man was an addict like this guy - anyway, this guy, he owed us big, big money. A couple weeks of him duckin' us go by before Paulie - he was my Capo back then - comes to me and tells me to whack him. So I did, and I liked it. This work is better if you can enjoy it.

DROP-OFF - DAY 2

FRANKY

Go go go! I can't be late.

RICO

We're almost there and we still got half an hour, sir.

They pull up to the house. Franky gets out.

FRANKY

See you tomorrow.

PICKUP - DAY 3

FRANKY

Rico!

He gets in.

FRANKY

Gotta be back by 7.

RICO
Sure thing, boss.

MID-DRIVE - DAY 3

FRANKY
All day she spends on that couch,
buying shit off the TV. I didn't
even know you could buy shit off
the TV. You married?

RICO
No, sir.

FRANKY
Good, stay that way. When I first
met her she was this sexy little
thing. Now alls she does is shove
food in her fat face. Most days she
spends the whole day in a robe
while I'm out here bustin' my ass,
makin' a livin'.

RICO
Tha--

FRANKY
And the kid - go left here, Rico -
the kid, Pepe. That's my son, it's
short for Giuseppe. He's always
home, always readin' fuckin' books.
No goin' out, no football, no
girls, nothin'. I don't know what I
did wrong there...If it weren't for
bustin' heads and all the strange I
get on the side I think I'd snap.

DROP-OFF - DAY 3

FRANKY
Same time tomorrow.

He gets out and slams the door behind him.

FRANKY
Don't think I ain't been tellin'
Tony how good you been doin', cos I
have. You got a real future in our
organization.

RICO
Thanks, sir.

FRANKY
You can start callin' me Franky.

RICO
I'll see you tomorrow, Franky.

FRANKY
Good kid.

PICKUP - DAY 4

Franky gets in and shuts the door behind him.

FRANKY
Let's roll, bud. Gotta be back by
6:30 today.

MID-DRIVE

Franky is in a pizza joint collecting from the owner. Rico waits in the car.

Franky exits the restaurant and gets in the car. He has a slice of pizza in his hand. He takes a loud bite.

FRANKY
I love collectin' from Santino,
always makes sure I leave with a
fresh slice of pepperoni pizza.

He takes another bite.

FRANKY
It's been smooth sailing since that
time me and my boy had to knock out
all of his teeth.
(laughing)
He still ain't got 'em replaced
yet. His whole head looks funny.
You ever notice all people with no
teeth have similar lookin' heads?

RICO
No, I never noticed.

FRANKY
Hey, I been thinking 'bout what you
said yesterday.

RICO
What was that?

FRANKY

When you called me boss, I liked the sound of it. I'd be a good boss. They always say shit like, "Franky Lips, good for muscle but too dumb for anything else." You know I ain't dumb, dont ya?

RICO

Of course.

FRANKY

One day I'll be on top, and I'm bringing you with me, Rico.

RICO

I appreciate that.

FRANKY

Rico, don't tell Tony I said none of that.

RICO

Of course.

DROP-OFF - DAY 4

RICO

See you tomorrow, Franky.

FRANKY

See ya, kid.

Franky walks away.

RICO

I wonder who you're always in such a rush to talk to on the phone, ol' Franky Lips.

PICKUP - DAY 5

FRANKY

Drive. Be back by 3.

RICO

Everything alright?

FRANKY

Yeah, yeah. Just got into it with the wife. She thinks I'm sleepin' around.

RICO

(mock surprise)

You? Never.

Franky wants to get angry, but he can't help but laugh. He feels like for the first time in his life he has a real friend.

FRANKY

Aw just drive the car, you joker.

MID-DRIVE - DAY 5

FRANKY

Pull over there, little strip club on the right. This collections gonna take a little longer than the others.

He pushes out a gross "know-what-I'm-talking-about?" chuckle.

RICO

Sounds good. I'm gonna make a quick call over by that payphone, if that's alright.

FRANKY

Yeah, yeah. Do your business kid.

They both exit and part ways.

Rico enters a phone number into the payphone. The line rings a couple times before a female BARTENDER answers.

BARTENDER

Mullen's Pub, what can I do for you?

RICO

Hey, how ya doin'? Random question but is the bum outside right now?

BARTENDER

Right now and every other fucking minute of the day. Why?

RICO
Can you give him a message? Tell
him I'll meet him there today at 6.

BARTENDER
And who are you?

RICO
Just tell him it's a veteran.

BARTENDER
Whatever.
(to a patron)
Hey, go tell the bum out front that
a veteran wants to meet him here at
6.
(to Rico)
That all?

RICO
That's all. Thanks.

He hangs up and gets back in the car.

Franky joins him shortly after. He's a little drunk.

FRANKY
Ah, that brings me back.

RICO
Good time?

FRANKY
Oh yeah. Reminds me of a girl, from
before my wife. She was a dancer in
a club like that one. She was one
of those "say no, but mean yes"
girls I was talking about a couple
days ago. Finally, I wore her down,
like I do, and it was everything I
had hoped for. Best night of my
life...I don't know what happened
to her, one day she was just gone.
Oh well, more broads in the sea.
Let's go.

The car pulls away.

DROP-OFF - DAY 5

FRANKY
Today was a good day, my friend.
See you tomorrow.

RICO

Bye.

Franky walks into his house.

INT. MULLEN'S PUB - NIGHT

Rico carries two drinks to where Danny is sat. He clinks Danny's pint down in front of him.

RICO

I don't know how you drink that
Guinness crap.

DANNY

Ah, it's God's greatest creation.

He looks around.

DANNY

You know, I've never been in here.

RICO

Beats sittin' out front.

DANNY

I'm not so sure about that...
Anyway, I haven't seen you in ages.
I thought maybe you'd given up on
me.

RICO

Never. I been workin', gatherin'
intel like I said I would.

DANNY

Working how?

RICO

I been doin' a job for Tony:
drivin' around a guy by the name of
Frank Lips, he's-

DANNY

Lips? What kind of name is that?

RICO

I'm guessin' they call him that on
account of his lips never stop
moving. The dude talks constantly,
refuses to shut up.

Danny laughs.

DANNY
He say anything useful?

RICO
Not yet, but he's always rushing home to take some kind of phone call. The time it's at is always changing, but it must be pretty important because he's dead scared of missing it.

DANNY
How does that help us?

RICO
I'm thinking we bug his phone.
(rustling in his pockets)
With this.

Rico holds up the bug.

DANNY
An FM radio transmitter? Nice. So while the two of yous is out on your joyride I'll pop in and plant it?

RICO
Won't work. His wife and kid are always home, but I've got a plan.

DANNY
Oh boy.

RICO
So tonight - late, after everyone's asleep - one of us will climb--

DANNY
Not me, I won't be climbing nothing.

Rico sighs.

RICO
Okay, so I'll climb up their telephone pole...

EXT. FRANKY LIPS' HOUSE - NIGHT

An owl sounds off in the distance. Rico climbs the telephone pole, grunting slightly with each movement.

RICO
(under his breath)
"Won't be climbing nothing."

RICO (V.O.)
Then I'll pop open the box.

He pries the box open.

RICO (V.O.)
I'll undo the connector and tape it
to the box, so it's easy to
reconnect later.

Rico unplugs the connector and rips off a piece of tape.

DANNY (V.O.)
Okay. What'll I be doing?

EXT. PAYPHONE - NIGHT

Crickets buzz.

RICO (V.O.)
You'll go to the payphone by his
house, and grab the phonebook.

DANNY (V.O.)
Okay.

RICO (V.O.)
And tear off the cover.

Danny tears the cover.

RICO (V.O.)
Then you find the phone company,
scratch out the number and write
this number...
(hands Danny a piece of
paper)
...in its place.

Danny flips through the book to the right page. Then he
drags his finger along the page.

DANNY
Where are you? Where are you? There
you are!

Danny scratches out the number and writes the new one.

INT. MULLEN'S PUB - NIGHT

DANNY

So he'll think it's just an old
phone book and the number's
changed?

RICO

Exactly.

DANNY

And who's number is this?

RICO

It's a different payphone. You'll
be waiting for his call in the
morning, and when he calls you'll
pretend to be the phone company.

DANNY

I always knew I was meant to be an
actor.

RICO

I'll go over there in the morning
and...

EXT. FRANKY LIPS' HOUSE - DAY

Rico knocks on the front door. Franky answers.

FRANKY

Rico? What're you doin' here? Did
you call?

RICO

I tried, but your phone's dead.

FRANKY

Dead?

INT. FRANKY LIPS' HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Franky tries his phone but there's no dial tone.

FRANKY

God fucking damn it! Forgive me
Father. Rico, give me a ride to the
payphone down the street.

EXT. PAYPHONE - DAY

Franky flips through the phone book and punches in the number he finds. The line rings twice.

DANNY (O.S.)
General Utility Phone Company, what
can I do for you?

FRANKY
What can you do for me? You can fix
my fuckin' phone is what you can do
for me.

DANNY (O.S.)
What seems to be the issue?

FRANKY
What are you, thick? It's broken.

DANNY (O.S.)
Okay. I can probably get a guy down
there let's say uhhhh next week?

FRANKY
No! No! No. I got a VERY important
call today at 6 o'clock today.
You'll get my shit fixed before
then. I mean what the fuck am I
payin' yous for?

DANNY (O.S.)
6 o'clock, hmmm?

Danny takes an obnoxiously long time pretending to look through a calendar.

DANNY (O.S.)
Thank you for your patience, buddy.
Looks like I can squeeze you in at
5:40 today.

FRANKY
Buddy?! That's too late I need--

DANNY (O.S.)
Best I can do.

FRANKY
You better be there!

Franky slams the phone into the receiver. He roars with rage.

RICO (V.O.)
Try not to piss him off.

DANNY (V.O.)
Yeah, obviously. I'm not gonna piss him off, Rico.

FRANKY
Rico, let's hit the road and get our work over with. I gotta be home at 5:40.

INT. MULLEN'S PUB - DAY

RICO
I'll drop him off home just before his "appointment", and then I'll meet you down the block and give you a jumpsuit and hardhat.

DANNY
Beautiful.

RICO
And then you'll...

EXT. FRANKY LIPS' HOUSE - DAY

Danny knocks on the door. The door whips open.

DANNY
Hel--

FRANKY
Get in.

Franky drags Danny through the door.

INT. FRANKY LIPS' HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

He pushes Danny towards the phone.

FRANKY
Fix it.

Danny picks up the phone and fiddles with the buttons.

DANNY
Oh yeah, I've seen this loads of times, should be a quick fix.

FRANKY

It better be.

RICO (V.O.)

While you're in the house I'll be up the pole in my own jumpsuit. I'll pop the connector back in and put everything back the way it was. You'll take the phone apart and attach the bug.

INT. MULLEN'S PUB - NIGHT

RICO

Hey, I just noticed you're wearing a wedding ring. You weren't wearing that the other day.

Danny is uncharacteristically sullen.

DANNY

Well I'm doing all this for her. It felt appropriate.

RICO

What happened to her?

DANNY

She was a dancer. You know, like in a strip club? That's where we met. God she was beautiful. Even in a room full of a bunch of naked chicks she could turn heads. She had this regular that was always hassling her. I don't know much about him besides he was some pretty high up mafia motherfucker. Apparently he drank like a fish... Anyway, he was always begging her to come home with him, but of course she didn't do it, she always said no; we were married, and she loved me.

INT. FRANKY LIPS' HOUSE - DAY

FRANKY

Quick fix? You got the whole fuckin' thing in pieces.

DANNY

All done. Just gotta put it back together. You mind holding the flashlight while I put this back together.

FRANKY

Gimme it.

Franky clicks on the flashlight and points it at the phone. Danny puts the phone together.

Danny plugs it in and lifts the receiver. There's a dial tone.

DANNY

All better!

DANNY (V.O.)

Anyway...what happened is what always happens when a guy who thinks he's invincible, like the whole world is his for the taking, hears the word "no" one too many times. He took what he wanted. He raped her, and then either him or someone close to him put a bullet in her forehead to cover his tracks, and then they dumped her body in a fucking alley! Of course the cops didn't do shit, they never do shit to any of those fucking bastards. My Becky died alone, scared and abused, and nothing happened to the guy that did it. Nothing.

Franky studies Danny's face.

FRANKY

Hey. Don't I know you from somewhere?

Danny freezes in a cold sweat.

END.

OMERTÁ

Episode 5 - "The Switch"

Written by

Brett Schlagel

INT. RICO'S CAR - DAY

Rico and Danny sit in silence. They're staring intently at the specialized FM radio receiver sat on the dash.

The crickets hum and somewhere a car's breaks squeal.

Danny puts a cigarette in his mouth and goes to light it, but he stops himself.

DANNY
You mind if I smoke?

RICO
Yes.

DANNY
Yes you mind?

RICO
Is that not the question you asked me? Yes, I mind. This is my dad's car.

Danny silently points to the ash tray under the radio. It's full of Rico's used cigarettes.

DANNY
So...did you smoke all those outside the car and then put them out and then bring them IN to the car for safe keeping?

RICO
Shut up.

Danny touches one gingerly.

DANNY
This one's still warm!

RICO
Okay! Shut the fuck up and smoke, just roll the window down. I'm trying to concentrate.

Danny rolls down the window and lights his cigarette.

DANNY
Why? So you can listen to fat-fuck order another pizza? This better be worth it after...nevermind.

RICO
How did it go in there?

Danny has something brewing in his mind.

He doesn't like the conclusions he's starting to come to or the feelings those conclusions are starting to make him feel.

DANNY
It was fine.

The radio receiver rings to life.

It rings two more times before Franky Lips answers the phone. On the other end is LI JIE, a Chinese immigrant.

FRANKY LIPS
Yeah?

LI JIE
The terms of your deal are acceptable.

FRANKY LIPS
We ain't discussed no terms yet.
What terms?

LI JIE
The proposed time and the proposed product.

FRANKY LIPS
How much coke we talkin' here?

LI JIE
I see discretion is not your strong suit.

FRANKY LIPS
(pissed)
Yeah?! And I see respect ain't yours.

LI JIE
I apologize. 13.

DANNY
Lot of fuss for 13 ounces of cocaine.

RICO
Shh!

FRANKY LIPS
13? Okay, okay I can do that.
Pounds right?

Li Jie sighs.

LI JIE
Yes.

FRANKY LIPS
Okay. See you's guys at noo-- see
you's guys at the "preposed" time.

Li Jie sighs again.

LI JIE
Mr. Zhao is looking forward to
meeting you in person. We hope to
form a strong bond between the
Black Dragon and your organization.

The line disconnects.

Rico and Danny let the silence wash over them a moment.

DANNY
Holy shit.

RICO
Black Dragon...

DANNY
13 pounds! Can you believe that?

RICO
Why does that sound so familiar?

DANNY
What?

RICO
Black Dragon.

DANNY
They basically run China Town. Big
time gang. Kinda odd they're doing
business together.

RICO
Why?

DANNY

You ever in your life seen a Chinese guy and an Italian guy have a conversation? Even one time?

RICO

What?! Yes, all the time.

DANNY

Okay, yeah. I guess I have too. Anyway, point is, the two gangs usually don't mix.

Rico scoffs and pinches the bridge of his nose.

RICO

You know where they hang out?

DANNY

I've heard whispers about some silk textile shop in Chinatown. It's supposed to be some kind of headquarters of theirs.

RICO

Gotcha. You up for some recon tomorrow?

DANNY

Let's get after it.

EXT. CHINATOWN - DAY

Danny, equipped with a pair of binoculars, and Rico, pouring coffee from a thermos, are parked near the textile shop.

RICO

You want coffee?

DANNY

Yeah, sure. Pour me one.

Rico hands him a paper cup full of bitter coffee.

RICO

Here, lemme get a look through those binoculars.

Danny hands the binoculars to Rico. Rico studies them.

RICO (cont'd)

Are these from 'Nam?

DANNY

Yep.

Rico chuckles.

RICO

You were supposed to give these back.

DANNY

After what they took from me, pair of binoculars is the least of what I'm owed.

RICO

Fair enough...There's someone coming. Looks like a limo.

A luxurious stretch limo pulls to a stop in front of the shop. The DRIVER exits and opens the rearmost door.

DANNY

Nice suit. Who's he picking up?

ZHAO exits the shop and beelines for the limo.

RICO

Him.

DANNY

(re: binoculars)

Lemme see those.

(looking through them)

Woah. Forget what I said before.

That's a nice suit. You think that's Zhao?

The driver tips his hat to Zhao.

DRIVER

Good day, Mr. Zhao.

Zhao grunts and gets in. The driver shuts the door after him before getting in the driver's seat and pulling away.

