

Meat
(excerpt)

By

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EXT. CITY STREETS - NIGHT.

Explosions, gunshots, screaming, mayhem. There is war in the streets.

The buildings of the city are decrepit tenements. Light flashes against their wet, decaying bricks as mortar rounds explode off the walls; sending down a rain of glass, metal and stone to the garbage-ridden sidewalks.

A green, 1976 AMC Pacer rounds the corner at high speed. The tires squeal as it careens sideways into a light pole and continues on. Machine gun fire erupts from the car as its passengers shoot at a black, 1972 Chevy Impala that's in hot pursuit.

A bazooka emerges from the Impala's back window. It fires. A rocket with a twisting tail of smoke is sent hurtling at the Pacer. The rocket strikes the rear window and the Pacer explodes in a ball of flame.

The Impala brakes, but it is too close. The Impala hits the flaming Pacer and ricochets off, twisting in mid-air and slamming down hard to the pavement, crushing the roof and sending out a hail of sparks as it slides to a halt. The Impala explodes.

CUT TO:

EXT. ANOTHER SECTION OF THE CITY.

Caucasian men battle to the death with Asian and Latino men on a desolate city street.

The Caucasian men wear white shirts and ties covered by long wool duster coats; the kind you see in Sergio Leon Spaghetti Westerns. The Asian and Latino men wear shiny, black leather jackets.

All the men are armed to the teeth with Uzis, shot guns, pistols, machine guns and even rocket launchers. The skies are ablaze with sparks and fire balls.

They fire at one another from behind wrecked cars and garbage dumpsters.

People are shot, stabbed, maimed and amputated in an insane rush of blood, crashing cars and deafening noise.

The Caucasian men also fight hand-to-hand with enormous machetes that they pull from inside their coats. They hack and stab at their enemies with reckless abandon and joy.

CUT TO:

TENEMENT BUILDING ROOFTOP.

Sitting on a rooftop, in a cloud of fog and stench, are three ominous silhouettes. A scarred hand with long, filthy nails taps a finger on the ledge. The silhouettes look down on the bloodshed unraveling below them.

VOICE 1

So, who do we fuck with tonight?

VOICE 2

Ha, hell yeah, who to fuck with!
Who to fuck with!

VOICE 3

I'm hungry!

VOICE 2

Fuck you! You're always hungry!

VOICE 3

Eat my shit! They all cackle
loudly.

VOICE 1

(Scanning the sidewalk below.)
Where is he? Come on, little mouse.
Come out. Come out. Wherever you
are.

They chuckle as MANNY and BARNES come racing around the corner across the street.

Manny is tall, in his late thirties. His face is hard and grim.

Barnes is slightly younger and shorter than Manny.

They both wear the duster coats with shirts and ties. They carry handguns and machetes as they chase two LATINO MEN and one ASIAN MAN into an alley.

VOICE 1 (CONT'D)

Ahhh, here's our boy now. Perfect.

VOICE 2

Fucking perfect.

VOICE 3
The perfect fuck.

They all laugh as they observe the action below.

Barnes and Manny corner the men in the alley. One of the Latino men fires a pistol at Barnes. He ducks backward, avoiding the bullets.

Manny grabs a garbage can lid and throws it at the man, knocking the gun out of his hand.

Manny pulls out his machete and rushes at the man, screaming. He thrusts the blade into the man's chest, hoisting him off the ground. Manny plunges the machete, now sticking out of the man's spine, into the wooden fence in the back of the alley.

The man's body hangs limply on the blade. The second Latino man, eyes wide, slumps to his knees, praying in Spanish. The Asian man pulls out a large hunting knife. Barnes faces him, holding his machete.

ASIAN MAN
(Breathing heavily.)
Come on, mother-fucker...I'll cut
your fuckin' heart out and feed it
to my dog!

BARNES
(Smirking.)
God, I'm scared. You scared, Manny?

Manny lights a cigar.

MANNY
I'm shaking in my fuckin' boots.

ASIAN MAN
Come on, you faggots! Come on!!!

BARNES
Manny?

MANNY
Yeah.

Manny pulls his machete out of the first man. His body flops to the pavement. Manny walks forward, wiping off the blade on his coat.

