

D.G.

by

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Registered WGAw

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FADE IN:

INT. TASTYKAKE FACTORY - NIGHT

Boxes of chocolate cupcakes are stacked against the walls. FRANKIE SANTARELLI (42) lights a cigarette. He glances at a FAT MAN, with corn rows tied to a chair struggling to get free.

FRANKIE
So, you like burning people?

FAT MAN
Frankie, I swear on my mother's life. I'll get you that money.

FRANKIE
(softly)
I understand your addiction...

Frankie takes a long drag of the cigarette as he walks up to the man.

FRANKIE
But sin has it's consequences.

Frankie takes the cigarette and violently presses it against the fat man's eyes one at a time. He struggles to keep the man's head still as he jerks back and forth in the chair. The fat man SCREAMS in agony.

FRANKIE
What you take me for, some Mooliachi? Take that, you fuck!

FAT MAN
I can't see. I can't fucking see!

Frankie looks over his shoulder and nods at DOMINIC FUSARO, also known as SOS (35), big, baldheaded, long goatee, putting on a rubber suit. He slides on a pair of rubber gloves, which cover tattoos of flames on his forearm. He picks up a chainsaw, pulls the cord, revs it up.

The fat man struggles frantically.

FAT MAN
Frankie... Frankie please don't do this!

FRANKIE
You had your chance.
(to SOS)
Try not to make too much of a mess.

FAT MAN
Our father, who art in heaven...

SCREAMS suddenly fill the room.

EXT. BEN FRANKLIN BRIDGE - DAWN

The sky is red. Philadelphia glimmers in the new light. A black Benz switches in and out of lanes. Frankie drives, his suit blood-speckled. He peers at the skyline as he pulls out his cell phone.

FRANKIE
(into phone)
It's done.

INT. GIOVANNI HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

SALVATOR GIOVANNI (60), gray slicked back hair, Armani suit, smokes a cigar as he hangs up the phone. He blows a cloud of smoke at two BODYGUARDS standing in front of him.

INT. MATT'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Philadelphia sports paraphernalia hang from the walls. MATT ANDOLINI (23), average looking, pours vodka into a glass of orange juice as he watches a baseball game. Next to him is CHAUNCE ROBINSON (24), black, braids, sipping on a beer. Matt picks up his phone and dials a number.

CHAUNCE
You trying to order a pizza?

MATT
Hold on.

INT. FRANKIE'S KITCHEN - AT THE SAME TIME

Frankie counts money at a kitchen table with a BABY draped over his shoulder. An OLD WOMAN mashes meatballs.

FRANKIE
Ma, make sure you put a lot
of garlic in the gravy.

The phone rings. Frankie checks the caller ID and picks the phone up while watching his mother stir sauce.

FRANKIE
(to Matt)
This better be important... Uh
huh...

Frankie dips his finger in the sauce. His mother slaps his hand away.

FRANKIE

Well, I'm glad you called cause I need you to pick up an envelope off of this degenerate and drop it off at eleven o'clock.

Frankie tastes the sauce. Some of it spills onto his tank top. Frankie turns to his mom.

FRANKIE

(To Mother)

I thought I told you to put more garlic in the gravy.

He grabs her ear and yells into her hearing aid.

FRANKIE

(To Mother)

Can you hear me in there?

Frankie's mother yells at him in Italian.

INT. MATT'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Matt paces around the house with the phone to his ear. He watches the television as the baseball game is in the ninth inning with two outs.

MATT

(to Frankie)

That's what I called for... to see what time the card game was.

CHAUNCE

I'm starving, dog.

Matt gestures for Chaunce to be quiet.

MATT

So where do I pick up the envelope?

FRANKIE (VO)

You remember Johnny? Meet him at ten o'clock at...

MATT

You got to be fucking kidding me! What is that degenerate doing there?

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Frankie's mother continues to yell in Italian.

FRANKIE
Alright ma, I'm sorry.

Frankie hands his mother the baby and makes a funny face at it. The baby giggles.

FRANKIE
(to Matt)
I think you answered your own question, but hey, it will be good for you. Maybe one day you will attend. Anyhow, you know I will take care of you, but don't be fucking late.