DANNY

We following them?

RICO

Yeah. I think we should. I wonder what was in that briefcase.

He eases the car into a smooth start and follows the limo at a good distance.

They drive like that a while until the limo pulls over at a corner.

DANNY
They're stopping, pull over. God,
this is a shitty area.

RICO
We're from a shitty area.

DANNY
This is worse.

Rico pulls to a stop.

The limo's back door opens. A rough looking street level goon approaches.

RICO
Who's *that*?

DANNY
No suit on this one. Jesus, that's
a rough looking sonnavabitch.

The door shuts with a thud.

DANNY (cont'd)
Get ready to follow.

RICO
Why aren't they leaving?

As quick as he entered, the goon leaves the limo.

DANNY
That was quick.

RICO
He's coming this way.

The goon walks a bit down the street. The limo starts to drive off.

DANNY
The limo's leav--

The thug pulls out a huge wad of cash and thumbs through it.

DANNY (cont'd)
JESUS CHRIST! This guys got at
least a couple grand on him. How
about we...?

Rico starts following the limo.

DANNY (cont'd)
Rico! What are you doing?

RICO
We're not robbing some street guy.
This isn't about money.

DANNY
Yeah, but money's still nice.

Rico's silence is resounding. They drive on.

The limo stops again.

RICO
They're stopping again.

DANNY
Here comes his man, even rougher
than the first.

The second goon gets in and quickly exits, just like the first.

The limo pulls off.

RICO
That was even quicker than before.

The second goon checks his stack right away.

DANNY
That's gotta be at least ten-
fucking-GRAND, Rico! If you don't
let me rob this guy I'm going to
scream.

RICO
No.

DANNY
Fucking bullshit.

EXT. CHINATOWN - NIGHT

Ambient night city-noises fill the air.

Rico cranks up the parking brake. Danny picks his teeth.
They stare at the textile shop.

Zhao clambers out of the door held open by the driver.

DRIVER

Good night, Mr. Zhao.

Zhao grunts.

ZHAO

Wait here. Have something for you.

DANNY

Four days of this, Rico. I'm going insane. Four days of God knows how many identi-fucking-cal exchanges. Same driver, same Zhao, same briefcase, same ugly bastards making off with enough cash for me to live a life of comfort for a couple years. I'm in the Twilight Zone, honestly.

RICO

I know. Let me think.

DANNY

Think away.

A young kid runs down the street laughing/screaming with joy.

DANNY (cont'd)

You ever deal with any kids? Over there?

RICO

Deal with?

DANNY

Not like that. I mean, like see them you know?

RICO

Of course.

DANNY

I remember this village we were at. We walked through there and there was this one kid, like eight or nine, and his eyes were so big, really brown too, basically black. Anyway, he was looking at me and it made me feel like Captain America, like I really felt admired, like a hero. So I went and I raised my hand for him and he cowered, cowered, behind his mom.

(MORE)

DANNY (cont'd)
I realized he was scared of me and that was fear in his eyes, not admiration. But it wasn't just fear, it was hate too. He hated me. I'd never been hated by a kid before.

RICO
It's the worst for the kids. They didn't know what was going on.

DANNY
Did anyone?

RICO
I hope so...Here comes Zhao.

Zhao approaches the driver with a bottle of wine. He hands it to his employee.

ZHAO
For your hard work. Best wine in the city.

DRIVER
Thank you! Thank you, Mr. Zhao.

Zhao whispers something in the driver's ear before grunting and walking back into the shop.

The overjoyed driver jumps in his limo and drives off.

RICO
I think we need to have a conversation with Mr. Driver.

DANNY
You're really gonna just ruin his nice night, huh?

Rico laughs as he begins his pursuit.

RICO
Get in the backseat and grab that rope.

Danny clambers to the back.

DANNY
Poor Mr. Driver.

EXT. LIMO SERVICE LOT - NIGHT

The driver walks through the parking lot, admiring the bottle of wine.

DIVER
Finest wine in the city.

Rico is stood next to his car a little ways off, examining the back right wheel. The back door is open.

RICO
Hey! Hey, can you help me over here?

DIVER
What's wrong?

RICO
Come here! Does this look flat?

The driver walks over hesitantly.

DIVER
This one?

RICO
Yeah, that one.

DIVER
Uh...no I don't--

Rico shoves him through the back door.

The wine crashes to the floor and shatters.

DIVER (cont'd)
Hey!

Danny slips the rope around the driver's neck and tugs. The driver chokes.

RICO
This is my friend. He likes your answers, you get to breathe. He doesn't? Well, friend, why don't you show him what happens if you don't like his answers.

Danny tightens the rope. The driver struggles accordingly. Danny lets up on the pressure, and the driver gasps.

DIVER
I know nothing!

Dany squeezes and lets up. The driver heaves.

DRIVER (cont'd)
Okay! Okay! I'll tell you!

RICO
Who is Zhao?

DRIVER
He's the boss...big boss of Black Dragon.

RICO
Do you do all his driving?

DRIVER
Yes!

RICO
What's in the briefcase?

DANNY
Money. Lot of money.

RICO
Why?

DRIVER
He does all his transactions himself. Says it shows respect, plus he don't trust no one else to do it. He say, "don't send dog to do man's job."

RICO
What about any big buys coming up?
What do you know?

DRIVER
Nothing! I prom--

Danny yanks hard and doesn't let up.

RICO
What do you know!?

The driver's veins bulge.

DRIVER
Okay!

Danny relents. The driver gasps a couple deep breaths.

RICO
What. Do. You. Know.

DRIVER
When Mr. Zhao does big deals he
always gives me a big tip. Make
sure I keep my mouth shut.

He gulps more air.

DRIVER (cont'd)
And he told me tomorrow is a big
tip day, don't be late.

RICO
Do you know where you're taking
him?

DRIVER
Docks, Pier 11 at noon. I pick him
up at 9.

RICO
Why so early?

DRIVER
Tomorrow Tuesday. Every Tuesday he
visit his mother in nursing home.
Every Tuesday.

RICO
Does he bring the suitcase with
him?

DRIVER
Never.

RICO
Okay.
(to Danny)
Let him go.

Danny complies.

RICO (cont'd)
(to the driver)
Get out of here.

The driver bolts off with a whimper.

DANNY
That was something.

Rico sighs.

RICO
We gotta get that briefcase. That
enough money for you?

DANNY
I thought it wasn't about the
money?

RICO
It's not...You ever drive a limo
before?

EXT. LIMO SERVICE LOT - DAY

The driver strides through the lot. He rubs the ligature
marks on his neck subconsciously.

He makes it to his limo and fiddles with the keys.

RICO
Good morning.

The driver shrieks.

DRIVER
No! I told you everything last
night.

Rico grabs his shoulder and pulls him to the waiting car.

RICO
Get in there.

Rico shoves the driver into the backseat and follows him in,
shutting the door behind him.

DRIVER
You know everything! I swear! I'll
be late!

RICO
Shut up. Look at that.

He gestures with his chin to his revolver held low to avoid
being seen through the window.

RICO (cont'd)
That's a Smith & Wesson. Very
reliable, and very much pointed at
your junk. Now, strip.

DRIVER
What?

RICO
Strip. Your clothes, take them off.

CUT TO:

Danny slams the trunk closed, leaving the driver in the cramped darkness.

DANNY
God, I feel a bit bad about keeping him in the trunk.

RICO
Me too. Hurry up and finish getting changed into his uniform, you gotta go pick up Zhao.

Danny pulls on the driver's jacket.

DANNY
I really hope I don't crash this thing.

RICO
You got the sack of paper?

DANNY
Yeah. It's in the passenger seat.

RICO
Tell me again what you're gonna do.

DANNY
When Zhao gets out I'll switch the cash for the paper. Then you'll drive up and I'll toss you the sack that will then be full of cash. Yeah?

RICO
Yeah. Good luck.

They shake hands.

EXT. CHINATOWN - DAY

Danny pulls up to the textile shop.

He knocks over a trashcan with the back of the limo.

DANNY
Damn it!

He parks and rushes out to fix the trashcan.

DANNY (cont'd)
Who looked at cars and said, "Yep,
let's make 'em longer"? Moronic.

He opens the back door. He smooths his uniform and waits for Zhao.

Zhao exits the shop and walks to Danny, holding the briefcase.

ZHAO
Who are you? Where is usual guy?

DANNY
He's very ill, sir. Stomach flu. I
apologize.

Zhao grunts and gets in. Danny shuts the door.

DANNY (cont'd)
That was easy.

INT. LIMO - DAY

Danny pulls away gently. Zhao lowers the divider.

ZHAO
You know where you're going?

DANNY
Yes, sir. Morrow Rise Nursing Home.

ZHAO
Very good.

DANNY
Yes, sir.

They drive on in quiet a while.

ZHAO
Your parents alive?

DANNY
No, sir.

ZHAO
I am sorry to hear that...Family is
very important. Very important.

DANNY

I agree.

They arrive at the nursing home. Danny starts to get out of the limo.

ZHAO

No, no. Stay where you are. I will open door myself.

He does just that and leaves Danny alone with the briefcase.

Danny waits a moment before clambering to the back with the sack of paper.

He unclasps the briefcase and dumps out the cash on the seat.

DANNY

God, thats a lot of money.

He stuffs the paper into the briefcase and then stuffs the cash in the sack.

DANNY (cont'd)

Okay. Paper in the briefcase, money in the bag.

He clasps the briefcase shut and climbs back up to the front. He unrolls his window just as Rico pulls up.

RICO

How'd it go?

Danny hands him the sack.

DANNY

Great, take this.

RICO

Okay, great. I gotta go get Franky.

DANNY

Good luck...I hope Zhao doesn't open the briefcase.

Rico pulls away.

Zhao gets back in the limo.

ZHAO

Okay. Go.

DANNY
Absolutely. How was it, sir?

ZHAO
Very well. Thank you.

EXT. RICO'S CAR - DAY

Rico pulls over, gets out and pops the trunk open.

The driver's muffled cries fill the air.

RICO
Look, I know this ain't ideal, but
it's for your own good. We both
know Zhao would kill you if he
thought for even a second you were
involved, right?

The driver gives a muffled "uh huh".

RICO (cont'd)
Good. Good. I need you to stay
quiet now, okay? I gotta pick up
another guy and go do the deal.
Soon as we're done, I'll cut you
loose and you'll never hear from us
again. Okay?

Muffled "uh huh".

RICO (cont'd)
But I mean it: not a peep. You make
even one sound and I'll cut each of
your fingers off, slowly, one by
one. And when I'm done with those
I'll cut your balls off, and then
your pecker. You don't wanna lose
your pecker, right?

The driver protests ferociously.

RICO (cont'd)
Didn't think so. We got a deal?

Muffled "uh huh".

RICO (cont'd)
Good.

The driver is silent.

Rico shuts the trunk, gets in the car and drives off.

EXT. FRANKY LIP'S HOUSE - DAY

Franky Lips lumbers up to the car carrying three duffle bags full of cocaine.

FRANKY LIPS

Aye, Rico! Long time no see.

RICO

Hey, Franky. Those bags look heavy, you need a hand?

FRANKY LIPS

Nah, nah, nah. I got it. Just pop the trunk.

RICO

The trunk? The trunk is uh, full.

FRANKY LIPS

Full?

RICO

Yeah, you know bunch of bullshit. There ain't no room. Just chuck the duffle bags into the back seat here.

FRANKY LIPS

Alright.

Franky opens the back and heaves the bags in.

He gets in the passenger seat.

FRANKY LIPS (cont'd)

(laughing)

I hope you ain't got a body back there. I don't need that kinda heat.

RICO

Yeah, me neither.

FRANKY LIPS

Alright, let's go. Go left at the stop sign.

EXT. DOCKS - DAY

Seagulls caw. The ocean ebbs.

The limo is parked facing away from the water. Danny opens the door for Zhao. Zhao gets out.

ZHAO
You wait in car. Keep it running.

DANNY
Yes, sir.

ZHAO
Why your hat so low? It's blocking
your face, looks stupid.

DANNY
Sorry, I'll fix it.

ZHAO
Good. Go.

Danny gets in the limo and starts the engine.

Zhao pulls out his gun and cocks it before holstering it.

A few moments later, Franky and Rico pull up. They park about 20 yards from the limo.

Franky gets out followed closely by Rico, carrying the duffle bags.

Franky walks toward Zhao and shakes his hand.

FRANKY LIPS
The famous Mr. Zhao! It's an honor.

ZHAO
I am glad we were able to arrange
this.

FRANKY LIPS
Rico, put those bags in the back of
Mr. Zhao's trunk.
(to Zhao)
Feel free to take a peek.

ZHAO
I trust you.

Rico unloads the bags into the limo.

Zhao hands the briefcase to Franky.

ZHAO (cont'd)
Your payment.

FRANKY LIPS
Thank you very much.
(to Rico)
Take this to the car and count it.
(to Zhao)
Sorry. I ain't so trusting.

Rico walks to his car and places the briefcase down and pops it open. He pretends to survey the contents.

FRANKY LIPS (cont'd)
Nice weather, huh?

Zhao grunts.

RICO
Boss?

FRANKY LIPS
Yeah?

RICO
You're gonna wanna check this out.

Franky walks to the briefcase and sees the paper.

FRANKY LIPS
What the fuck is this?

He's pissed.

He whips around to face Zhao.

FRANKY LIPS (cont'd)
What the fuck is this?!

ZHAO
What?

FRANKY LIPS
What?!

ZHAO
Calm yourself.

FRANKY LIPS
Fuck you. I ain't nowhere near calm
after you pull this shit.

ZHAO
Don't come any closer.

FRANKY LIPS
Are you tryin to scam ME? You know
who the fuck I am?!

Zhao pulls out his gun and aims it at Franky.

RICO
Gun!

ZHAO
You know who the fuck I am?!

RICO
Franky! Move!

Franky dives for cover. Zhao shoots at him and the bullet
buries itself in his shoulder.

FRANKY LIPS
Ah, fuck! He got me.

Rico pulls out his gun and fires at Zhao twice. The second
one lands.

FRANKY LIPS (cont'd)
You got him, Rico!

RICO
Are you okay?

FRANKY LIPS
Yeah. He just got my shoulder. I'm
fine.

Zhao groans and raises himself a little.

The limo peels away.

ZHAO
Mafia scum.

FRANKY LIPS
Finish him off, Rico.

Rico walks toward Zhao. He points his gun right at Zhao's
face.

They both take a deep breath.

Rico fires and Zhao drops.

END.

OMERTA
Episode 6 - Tony Can't Know

Written by

Brett Schlagel

EXT. FRANKY LIPS' HOUSE - DAY

SCREEEEEEEEAAAACH! Rico's car peels around the corner. He pulls in sideways into the drive. SLAM! He exits the car in a rush and speeds around to the passenger side. Franky is groaning in pain.

MARIE, Franky's wife, opens the front door to investigate the commotion.

MARIE
Franky!? What's goin' on?

RICO
Clear the kitchen table! He's been shot!

MARIE
Oh my, god!

Marie hurries inside to clear the table. Rico helps Franky out of the car. He throws Franky's arm over his shoulders and walks him inside to the kitchen.

INT. FRANKY LIPS' HOUSE - DAY

RICO
Let's get you laid down on the table.

Franky groans as he gets up on the table and lays back.

RICO (cont'd)
Here use my jacket for a pillow.
Marie rushes in, she's panicked.

MARIE
Here are some towels! Is he gonna be okay?!

RICO
He'll be okay but we gotta get this bullet out of his shoulder before he loses too much blood. Do you gotta first aid kit somewhere? And whiskey?

MARIE
I'll get the kit, the whiskey is up there on top of the refrigerator!

Marie goes to get the kit. Rico grabs the whiskey bottle and undoes the cap. He rips his belt off of his pants, doubles it over and puts it to Franky's mouth.

RICO
Bite down on this. This ain't gonna
feel too good.

Franky bites down on the belt.

RICO (cont'd)
Ready?

Franky speaks through teeth clenched on leather.

FRANKY
Do it!

Rico pours the whiskey over the bullet wound. Franky's muffle wails fill the house.

FRANKY (cont'd)
Ahhhhhhh! Fuck!

Marie enters with the first aid kit.

MARIE
Here, here's the first aid kit.

RICO
(to Marie)
Does it have tweezers or hemostats
or somethin'?

MARIE
Uh...

RICO
(quietly to Franky)
Gimme the belt, take a few good
swallows of this real quick.

Rico hands Franky the whiskey. Franky takes a few swigs and coughs after he does. Still moaning and groaning in pain.