BARNES

Now?

MANNY

Now.

Barnes ducks as Manny hoists his machete overhead and throws it at the Asian man. It whistles as it spins through the air, striking the man between the eyes and embedding in his skull. The man shudders a moment I then slumps to the ground. The second Latino man, still on his knees, begins to wail loudly.

LATINO MAN

Ahhh! Don' t kill me! Madre de
Dios! Don't kill me! God, please!
Please...

Manny and Barnes saunter over to the man, smiling. The man starts vomiting.

BARNES

(Grimacing.)

Great...he shit himself.

Barnes and Manny grab the man by the arms and stand him on his feet.

BARNES (CONT 'D)

Hey, take it easy, Ramone. We're
not gonna hurt you.

The man stops wailing for a moment, wipes his' mouth and looks at them, confused.

MANNY

That's right.

BARNES

We're gonna let your greasy ass go.
But you gotta do one thing, as a
favor to us.

LATINO MAN

What? Anything... anything.

BARNES

You tell that faggot mother-fucker
Diaz, that if he tries any of this
shit on our turf again, we're gonna
personally rip his shriveled spic
balls off with a pliers. Can you
remember that?

LATINO MAN

Yeah.. .sure, yeah.

BARNES

Good. Now get the fuck out of here
before we lose our generosity.

Relieved, the man turns to hurry away. Barnes pulls a handgun from his jacket and shoots the man point blank in the back of the head.

Manny ducks to avoid the spray of blood and brains.

Barnes looks at Manny and smiles.

BARNES (CONT'D)

Oops.

They both laugh. Their laughter is joined by other, eerie cackling that emits from a bluish light that appears at the back of the alley.

Barnes and "Manny, confused, turn warily toward the light.

Sitting in a wet haze are three hideous, naked CREATURES; They are ,the silhouettes from the rooftop. They are definitely not of this world.

CREATURE 1 is a bald man with his skin literally wrenched from his face. His cheeks are nothing but juicy tendons and muscle tissue surrounding a maw of rotting teeth and gums. His eyes are a milky yellow with no irises or pupils. An ooze of grey matter seeps from a hole where his ear used to be. Scar tissue in a cryptic, Medieval pattern adorns his chest.

CREATURE 2 resembles a woman. She is so thin that her bones protrude through her skin. Her eyes are sewn shut and a green puss seeps through the stitches. Because her lips have been torn away, her mouth is locked in an enormous, toothy grin. Weighted bronze ornaments hang from the nipples of her stretched and bleeding breasts, pulling them down toward her swollen lower abdomen. She also wears the scar tissue patterns on her body.

CREATURE 3 is composed of a short, incredibly fat torso with a distorted head protruding from it's chest. The head has a huge mouth cavity filled with rows of serrated teeth that are more sharklike than human. A wet, black tongue lolls back and forth over the teeth. It has no eyes, just a wrinkled orifice above the mouth that spews a brownish bile now and again. A huge, grossly disfigured penis dangles between it's legs, nearly touching the ground. Like the others, this creature also wears the Medieval scar patterns.

CREATURE 1

Boys, I definitely like your style.

Manny and Barnes recoil, shocked and confused.

BARNES

Holy shit!

MANNY

What the fuck...?!

The both pullout their Uzis and begin riddling the Creatures with bullets.

The Creatures scream and fall to the pavement.

Manny and Barnes stand a moment, stunned.

The Creatures then begin to writhe and laugh. They bolt upright, as if pulled by invisible wires.

Creature 2 pulls several bullets from her wounds and tosses them at Manny and Barnes.

CREATURE 2

Ow, that hurt.

The Creatures laugh, heartily.

Creature 3 begins feeling along the ground. He finds the body of one of the dead men, rips off one of the legs and sticks it down his gaping mouth. He chews loudly, then belches.

CREATURE 3

Damn, I love chink food.

CREATURE 2

Yeah, but you'll be hungry again in an hour.

CREATURE 1

Okay, okay, let's cut the shit already. Boys, it's good to finally meet you.

MANNY

Who are you?

CREATURE 1

Who? Good question. Who am I? Who are you? Who are we all, really, in the great scheme of things?