INT. MATT'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Matt hangs up his phone. He angrily throws his remote control against the wall as Chipper Jones hits a walk-off homerun to beat the Phillies.

CHAUNCE
Way to pick a winner.

Matt tosses the phone at Chaunce.

MATT
Call in your own pizza.

CHAUNCE
I can't fucking pay for it now!

Matt slams the door shut.

EXT. BUILDING - NIGHT

Matt parks his car in the parking lot. Matt walks to the front door, which has a sign posted "GAMBLERS ANONYMOUS".

INT. GAMBLERS ANONYMOUS LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

ALIZAY (25), beautiful, coffee complexion, approaches Matt. Matt can't help but stare as her hips swivel from side to side seductively.

ALIZAY
Can I help you?

MATT
Yes, I am here to see a friend.

What time does the meeting start?

ALIZAY

Ten o'clock.

MATT

Do you come here a lot?

ALIZAY

Yeah, I work here.

MATT

What is an attractive women like you doing working at a place like this?

ALIZAY

It pays the bills.

MATT

How does your boyfriend feel about you working here?

ALIZAY

(smiling)

Good one. I don't have a boyfriend. Well, it was good talking to you, but the meeting is about to start and I have to get inside.

MATT

Ok, sorry to keep you. I have to meet with my friend before the meeting starts. Maybe I will come back and see you here.

ALIZAY

Maybe.

Matt looks inside one of the meeting rooms and sees JOHNNY (34) combing his slicked back hair.

INT. GAMBLERS ANONYMOUS ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Johnny sees Matt and slides his comb into his back pocket.

JOHNNY

Matty boy...

Johnny gives Matt a big hug as he slips an envelope into Matt's pants pocket.

JOHNNY
Those fucking Phils...

MATT
Yeah, they killed me once again.

JOHNNY
You know, you should stay around for the meeting. You don't want to end up like your father.

MATT
I'm good.

JOHNNY
I mean the vig that babbo ran up -

Matt's face tightens in anger. He points his finger at Johnny about an inch away from his face.

MATT
Look. I didn't come here to disrespect you, so don't disrespect me or my family. I'm not the one who keeps going to these meetings while still handing over his pay check to Frankie and the family.

JOHNNY
I thought you didn't come here to disrespect me.

MATT
I'm trying to help you. You need to stop gambling, or stop wasting your time by coming to these meetings.

JOHNNY
You're right. Money's just a little tight right now. Listen, you better get going. The meeting is about to start.

Johnny leans over to hug Matt again but Matt pulls back avoiding the contact.

MATT
(angry)
Yeah, I'm getting out of here.
Good luck.

Matt walks to the front doors, but stares back to get a look at Alizay.

MATT
(to himself)
Oh yeah. I'm definitely coming back
here!

INT. GIOVANNI RESTAURANT AND BAR - NIGHT

Framed pictures of celebrities hang from the walls. WAITERS dressed in tuxes constantly roam from table to table carrying bottles of champagne. POLITICIANS and ATHLETES dine in the front of the restaurant.

INT. BACK ROOM - AT THE SAME TIME

Matt, Frankie, SOS, and a few others play cards. They are all decked out in expensive suits except for Matt. Frankie shuffles the cards then deals to the players. He places a row of six cards in the middle of the table.

Matt slides the envelope across to Frankie.

FRANKIE
I was waiting for that.

MATT
My bad. I just had something else
on my mind.

A card slides over to ANGELO GIOVANNI (38), fat, eats from a small dish of fettuccini alfredo.

FRANKIE
I told you the meeting would do
you some good.

MATT
If you told me I was going to see
what I saw, then I wish I would've
gone earlier.

SOS places a box of chocolate cupcakes on the table and opens it.

SOS
Anybody want one?

ANGELO
I'll take one.

Frankie looks at Angelo eating one of the cupcakes and his cheeks fill up with vomit. He swallows it and slides a card to VICTOR SLINKOV (40), thick beard, tinted glasses, massaging the rim of a glass of vodka then taking a sip.

ANGELO

Fuck!

Matt laughs as some fettuccini drops into Angelo's lap. The others laugh as well and place bets. In the corner of the room, a small TV shows the news. A heading scrolls underneath reading "ANNIVERSARY OF 9/11".

VICTOR

(thick Russian accent)

Hey. Frankie, I hear you fly out to LA in couple weeks.