MARIE
Yes, it has hemostats!

RICO
(to Marie)
Okay. I need some water to rinse
this out.

Marie fills up glass of water and hands it Rico.

MARIE
Here you go.

RICO
(to Franky)
Give me the bottle and put this
back in your mouth.

Franky does as Rico asks.

RICO (cont'd)
Okay, here comes the water.

Rico pours water over the wound. Franky wails muffled wails again. Rico hands the bottle to Marie.

RICO (cont'd)
(to Franky)
I'm settin' this cup by your head
so don't knock it off.
(to Marie)
Here set this bottle of the way and
hand me the hemostats.

MARIE
Okay...here.

RICO
While I'm digging the bullet out,
get me something to stitch this up
with, some gauze pads, tape, and a
pair of scissors.

MARIE
Okay.

RICO
Okay, here we go, Franky. Take a
deep breath.

Franky takes a deep breath. Rico dives into the bullet wound in all its soggy glory. He digs and mashes the flesh and muscle fibers around until he finds the bullet.

Franky moans and grunts with every move Rico makes. Rico grips the bullet.

RICO
Okay, I think I got it.

He starts to pull out the bullet slowly. Franky is breathing heavily and grunting in pain.

RICO
Heeeere it coooomes.

SQUISH! The wound births a bullet and the mangled flesh juices blood. Franky gives one last grunt of pain, the loudest he's given yet. Followed by a heavy exhale of relief.

RICO (cont'd)
Gotchya!

TINK TINK TINKK!! Rico drops the bullet into the empty glass by Franky's head. Franky's breathing is heavy but with light moans and grunts of relief.

RICO (cont'd)
Almost done, Franky.
(to Marie)
Here, we don't need this glass anymore.

He hands Marie the glass with the bullet.

RICO (cont'd)
How about that needle & thread?

MARIE
Right here.

RICO
Alright, Franky. As I do this I need you to keep real still. Take deep breaths in and out, real steady...okay...here it goes. Deep breath in -

Franky inhales deep through his nose. Rico pushes the needle through the skin on both sides of the wound. Franky grunts and exhales. Rico pulls the thread through the flesh.

RICO (cont'd)
Okay, that was one, just a few more. Deep breath in -

Franky inhales again. Rico pierces a second time and pulls the thread through the skin as Franky exhale and grunts in pain.

RICO
Okay again.

Franky inhales. Rico pushes through another stitch and pulls the thread tight. Franky continues to exhale and grunt.

RICO
 Okay, 2 more and we're done. Deep
 breath in -

They repeat the cycle again.

RICO
 Last one, okay? Deep breath -

They repeat the cycle one last time.

RICO
 Alright, let me make a knot and
 clip off the excess.
 (to Marie)
 Can you hand me the scissors? Thank
 you.

He cuts the string. Franky's breathing is back to heavy but
 moans of relief throughout break up the breaths.

RICO (cont'd)
 Okay, gauze and tape?

MARIE
 Here you go.

RICO
 Thanks.

RIIIIIIP! Rico opens the gauze packaging and places it over
 the wound. KEEERRRRUUUUHHHH! He rips off 4 pieces of bandage
 tape and tapes down the gauze.

RICO
 And done.

Franky pulls the belt out of his mouth. He's breathing like
 he just finished running a race. He speaks between breaths.

FRANKY
 Oh...shit...Rico...where-where'd
 you learn how to do dat?

RICO
 Military.

FRANKY
 No shit?...military...man I'm glad
 you was there!...Thank you,
 Rico... thank you...

RICO

That shoulder is gonna feel like hell for the next week or two, you probably need to rest and take it easy for a few days at least.

FRANKY

It hurts somethin' good right now. Christ!

Franky starts to sit up.

RICO

Here let me help you sit up.

FRANKY

Ooof!

RICO

I can tell Tony you'll be down for a few days and -

FRANKY

No! Don't tell Tony nottin'! Tony can't know 'bout dis. This is you and I's liddle secret, kay?

RICO

Yeah, sure. You got it, Franky.

FRANKY

I'm serious, Rico. Tony finds out I been movin' coke he'll be pissed and take it to Smokes.

RICO

Smokes?

FRANKY

Smokes. Da Don. Marco Smokes Liotta. You ain't neva heard of Marco Smokes?

RICO

Can't say I have.

FRANKY

Probably a good ting. He'll treat ya well and all, nice enough guy, but you cross him and he'll have you cut up into liddle bits while ya still alive!

RICO
Okay, then. We don't tell Tony.

FRANKY
Right. Good.

RICO
With you takin' a breather for a bit, you still want me comin' 'round?

FRANKY
You've done enough, Rico. I can't tank you enough for dis. I shouldn't need anyting for a few days. If you need somethin' to do just check in with Tony.

Then Franky remembers something.

FRANKY (cont'd)
Oh, crap.

RICO
What?

FRANKY
I forgot, I'm supposed to oversee a big shipment of some...uhhh...tings... comin' in off da boat tomorrow night.

RICO
You need me to take care of it?

FRANKY
No, no. No big deal. I'll call one of da other capos to fill in. Tanks dough.

RICO
No problem...let me help you get this mess cleaned up.

FRANKY
Don't worry 'bout it. Marie will get it. You get outta here, go relax somewhere for a bit.

RICO
Alright, then. I'm headed out.

Rico opens the front door and starts to leave.

FRANKY
And Rico, remember. Tony can't
know.

RICO
You got it.

SLAM. The front door shuts.

INT. TELEPHONE BOOTH - DAY

CLICK, CHING! Rico inserts a quarter into a pay phone and
calls the Irish pub.

PAT (O.S.)
Mullen's pub, this is Pat.

RICO
Pat, take a message for Danny.

PAT (O.S.)
He don't live here ya, know?

RICO (O.S.)
Just take the message.

PAT (O.S.)
Fine. What is it?

RICO
8PM, the cafe at 223rd and White
Plains.

PAT (O.S.)
Anything else?

RICO
That's it.

PAT (O.S.)
If he happens to pop by I'll give
it to 'em.

RICO
Good.

KLANG! Rico hangs up.

INT. CAFE BEANS - DAY

Coffee shop ambiance fills the scene. Danny walks in to find
Rico already sitting a table. He sits down.

DANNY

Alright, gimme some good news.

RICO

How do you mean?

DANNY

Tell me that son of a bitch bled out and the world no longer needs to suffer the sight of his ugly mug.

RICO

No, no such luck. Zhao just clipped his shoulder. I got the bullet out. You shoulda seen the mess.

DANNY

Damn. As much as I wish Zhao hit him between the eyes, I'm kinda relieved he didn't. Franky's been a good source of info for us.

RICO

Tomorrow is still on.

DANNY

You find out what's in the shipment?

RICO

No. He's callin' in another capo to fill in for 'im so I don't think it's drugs.

DANNY

This could be an opportunity for us. Maybe we can get away with taken whatever it is they're plannin' on makin' a buck on...and walk away with a little extra information.

RICO

I was just thinkin' of takin' this capo out, but that's not a bad idea. Could give us some info we can't get through Franky's bug.

DANNY

Right?

RICO

We're gonna need somethin' to move whatever's comin' off that boat... and someplace to put it.

DANNY

Don't forget, I still got the money we ripped off Zhao.

RICO

Yeah, I ain't forgot.

DANNY

I can get us a truck by tomorrow. Won't be fancy but it'll do.

RICO

What about a storage place?

DANNY

I think I can get that squared away to. There's an old warehouse, just by the one you shot me in.

RICO

Clipped you.

DANNY

I still say shot, but anyways, the guy who owns it used to let me sleep in the back in exchange for some heavy lifting every now and then. He has been hurtin' to rent it out for a while. Kind of a shithole neighborhood...I guess no one wants to keep anything there worth a buck.

RICO

Think he'll take cash?

DANNY

I think he'll take about anything at this point.

RICO

Okay, you get the truck and the place and we'll meet up at the pub tomorrow night and head over to the docks.

(MORE)

RICO (cont'd)

We'll wait for the deal to go down,
before that other capo walks out of
there we black bag the shithead,
tie him up, and throw him in the
back of the truck with as much of
the shipment we can fit. We'll take
him back to our warehouse and see
if we can get him to talk.

DANNY

I'll pick up some ski masks, too.
If things go south I don't want to
risk our faces being seen if we can
help it, know what I mean?

RICO

Good idea.

DANNY

Yeah. I'm smart, Rico. I got it
allll figured out.

RICO

Sure. Anyway, what did you do with
the limo driver?

Long pause.

DANNY

Shit.

EXT. BACK OF COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Rico pulls his car to a stop beside the limo and turns off
the engine.

RICO

I cannot believe you forgot him in
there.

DANNY

Yeah, I get it.

They exit.

RICO

Pop the trunk.

Danny opens the trunk. The Driver whimpers.

RICO (cont'd)

Hey, buddy. Ready to go home?

The Driver mumbles something through his taped mouth. Danny rips off the tape.

DIRECTOR
You left me in here...all day.

DANNY
Yeah, well. Occupational hazard.

DIRECTOR
I drive a limo!

INT. MURPHY'S BAR - DAY

Rico walks up to the bar. Samantha is facing the other way. Rico wolf whistles at her.

SAMANTHA
Who the f--
(turning around)
Rico! It's been a awhile. Thought
maybe you didn't enjoy our last...
encounter.

RICO
Enjoy? That would be an
understatement.

She laughs.

SAMANTHA
We should, uh, encounter each other
again.

RICO
Couldn't agree more. I'm going to
visit my pop if you wanna come
with?

SAMANTHA
I'm working.

RICO
(looking around)
Sam, there's no one here.

MURPHY
(from the back)
Ah just go, Samantha. I'll take
over.

RICO
There you go.

SAMANTHA
Let me go get changed.

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

ENZO'S ROOM

Rico stand over the still comatose Enzo.

RICO
Hey, Pop. You look good.

SAMANTHA
He really does.

RICO
I don't know if you can hear me
but...
(whispering)
I'm taking care of things for us,
okay? Maybe for other folks too.
(sighs)
I don't know if I'm doing the right
thing. I gotta do some bad stuff,
stuff I promised never to do again.
I don't know, Pop. I wish I could
get your advice.

He stands up with a sigh.

SAMANTHA
You okay?

RICO
Yeah. Ready to go?

She grunts in the affirmative. They say goodbye to Enzo and walk out of the room.

HALLWAY

Detective Kowalski is grilling a NURSE at the nurse's station.

KOWALSKI
And has he had any visitors lately?

Rico grabs Samantha's hand.

RICO
Come on, let's go.

NURSE

There's someone there now. His son
I think.

Kowalski whips her head down the hall and sees Rico.

KOWALSKI

Rico!

Rico turns, Kowalski approaches quickly.

RICO

Hey, Detective.

KOWALSKI

Thought I'd have heard from you by
now.

RICO

Yeah. Sorry, been busy.

KOWALSKI

You still got my card?

RICO

Uh, yeah...I think so.

KOWALSKI

Think so. Hm. How about this, you
give me your number, and I'll call
you.

RICO

You know what, I actually ain't got
a phone.

(to Samantha)

Ready to go, Sam?

KOWALSKI

You know, the arson report came
back for your dad's place.

RICO

Oh yeah?

KOWALSKI

Yeah, looks like it was caused by a
Molotov cocktail, something of a
signature of certain crime
families.

RICO

Well, that's...uh, something.

KOWALSKI
(to Samantha)
Do you mind if I talk to Rico in
private?

SAMANTHA
No problem.

Kowalski waits until Samantha is out of earshot. Kowalski
drops her hard-ass detective persona.

KOWALSKI
She seems nice...Look, I'm not
stupid and neither are you. I don't
think you are at least, but if
you're out there trying to fix this
or repay some debt on your own, you
need to let me know. I can help
you. There's no "fixing" anything
with theses guys. They'll keep
taking and taking, using you until
there's nothing left. Nothing will
ever be enough. Please, Rico, work
with me.

Long pause.

RICO
Thanks for your time, but I gotta
go.

He turns and walks briskly towards Samantha.

SAMANTHA
All good?

RICO
You need a drink? I need a drink.

SAMANTHA
Sure, let's pick up a bottle of
something and head to your place.

INT. RICO'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Rico and Samantha just finish having sex. Samantha rolls off
of Rico with a sigh and they both lay there a minute just
breathing.

SAMANTHA
That detective?

RICO

Yeah.

SAMANTHA

What'd she want.

RICO

She's looking into the fire, thinks
there's more going on.

SAMANTHA

Is there?

RICO

Yeah.

SAMANTHA

What?

RICO

I don't want to get you involved.

SAMANTHA

Are you in trouble?

No response.

SAMANTHA (cont'd)

You told your dad...something about
taking care of things.

RICO

Yeah, I did.

SAMANTHA

What're you handling?

RICO

Things. Everything. I've got it
taken care of. I'm handling it...
I'm going to sleep.

INT. RICO'S BEDROOM - DAY

The shrill ring of the telephone wakes them both up. Rico
answers it.

RICO

Hello?

MURPHY

Yeah, Rico, it's Murph. Some Italian guy - Tony something - came by the bar looking for you. Said he needs to get in touch.

RICO

Shit, okay. Thanks, Murph.

Rico hangs up.

SAMANTHA

What did he say?

RICO

Look, I gotta go take of something.

SAMANTHA

(annoyed)

Alright, big guy. Can you drop me home on your way to "take care of something"?

Rico grunts absentmindedly "yes".

INT. ITALIAN RESTAURANT - DAY

Rico sits across from Tony.

TONY

You're a hard man to get a hold of. You ain't avoiding me are you?

RICO

Nah, 'course not.

TONY

Good. Look I got something I need you to do for me. I got one of my Capo's and another guy doing a meetup at the docks. I need you to tag along as another gun.

Beat.

RICO

I don't know, Tony. I don't think you want me there, I ain't so experienced with--

TONY

Enough. You'll do it, plus you'll be fine.

(MORE)

TONY (cont'd)
Nothing ever happens with these things. You're just there as a precaution.

RICO
Alright.

TONY
How's it going with driving ol' Franky?

RICO
It's good, you know? Yeah. It's good.

TONY
Hm. How come you ain't driving him today?

RICO
I don't know. He's doing other stuff?

TONY
Other stuff? Like what other fucking stuff?

RICO
I don't know, fucking his wife, making a quilt? Shit, I don't ask questions, Tony.

TONY
Hm. You got a good head on your shoulders, Rico. I think you're more cut out for this work than you realize.

INT. MULLEN'S PUB - DAY

Rico approaches Danny.

DANNY
You're early.

RICO
(thinking)
Am I?...Anyway, you get everything sorted?

DANNY
Yes, sir.

RICO
We got a small problem.

DANNY
I'd be surprised if we didn't.

RICO
I gotta drive with one of the capos
and another guy to the meetup. I'm
the back up.

DANNY
Jesus. What do you wanna do?

RICO
I think we should still go through
with our plan.

DANNY
You sure?

RICO
Yeah. You'll have to drive the
truck alone. I'll signal you which
one is the Capo. You take out the
other guy and we'll both wrangle
the Capo.

DANNY
Alright, if you're sure.

Rico shrugs.

RICO
Okay, I gotta go pick them up.

DANNY
Good luck.

RICO
You too.

EXT. DOCKYARD - DAY

Rico, the CAPO, and the SOLDIER drive towards the RUSSIANS'
black Escalade. There's a huge pile of crates next to them

CAPO
Easy now. Park next to that black
car.

SOLDIER
Those the guys?

CAPO
Yeah. Russians, real professional,
straight to business. God, look at
all those crates.

They park and get out.

RUSSIAN 1 shakes the Capo's hand.

RUSSIAN 1
(thick accent)
Shall we begin.

CAPO
Let's do it.

RUSSIAN 1
As you can see here is everything
that was agreed upon. 32 crates,
top quality, the best.

CAPO
Mind if I take a look?

RUSSIAN 1
Of course.

He pries open a crate and pulls out an AK-47 which he hands
to the Capo.

RUSSIAN 1 (cont'd)
AK-47. Very, very dependable. Will
shoot even if dropped in water.
Good quality. Not cheap back-alley
gun for child.

CAPO
Looks good to me.
(handing over envelope)
And here is your payment.

They shake hands.

RUSSIAN 1
Perfection, good doing business
with you.
(to the other Russians)
Let's go.

The Russians get in their car and peel away.

CAPO
Alright, you two. Let's get these
crates into warehouse 11. Here,
Rico. Take the keys.

He hands the keys to Rico.

RICO
You got it.

EXT. DOCKYARD - LATER

Most of the crates have been moved into the warehouse.

SOLDIER
Only like four or five left.