MANNY

Who the fuck are you?!

BARNES

What's goin' on, Manny?!

CREATURE 1

Easy, boys, easy. Let's just say we're messengers.

CREATURE 2

Messengers.

CREATURE 3

(Still munching.)

Messengers, yeah.

MANNY

Messengers.. .. from where?

CREATURE 1

Where? That's a tough call..

CREATURE 2

We're from a place where Uzis don't mean shit.

(She points at Creature 3.)

And he's the best lookin' guy in the bar.

She cackles. Creature 3, now holding an arm, points it at Creature 2.

CREATURE 3

And she's the Sports Illustrated Swimsuit Cover Girl.

The Creatures laugh again.

CUT TO:

EXT. ABANDONED FACTORY YARD - THAT NIGHT.

The buildings of the factory are in complete ruin.

Huge, rusted sheet metal towers, grain elevators and coal chutes, stand like silent sentinels above the brick buildings.

Barrels full of burning wood and oil surround a group of sedans parked in a circle on the cracked pavement. They are all cars from the 70's: LTDS, Lincolns, Volares, Mavericks and Cutlasses.

Pacing in the crossing beams of headlights and carrying a cellular phone is DON ROSETTI, head of the Caucasian gang. He wears a black duster coat and a grey bowler hat with a gold medallion on the hat band. He is a gruff, older man with piercing dark eyes and a snarling lip. He is surrounded by various henchman including BURT, a thick, stocky man with a flat top haircut, and MITCH and SONNY, Don Rosetti's teenage sons.

DON ROSETTI

(Into the phone.)

Don't give me fuckin' excuses, I want answers! That fucking greaseball Diaz knew when and where the shipments were coming in! He had us cold, like a bunch of kids on the toilet with our dicks in our hands! I want to know who the snitch is, and I want the mother-fucker now!

He violently slams the phone shut, then calls out to his men.

DON ROSETTI (CONT'D)

Listen to me, you cocksuckers! Tonight was no accident! This was an inside job! Disloyalty! I will not tolerate disloyalty! Fifty thousand to the first one of you fuckers to hand me that back stabbing pussy's dick on a platter! Burt approaches Don Rosetti.

BURT

Don Rosetti, you know this wasn't a small time leak. It couldn't have been any these piss-ants. The spies had all of our schedules and drop off points down to the letter. It had to have come from way up the line. Way, way up the line.

DON ROSETTI

What do I look like, a fucking asshole?! Of course I know it's comin' from up the line, you dip-shit!

Don Rosetti throws his phone at Burt, hitting him in the chest. Burt bends down, picks up the phone, dusts it off and hands it back to Don Rosetti.

DON ROSETTI (CONT'D)

(Taking the phone.)

Ahh, I'm sorry Burt. It's not your fault. I just don't like looking at the truth right now.

Burt nods and steps back. A blue Oldsmobile comes screeching into the yard.

The henchmen draw their weapons as the car swerves and careens into one of the parked cars.

The henchmen run at the car as LAZLO, bloodied and exhausted, opens the door and falls to the pavement.

Burt is the first to reach him. He kneels down and takes Lazlo in his arms. Lazlo is bleeding profusely from a wound in his side.

BURT

It's Lazlo. How ya' doin', boy?

Lazlo coughs up a gob of blood and goo. He smiles at Burt.

LAZLO

Been better.. .you ugly fucker.

Lazlo shudders and laughs. Don Rosetti crouches over him.

DON ROSETTI

What's the story, Lazlo? How're we doin'?

LAZLO

Fuckin' spies and chinks were everywhere, sir. We were like pigs in a barrel, waitin' for slaughter.

BURT

It's "fish in a barrel."

DON ROSETTI

Burt...

LAZLO

They had us fucked for a while. Fuckin' I grenades and bullets everywhere. I thought I was meat. But Manny.. .God, Manny went nuts. Him and Barnes were like machines, man. They fuckin' shot, blew and chopped every greaseball in sight. I never seen anything like it. It

(MORE)

LAZLO
 was poetry, man. Fuckin' Manny and
 Barnes. We got 'em to draw back off
 the east side, then the north. Then
 it got fun. Chink-Spic stew, man.
 If they ain't meat, they turned
 chicken shit and ran. Manny did it
 all, sir. Manny and Barnes...like
 fuckin' machines, man!