FRANKIE

Yeah. The boss has some shit he wants me to take care of.

Matt sneers at Victor then slams fifty bucks on the table and looks at Frankie.

MATT

(smiles at Frankie)

Well, if I were you I would avoid sitting next to any camel jockeys.

SOS raises the pot another fifty and chuckles.

SOS

They're lucky I wasn't president on Sept. 11th cause I would've nuked all those fuckers!

Victor laughs, spits up some vodka in the process. Matt shakes his head in disbelief. Then, his face grows angrier as Victor speaks.

VICTOR

We lucky ones. If those planes had...

INT. FRONT OF RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

Suddenly a shit-faced VINCENT TORIELLO (35), skinny, stumbles into the restaurant wearing a wrinkled suit. The customers stop eating as Vinny sways toward the back room.

INT. BACK ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The door swings open.

VINNY

(high pitched voice)

Suck my dick! Suck my dick!

A MEXICAN WAITER pulls a seat out for Vinny.

VINNY

What? You want a tip? How about getting me a drink, you dirty spick?

The waiter leaves, cussing underneath his breath in Spanish.

SOS

(to Vinny)

Way to be late.

Frankie reshuffles the deck.

FRANKIE

Vinny, you know the game.

VINNY

What... Silence of the Lambs?
Fuck!

Frankie deals the cards.

FRANKIE

Whoever has the suit wins half the pot.

VINNY

Yeah. Yeah. Just deal the cards.

The men bet with SOS, Matt, and Victor dropping. Vinny raises the pot. Frankie and Angelo both call. Frankie turns over the cards in the middle revealing the flop. Vinny bets, Angelo and Frankie call.

The next two cards are turned and Vinny bets again. Both Angelo and Frankie call. The final card is turned and Frankie cuts the other deck of cards to find out what suit gets half the pot.

FRANKIE

High Diamond.

Frankie and Vinny keep on raising trying to outsmart the other.

ANGELO

Christ!

FRANKIE

So, what do you lambs got? I got the suit, the ten of diamonds.

Vinny, with a big smile on his face, lays down his cards.

VINNY
Kings full.

Everybody looks at each other.

MATT
Where?

VINNY
I fucked up! Wait, I got to have
it.

Victor peeks at Vinny's hand.

VICTOR
You can only use two in hand, not
three.

Vinny glances at his cards again.

VINNY
I fucked up!

Angelo slams down his cards.

ANGELO
Eights full of tens.

Angelo and Frankie happily split the pot. Frankie deals the
cards again as Matt yawns.

MATT
Alright, fellas. I'm out of here.

FRANKIE
Call me tomorrow.

Matt leaves. Angelo pulls Frankie to the side.

ANGELO
That Matt is a good kid. Don't
let anything bad happen to him.
We don't want him ending up like
his ol' man.

FRANKIE
Don't worry. I won't.

INT. ROW HOME - SOUTH PHILLY - (MATT'S DREAM)

A five-year old Matt sits in front of a television watching
cartoons.

Staring at him from the kitchen is Matt's MOTHER, wearing an apron covered in flour. She opens the oven and pulls out a pan of chocolate chip cookies.

She quickly glances at Matt again then does a line of coke off the table. As she slowly lifts up her head and wipes the coke residue from her nose, she sees the front door kicked in.

Four young RUSSIAN THUGS barge in, clearly intoxicated. They stumble right past Matt as if he wasn't there.

MOTHER

Get the fuck out of my house!

RUSSIAN THUG 1

Where is he?

MOTHER

I don't know where he is.

RUSSIAN THUG 2

Where is the money?

MOTHER

I don't have no money.

RUSSIAN THUG 3

Ubei suku!

[kill the bitch]

The youngest Russian thunks his vodka bottle onto the table as he stalks towards Matt's mother. Matt looks back at the SOUND and sees the back of the young man as he reaches into his suit pocket.

INT. SMALL HOUSE - DAY

The alarm clock RINGS. Matt gets up sweating, wipes his eyes, and shuts off the alarm clock.

Next to the alarm clock is an old framed picture of Matt sitting on his father's shoulders at a Phillies game. The glass inside the frame is taped together. The phone rings.

MATT

Hello.