RICO
Thank God.

Danny comes laboring towards warehouse 11 in a truck.

SOLDIER
Who's that?

RICO
Who?

SOLDIER
Look, guy in a truck coming this
way.
(to the Capo)
Hey, boss!

The Capo comes over.

CAPO
Yeah? Wait, who the fuck is that?

SOLDIER
You not expecting anyone else?

CAPO
No. Stay cool. He don't know what
we're doing.

Danny pulls up next to them.

DANNY
Hey, boys. Ya'll know where Thomas
Green pier is? I been all over and
just can't seem to be able to find
it.

SOLDIER

No, but you need to leave.

Danny looks at Rico. Rico nods in the direction of the Capo. Danny starts sifting through papers on his dashboard.

DANNY

Well it's says here that--

He whips out his gun and fires a single shot right into the Soldier's forehead. The Capo gasps and reaches for his gun, but Rico jams his own gun into the Capo's back.

RICO

Easy now. Hand off that gun or I put a bullet in your spine. That's good, now put your hands up.

CAPO

You fucking idiot. Do you have any idea what they'll do to you? To your family.

Danny hops out of the truck.

DANNY

(looking at the Soldier)
Sorry, kid.

RICO

Grab his gun and bag him

Danny does just that.

CAPO

You fucking idiot! They'll kill you! They'll kill you all!

Rico pistol whips the Capo and he crumples to the ground.

RICO

Tie up his legs, I got his arms.

They start tying up the Capo.

RICO (cont'd)

Look, there's too much for us to take it all. I'm just gonna grab a couple crates while you load this guy in the back. You done?

DANNY

Yeah, done.

RICO
Okay, load him up.

DANNY
Here, mask. Put it on.

RICO
Thanks.

Rico dons the ski mask and goes to the crates. Danny opens the back of the truck and lifts the Capo onto his shoulder. Rico chucks a crate into the truck as Danny pushes the Capo inside.

RICO (cont'd)
Let's get one more crate each.

They load up their respective crates and hop into the cab of the truck. Rico starts the engine and they pull away.

Kowalski enters the lot in her navy sedan and is moving towards the truck.

DANNY
Someone coming, blue four door. See it?

RICO
Yeah, we're fine.

As they approach each other, Kowalski and Rico make eye contact.

RICO (cont'd)
Kowalski?

DANNY
Kowalski?

Rico floors it. The engine roars and the truck picks up speed. Kowalski whips her car around in a sharp U-turn. She starts her siren.

EXT. STREETS - CONTINUOUS

The chase picks up speed. Rico takes a sharp turn.

RICO
Fuck.

DANNY
You know her?!

RICO
Yeah.

DANNY
She a cop?

RICO
Detective.

DANNY
Shit!

They SCREECH onto a long, abandoned road. A flock of birds escape in a loud flurry.

Danny leans out the window and starts firing.

RICO
No, stop! We're not cop killers!
Aim for the tires!

Danny shoots until his gun is empty, but with no luck.

DANNY
I'm out.

RICO
Take the wheel.

Danny takes the wheel and replaces Rico in the driver's seat. Rico opens the door to the back of the truck and starts trudging through.

DANNY
What're you gonna do back there?

RICO
Just drive!

Rico pushes through to the back, stumbling and swaying with the movement of the chase. Danny swerves to avoid a food truck, and Rico falls against a crate.

Finally, he heaves open the truck door. The whipping sounds of wind fill the air. Kowalski fires off a couple shots that miss.

With one big push, Rico launches a crate off in front of Kowalski. She slams right into it with a CRASH. Wood splinters. Guns go flying. Her front tires jerk violently to the left and her entire car flips over, landing on the roof.

END.

OMERTÁ

Episode 7 - "Frozen Stiff"

Written by

Brett Schlagel

EXT. CITY STREET - DUSK/NIGHT

Detective Kowalski's car is overturned in the street, hissing and spitting fluid. She's still in the car but there's no movement.

RICO
(to Danny)
Throw it in reverse!

DANNY
Why?

RICO
DO IT!

Danny backs the truck up closer to the wreckage. Rico jumps out of the truck to approach the detective's car.

RICO (CONT'D)
The payphone at the corner, call an ambulance!

Danny exits and runs toward the payphone.

Rico reaches into Kowalski's car and disconnects the seat belt. He pulls her limp body out the driver's window, crunching glass under his feet as he moves. He lays her down gently and begins CPR, counting each compression under his breath.

RICO (CONT'D)
One, two, three, four, five, six,
seven, eight, nine, ten...

He continues to pump.

RICO (CONT'D)
C'mon Kowalski...

He pinches her nose and blows into her mouth. Nothing. He continues CPR.

RICO (CONT'D)
Two, three, four...don't die on
me...come on...

He blows into her mouth again. Nothing. He continues, almost out of breath.

RICO (CONT'D)
One, two, three, four, five, six,
seven...BREATHE GODDAMN IT! Twelve,
thirteen, fourteen, fif-

GASP!! COUGH! Kowalski is alive! Her breathing is labored, she's had the wind knocked out of her.

RICO (CONT'D)

Welcome back. I'm going to ask you a few questions to be sure you're okay. I just need a yes or a no...can you feel your legs?

KOWALSKI

Yeah.

RICO

How about your arms and hands. Can you feel and move them?

KOWALSKI

I think so...

She winces from the pain.

RICO

And your neck? Feel okay? You can move your head?

Ambulance sirens are heard in the distance. They get louder as the vehicle gets closer to the scene.

KOWALSKI

A...ah...a little stiff maybe.

RICO

Stiffs okay, as long as it's not broken.

Danny yells from the truck.

DANNY

(to Rico)

Hey, we gotta go! They're comin'!

Rico takes off his zip-up sweat shirt and folds it into a pillow shape.

RICO

Here, under your head.

He places the sweatshirt under her head.

RICO (CONT'D)

I've gotta go. The ambulance is almost here, I can hear 'em.

(MORE)

RICO (CONT'D)
You're gonna be okay, just keep
your eyes open and don't fall
asleep. I think you have a
concussion.

Kowalski sighs heavily. A beat goes by.

KOWALSKI
This is not how I planned today.

Another beat goes by before Danny sticks his head out the car window.

DANNY
Let's go!

RICO
(to Kowalski)
I'm sorry, Detective.

Rico gets up and jogs to the truck. He hops in.

DANNY
She okay?

RICO
She'll be fine, get us outta here.

They speed off as the ambulance pulls up to the scene.

INT. HIDEOUT WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

The truck pulls into the warehouse. KRRRRRRRBAM! Rico pulls the garage door shut. Danny exits the vehicle.

DANNY
So what's with this detective? You
guys bumpin' uglies or somethin'?

RICO
She's the detective workin' the
arson case on my ol' family's
restaurant...Let's get this stuff
unloaded and this capo talkin'.

Danny lets down the tailgate.

DANNY
Woah!

RICO
Ohhhh shit...

DANNY
I thought he was awfully quiet.
Pull off his bag.

Rico reaches into the bed of the truck, grabs the sack on the capo's head and pulls it off.

SQUISHHHH! Blood pours from the bullet hole where his eye used to be onto the ground through the rust holes in the truck bed.

DANNY (CONT'D)
Damn, right through the ol' eye ball. Guess he's seen better days, huh?

RICO
Kowalski must've hit him when she was trying to hit me...or maybe a ricochet.

Rico slams his fist on the tailgate.

RICO (CONT'D)
FUCK! You know what this means now, right? We've just killed two members of the Liotta family and ain't got shit to show for it!

DANNY
Technically...we didn't kill this guy.

RICO
We need a story, they're expecting me and these other two back any minute.

DANNY
Okay...okay, what if it weren't me that rolled up with a gun but instead it was the Russians they were doing business with in the first place?

Rico thinks for a moment.

RICO
That could work. The Russian's come back, get out of the car and try to kidnap the capo.

DANNY

Right, and in the tussle of things,
they shoot the other guy you were
with, and pistol whip you
unconscious while you were trying
to save the capo.

RICO

Yeah, I like it. I think that's it.

DANNY

There's just one small detail to
take care of.

RICO

What's tha-

SMASHHH! Danny lands a haymaker to Rico's left eye.

RICO (CONT'D)

Ah! What the hell, Danny?

DANNY

You got pistol whipped, remember?
Can't show up unscathed.

RICO

A head's up would've been nice.

DANNY

I think I can do better, want me to
try agai-

RICO

No, no. We're good.

DANNY

Consider us even for the whole, you
know, shooting me thing.

RICO

Grazed you. Anyway, we gotta get
rid of this dead capo somewhere.

DANNY

In the bay, maybe? Where he'll get
sucked out into the ocean?

RICO

Nah, don't want to risk him washing
up somewhere. On second
thought...maybe we keep him around.

DANNY

You've been hangin' out with those Italian guys too long.

RICO

We might need him for something, not sure what, but let's keep him around for now. You gotta deep freezer or ice chest or somethin' you can scrounge up?

DANNY

I'm sure I can come up with somethin'.

RICO

You tackle that while I go deliver our story to ol' Tony. I'll meet up with you later.

INT. LA SALSA ROSA - NIGHT

Two MOBSTERS, both 40s, stand by Tony, who sits in his normal booth in the back of the restaurant. Plates of food lay on the table they're at. MOBSTER ONE shows Tony a huge diamond.

TONY

Yeahhh... now that's a beauty. How many?

MOBSTER ONE

Hundreds.

MOBSTER TWO

Almost got caught by the sirens. Barely escaped. Even got me in the shoulda' but the bullet's out.

TONY

Not bad.

Rico enters and the bells hanging from the door CHIME. The cashier sees Rico.

CASHIER

Tony is busy.

Rico, without even one glance at the cashier, walks past them. The cashier quickly follows behind him.

CASHIER (CONT'D)

Hey, I said he's busy!

Rico approaches the booth and stares at Tony.

CASHIER (CONT'D)
(to Tony)
I told him not to bother you.

Tony takes his eyes from the diamond and glances at Rico. He looks at the cashier. He waves his hand and the cashier walks away. The eyes of Tony goes back to the diamond then to the food.

TONY
You're supposed to check in.

He stuffs his mouth with food.

RICO
They told me you were busy and I
needed to talk to you.

Tony swallows.

TONY
(to Mobsters)
Go, go. I got a business meeting,
can't you see?

Mobster two walks away, mobster one picks up the diamond but Tony grabs his wrist. He looks at Tony.

TONY (CONT'D)
(to Mobster one)
Think I'll keep this one.

Tony lets go of Mobster one's wrist and stuffs his mouth again with food. Mobster one leaves and Rico watches as they exit. Tony puts the diamond in his pocket then whistles at Rico to get his attention.

TONY (CONT'D)
Betta be good, Rico.

RICO
Good isn't the correct word to use.
We were attacked.

TONY
By who?

RICO
Russians.

Tony leans back.

RICO (CONT'D)

They jumped us trying to take cash.
Took out a capo.

TONY

Oh boy. This ain't good. Not one
bit, Rico. This is some serious
shit. You sure it was the Russians?
Not someone else?

RICO

It was the Russians.

TONY

The same ones who dropped off our
merchandise?

RICO

The same ones.

A beat.

TONY

Okay, I'll handle this, you don't
worry 'bout none of it okay?

RICO

Shouldn't we be goin' after the
Russians?

TONY

You leave all that to me. If I need
you, I'll keep in touch. I gotsta
run this up the chain before we
make any sort of move that might
spark a war. We gotta meet with all
the higher ups first.

Dancer two brings Tony a drink and he drinks it all then
slams the glass on the table.

TONY (CONT'D)

Know what I mean? Gotta get their
blessings and all. They weigh the
pros and cons and make the final
decisions. If it comes to it, they
might need to hear the story
straight from yous to make sure
words weren't twisted.

A beat a silence.

RICO

So what to do in the meantime?

TONY

Do you know anything about Lips
messin' around in powder?

RICO

Franky?

TONY

That's the one.

RICO

Can't say I know. I just drive him
place to place. I pull up, he gets
out and comes back a few minutes
later with the next place he wants
me to take him. That's all I know.

TONY

I got wind from a reliable source
that he's muckin' around in coke.

RICO

Blow?

TONY

Blow, bump, booger sugar, nose
candy, I don't give a shit what
they call it these days. One
thing's forsho, we ain't in the
drug business. Attracts too much
attention, too much heat.

RICO

True.

TONY

I guess there was a bad deal that
went down between Lips and his
supplier. Franky knows better.

RICO

I can see if I can get him to tell
me dirt if that's what you need
from me. I'll get your
confirmation.

TONY

Nah, that won't be necessary.
Franky needs a vacation...a
permanent one.

Rico tilts his head.

TONY (CONT'D)
You're gonna need to make sure he
catches his flight.

Tony grabs a bag underneath the table and slides it to Rico.
Rico looks inside the bag and sees a gun.

TONY (CONT'D)
Am I makin' sense, Rico?

RICO
Yeah, I follow.

Tony stuffs his mouth with food, chews, then swallows with a
huge gulp.

TONY
Good, when you're done, get rid of
that piece and be sure where lips
goes for vacay, ain't nobody gonna
be botherin' him.

RICO
Okay.

TONY
Know what I'm sayin?

RICO
Yeah, you got it.

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Rico walks to the receptionists' desk. The RECEPTIONIST types
and stares at a computer.

RICO
'Scuse me.

The receptionist looks at him.

RICO (CONT'D)
Looking for Detective Kowalski's
room.

The receptionist types and looks back at him.

RECEPTIONIST
The second floor, in room 239.

RICO
Appreciate it.

He walks quickly to an elevator.

CUT TO:

Rico steps out the elevator and passes by rooms.

RICO (CONT'D)
Thirty four...thirty six...

He stops at room 239 and stares in the window. Three nurses surround Detective Kowalski's body laid in a bed. He watches detective breathe slowly with her eyes closed.

Two nurses leave the room and Rico slides in the room right after, before the door closes. The last NURSE looks at him when the door closes.

NURSE
You shouldn't be in here, sir.

RICO
How is she?

The nurse looks Rico up and down.

NURSE
She's asleep and very lucky. It's mostly scrapes and bruises and a few stitches but nothing serious. She should be back on her feet in a few days.

Rico continues to stare at the Detective.

NURSE (CONT'D)
Are you her husband or family?

Rico looks at the Nurse.

RICO
Thank you for taking care of her.

The nurse hesitates but walks out of the room. Rico walks to the bedside.

RICO (CONT'D)
I don't know if you can hear me or not but I wanted to give you something.

He pulls the keys to warehouse 11 out of his pocket and places it in one of her hands.

RICO (CONT'D)
That's a key to a warehouse worth
checking out. The address and
warehouse number are on the tag.

Silence.

RICO (CONT'D)
I've got some things I gotta go do.
See you around, Kowalski.

He walks to the door.

KOWALSKI (O.S.)
Thanks for checking on me.

Rico smirks. He turns to face her and the smirk is gone.

KOWALSKI (CONT'D)
It's okay, I won't put your name in
the report.

RICO
Glad you're okay.

Rico walks slowly to the bed.

KOWALSKI
All of this is off the record but I
know what you're doing. You need to
careful.

RICO
Why?

KOWALSKI
You could get hurt...people around
you can get hurt, too.

RICO
I think I'll be fine.

KOWALSKI
I hate the crime families so much.
I'll do anything to take them down.

RICO
Including taking me down with them.

Pause.

KOWALSKI
They're the reason I got into law
enforcement.
(MORE)

KOWALSKI (CONT'D)

I even built cases against each individual members of the families, but still, nothing.

Kowalski repositions herself on the bed.

KOWALSKI (CONT'D)

Either they replace the guy they locked up, pay off the judges, or the person was so low on the ladder it was just a drop in the bucket.

They look at each other for a split second but the Detective breaks eye contact.

RICO

I've been thinkin' about what you said, that it'll neva be enough. You might be right. My way of handlin' things aren't ideal.

A beat.

RICO (CONT'D)

One of the capos of the Liotta crime family went missin'.

KOWALSKI

What?

RICO

The family is considering taking revenge on their Russian guns supplier for having done the kidnappin'.

KOWALSKI

Any idea how they're gonna do that?

RICO

They're gonna have to meet up. Gather all the dons to have a final call made and whether they want to start a war with the Russians or not.

She thinks, eyes moving around.

RICO (CONT'D)

There's a possibility Ima' be called to be at the meeting.

Kowalski stares at a wall.

KOWALSKI

This might be the only chance to
nail them.

Another beat goes by. Kowalski blinks and inhales.

KOWALSKI (CONT'D)

I could get someone to wear a wire.

RICO

Or try to plant a bug or something.