Lazlo coughs up another gob. He is near death.

DON ROSETTI
 How much did they know? How much?!

LAZLO
 Everything, sir. They had the whole
 pier locked up tight. They even
 knew the secret exits, the
 lookouts, the couriers...it was
 like they were reading our fucking
 minds. They knew everything...
 everything.

Lazlo begins to shake and cough violently. Don Rosetti
 stands, looking grim.

DON ROSETTI
 Get him a doctor! Fuck! And
 somebody get me Sheinberg, now!

CUT TO:

EXT. ALLEY - THAT NIGHT.

Manny and Barnes still confront the Creatures.

BARNES
 What's your fuckin' message,
 greasebag? Is it from Diaz?

The Creatures laugh. Creature 3 laughs so hard he coughs up
 a foot.

CREATURE 1
 Do we look like we work for Diaz?
 Come on.

CREATURE 2
 We just wanted to send you our
 congratulations, Manny.

MANNY

For what?

CREATURE 1

For becoming Don Rosetti's new Head of Operations.

MANNY

Fuck you. Murray Sheinberg's been Rosetti's Head of Operations since I was in diapers. Rosetti doesn't wipe his ass without Sheinberg's advice. They're best friends.

CREATURE 1

Well, for now, yeah.

CUT TO:

EXT. FACTORY YARD - THAT NIGHT.

A sedan speeds into the yard and comes to a halt in' front of Don Rosetti.

Henchmen emerge from the car, pulling along MURRAY SHEINBERG. He is a thin man in his late fifties with dark, curly hair and a neatly trimmed moustache. He's dressed in a dapper, blue velvet suit with a large gold medallion around his neck. His face is bruised and bloodied. His left eye is swollen shut.

MURRAY

What the fuck's going on Marco?
What's the meaning of this?!

Don Rosetti stands with his back to Murray.

DON ROSETTI

Pull it out, Murray. Pull it out.

MURRAY

What?

DON ROSETTI

Come on, just pull it out.

MURRAY

What the fuck are you talking about?

DON ROSETTI

(Turning to face Murray.)

The knife you stuck in my back, you cocksucking kike! Pull it out!

MURRAY

Marco. I don't know what you're talking about, I swear!

DON ROSETTI

Don't fuck with me, Murray. I've known you too long. You couldn't lie to me when we were kids. You can't lie to me now. How much did he offer you, huh? How much did Diaz run under your nose to get you to turn your back on thirty-five years of friendship?! Must've been a huge fucking pile of pesos, you bloodsucking Jew.

MURRAY

Marco, please...

DON ROSETTI

How much?!

The is a moment of silence as Murray's features go from blank fear to becoming hard and cold.

MURRAY

Nothing. I did it for free.

DON ROSETTI

What?

MURRAY

You fucked my wife, you cannibal. You fucked my Rose. We were your friends. We grew up together, in the same neighborhood. And you just took her like a whore and stole the life out of that sweet woman's eyes. She could never look at me after that. Never. She lived in shame. Right up until the day she died. So I swore I'd get even. I'd give every bit of you up to whoever wanted it. Just to bring you down, you animal. For free. For my Rose.

DON ROSETTI
 (Confused.)
 Rose? That was thirty years ago.

MURRAY
 You fucked my wife!

DON ROSETTI
 I fuck everybody's wife!

Don Rosetti turns away, frustrated.

MURRAY
 I'd love to say I'm sorry, Marco.
 But I've waited so long for this
 moment. I really am enjoying this.

DON ROSETTI
 Good. So am I.

Don Rosetti spins, wielding his machete. He swings it at Murray, slicing him deep across the throat. Murray's head falls back, only a few tendons holding it on. Blood bursts like a fountain.

Don Rosetti steps up and grabs hold of the medallion on Murray's chest. He nods at the henchmen who drop Murray's body on the ground. The medallion stays in Don Rosetti's hands.

DON ROSETTI (CONT'D)
 Stupid fucking kike.

CUT TO:

EXT. BACK ALLEY - THAT NIGHT.

Creature 1 stiffens. His eyes roll back in his head. He smiles.

CREATURE 1
 Uh-oh, I smell a promotion.

CUT TO:

EXT. FACTORY YARD - THAT NIGHT:

Don Rosetti tosses the medallion to Burt.

DON ROSETTI

You and Mitch, go find Manny. Tell him to shine his shoes and get his ass back here. Tell him he's the new Head of Operations.

Burt smiles. Then he and Mitch climb into a sedan and speed off.

CUT TO:

EXT. BACK ALLEY - THAT NIGHT.

Manny and Barnes still face the Creatures.

CREATURE 1

Sheinberg gave everybody up to the Spics, Manny. And Rosetti knows it. That makes you his new right hand man.

MANNY

That's a fucking lie!

Manny and Barnes rush at the Creatures with their machetes.

All three Creatures hold up their hands at the same moment.

Manny and Barnes are frozen in pain. They elevate a few feet off the ground. Black, tar-like bile comes rushing out of their eyes, their mouths, their ears. Wounds open up on their bodies from which pour blood and wet entrails.

CREATURE 1

Perhaps we haven't made ourselves clear fellas. We come from a very special place. A place where nothing is hidden. All the truths are known. Everything we said and more.

CREATURE 3

More.

CREATURE 2

Much more.

Manny and Barnes choke violently on the black bile. Their blood spatters the pavement like rain.

CREATURE 1

You're not only the Head of Operations, Manny. Very soon, if you're patient, you're gonna be head of the whole organization. The whole fucking enchilada, muchacho. It's all gonna be yours.

Creature 2 steps up to Barnes and starts fondling his groin. More blood pours from his pants. He writhes in agony.

CREATURE 2

I find ultimate power such a turn-on. Don't you, baby?

The three Creatures step back into the blue light. A fog begins to enshroud them.

CREATURE 1

Take it from us boys, it It's easy street from here on out. You don' t have to worry about a thing. Just leave it in our capable hands. Trust us.

The Creatures begin to laugh heartily as they melt into the concrete.

The blue light fades. Manny and Barnes fall to the pavement. The black bile and the open wounds are gone. They are visibly shaken.

BARNES

(Coughing violently.)
Oh Christ! Oh, fucking Christ!

MANNY

Barnes? !

BARNES

Oh fuck!...Oh fuck!

MANNY

You all right? Barnes?!

Barnes shudders as the two hold on to one another for support. They stand uneasily.

BARNES

Oh fuck...God, I thought I was drowning! What?..What the fuck, Manny? Did the chinks slip us some drugs or something?

MANNY

No, no, we both saw 'em! We both heard 'em! Smelled 'em, right?

Barnes nods. They stand silent for a moment, taking everything in.

BARNES

Shit...That was definitely fucked up.

Just then a car wheels into the alley and stops. Burt and Mitch get out. Manny and Barnes spin, aiming their guns.

BURT

(Ducking.)

Whoa! Easy, fellas, easy! It's just us!

MITCH

What are you, fuckin' nuts?!

Manny and Barnes relax and holster their guns.

BURT

Hey, good news, eagle scouts. The spics and chinks are out of it. We found Diaz in his apartment on the east side and strung his scrotum up with piano wire. The world is a happy place once again.

MITCH

Good work, boys. My father sends his thanks. He wants us back at the check point to regroup.

They start for the car. Burt stops and turns.

BURT

Oh, by the way.

Burt tosses the medallion to Manny.

BURT(CONT'D)

The Don thought a little reward might be in order.

Mitch and Burt chuckle and climb into the car. Manny and Barnes look at the medallion, then at each other.

CUT TO:

EXT. FACTORY YARD - THAT NIGHT.

The yard is filled with cars and henchmen. The car carrying Burt, Mitch, Barnes and Manny comes speeding in and screeches to a halt near the center of activity. The four men get out. Manny wears the medallion around his neck. They approach Don Rosetti. The Don throws up his arms and hugs Barnes, laughing.