Kowalski quickly looks at him. When Rico looks back at her,
she raises her brows.

RICO (CONT'D)

I don't know about this.

KOWALSKI

Wearing a wire would be perfect.
Who else could I ask?

RICO

You know what the do to rats? I can
give examples.

Detective Kowalski exhales and looks back at the wall.

Rico exhales slowly.

RICO (CONT'D)

Wearing one has to be off the
record, too.

Kowalski quickly looks at him and presses her lips together.

KOWALSKI

This is huge, seriously. All the
dons in one room is enough proof of
the commission. I mean, we've been
trying to get proof for years and
always looked for ways to nail
these guys.

RICO

A wire definitely gets the right
ears to hear.

KOWALSKI

And the law states that if we can prove they are working together on a single crime, we can arrest all of the dons, try them all for that crime, taking out the head of all the families in one sweep.

RICO

Perfect way to catch them...

KOWALSKI

...without getting blood on our hands.

They look at each other then look away.

KOWALSKI (CONT'D)

We just need to prove that they either delegated the order of illegal activity or that they were somehow involved in the decision making.

RICO

Whatever the initial reason for the arrest, there's a chance of crimes back trackin'.

KOWALSKI

It could hit them with a whole book of crimes delegated to capos and soldiers in the past.

Beat.

KOWALSKI (CONT'D)

Rico...

Rico looks at her.

KOWALSKI (CONT'D)

You have to wear a wire. I keep the hope that they're going to say something about murdering someone or getting authorization to do so as an action.

He sighs heavily then shakes his head at her.

RICO

I'm only doing this because I wanna take them down, too. Don't get used to having your way.

Kowalski gives a tiny smile.

RICO (CONT'D)
But remember, this is only if I
getta invitation. No promises that
I will.

KOWALSKI
Thanks. You have no idea how
valuable this bust will be...if
they hit you up, of course.

RICO
Right.

He shakes his head.

RICO (CONT'D)
Rest.

He turns around and Detective Kowalski watches him exit.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Rico hides a ski mask under the driver's seat. Danny enters.

DANNY
That's all the crates.

RICO
Guess that's it for today.

DANNY
So what happened with the big guy?

RICO
Tony seems scared now, well, as
scared as his brain will allow him
to get.

DANNY
What for?

RICO
Italians and Russians might go to
war.

Danny closes the passengers door of the truck.

RICO (CONT'D)
You got the body in the freezer?

DANNY

Capo's chillin' as we speak. So
what's gonna happen?

RICO

Crime families gonna' meet to
decide whether or not to start the
war.

DANNY

Sounds like things are about to get
heavy. Anything I need to do?

RICO

Stand by.

DANNY

And what about you?

Rico pauses and inhales.

RICO

Ima' wait until I'm invited before
thinking that far ahead.

He starts to randomly search around in the truck. SLAM. He
closes the driver's door and looks through boxes.

DANNY

I'll be ready if anything goes
down. Having all that money in one
place, shots will go off and we'll
need a plan in order to avoid any
surprises.

Rico finds a pair of wire cutters and takes off walking to
the deep freezer. Danny follows him.

Focused, Rico opens the deep freezer and shows Danny the hand
of the dead capo.

RICO

See his finger?

He lifts the pinky finger of the dead capo.

DANNY

Yeah, I see it.

RICO

The ring.

Rico takes the wire cutters and crudely hacks the pinky off
of the hand.

DANNY

What the hell are you doing? Are you insane?!

Rico holds the finger up.

RICO

All the made guys wearin' one of these. We'll send this to Tony with a note, a demanding one. We want a huge payment in return for their buddy here.

DANNY

Sending it how?

RICO

Wrap it up. Shouldn't be hard to find a box around here.

They both look around at the dozens of boxes around them.

RICO (CONT'D)

You'll be in charge of the note.

Danny grins. They walk closer to the truck. Danny searches for a smaller box.

RICO (CONT'D)

Just make sure the note sounds... Russian.

CUT TO:

EXT./INT. PICKUP TRUCK - DAY

Rico drives as Danny writes on a small box.

RICO

Ready?

DANNY

I was born ready.

RICO

I'll drive as close as possible to the curb. You'll chuck it out the window. But you can't miss this. You only have one shot.

DANNY

I used to play football, I got this. Have some faith in me.

RICO

Make sure it says "To Tony". We can't afford anyone else seeing what's inside.

The truck hits a huge pothole and Danny's writing hand slips.

DANNY

How am I supposed to write, huh?
Fifth pothole! I'm convinced you're hitting them on purpose.

Danny writes "To Tony" and Rico grins, keeping his eyes on the road.

DANNY (CONT'D)

They need to fix these roads. What are our taxes paying for if not the roads? I want my change back.

RICO

Read the note.

Danny squints his eyes at the letter.

DANNY

(reads)

We got your ugly friend. You wire four million dollars or ugly gets bullet to head and we take another of your men. 3 days you have.
Signed, The Russians.

Rico tilts his head.

RICO

Not your best work...

DANNY

Ay, I even doodled a little Russian flag in the corner!

Rico shakes his head and Danny scoffs.

DANNY (CONT'D)

You don't know art when you see it. I understand. No wonder you put me in charge of it.

RICO

Alright, here we go.

Rico turns a corner at a light.

EXT. LA SALSA ROSA - CONTINUOUS

The pickup truck drives to the curb and Danny's hand tosses the box and the box hits the front door, almost hitting a lady in the face. The truck pulls off.

INT. PICKUP TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Focused, Rico dodges vehicles in his way.

DANNY

Think out of all the things I've
done, I've never literally given
someone the finger before.

Rico glances at Danny then puts his eyes back on the road.

RICO

First time for everything.

END.

OMERTÁ

Episode #8 - "Eye for an Eye"

Written by

Brett Schlagel

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Danny and Rico get out of the vehicle. Two slams as they both close the car doors. They walk together. There's silence.

DANNY

So what now? We just sit and wait?!

RICO

For now, let's just watch from the sidelines. I'm sure I'll be hearing from Tony in no time.

DANNY

Especially when they find that package.

Rico stops in his tracks and causes Danny to stop and look and look at him.

DANNY (CONT'D)

What?

RICO

We still got that bug recording calls over at Franky's place?

DANNY

I mean, I haven't checked in a while but I'm sure that tape is full.

RICO

Okay. I'm gonna go meet up with Sam at Murphy's bar. Why don't you go grab that tape and bring it back here, see if there's anything useful on it.

DANNY

Sounds good.

Rico walks back to the vehicle.

RICO

I'll be back in a bit. I might need you for something later so don't go getting caught or nothin'!

DANNY

Gettin' caught's not part of the agenda, my friend!

Danny chuckles and Rico hides a smirk before opening the vehicle door.

INT. MURPHY'S BAR - DAY

Samantha walks through tables dodging the other waitresses and customers then stops at a table with a couple, a WOMAN and a MAN, who both finish swallowing down alcohol.

SAMANTHA
Are we doin' okay over here? Can I
get you anything?

The woman slams down her glass.

WOMAN
I need another one.

SAMANTHA
Okay.

She grabs the glass.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)
(to the man)
And what about you, sir?

Beat.

MAN
Maybe one more beer.

WOMAN
(to the man)
You said that last drink...

Samantha grins. She slowly takes his glass out of his hand.

SAMANTHA
I'll be right back with those.

She turns around and walks and as she passes a table, SMACK!
A PATRON's hand slaps her butt.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)
Hey! Keep your hands off me!

The patron looks up slowly and chuckles.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)
If you're too drunk to handle
yourself then leave.

The patron stops laughing.

PATRON
I'm not drunk.

Rico enters through the front doors and passes the bar top.

MURPHY
Hey, Rico.

RICO
Hey, Murph.

SAMANTHA
(to Patron)
Whatever. Do you want another
drink?

PATRON
No, thanks.

Samantha turns around about to walk again when the patron
slaps her back side again.

SAMANTHA
I said stop!

Rico sees the commotion as he's headed toward Samantha.

RICO
Hey, hey, what's goin' on? What's
the problem here?

SAMANTHA
This joker thought he'd cop a feel
as I was walking by!

RICO
He put his hands on you?!

SAMANTHA
Twice.

The eyes of Rico narrow at the patron.

RICO
What's the matter with you?

PATRON
Who the fuck is you? Mind your own
damn business, huh?

RICO
Did you touch her?!

PATRON
She liked it and she knows it!

RICO
Apologize to her.

The patron laughs. Rico takes a step forward and slams his head on the table. Samantha flinches and people around them stare and start to murmur.

RICO (CONT'D)
Apologize!

PATRON
Christ! I'm sorry! Okay? I said it!

RICO
For what?

PATRON
Come on, man! Let me go!

RICO
Let me hear you say it.

PATRON
I'm sorry for slappin' your ass!

Rico slammed his head on the table again and the patron moans.

RICO
(to Samantha)
Has he paid yet?

SAMANTHA
No, not yet.

Rico taps the patron's head on the table again and twists his arm.

RICO
(to patron)
You're gonna pay the bill and leave, is that understood?

PATRON
Ye-yes! Just let me go!

RICO
How much you gonna tip?

PATRON
Uh, uh, ten dollars?!

Rico twists the patron's arm and he lets out a groan.

PATRON (CONT'D)
Twenty dollars! I'll tip a twenty!

RICO
That sounds much better.

He releases the patron.

In a split second, the patron scrambles on his feet to the front to Murphy to pay the bill. Rico and Samantha watches as he stammers away and exits. They look at each other.

RICO (CONT'D)
You hungry?

Samantha blows air from her nose and shakes her head.

SAMANTHA
I am working...so, I don't know.

They flash each other grins. She turns her face toward Murphy at the front.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)
(yelling)
Hey, Murph, is it okay with you if
I take my lunch?

MURPHY
Yeah, that's fine. I got this for a
while.

Samantha turns back to Rico.

SAMANTHA
Well, looks like we have a date.
Let me get my jacket.

Murphy walks to Rico.

Rico watches Samantha walk away and when he stops staring, he sees Murphy looking at him with a grin.

RICO
Hey, thanks.

MURPHY

Don't mention it... Seems like my clientele gets worse and worse, ya know?

RICO

It's not just the people comin' here, it's everybody.

Murphy nods in agreement.

MURPHY

Ay, what can we do? Anyway, thanks for taking out the trash while you were here.

Samantha approaches them again with her apron off and jacket on.

SAMANTHA

(to Rico)

You ready?

RICO

You know it.

Samantha and Rico walk away.

MURPHY

(shouting)

Have her back by nine, Rico! I mean it! I love you guys but I gotta business to run!

Samantha chuckles.

SAMANTHA

(shouting)

I'll be back, Murphy!

They exit.

INT. RESTAURANT - EVENING

Samantha and Rico sit at a booth with plates of food in front of them. Rico stuffs his mouth but Samantha barely touches her food. After a swallow, Rico examines her.

RICO

I know you're hungry. Eat.

Rico stuffs his mouth again. Samantha places her fork down.

SAMANTHA

So are we going to talk about the
big ol' shiner on your face or...

Rico stops chewing and swallows.

RICO

It's nothin'. Just a scuffle.

He moves some food around on his plate with his fork.

SAMANTHA

Well...I'd hate to see the other
guy.

He looks at her and they share a chuckle.

Samantha picks up her fork and eats. Rico does the same.

An awkward beat passes. Samantha's fork clinks her plate.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

I have something I've been wanting
to tell you.

Rico stares at his plate and pokes at his food. Samantha
tries to catch his attention but he doesn't notice.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

Rico? You okay?

He looks up at her and narrows his brows.

RICO

Sorry. Yeah, I'm alright. You
wanted to tell me somethin'?

Samantha opens her mouth then closes it. She exhales.

SAMANTHA

Yeah...but I know you got a lot of
things goin' on right now. Your
dad's in the hospital, the
restaurant, that detective...

She stares at him to see his reaction. Rico just stuffs his
mouth and chews.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

Maybe now's not a good time.

Rico stuffs his mouth again with food and another beat goes
by.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)
You know you can talk to me, right?

Rico swallows and looks at her.

RICO
Well, there is something. That
detective...

She squints her eyes.

RICO (CONT'D)
We sort of ran into each other
again.

SAMANTHA
Okay?

RICO
I might need to help her on a case.

SAMANTHA
The arson case?

RICO
Uh...kind of. It's related. She
needs my help but I don't know if I
can do what she's askin' me to do.

SAMANTHA
Is it dangerous?

RICO
You could say that.

SAMANTHA
Can she do it without you? Maybe
get another detective or something
to help her?

RICO
It's gotta be me.

SAMANTHA
Does it make a difference? Like a
huge difference?

RICO
If it goes as planned, it could be
the biggest difference the city's
eva' seen.

Samantha inhales.

SAMANTHA

Sounds like you've got your answer then. Plus, she's a cop. She'll have your back, right?

After Rico nods, a WAITER approaches them.

WAITER

Sorry to be a bother but if I'm not mistaken, you have a phone call, sir.

RICO

I think you got the wrong table.

WAITER

Is your name Rico?

Rico and Samantha look at each other. Rico looks back at the waiter.

RICO

Uh...yeah.

Rico looks at Samantha.

RICO (CONT'D)

I'll be right back.

He stands and walks to the lobby. He picks up the phone.

RICO (CONT'D)

This is Rico.

INT. LA SALSA ROSA RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

Tony has a phone to his ear.

TONY

Rico, it's Tony. What the hell ya doin', eh?!

INTERCUT - PHONE CONVERSATION

RICO

What do you mean what am I doin'? I-I'm havin' dinner...

TONY

Maybe I wasn't clear enough. Lips needs to catch his flight tonight. Hear me?

RICO

Tonight?! What do you mean tonight?
Can't it be tomorrow or somethin'?
I need time to plan, I gotta plan.

TONY

You work for me, Rico, for me! I
ask you to do somethin', you dos
it! You got your head in the
fuckin' pussy clouds? Goin' on
dates?! That's how you do me?!

RICO

Tony, Tony, alright, okay, I'm
sorry. I'll get it done.

TONY

Tonight. Not tomorrow, tonight.

RICO

I got it, tonight!

Tony hangs up.

Rico takes a breath and hangs the phone back on the jack. He
thinks for a moment. The HOST checks on him.

HOST

Everything okay, sir?

For a moment, he continues to think then he looks up at the
Host.

RICO

Yeah, thank you.

The Host leaves and after a few seconds, Rico walks back to
the table and Samantha stares at him because he doesn't sit.

SAMANTHA

Phone call went well?

The waiter appears.

WAITER

Is everything going okay? How's
everything taste?

RICO

Good. We'll have to check and two
boxes, please.

WAITER

Right away.

The waiter walks off.

RICO
I have to cut this evening
short...got some things to attend.

Samantha looks at the plates of food in front of her.

SAMANTHA
We just got our food. Is it your
dad?

RICO
It's a work thing, I can't tal-

SAMANTHA
Can't talk about it? Why not?
What's so important this time that
we can't finish our meal?

A beat goes by. Rico looks around then back at her.

RICO
Look...

The waiter approaches their table.

WAITER
(to Rico)
Here are your boxes, sir. And the
check.

Rico grabs some cash out of his pocket and hands it to the waiter.

RICO
Here, this should be plenty. No
change. Thanks.

WAITER
Thank you. You two have a great
evening.

The waiter leaves and Rico and Samantha stare at each other.

RICO
C'mon. Get your jacket, let's get
out of here.

Samantha sighs. They leave.

EXT./INT. VEHICLE - MOMENTS LATER

As Samantha's in the passenger's seat, Rico drives. A mid 70s song plays on the radio.

SAMANTHA

Why can't you talk to me? Why can't you just tell me what's going on? I don't hear from you for days at a time, then when you do show up, you have bruises on your face and look like you haven't slept for a week.. Now, we can't even finish a meal because of some mysterious phone call.

Rico doesn't answer.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

Someone knew you were there. Are you being followed? Am-am I being followed? Tell me something, Rico!

RICO

If I could, I wou-

SAMANTHA

I'm just gonna walk back to work. Stop the car.

RICO

Sam.

SAMANTHA

Stop the car. I heard all I needed to hear Rico. Stop the car!

Rico hits the brakes. When the car stops, Samantha gets out and walks away. Rico opens his door and steps out.

RICO

(yelling)

Sam...Sam!

Samantha continues to walk on, not looking back.

INT. WAREHOUSE - EVENING

Rico approaches Danny as he listens to a tape of Franky's phone calls on a tape player. He rewinds it and listens to it again.

RICO
Found anything worth while?

Danny keeps rewinding and ignores for a few seconds. Rico waits.

DANNY
Not much activity going on. He still gets his important phone call every day but it seems like the same person on the other end is just stringing him along with vague generic updates.

RICO
Well, that makes sense. Tony ordered me to whack our friend Franky. Wants it done tonight.

DANNY
Woah...what?! That's a tall order. They're askin' you to whack one of their own?

RICO
We need a plan. Franky's a big guy and is basically a murderous psychopath.

DANNY
That's an understatement.

RICO
It's gotta be done tonight, or it'll be me going on a permanent vacation.

They're silent for a moment.

RICO (CONT'D)
Maybe hit him at his house somehow.

DANNY
With his family there? I' all for takin' this guy out but that's a little too dark for me.

A beat.

DANNY (CONT'D)
Wait, what's today? Friday?

RICO
Yeah.

DANNY

There was something on a tape
about...something he had goin' on
this Friday. Let me find it.

He rewinds the tape players and listens to the tapes. He
rewinds it. He listens and Rico steps forward listening, too.
They hear Franky and a Goon speaking.

FRANKY (O.C.)

(from tape player)

And maybe you brings us a couple of
broads, too, huh?

GOON (O.C.)

I'll see what I can arrage. Don't
go gettin' crazy on us again this
time. The last time we were playin
poker, you 'bout ripped Jimmy's
head off his shoulders.

FRANKY (O.C.)

That no good cheatin' little
prick?! I shoulda kilt that little
bastard! He had the same hand tree
times!

GOON (O.C.)

Yeah, yeah, we heards you the first
million times. Just keep your cool,
make some money and have a good
time, kay?

FRANKY (O.C.)

Whateva. Friday night, right? At da
chop shop next to dat old shmucks
donut place...uhh...uhhh... what's
it called?

GOON (O.C.)

Go Nuts Donuts. Yeah, that's the
place. 10 o'clock sharp. Don't be
late. We start with or without you.

FRANKY (O.C.)

Don't forget the broads.

Danny stops the tape and looks at Rico. Rico shakes his head.

RICO

We'll let them play their little
card games. That way Lips'll be
liquored up and easier to subdue.

DANNY

Smart but we can't just whack him
in the lot.

RICO

Right. Others could be leavin' at
the same time.

DANNY

How about we just get him at a stop
light? Pull up next to him and, you
know...Boom-right Through the
driver's window.

RICO

I was ordered to make sure no one
will find him. Besides, I want to
get him back to our lil' hideout
alive and take care of things
here...Let's do the stoplight
thing, but instead pull him out and
stick him in the trunk. I'll drive
his car back here and you can
follow in the truck.

Rico looks at his watch.

RICO (CONT'D)

We gotta get goin'.

Danny picks up one of his AK-47s.

RICO (CONT'D)

You're takin' an AK? Not exactly
subtle.

DANNY

It's all we got. It's one of the
Russian guns. You're the only one
with the cute little lady gun.

RICO

Just keep it low, don't need to get
busted before we even get to the
job.

They both climb in the vehicle and shut the doors.

EXT. OLD CHOP SHOP - NIGHT

Danny and Rico sit in the vehicle, lurking at the door.

DANNY

How much longer can this card game take? It's been three hours.

RICO

What? You not enjoying our quality time together?

They both chuckle. A beat passes.

DANNY

I could really go for a donut and a coffee right about now. You think the donut shop is open?

RICO

Here they come. Mask down.

They both pull down their ski masks and watch gangsters say their goodbyes. Franky walks out talking to two of them.

RICO (CONT'D)

There's Franky. Shit. He's still got that arm in a sling. I forgot all 'bout that. That means someone's driving him.

DANNY

Damn. I always forget how big that guy is. A fucking tank.

RICO

We'll have to ditch the driver.

Franky steps in the back of a car and closes the door.

DANNY

There they go! Follow him.

EXT. STREETS - CONTINUOUS

Rico drives, with Danny in the seat next to him, they follow Franky. They're silent. The light in front of them turn yellow and Franky's car slows down.

RICO

Bingo.

The light turns red.

DANNY

Red it is.

RICO
You get that AK in Franky's face,
I'll take care of the driver then
help you.

Rico swerves his car quickly beside Franky's car. Danny grabs his gun and they both bust out the car in a flurry.

Danny rips the back door open and shoves the AK in Franky's face. Franky lifts his arms slowly.

DANNY
Don't move! Don't you fucking
move!!

Rico rips the driver's door open and shoves his revolver into the driver's temple.

RICO
Pop the trunk. Now.

The driver slowly, with one hand up, pulls the trunk lever.

RICO (CONT'D)
Get out.

The driver steps out.

RICO (CONT'D)
Wanna live? Start runnin and don't
look back.

Beat. The driver huffs and puffs in anxiety.

RICO (CONT'D)
Go!

The driver turns and sprints away. Rico walks beside Danny and sees Franky with his hands raised.

RICO (CONT'D)
(to Franky)
Get out the fuckin' car, nice and
slow!

Franky slowly gets out the car.

FRANKY
You mutha fuckas. You stupid mutha
fuckas! You're dead, ya know dat?

RICO
Step over to the trunk.

FRANKY

I'll kill both yas. If not me, then them! They'll all kill ya!!

DANNY

Get in the trunk!

FRANKY

Fuck yous.

RICO

Not gonna tell you again.

FRANKY

Fuck yo mutha!

WACK! Danny whips Franky in the jaw with the butt of his AK and Franky hits the ground with a hard thud. They stare at his big body on the ground.

RICO

Great. Now we gotta put this big son of a bitch in the trunk ourselves. I'll get his arms, you get his legs.

Rico bends down, grabs one end, and Danny grabs the other. They struggle and grunt. BLAM! They drop Franky.

DANNY

Dang, he's too heavy. Maybe we turn him sideways, like a couch through a door? Maybe he won't be so floppy.

RICO

Alright. 1...2...3.

They grunt and strain. The body flops around. THUD. They drop him again.

RICO (CONT'D)

Okay. This time for sure. 1,2...3.

They strain to pick him up then suddenly, Franky's pants fall and his butt crack is in Danny's face.

DANNY

Ah! For Christ's sake, his bare ass in my face! I'm gonna be sick.

Rico smirks. They keep struggling to put him in the trunk.

RICO
Karma happens fast sometimes.

DANNY
Smells like...hot...colby cheese...

THU-THUMP! Franky's body falls into place in the trunk.

DANNY (CONT'D)
Smelly fucker.

BLAM. The trunk slams shut.

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Danny and Rico tie Franky to a chair.

DANNY
Shouldn't we just shoot him now?

RICO
Not yet. Let's see if he can tell
us anything. Grab the water.

Danny grabs a bucket of water and throws it on Franky's face.
Franky's eyes shoot open and he coughs.

FRANKY
Yous both gonna die! They'll kill
you for this!

Rico gives him a good punch to the face and Franky groans.

RICO
Tell us what we wanna know. It's
simple.

FRANKY
They'll kill you, your
family...anyones You eva cared
about.

Rico gives another two punches and Franky spits out blood
from his mouth.

RICO
We know how you make the lil' money
here and there but tell me the big
tickets, huh. What are the
families' main source of income?

Franky lets out a hardy laugh.

RICO (CONT'D)
It ain't drugs and guns ain't
enough to keep these guys goin'.
What is it?

FRANKY
Fuck you! Like I'm some kinda rat.

Danny gives him another punch.

RICO
Tell us, come on!

Rico punches him another two times and Franky spits out more
blood on the ground and his mouth is dripping blood.

RICO (CONT'D)
I've had enough of this. And fuck
this mask! It's too hot.

Rico takes off his ski mask.

FRANKY
Rico?! What the fuck! Who put you
up to this?

RICO
Tony found out about your lil' coke
problem.

Danny takes off his mask, too and Franky looks at him.

DANNY
Remember me?

FRANKY
The phone company guy? The fuck you
gotsta do wit this?

RICO
(to Danny)
Give me your AK.

Danny hesitates but gives it to him. Rico gives him a knife
as a trade.

DANNY
Why the knife?

FRANKY
So what den? Gonna carve me up,
just like that? I liked you, Rico.
You muthafucka! You fuckin'
cocksucka! Pezzo di merda!

Franky spits on the ground toward Rico.

RICO

Tell Danny here what you told me.

FRANKY

What yous talkin' bout, prick?

RICO

Tell him what you told me in the car the first day we met.

FRANKY

I say a lot of tings! I don't keep a fuckin' diary!

RICO

Look at my friend realllll good. Then tell him what you told me.

Franky squints his eyes at Danny.

FRANKY

Ohhh, I thought I recognized this skinny little Irish bitch.

RICO

Tell him.

FRANKY

(to Danny)

I told him 'bout money, power, how you can get anything you want, or anybody.

A beat goes by.

FRANKY (CONT'D)

(to Danny)

You used to come to the strip club. Yous was seein' dis bitch dancer there.

Danny's eyes widen.

DANNY

Don't call her that.

FRANKY

Da broad that always told me no until one day she told me no for da last time. Da tings I did to that girl.

DANNY

Stop.

FRANKY

Before and after she stopped
breathin'.

Danny plunges, with a yell, the knife in Franky's chest over
and over again until Franky chokes and drowns in his blood.
Danny takes breath after breath and blood is heard dripping
to the concrete.

DANNY

Here name...was Rebekah.

The knife hits the concrete floor.

OMERTA

Episode 9 - "Last Call"

Written by

Brett Schlagel

Address
Phone Number

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

BRRRRR! A wood chipper screams! Rico and Danny watch Franky's body shred through the machine.

DANNY
Good idea freezing him in the deep
freeze before putting old Franky
here through the wood chipper.

RICO
Would've been a lot messier if we
hadn't.

Danny picks up a frozen arm.

DANNY
Just this arm left.

He flops it around toward Rico.

DANNY (CONT'D)
(impersonates Franky)
Heyyuh, I'm Frranky Lips, give me
five ya liddle prick!

Rico chuckles.

RICO
There's something not right with
you.

DANNY
I'll take that as a compliment!

He throws the last piece of Franky to get shredded. BRRRR!
They watch for a few seconds. WWWRRRRrr. The machine is shut
off and winds down.

RICO
Let's shovel these chips into some
garbage bags then empty it into the
bay later.

DANNY
And just like that, Franky Lips is
now...Franky Chips! Ha!

Rico nods his head in disapproval with a smirk and starts
shoveling bits in into a bag. Danny helps.

EXT. BRIDGE - NIGHT

The truck pulls up. Danny gets out and looks at the view of the water. Rico gets out the truck and instantly grabs two bags.

RICO
Grab the other two.

Danny grabs the other two bags. He makes a slight face.

DANNY
Our old friend is startin' to smell worse than he already did.

They observe the bags and notice them leak. Rico and Danny walk to the edge at a railing.

DANNY (CONT'D)
You sure this is a good palce to dump him?

RICO
Yeah, all the goons use this spot to get rid of anything they don't want comin' back.

With a grunt, Rico heaves a bag over the railing. It hits the water. Another grunt and then a SPLASH.

RICO (CONT'D)
Alright, now yours.

Danny looks at the bags.

DANNY
Goodbye, Franky.

He grunts and tosses one. SPLASH! Another grunt and the second bag gone. SPLASH.

RICO
Those'll sink. Since they aren't tied, they'll open and the fish will have at 'em. Whatever they don't eat will wash out the sea eventually.

A beat.

DANNY
Man...al it takes is a few wrong decisions and boom, you're fish food just like that.

RICO
If we don't play our cards right,
that could be us.

Danny looks at Rico.

RICO (CONT'D)
C'mon, let's find a payphone.

They hop in the truck.

INT. TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

The engine rumbles and Rico focuses on the road.

DANNY
I think I saw a payphone just up
around the corner on our way in.

Beat.

Rico gives a heavy sigh.

RICO
Haven't seen pop in a few days.
Wonder if he's any better.

DANNY
You should go by and see him.

RICO
I know. Just had too much goin' on,
you know?

DANNY
Yeah, I'd say we've had our hands a
little full. If you feel like you
need to go, go. Do it tomorrow.
Never know how much longer any of
us gonna be around with all the
shit goin' on.

RICO
Yeah.

A beat passes,

DANNY
There's a phone! I thought I saw
it.

Rico spots it and turns the wheel.

EXT. GAS STATION - NIGHT

Rico gets out the truck and walks to the phone booth. He opens the door, steps in, and shuts it behind him. He pops in a quarter and dials.

BRRRT. BRRRT. The phone rings in the earpiece.

INT. LA SALSA ROSA - CONTINUOUS

The cashier picks up the phone.

CASHIER

La Salsa Rosa, how can I help you?

RICO

(through earpiece)

It's Rico. Let me talk to Tony.

CASHIER

Hold on.

EXT. GAS STATION - CONTINUOUS

Rico looks at his truck and looks around.

INT. LA SALSA ROSA - CONTINUOUS

INTERCHANGES

TONY

Rico. Just the man I was hoping to hear from.

RICO

It's done. Franky made his flight.

TONY

Gooooood. Good. Dat's what I wanted to hear.

RICO

Anything else?

TONY

Check in with me tomorrow when you can. No rush. I'm still tryin' sort some tings out about out liddle Russian issue.

RICO
 Alright. I'll check in tomorrow.

TONY
 Bye.

EXT. GAS STATION - CONTINUOUS

Rico hangs up the phone. He breathes then steps out the phone booth and walks. He enters his truck and looks at Danny.

RICO
 Let's get the hell outta here. I'm beat.

DANNY
 You and me both.

The engine ROARS, the truck shifts gears and then pulls off.

EXT. VIETNAM JUNGLE - DAY

Animals squeak and roar as Rico and his band of soldiers, includes SOLDIER 1, late 20s, and SOLDIER 2, 20s, trudge through the thick foliage. SHHHKKK, SHHHKKK! The lead man cops at vines and leaves with a machete. The soldiers huff and puff, out of breath from their trek.

SOLDIER 1
 This fucking jungle can go to hell!

SOLDIER 2
 I would trade anything to be back home right now.

RICO
 We're almost there guys. Our rendezvous should be just another mile or two ahead.

Soldier 2 rolls his eyes.

SOLDIER 1
 Almost there? Almost is like, two city blocks, not two miles!

SOLDIER 2
 I second that!

RICO
 Stay focused and keep your eyes open. Not much longer, promise.

SOLDIER 1
Do you think once we get there,
they'll be-

CLICK.

The soldiers freeze. They all look down at their feet. The soldiers back away, all except Rico and Soldier 1.

SOLDIER 1 (CONT'D)
R-Rico?!

RICO
I see it...You're on a land mine.

SOLDIER 1
Oh shit! Oh God! O my fucking God!
I'm goin' to die! I'm goin' to die!

RICO
Calm down and look at me.

Soldier 1 looks at Rico with huge, wet eyes.

RICO (CONT'D)
You need to focus. You are not
going to die. That mine is going to
go off that's a fact.

Soldier 1 inhales.

RICO (CONT'D)
What's going to happen is you are
going to lose your feet and likely
your legs.

SOLDIER 1
Oh God!! Oh God! Okay...okay...what
do I do?

RICO
(to soldier 2)
Marco! Get your med kit ready!

SOLDIER 2
On it!

Soldier 2 unpacks and prepares.

RICO
I'm gonna step back...way back.
When I give you the signal, I want
you to crouch down, cover your face
with your arms, and then jump away
from this mine as far as you can.
Got it?

SOLDIER 1
Crouch down, arms over my face, and
jump as far as I can...okay.

RICO
I'm gonna back up now, okay?

SOLDIER 1
Okay...

Rico steps back far enough to be clear of the explosion.

RICO
(yelling)
Everybody, get down and prepare,
just like in training!

The soldiers all crouch and cover their faces.

A beat passes.

RICO (CONT'D)
On three! One...

A ringing starts.

RICO (CONT'D)
Two...

The ringing intensifies.

RICO (CONT'D)
Three!

Rico hits the dirt.

A beat. BOOOOOOOOM!

CUT TO:

INT. TRAILER - DAY

BRIIIIIINGGGG! Rico wakes up in bed with a yell and breathes heavily. BRIIIIIIIINGGG. He composes himself and answers his phone.

RICO
Hello?...

A beat.

RICO (CONT'D)
I'm on my way.

CHONG! He hangs up the phone as hard and quickly as possible.

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

DING! The elevator doors open and Rico quickly walks down the hall to his father's room.

RICO
Pop?

The room's empty. He steps out the room and quickly walks to the nurse's station. A nurse sits in a chair.

RICO (CONT'D)
Did you guys have to move my dad,
Lorenzo? He's not in his room.

NURSE
Oh, you're Rico, his son, right?

RICO
Yeah.

NURSE
Okay, have a seat in the room just
across the hall, the doctor will be
right with you in a moment.

Rico walks to the room and sits. A television in the room plays the news. A reporter with a microphone appears on the screen.

REPORTER
Gang violence in the city has
risen! From violent street gangs to
motorcycle gangs, New York has been
facing many hardships. Six-teen
year old, Anderson Smith was found
buried alive near the docks. His
family and the authorities searched
for over a year to find him and--

The reporter continues to speak as the DOCTOR, in a long white coat, enters. Rico stands quickly.

RICO
Name's Rico, here to see my dad
Lorenzo.

DOCTOR
Yes, Rico. Your father had woken up
from his coma hours ago and all
seemed well so we called you to
head on down here.

Rico shakes his head, listening closely.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)
Then...a few minutes later after
the call, your father went into
cardiac arrest. We tried
everything, sir...

RICO
So...what?

DOCTOR
Your father has passed.

RICO
What are you talkin' bout? You're a
doctor. You're supposed to be able
to take care of him.

DOCTOR
Sir, we tried.

RICO
There's no tryin'! You do it, you
do your job! Did you really do all
you could?!

The doctor exhales and shakes her head.

DOCTOR
I'm sorry.

Rico starts to huff and puff and walks in a circle.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)
If there's anything else I can
do...let me know.

RICO
I should've been here. I should've
spent more time with him.

The doctor stares at him. A beat passes.

DOCTOR
I'll let you have some time alone,
sir.

The doctor exits.

Rico continues to pace then suddenly punches a hole in the wall.

INT. LA SALSA ROSA - DAY

Restaurant music plays, general buzz of the restaurant
ambience. RIIING! The phone rings at the counter. The cashier
picks up the phone.

CASHIER
La Salsa Rosa, can I help you?

Beat.

CASHIER (CONT'D)
Yeah sure, right away.

The cashier walks to Tony's booth with the phone. Tony stuffs
his mouth with food while going over some paperwork on his
table. He looks up at the cashier while chewing. He raises
his chin.

CASHIER (CONT'D)
Phone call.

TONY
(mouth full of food)
Tell 'em I'm busy.

CASHIER
It's the boss.

TONY
I'm your boss.

CASHIER
No, da big boss. It's Smokes.

TONY
Smokes?

Tony stops chewing and swallows instantly.

TONY (CONT'D)
Give it here.

He grabs the phone and the cashier walks away. He puts the phone to his ear.

TONY (CONT'D)
Hey Smokes, dis is Tony. How you doin'?

An indecipherable voice is heard through the phone's earpiece.

TONY (CONT'D)
Just going ova' some numbas at da moment, looks like it was a good month for us. Gettin' our guys in on dat concrete bidness is really payin' off, let me tell ya.

Indecipherable voice through the phone.

Tony sighs heavily. He drops his pen on the table, takes off his glasses and tosses them on the table, too.

TONY (CONT'D)
I'm not sure about dat now, Smokes. I always trust my in-sinks and my gut tells me dis guy is good, dis guy is with us.

Beat.

TONY (CONT'D)
He's just wrapped up a job for me and everything. Yeah...dat Lips bidness we talked about.

Beat.

TONY (CONT'D)
Okay, I'll look into it but don't worry 'bout it. I'm sure it's all good. If it ain't, I got it. Alright? Alright...Alright.

He listens.

TONY (CONT'D)
Alright...alright.

BEEP! He hangs up the phone and pushes in the antenna.

Tony lets out a sigh before erupting like a volcano.

TONY (CONT'D)
MuthaFUCKKKA!

CRASH. SMASH! He clears the table with a quick sweep of his arm.

INT./EXT. SUBWAY - MORNING

Samantha sits and looks from the corner of her eyes at two men, GOON 1 and GOON 2, at the back staring at her and whispering. She narrows her eyebrows and leans to the person who sits next to her.

SAMANTHA

Is it me... or do the guys in the back have a staring problem?

The person stares at her.

PERSON

(in Chinese)

I don't speak English...

SAMANTHA

Never mind.

The train comes to a stop and the doors open. Samantha exits and walks down the platform. Her eyebrows shoot up and she walks to a homeless man who sits with a sign and has a jar beside him with two pennies in it.

HOMELESS MAN

Spare me some change? I don't care how much.

SAMANTHA

Wanna make a few bucks?

HOMELESS MAN

Yeah!

SAMANTHA

Here's five dollars.

She takes it out her pocket.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

See the two men in suits just down the platform walking towards us? It would be a shame if they happened to trip over your bag.

He looks, spots them, then looks back at her.

HOMELESS MAN

Okay.

SAMANTHA

Get them good and I'll be back by
tomorrow with another five.

She places the five in his jar and walks away. As she reaches the top of the stairs to exit the tunnel, CRASH! The goons tumble. The Goons stand and kick the jar of change and the sign out of the homeless man's hands.

GOON 1

Hey, watch what yous is doin' ya
bum!

GOON 2

What's da matta wit yous? Eh!?

HOMELESS MAN

That's how you treat a veteran?
Kick him and his stuff to the
gutter like I'm nothin?!

Samantha looks back and increases her pace up the stairs. She exits in the sunlight. She looks around in panic and spots a shop.

INT. SHOP - MORNING

Ding! The bell on the door chimes as Samantha enters. She looks out the windows. The shop owner approaches her.

SHOP OWNER

Hi there. Anything I can help you
find?

Samantha continues to look out the windows.

SHOP OWNER (CONT'D)

Anything I can help you
with...Miss?

Samantha looks at the owner.

SAMANTHA

No, just...just browsing.

She looks back out the windows. The shop owner squints her eyes and walks away. Samantha watches her then looks back to the windows and sees the two goons. She gasps and hides, still peeking at them.

GOON 1

You see which way she went?

GOON 2

Did I see? How was I supposed to see? You were the one supposed to be watchin' anyways!

GOON 1

Gimme a break here, will ya?

GOON 2

I'll give you sumthin' ina minute!

GOON 1

Oh yeah? I'll give your mutha somethin'!

They walk past the shop and their muffled voices argue.

Samantha heavily sighs in relief. The shop owner approaches her.

SHOP OWNER

Everything okay?

SAMANTHA

Huh? Oh, yes. Thank you.

She walks to the door. DING! She exits in the opposite way of the goons.

INT. MURPHY'S BAR - MORNING

Typical music plays. Murphy smokes a cigarette as he's stocking the back of the bar with clean glasses. He takes a drag of it and exhales. He picks up a glass and inspects it.

MURPHY

(to himself)

Oh, this one's still dirty...

Beat.

MURPHY (CONT'D)

Meh.

He places the glass on the shelf with the others.

DINGG! The door bells jingle as the door opens. Samantha enters and Murphy watches her walk in.

MURPHY (CONT'D)

Hey Sam! Everything okay? Look like you just saw a ghost.

SAMANTHA

Hey. No, I'm fine. Just had a little scare on the subway. The usual creeps being extra themselves today, ya know?

MURPHY

It's New York. Creep capital of the USA, right?

SAMANTHA

Let me put my things in the back, then I'll help you stock the bar.

MURPHY

Sure, take your time.

Murphy takes another drag of his cigarette while he watches Samantha disappear to the back office. He continues to stock the bar, humming.

His back is to the front doors as they open. JINGLE! JINGLE! Heavy foot steps approach him.

MURPHY (CONT'D)

We aren't open yet. We'll be open in-

Murphy turns to see the two goons. Goon one has a gun pointed at him. He throws his hands up.

MURPHY (CONT'D)

Woah, woah, what's with the piece, guys? We ain't got any money, we aren't even open yet.

GOON 1

Where's the girl?

Goon 2 takes the cigarette out of Murphy's mouth. Murphy eyes the two goons.

MURPHY

Ain't no girls here, man.

The goon cocks the gun and Murphy inhales.

GOON 1

I'm not gonna ask again.

Samantha appears from the back.

SAMANTHA

Who you talkin'-

She sees the two men. Goon 2 grins.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)
...to?...

GOON 2
(to goon 1)
Waste 'em. I got the girl.

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! Murphy is shot and killed instantly,
falling backward against the shelving of glassware. CRASHHH.
Samantha SCREAMS in horror.

SAMANTHA
Murphy!!! No!!!

GOON 2
Get ova' here! Come 'ere!

He grabs her aggressively.

SAMANTHA
Who are you?! What do you want with
me?!

GOON 2
Shut up!!!

He puts his hand over her mouth and her voice muffles to only
vowel sounds. He tries to drag her out but she kicks and
thrashes wildly and bites his hand.

GOON 2 (CONT'D)
Ahhh! The bitch bit me!

He struggles to keep hold of her, barely keeping his grip. He
grabs a handful of hair and Samantha's face scrunches.

SAMANTHA
Let me go! Let me GO!! Let go of
me! Get OFF!! Helpp!! Helpp!! Let
GO!

GOON 2
(to Goon 1)
You just gonna stand there or
what?! Give me a fuckin' hand here!

Goon 1 walks to them.

GOON 1
Hold her still!

Goon 2 squeezes her harder. BAM! Goon 1 knocks her out with a quick and swift punch.

OMERTA

Episode 10 - Endgame

Written by

Brett Schlagel

INT. SHITTY TRAILER - NIGHT

We pick up immediately after the events of Episode 9.

Rico slumps against the worn couch, staring at the floor, eyes bloodshot from exhaustion. Danny paces in front of him, lighting a cigarette.

DANNY (GRIMACING)
So what now? You really think we
can walk away from this? Tony knows
somethin's off, Rico. The whole
Liotta family's on edge.

Rico doesn't respond, jaw tight, as if he's mentally gearing up for a final showdown. His thoughts are interrupted by the ringing of the landline phone on the table. The shrill sound cuts through the silence, and Danny shoots Rico a worried glance.

DANNY (CONT'D)
(raising his voice)
Rico! You hear me?

Rico's eyes drift toward the phone, suspicion creeping into his expression. The phone keeps ringing, echoing in the small room. Slowly, Rico stands and walks over to the phone, his hand hovering over the receiver for a beat before picking it up.

RICO
(speaking into the phone)
Yeah?

Tony's voice comes through, cold and mocking.

TONY
(O.S.)
Rico, I'm done playin' games. Your
friend Murphy? He's dead. And if
you want to see Samantha alive
again, you'll meet me at La Salsa
Rosa. Tonight. No cops. No tricks.

Rico's expression hardens, his breath steady as he clenches his jaw.

TONY (CONT'D)
(O.S.) (laughs darkly)
You tink you're calling da shots
now? No, kid. Here's da deal—I
trade you for her. You don't
show—she's dead. It's dat simple.
(MORE)

TONY (CONT'D)

And if I even smell you pulling
somethin', I'll cut your little
piece of ass bitch into bits, an
inch at a time. I'll start with her
feet and work my way up to her
pretty little face, while she's
still alive. Then, I'll come find
you myself.

Rico's grip tightens on the phone, his knuckles white. His eyes blaze with anger, but his voice remains calm.

RICO

You touch her, and there won't be a
corner dark enough for you to hide
in.

The line goes dead.

Rico slams the phone back down, pacing furiously. His fists clench, muscles taut as he processes Tony's threat. Danny watches him warily.

DANNY

(stepping closer)

What was that?

RICO

(grim, cold)

Tony's got Samantha. And Murphy...
Murphy's gone. He wants me at La
Salsa Rosa tonight. Trade myself
for her.

Danny curses under his breath, running a hand through his hair.

DANNY

So you gonna walk into his trap?
You know he's ready to kill you the
second you show up, right?

Rico is silent for a moment, eyes narrowing as a plan begins to form. Slowly, he looks up at Danny, the intensity in his voice sharpening.

RICO

No. We're turning the tables.
That's why we need Kowalski. I'm
gonna wear the wire. We make Tony
confess to everything, get him on
tape, and once Kowalski's got the
proof, we hit him.

DANNY
(skeptical)
That's risky. You think Tony'll
talk?

RICO
(confident)
Tony loves running his mouth. He'll
taunt me, tell me how Smokes sold
me out, how they've been planning
to take me down. We'll get him to
hang himself. I just want Tony.
Kowalski can have the rest of them,
but Tony... Tony's mine. He'll have
to shoot first.

Danny exhales slowly, understanding the weight of what
Rico's suggesting.

DANNY
And when the bullets start flying?

RICO
(serious)
Then we finish this. Once and for
all.

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

The fluorescent lights hum overhead as Detective Kowalski
sits at her cluttered desk, paperwork scattered in front of
her. The precinct is quiet, only the occasional shuffle of
papers or the ringing of a distant phone breaks the silence.
Kowalski rubs her temples, exhaustion visible on her face.

Suddenly, the station doors burst open. Rico and Danny
stride in, eyes cold with purpose. Kowalski looks up,
startled by their abrupt entrance.

KOWALSKI
(surprised)
Rico? Danny? What the hell are you
doing here?

Rico marches straight up to her desk, no time for
pleasantries. He leans in, his voice low but filled with
urgency.

RICO
Tony's got Samantha. They killed
Murphy. He wants me at La Salsa
Rosa tonight-alone.

Kowalski's face darkens, her instincts flaring.

KOWALSKI

Damn it. You know this is a trap, right? He'll kill you both and dump your bodies like it's nothing.

RICO

(steely)

That's why I'm not going in blind. I need the wire. You get Tony to talk, make him confess to everything—about the Liottas, Smokes, the debts, all of it. That's how we bring him down.

Kowalski studies Rico's face for a long moment, weighing the situation.

KOWALSKI

(skeptical)

You really think Tony's going to spill his guts just because you show up? He's smarter than that, Rico. He'll be watching your every move.

RICO

(grim)

Tony likes to gloat. He'll want to rub it in my face. He thinks he's already won—he'll start talking, and that's when we nail him.

KOWALSKI

I don't like this. He's got nothing to lose—he's already killed your friend. If he senses anything's off, he'll shoot you without a second thought.

RICO

(flat)

I'll shoot him before he gets the chance.

KOWALSKI

(nods)

Not that simple, Rico. He has to shoot first. You need to keep him talking long enough for us to pin him. We need more than just the murder—this is bigger than Tony. If we play this right, we can take down the whole Commission.

(MORE)

KOWALSKI (CONT'D)

We need names and admission they had a hand in at least one crime collectively. Tony's ego will get the better of him, but you need to give him time to hang himself.

Danny exhales, nodding slowly.

DANNY

And when the bullets start flying?

RICO

(serious)

Then we finish this. Once and for all.

Kowalski leans back in her chair, thinking through the possibilities. She finally stands up, opening the bottom drawer of her desk. Inside is a small black case, which she places on the desk. She pops it open, revealing the wire equipment.

KOWALSKI

(serious)

You wear this, and I'll have a team stationed nearby. The second we hear anything useful, we move in. But Rico, you have to get Tony talking. You can't go in guns blazing. We need his confession.

Rico slides the wire beneath his shirt, adjusting it to keep it hidden.

RICO

I'll do what I can, but no promises.

Kowalski looks at him, almost reluctantly, as if she wants to say something more. But instead, she pulls a cigarette from her jacket pocket and lights it, exhaling a cloud of smoke as she gathers her thoughts.

KOWALSKI

(low, almost to herself)

You better know what you're doing.

RICO

(cold)

I got this.

Rico turns toward the door, but Kowalski calls out before he leaves.

KOWALSKI

Wait. (beat) What about Samantha?
What happens if things go sideways?

Rico pauses, looking down for a second, his voice quiet but steady.

RICO

(softly)
I won't let that happen.

Danny follows Rico to the door, giving Kowalski a final glance.

DANNY

(to Kowalski)
You better be ready, Kowalski. It's
just us in there with these pasta-
eatin' psychopaths.

Kowalski doesn't respond. She watches them leave, her expression a mixture of worry and resolve. After a moment, she picks up the radio on her desk.

KOWALSKI

(into radio)
This is Kowalski. We're moving on
La Salsa Rosa tonight. I want a
full team outside in an hour. Stay
low, stay sharp. No one moves until
I give the order.

EXT. LA SALSA ROSA - NIGHT

The sky is pitch-black, the quiet hum of the city in the background as Rico and Danny pull up outside the restaurant. The neon sign flickers ominously, casting a sickly red glow over the empty street.

They sit in the car for a moment, both men silent. Rico stares at the restaurant, the weight of the coming confrontation clear in his eyes.

DANNY

(quietly)
You sure about this? No turning
back once we step in there.

RICO

(nods)
I'm sure.

He checks the wire one last time, his expression hardening.

RICO (CONT'D)
(under his breath)
It ends tonight.

EXT. LA SALSA ROSA - NIGHT

The dark, looming exterior of La Salsa Rosa is washed in the flickering neon light, casting eerie red shadows across the sidewalk. Rico and Danny stand in front of the car, staring at the restaurant's entrance. The stillness of the night contrasts with the palpable tension in the air.

DANNY
(quietly)
Last chance to back out, Rico. Once
we're inside, there's no turning
back.

Rico looks over at Danny, his face hard and set.

RICO
(flatly)
I've been waiting for this too
long. We go in, get Samantha, and
finish it.

Danny exhales, pulls his jacket tighter, and checks his gun one last time.

DANNY
(sighs)
Alright. Let's do this.

Rico checks the wire beneath his shirt. It's secure, but the weight of the moment isn't lost on him. He takes a deep breath and starts walking toward the entrance.

INT. LA SALSA ROSA - NIGHT

The restaurant is nearly empty. Only a few tables remain, and the usual upbeat chatter of customers is replaced by a deathly quiet. The red-tinted light from the neon sign outside washes the room in a sinister glow. At the back of the restaurant, seated at his usual table, is TONY. Flanked by two GOONS, Tony smokes a cigar, casually waiting.

Across the room, SAMANTHA sits tied to a chair, her face pale and eyes wide with fear. She's gagged, her wrists bound tightly. Her gaze flicks up as she sees Rico and Danny enter. Relief and fear flash across her face simultaneously.

TONY
(smirking)
Well, well... if it isn't da man of
da hour.

Rico's eyes immediately lock on Samantha. He clenches his fists, but keeps his expression calm as he walks deeper into the room, Danny right beside him.

RICO
(cool)
Tony.

TONY
(mocking)
You came. I wasn't sure you had the balls to show up. You're either real brave... or real stupid.

Tony leans back, puffing on his cigar, his eyes glinting with smug satisfaction.

TONY (CONT'D)
(flatly)
You know da deal. You for her. No tricks. Just you and me.

Rico steps forward, his voice measured.

RICO
Let her go, Tony. You've got me—let's finish this.

Tony grins, the goons on either side of him chuckling quietly, their hands resting on their guns.

TONY
(SHAKING HIS HEAD)
See, Rico, this is why you'll never get it. You think you can just walk in here, trade yourself, and that's the end of it? Nah... You screwed up. You should've stayed out of this. Smokes warned me about you.

Rico's eyes narrow. He needs Tony to keep talking—he needs the confession.

RICO
Smokes don't know me. You know me.
Let the girl go.

Tony chuckles, leaning forward, enjoying the game.

TONY
(Growing increasingly
angry)

I seen a lotta potential in you,
Rico. I did. You was a natural. I
guess I was just blinded by my own
faith. Smokes didn't just warn me.
You pissed off da whole Commission
wit your liddle antics. You know
how long it's been since we had a
round table meetin' about one man
dat wasn't even made? You messed
up, kid. I was gonna make you rich
you dumb mutha fucka. I was gonna
bring you in on dis concrete ting
we got goin' on. We have men in all
da unions! We name our price on da
concrete dat gets poured for deeze
high rises goin' in. We are goin'
to own this fuckin' city and you
were going to have a piece of it.
But you fucked it up, didn't you?!
For what? A piece of tail? You're
daddy and dat piece of shit hot dog
stand yous call a restaurant?

INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN - NIGHT

In a parked van down the street from La Salsa Rosa,
Detective Kowalski sits with a group of SWAT officers,
headphones on, listening to the wire in tense silence. They
hear every word from inside the restaurant.

KOWALSKI
(into the radio)
Where's my team, I'm sitting here
holed up with one surveillance
nerd. SWAT what's your 40?

SURVEILLANCE AGENT
I can hear you too, you know?

SWAT AGENT
(over radio)
2 minutes out.

KOWALSKI
(into radio)
Get your asses here. NOW!

INT. LA SALSA ROSA - NIGHT

Tony's anger goes off the charts.

TONY

(Irrate)

You're a fuckin' twat! You know dat? I bring you on as a favuh to you and your old man, and dis is what you do to me?! Piss on my fuckin' shoes in front of da whole Commission?! Dats why day all signed off on dis! Dats why you gotta die! Right here! Right now! For dem it's either you go or I go! I ain't goin nowheres! You undastand me you fuckin' moron?! YOU FUCKIN' UNDASTAND YOU MUTHA FUCKA?!!

Rico clenches his jaw but doesn't react to the news. He knows Kowalski is listening. This is exactly what they need.

RICO

(Pissed)

We wouldn't even be here if you hadn't messed with my family first!

TONY

(less irrate)

Yo fatha came to me for help! Dis is a bidness! You don't hold up your end of da bargain we hold up our promise to fuck you up! He knew what he was gettin' intos!

Rico's eyes burn with rage, but he forces himself to stay calm. He needs Tony to say more.

RICO

So that's it, if you don't get paid back you just kill 'em? You weren't expecting me were you?

Tony scoffs in disbelief.

TONY

(angry)

Pipe 'em, shoot 'em, knife 'em! Whateva! Errybody in dis town knows who da fuck day owe! Day also know what happens when day don't pay up! Dat's how money's made!

DANNY
(stepping forward)
You're outta your mind, Tony if you
think this is gonna end well for
you.

Tony laughs, a dark, menacing sound that echoes through the empty restaurant.

TONY
I'm not da one who's bleeding out
on dis floor tonight.

He motions to the Goons.

TONY (CONT'D)
Ice deeze mutha fuckas.

INT. LA SALSA ROSA - NIGHT (ACTION SEQUENCE)

As soon as Tony gives the order, the Goons reach for their guns, but Rico and Danny are faster. The room explodes into chaos. GUNSHOTS echo as both sides start firing.

Rico ducks behind a nearby booth, bullets splintering the wood as he pulls out his own gun. Danny dives for cover behind the bar, taking out one of Tony's Goons with a well-placed shot.

DANNY
(shouting)
Rico! We're pinned down!

Rico fires off a few rounds, keeping Tony and the remaining Goons at bay. He looks over at Samantha—she's terrified, struggling in her bindings as the gunfight rages around her.

RICO
(gritting his teeth)
Hold on, Samantha!

Tony, still seated at the table, doesn't move. He calmly takes another puff of his cigar, watching the chaos unfold around him.

INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN - NIGHT

KOWALSKI
(into the radio, frantic
but professional)
SHOTS FIRED! SHOTS FIRED! I'M GOIN'
IN!

Kowalski rips out of the van gun in hand and races to the building's entrance.

INT. LA SALSA ROSA - NIGHT (ACTION SEQUENCE)

TONY
(casually)
You're making this harder than it
needs to be, Rico.

Rico, still behind cover, looks over at Danny. They're running out of time. The Goons are closing in, and Tony's still in control.

RICO
(to Danny)
We need to take out Tony, now!

Suddenly, Danny stands up from behind the bar, aiming directly at Tony. But before he can pull the trigger, a gunshot rings out—one of Tony's Goons shoots Danny in the chest. Danny staggers back, collapsing behind the bar.

RICO (CONT'D)
(yelling)
Danny! No!

The chaos of the gunfight continues. Rico is pinned behind an overturned table, breathing hard. The sound of gunshots fills the air, mixed with the terrified muffled cries of Samantha, still tied to the chair.

RICO (CONT'D)
(shouting)
Danny! Hang on!

He glances toward the bar where Danny lies slumped, blood pooling beneath him. Danny is gasping for breath, his hand clutching his chest. His gun slips from his grip.

DANNY
(coughing, weak)
Rico... I—I'm hit...

Rico's mind races, torn between helping Danny and stopping Tony before it's too late. He risks a look over the edge of the table just as a bullet whizzes past, grazing his arm. Rico grunts in pain but stays focused.

TONY
 (still calm, watching
 from his table)
 Looks like it's down to me and you,
 Rico. Tink you're walking outta
 here alive?

Tony's cigar smolders as he watches the room with detached amusement, enjoying the spectacle. The last remaining Goon reloads, still firing sporadically at Rico's position.

TONY (CONT'D)
 (casual)
 I told you—I'm done wit games.
 You're all alone. No one's coming
 to save you.
 (beat)
 Say goodbye to you're liddle lady.

Rico's gaze shifts back to Samantha, whose wide, terrified eyes plead for help. He knows time is running out.

Rico has to move now, or Samantha's life—and his—will be over. He glances at Danny, who's barely holding on, coughing up blood.

DANNY
 (struggling)
 Save...her. I'm done...for.

TONY
 Tree...two...

Rico takes a deep breath, knowing what he has to do. He pushes off from the table, gun at the ready, and makes a mad dash toward Samantha's side, dodging bullets as they ricochet around the room. He slides across the floor and takes a shot to the should as he shields Samantha.

RICO
 (in pain)
 Ahhhh!

SAMANTHA (crying, muffled) Rico!

RICO (CONT'D)
 (frantic)
 It's okay. I'm here. We're getting
 out of here.

SLAM! Kowalski busts through the door.

KOWALSKI
 FREEZE TONY!

BLAM! BLAM! Tony fires two shots at Kowalski, one connects. She goes down.

KOWALSKI (CONT'D)
(in pain)
Ahhh!

(INTO RADIO, WEAK)

Officer down.

TONY
YOU FUCKIN' RAT!

KABLAM! Rico hits Tony in the neck. Blood spurts like a garden hose with air bubbles. He hits the floor hard, shaking the floorboards and clearing a table on his way down.

TONY (standing now, furious) You think you're walking out of here with her? You're not going anywhere, Rico!

Rico walks over to Tony who's clenching his throat and dying.

RICO
Game over.

TONY
(drowning in blood,
pissed)
You...fuckin'...mutha...

BLAM! Rico puts a bullet into Tony's skull. The back of his head explodes like a water balloon. The bullet cases tings on the floor in the silence.

SCREECH! Feet pound the pavement accompanying the sounds of tactical gear bouncing to the footsteps. The SWAT team move into the building.

SWAT AGENT
HANDS! HANDS! GET DOWN ON THE
FLOOR! ON THE FLOOR

FADE OUT.

EXT. LA SALSA ROSA - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

The aftermath of the shootout hangs heavy in the air. Red and blue police lights flash across the parking lot, casting long shadows over the cracked asphalt. The sound of sirens and distant radios buzz in the background. The SWAT team is securing the scene, while paramedics wheel bodies away.

Rico leans against an ambulance, his face pale, his shoulder bandaged from the bullet he took protecting Samantha. He's exhausted, his body slumped but still defiant. Samantha stands beside him, visibly shaken, but relieved to be alive. She clutches his hand tightly, refusing to let go.

SAMANTHA

(softly)

I thought... I thought I lost you
in there.

RICO

(quiet, strained)

Not a chance.

Detective Kowalski walks over, moving gingerly but still standing tall. A tear in her jacket reveals the impact from a bullet, but she pulls it aside to show the bulletproof vest beneath. She winces, rubbing her chest.

KOWALSKI

(grimacing)

That one's gonna leave a hell of a
bruise.

Rico looks up, his eyes narrowing slightly.

RICO

You alright?

KOWALSKI

Yeah, vest took the hit. Hurts like
hell, but I'll live.

She pauses for a moment, her eyes shifting to Rico's injured shoulder. Her tone softens.

KOWALSKI (CONT'D)

How about you? You took a bullet
back there.

RICO

(glances at Samantha)

I'll live...so they say.

Kowalski raises an eyebrow, clearly not buying it, but she lets it go. There's a quiet moment between them, the weight of everything that's happened settling in.

KOWALSKI (CONT'D)
(serious)
I'm sorry about Danny. I know he
meant a lot to you.

Rico's expression hardens at the mention of Danny, the pain of losing his friend still fresh. He lowers his head, his voice barely above a whisper.

RICO
(slowly)
Yeah... He didn't deserve this.

Kowalski nods, understanding the loss. She takes a deep breath, straightening herself despite the ache in her chest.

KOWALSKI
You did good in there, Rico. We got everything we need. Every word Tony said is on tape. Names, connections, crimes—it's all there. Enough to take down the whole Commission, from the bosses, to the capos, to the soldiers. They're finished.

Rico remains quiet, his eyes distant as he processes the news. It's what he's been fighting for, but there's little satisfaction in the victory.

KOWALSKI (CONT'D)
(softly)
It's over, Rico. You did what no one else could. You should be proud of that.

RICO
(quiet)
Doesn't feel like it's over.

Kowalski gives him a sympathetic look. She knows the cost has been high.

KOWALSKI
(earnestly)
So... what now? What are you gonna do now that it's all done?

Rico takes a moment before responding, staring at the ground as if searching for an answer. He glances over at Samantha, her hand still holding his tightly, and then back to Kowalski.

RICO
(tired, but resolved)
I don't know. If pops makes it out
of the hospital, maybe rebuild the
restaurant? Whatever I do...it'll
be better than this.

Kowalski smiles faintly, the tension easing just a little.
She nods, knowing Rico's earned a future far removed from
the violence and chaos he's been trapped in.

SAMANTHA
(softly, looking up at
Rico)
We'll figure it out. Together.

Rico looks down at Samantha, offering her a small but
genuine smile. For the first time in a long while, there's a
glimmer of hope in his eyes.

KOWALSKI
(smiling)
Well, you've earned that. You know
where to find me if you ever need
anything.

She turns to leave but pauses, looking back over her
shoulder.

KOWALSKI (CONT'D)
And Rico... I mean it. You did
good. The whole city's gonna feel
the difference because of what you
did tonight.

Rico watches as Kowalski walks away, her figure disappearing
into the chaos of the parking lot. He exhales deeply, the
weight of it all finally hitting him.

SAMANTHA
(quiet)
It really is over, isn't it?

Rico nods, still processing it all.

RICO
Yeah. It's over.

INT. REBUILT FAMILY RESTAURANT - DAY

The sun shines brightly through the windows of the newly
rebuilt family restaurant. The interior is fresh, clean, and
lively, filled with the hum of customers chatting and the
clink of dishes being served.

The restaurant is a symbol of renewal, a stark contrast to the dark times that have passed.

Rico stands behind the counter, wearing a clean apron, wiping down a plate as he watches the customers enjoy their meals. There's a rare, quiet sense of peace on his face—something he hasn't felt in years. Lorenzo, moving slower but full of energy, walks up beside Rico, watching the bustling restaurant with a smile.

LORENZO

(to Rico)

Look at this place, Rico. You made this happen. Your mother would be proud.

Rico glances at his father, surprised by the rare moment of heartfelt praise. He looks around at the restaurant, taking it all in.

RICO

(smiling softly)

We both made this happen, Pop. It wasn't just me.

LORENZO

(grinning)

Maybe. But you did what I couldn't. You kept this family together. And you didn't just rebuild a restaurant, you rebuilt us.

Lorenzo pauses, his eyes drifting to Samantha, who's gracefully moving between tables, taking orders and helping customers with a warm smile. He chuckles softly.

LORENZO (CONT'D)

(nods toward Samantha)

And speaking of rebuilding... That girl's been a godsend around here. She's a natural. Smart, hardworking...

He looks at Rico with a meaningful grin.

LORENZO (CONT'D)

She's a good catch, Rico. Don't let her get away.

Rico watches Samantha for a moment, his expression softening. She looks over at him, catching his gaze, and flashes him a smile that lights up the room. Rico smiles back, a rare moment of genuine happiness crossing his face.

RICO
(sincerely)
Yeah. I know, Pop.

Lorenzo pats Rico on the back, the two of them sharing a quiet moment of pride and relief. The once fractured family has found its way back, stronger than before. A beat goes by.

LORENZO
(grinning)
I'm getting too old for this business. One of these days, I'll have to turn the whole thing over to you two. You and Samantha could run this place like pros.

RICO
(chuckling)
Let's not rush into that just yet. I think I've had enough excitement for now.

A beat goes by.

LORENZO
Go help Samantha bus table 14, will ya? 'bout to hit the dinner rush.

Rico walks over to Samantha and begins to help. Dishes clank and clang.

SAMANTHA
(softly)
You're getting pretty good at this. Think you might be cut out for the quiet life after all.

Rico smirks, shaking his head.

RICO
(grinning)
You think?

The dishes stop making noise as they pause their work to talk and enjoy the moment.

SAMANTHA
(teasing)
Yeah. And who knows? Maybe someday you'll be able to take a break while I run the place.

LORENZO (from the back) Rico! Take out the trash in front, too!

Rico turns back, his father's voice pulling him from his thoughts. He smiles to himself, shaking his head.

RICO
(sighing, to himself)
Back to work.

Dishes go back to clinging and clanging as the work in the restaurant continues.

FADE OUT.