DON ROSETTI

Oh, my boys! My fucking, balls to the wall, chink eating, spic shitting warriors! The day is ours!

The Don hugs Manny.

DON ROSETTI (CONT'D)

We couldn't have done it without you, boys. You're my first stringers. My starting team! And now, my new right hand.

The Don puts his arm around Manny and calls out to the crowd of henchmen.

DON ROSETTI (CONT'D)

Okay you ass fuckers! Let's hear it for the new Head of Operations!

The crowd cheers and fires their guns in the air.

DON ROSETTI (CONT'D)

I want everyone to take the week off! Go have a steak dinner and get loaded on me! Then go fuck your wives or your girlfriends, or both, till you can't piss straight! You hear me?!

The crowd cheers again.

DON ROSETTI (CONT'D)

Good work everyone. The family appreciates it. Now get the fuck out of here!

The henchmen climb into various cars and drive off. Don Rosetti turns to Manny.

DON ROSETTI (CONT'D)

So, you ready for your first set of orders, Mr. Hot Shot?

MANNY

Yeah, sure.

DON ROSETTI

Well I say I we all go upstate to that mansion out in the boondocks you call home, and have ourselves a little celebration. I'll stop and get the wife, we all bring our wives and kids, Burt, Barnes, everybody. Have a little R&R out in woods. Unwind for a few days. Play a little Robin Hood out in Sherwood Forest. How does that sound?

MANNY

Sounds good to me.

DON ROSETTI

Of course it does, you know why?

MANNY

'Cause it's your idea.

DON ROSETTI

(Laughing.)

Fuck, I knew I made the right choice. All right, let's move out!

Everyone turns and gets into one of the remaining cars.

CUT TO:

INT. CAR - THAT NIGHT.

Manny sits in the back seat of the car. He types on a miniature laptop computer plugged into his cell phone. Barnes sits in the front seat, looking back at Manny. Burt drives.

BURT

(Looking in the rear view mirror.)

Jesus fuck, kid. You gonna work all night? The Don said relax. You've earned it.

MANNY

I just gotta email the wife. Let her know she's gonna have a houseful in a few hours. She'd castrate me if we all showed up unannounced.

Barnes looks suspiciously at Manny as he types a Burt laughs.

BURT

Got you on the short leash, eh kid?

Manny grins and continues typing. The close-up of the screen becomes a glowing mass of computer characters. The typing reads: *... and the Dark Angels said, eventually, I'd take Don Rosetti's place and rule the entire Family.*

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. COUNTRY MANSION - THAT NIGHT.

The glowing computer characters on a different screen. We pull back to reveal ELSA, Manny's wife, sitting at a large, ornate desk in an oak paneled office. She is slender and beautiful, like a woman from a old Dutch painting. She has pale skin and dark, piercing eyes. Her hair is long and over-flowing with curls. She wears a silk nightgown covered by an ornate, Japanese robe. She reads Manny's message off the screen. She is smiling, in an excited daze.

ELSA

...the entire Family.

She leans back in the chair. She is giddy with anticipation. She whirls the chair around in circles and begins to giggle like a little girl. She gets up and slings open the window drapes. She strokes them as she looks out the window.

ELSA(CONT'D)

(Laughing.)

Oh God. God, this is too fucking sweet! We deserve this...We fucking deserve it!

She opens the window and leans out into the darkness.

ELSA(CONT'D)

(Shouting.)

Thank you! Thank you very much!!!

She laughs. She leans back in and pulls the window shut. She grabs one of the drapes and yanks it off the wall. She stops laughing. She spins and looks nervously at the computer screen. She backs away into a corner.

ELSA(CONT'D)

Martha! Martha, get up here, now!

MARTHA, a frail, wrinkled old housemaid enters the room.

MARTHA

Yes madam?

Elsa deletes the email message on the computer.

ELSA

Go down to the cellar and break out
a bottle of the best champagne.
There's going to be a little
celebration.

Martha nods weakly and hurries out of the room. Elsa stares into the glowing, blank computer screen. Her face looks blue and deathly in the phosphorous light. The printer kicks in and a printed version of the email emerges. She holds it tenderly.

ELSA(CONT'D)

It's ours... Only ours.

CUT TO:

INT. COUNTRY MANSION - LATE AFTERNOON.

Manny comes through the front doorway and shuts the massive oak door behind him. The slam echoes off the marble floors. He has cleaned himself up and wears a new suit. The medallion still hangs from his neck. He looks about, confused. The house is dark.

MANNY

Hello! A pause. No answer.

MANNY(CONT'D)

(In his best Desi voice.)

Lucy, I'm home!

A light flips on in the room to his left. He spins, startled. Elsa stands in the doorway holding a bottle of champagne. The front of her nightgown is unbuttoned to her navel.

ELSA

Careful, Ace. My husband doesn't
take kindly to intruders.

MANNY

(Smiling.)

Oh yeah? Well you better watch your
mouth, lady. You're talking to the
new Head of Operations for the
Rosetti Family.

ELSA

Oh really?

MANNY

Really.

ELSA

Prove it.

He takes the medallion from around his neck and tosses it to her. She catches it and puts it around her neck. She pulls open her nightgown. The medallion dangles between her bare breasts.

ELSA(CONT'D)

How does it look?

He takes off his jacket and tosses at her, laughing. She runs to him and jumps in his arms, pulling her breasts to his face. She rips open his shirt. He nuzzles her, then takes a long drink from the bottle of champagne. They kiss and lick at each other passionately as they fall to the floor.

ELSA(CONT'D)

God, baby, I don't believe it. Head of Operations, I'm so proud of you.

She unzips his fly, fondles him, mounts him and takes him inside her. They both moan. They writhe and move together. Their bodies heave as they tear at each other's clothes. They are near climax. Manny begins licking her breasts.

ELSA(CONT'D)

Now there's only one step left.

He stops nuzzling and caressing her.

MANNY

What?

ELSA

Head of the Family, baby. The next step.

He looks unsure and glances away from her. She pulls his printed fax from her gown.

ELSA(CONT'D)

You told me. Those things, those angels...They predicted this, before anyone knew. And they told you, Head of the Family. They told you.

MANNY

So?

ELSA

So? So this is the perfect opportunity. They're coming here. The Don and his whole fucking family, it's the perfect opportunity. Like lambs to the slaughter.

MANNY

What are you saying?

Disgusted, she dismounts him and pushes him back.

ELSA

Are you fucking kidding me? You are in line, sweetheart. Head of Operations. You're a step away from the top.

MANNY

And we can't be happy with that?

Angry, she reaches roughly into the fly of his pants. He winces.

ELSA

Jesus-fucking-Christ! Are there any balls in here at all! You've gotta take some action, sweetie. This shit isn't all just gonna fall in your lap! What do you think, the Don is just gonna hand you the title when he's done with it? He's got those two jackoff faggot sons of his drooling like dogs, waiting to step in after his first coronary. You've got to take some action.

MANNY

The Don's been good to me. He's been good to both of us.

ELSA

(Standing and pacing.)

Oh spare me! You think he's some fucking scout leader? Do you know what he's done to get where he is? He's fucked over everyone he's known from asshole to eye socket to

(MORE)

ELSA

get the power, and keep it.
Loyalty? Was he loyal to Murray Sheinberg when he cut off his fucking head? No, baby. No matter how loyal you are, no matter how good an eagle scout, he'll eat you alive when the time is right. You know that. Or maybe you don't. Maybe if you were smarter. Maybe if you were somebody like Barnes you'd know how to handle this. Don't worry about it sweetie, there's no shame in knowing your not man enough for the job.

MANNY

(Grabbing her, roughly.)
What the fuck is that supposed to mean?! I'm the fucking head of operations, not Barnes!

ELSA

Then act like it! Wake up and smell the coffee, Manny. Before long you'll be dead and I'll end up being the Don's whore. Count on it. You want the position? You want the power? You take it. Be a man. Follow his example and show a little initiative. It's us or them. You've worked for him long enough to know I'm right.

There is a long pause as he thinks.

MANNY

So how do we do it?

Relieved, she goes to him and kneels.

ELSA

Oh baby, don't feel bad. You've worked hard. You've earned this. It's fate. The angels said so. You can't stop it. You can't fight fate.

He strokes her breasts. She kisses him deeply, then mounts him again. They move rhythmically.

MANNY
I've worked hard.

ELSA
You've worked very hard. You've
taken all the shit you need to.

MANNY
I've earned this.

ELSA
Yes you have, baby. Yes you have.

MANNY
It's gonna be ours.

ELSA
Yes.

MANNY
Ours.

ELSA
Yes.

MANNY
All ours.

FADE UP:

EXT. COUNTRY MANSION - DUSK.

Pristine rolling countryside. A complete reversal from the decay and chaos of the city. The green hills are interspersed with thick forests of oak and pine. A sea of wildflowers, in an array of yellows, reds and blues, fill the meadows that rest between groves of trees. A convoy of 70's cars speed down a long, tree-lined road that leads to Manny's estate.

A cloud of yellow dust billows behind the cars as they near their destination. The convoy pulls up to a stop in front of the wrought iron gates of the mansion; an immense, sprawling Spanish-stucco building covered in ivy and topped with red, clay-tile shingles. In front of the main entrance is an ornate fountain covered with sculptures of cherubs and fawns. The building is situated at the edge of a pine forest. Behind the mansion sits a series of out-buildings; a barn, a stable, a utility building, servants quarters and, off in the distance, a series of log cottages that are nestled amongst the towering trees.

Stepping out of a Cadillac limo is Don Rosetti, Mitch, Sonny and GINA, the Don's plump, old world wife. Out from another car steps Burt, Barnes and his teenage son FREDDY, a tall, gangly lad with a brush haircut and freckles. A contingent of scarred and dangerous looking HENCHMEN step out of the other cars. They are armed to the teeth with guns, grenades and, of course, the machetes.

Manny and Elsa emerge from the house. They stand, smiling at the front gate. Don Rosetti takes a deep breath.

DON ROSETTI

(Slightly drunk.)

Ahhh, smell that! That delicious country air! Now this is the fuckin' life, eh fellas?

(Singing and dancing a jig.)

*Green Acres is the place to be.
Farm livin' is the life for me!*

Manny steps through the gate to greet them.

MANNY

Jesus, I thought you'd never get here. What, did you have Burt leading the way?

Don Rosetti hugs Manny I laughing.

DON ROSETTI

Ha ha ha! My boy! My fuckin' robo-warrior! Christ, look at this spread. I'm slaving away like an old dog in the city, and you're out here sippin' mint juleps and living like a fucking king.

Elsa steps up to the Don.

ELSA

Welcome to our home, Don Rosetti.

Don Rosetti takes her hands and stares at her.

DON ROSETTI

Oh my God. What a vision.

(Turning her around.)

My dear, you are truly radiant. An absolute goddess.

He turns and speaks to his men.

DON ROSETTI (CONT ' D)
 What do you think, fellas, eh? Is
 this not the best looking piece of
 ass in the whole fuckin' family, or
 what?

The men chuckle. The Don's wife blushes. Elsa glances at
 Manny.

MANNY
 Well, let's get the party started.
 We've got rooms set up for
 everybody. Stash your stuff and
 head down to the main hall. We've
 got so much fucking food and booze
 we almost bankrupted the caterer.
 And Don Rosetti, for you and your
 lovely wife, we've reserved the big
 cottage on the rear of the grounds.
 Very peaceful, very private...very
 romantic.

Barnes looks suspiciously at Manny.

DON ROSETTI
 (pinching Manny's cheek.)
 Oh you fuckin' dog. You hear that,
 Gina? Maybe we can have our own
 private party later. Rekindle a
 little of that old Rosetti magic,
 eh? "Un lungo sera de amore' "

He grabs his crotch. She blushes, giggling.

GINA
 Oh Marco!

DON ROSETTI
 I gotta hand it to you, kid. This
 place is a little slice of fuckin'
 heaven. Maybe I should get one of
 my own. Hey, fuck that, I'll just
 take yours!
)

The Don laughs as he and his entourage head through the
 gate..

DON ROSETTI (CONT'D)
 Let's party! I' m fuckin' starved!

Manny looks at Elsa, unsure. She grins and nods at him.

CUT TO: