

WISEGUYS

By

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FADE IN:

INT. CAR. LATE EVENING.

We enter partway into a conversation between two men in brown and blue double-breasted pinstripe suits. Occasionally illuminated in shadowy profile by the streetlights as they pass under them.

The men are: Rufio "CHICKENHEAD" Panetti and Giuliani "FLUSH" Boscio. Chickenhead is a huge powerful looking man filling every yard of his brown suit topped with a square jaw that juts out from under the shadows of his brown leather fedora. Flush, in blue is much smaller in comparison and all the intentness of a cold blooded killer has been permanently branded on his face, topped with a blue stetson. Both are in their late thirties, and a few gray hairs are starting to appear.

NOTE:

Both men speak with a thick New York gangster growl, popularized on the silver screen. A simple rule of thumb is to replace all instances of "er" or "ir" to "oi". for instance, in the following block, the word "First" would be pronounced "Foist".

CHICKENHEAD

Oh yeah, he's a real sweetheart
alright, never had no strained
relations with that guy from the
very first. That is until I walks
into the joint and he's got the
torpedoes itching for the drop.

FLUSH

Nah! This is old man O'Riordan
we're talking about. That run down
drum on east side? I had him doped
a swell bo.

CHICKENHEAD

That's the guy and believe you-me,
he ain't no weak sister.

(MORE)

CHICKENHEAD (cont'd)
 You should have seen him hanging
 tough behind a couple of kikels,
 socks still wringing wet from the
 Ellis ferry.

FLUSH
 Just when you think you know a guy.
 (beat)
 You got out OK then?

Flush playfully takes a hand off the wheel and pats him down.

FLUSH (CONT'D)
 No leaks anywhere?

CHICKENHEAD
 Nah, no holes. Odds on, those
 coffee-and-donut roscoes they's was
 waving about wouldn't have clipped
 me at a fin. It's a damn miracle
 they had all their toes.

FLUSH
 Picked a hell of a time to
 emigrate, brick wall politics
 courtesy of Black Thursday.

CHICKENHEAD
 And it's only going to get worse. I
 tells you Flush, I never saw so
 much sand in an empty shirt! Just,
 they didn't know it yet. Speaking
 of the wall, was that meateater
 taken care of?

FLUSH
 I took care of it personally; but I
 never heard a grown man whine so
 much, he's going on like-
 (he puts on a stupid
 voice.)
 But Mr. Boscio, the precinct is
 baring up on me. They won't let me
 near the evidence lockers.

Chickenhead chuckles.

CHICKENHEAD
 He wants extra cabbage.

FLUSH
 He wants all the berries on the
 bush!

(MORE)

FLUSH (cont'd)

I flipped him the usual gift and I says to him, I says, It's not the size that matters, it's where you put it!

But he's playing it shylock, like it's just covering the vig, you know what I mean? Won't be long before he wants the nut. He's starting to become a real problem.

CHICKENHEAD

A problem, problem?

FLUSH

You can't chase a copper, it ain't good practice. Remember what happened to that stool pigeon Frankie Fingers? Wasn't he a picture just strolling out of city hall.

CHICKENHEAD

Yeah, the kind of picture that's begging for a chalk frame. Don't worry about it, Flush, I'll take care of everything, another piece of work off the record.

FLUSH

I'd appreciate it, you know, while we're taking a walk and all.

CHICKENHEAD

What about a stand in elbow? Sure I don't want no electric cure, or get boxed with Nevada gas.

FLUSH

I'm a stand up guy, let the skipper worry about that mess. If it's off the record, it's just another unfortunate accident.

CHICKENHEAD

Accidents will happen.

FLUSH

Still, If it ain't no clean sneak, he's going to have a time covering up on his own hit.

(MORE)

FLUSH (cont'd)

If they put a bigshot like Capone in the dock for writing his tax statement with both hands, they ain't going to think twice about giving us the jump for our little transgressions.

CHICKENHEAD

Our what?

FLUSH

All the people we chilled off.

CHICKENHEAD

Oh them!

(beat)

Give him another week?

FLUSH

Are you kidding me, I don't have to pay that chiseler again for another month!

CHICKENHEAD

I likes the way you think, Flush.

FLUSH

Hold that thought, I've got some business to take care of.

The car slowly comes to a stop on the curb of a street corner. On the opposite side of the street, a group of prostitutes wave to cars and generally show off their wares. MONA's slender curvaceous figure is among them.

FLUSH

You see that girl by the lamp post?

CHICKENHEAD

Are you kidding me? I could look at that dish all night; but don't we have a job to do?

FLUSH

Her name's Mona, she and I go way back.

CHICKENHEAD

Mona huh? That's original. Tough luck there ain't no back seat in this thing.

FLUSH

(annoyed)

And just what do you mean by that?

CHICKENHEAD

Since you're acquainted and all, I just wanted to extend my goodwill and give the lady a ride.

FLUSH

Look buster, just keep your goodwill in your pants, and we won't have a problem.

(beat)

Now the reason I brought you down here is, well... I was hoping you'd do me a small personal favor.

CHICKENHEAD

Come on Flush, she's just a little girl, besides, there's people everywhere.

FLUSH

I appreciate your enthusiasm, but that ain't it.

CHICKENHEAD

My what?

Flush takes a wad of bills out of his pocket, tied together with a rubber band.

FLUSH

Forget about it. Now what I'd like you to do, is go over there and give her this, you don't have to say nothing.

CHICKENHEAD

(surprise)

Jesus! You always walk around with a head of lettuce in your pocket?

Flush quickly scribbles a note on a piece of paper, which he puts under the rubber band. "Go Home."

CHICKENHEAD

Should I even ask...

FLUSH

Don't ask, just give it to her and walk away, nothing else. You got that?

CHICKENHEAD

Yeah, I got it. You sure you want to toss the salad? There's got to be a thousand bucks here, what if you change your mind?

FLUSH

If I change my mind, I'll get you to break her arm for it, capisce?

Chickenhead leaves the car.

CHICKENHEAD

This better be sourdough.

From Flush's POV. Chickenhead shuts the door and walks across the street. She's intimidated by the giant but he tips his fedora to her and manages to put the cash in Mona's hand without a word. Chickenhead briskly returns to the roadster, leaving Mona with a dazed expression on her face, she looks at the note, takes a quick look around before she breaks into a run.

FLUSH

Well done that man!

Flush starts the engine.

CHICKENHEAD

You see me out there? I feel like Santie claws.

FLUSH

Yeah, and if Santie claws was a gorilla in a burlap sack, you'd look like him too.

CHICKENHEAD

Burlap sack? I paid-

Chickenhead stops dead, looking across the street.

FLUSH

What? What is it?

CHICKENHEAD

Don't look now, but I think your favorite twist is getting bled.

FLUSH

What?!

Sure enough, a large man (LAZLOW) is now in the scene and quickly snatches the wad. He's obviously a pimp running the prostitution racket and is currently involved a heated argument with Mona, he slaps her face hard.

Flush's face turns deadly as the car's engine roars to life and crashes into gear, he crosses the road and parks opposite Lazlow who is still threatening Mona.

LAZLOW

What did I tell you about taking money? Everything goes through me remember? Or are you too stupid to even get that right?

MONA

This big guy gave it to me. It's my money!

LAZLOW

Oh yeah? We'll see about that!

He looks at the denominations, 20's 50's.

PIMP

Look at this shit! What the hell is this!? You been working behind my back?

He slaps her again.

MONA

Give it back! It's mine.

Lazlow laughs as Mona vainly struggles against him. Chickenhead and Flush look at each other grimly. Lazlow grabs her by the face and throws her into the gutter.

LAZLOW

We'll talk about this later.

Mona lies in the gutter crying, as Lazlow fingers the bills with greedy eyes, until he realizes the boys are looking at him.

LAZLOW

What are you looking at?

FLUSH

I couldn't help but admire the way you put that bitch in her place. I wanted to do that for years.

LAZLOW

Yeah, you give them an inch, they take the whole block. Finally! Someone who knows the score!

Lazlow offers his ringed hand through the passenger side window over Chickenhead.

LAZLOW

Lazlow Kopek.

Flush takes his hand.

FLUSH

Pleased to meet you. I'm the last guy you're ever going to see.

LAZLOW

What?

Chickenhead starts to laugh. Lazlow looks scared as he desperately tries to pull his hand away, but Flush clamps down on it.

Lazlow reaches behind him and goes for a switchblade but before he can use it, Chickenhead, grabs a fist full of Lazlow's hair and bounces his head off the window sill, disappearing out of view, his hand lifelessly slips out of Flush's, minus the ring which Flush retains.

Chickenhead Steps out of the car and begins to drag Lazlow towards an alley nearby.

FLUSH

Hey, I owe you one.

CHICKENHEAD

Forget about it.

He continues to drag Lazlow's semi-conscious body out of sight into the alleyway. Flush inspects the inscription on the ring he took from Lazlow.

FLUSH

Jimmy Greco...

Without warning, Mona jumps into the cab of the roadster, a line of blood creeps down one side of her mouth. Flush quickly tips his Stetson, shadows cover most of his face.

MONA

(frantic)

Mister! Please Mister! You've got to help me! That guy, I don't think he's right in the head. You've got to get me out of here before he comes back.

FLUSH

Get out of the car lady.

MONA

But he's going to hurt me! I'm sure of it!

She notices a distinctive scar on his hand, he notices too and buries his hand in his suit.

MONA

Giuliani?

Flush's eyes flame and his shadowy face is contorted into the face of a monster as muzzle flashes strobe in the darkness and pistol shots thunder from the alleyway.

FLUSH

(violent)

I said, get out of the fucking car!

She's terrified out of her mind as she scrambles out of the car only to run into Chickenhead's fearsome giant form. He towers over her, and she stands there shocked, not knowing what's going to happen. He takes her hand in his own blood caked mitts and closes it around the wad of bloody bills.

CHICKENHEAD

Watch yourself little girl. You never know who you're going to run into.

He smiles a vicious shark smile before she runs away into the night.

MONA

(the devil is here)

Il Diavolo! Il diavolo è qui!

Chickenhead turns and leans in the car window, wiping the blood from his hands with a handkerchief.

CHICKENHEAD

You give a whore a grand and she runs away screaming, ain't that the limit!

Chickenhead chuckles evilly, as Flush's grip in the wheel tightens in a rage

CHICKENHEAD

You know... If you're stuck... I'm an open minded guy, there ain't much I wouldn't do for a K.

Chickenhead laughs hysterically.

FLUSH

Shut up! You never know when to just close your head! Get in the damn car!

He gets in and they burn rubber down the road, they're silent for some time, listening to the roaring of the engine. Flush takes a deep breath, and collects himself.

FLUSH

Sorry for getting gashouse with you back there, I couldn't have done it without you.

CHICKENHEAD

I could have, I can't stand it when guys beat up on dames.

FLUSH

Next time scrape your iron, I thought it was the Fourth of July.

CHICKENHEAD

Wasn't mine, that Bruno pulled this .38 colt dick out of no place and damn near singed my eyebrows off.

FLUSH

You didn't plug him?

CHICKENHEAD

No, I just laid him out.

FLUSH

Is that all?!

CHICKENHEAD

Well, the thought had crossed my mind, but then I saw the rats.

FLUSH

Rats?

CHICKENHEAD

Rats, Flush, rats. New York sewer rats, hundreds of them big as dogs and thin as rakes. They like to nibble you know.

FLUSH

Jesus.

CHICKENHEAD

I know this joe who woke up behind O'Riordans with his lips chewed off. I still see him in there occasionally. AHHH! AHHH!!! He'd say, this guy's proof you need a face to say "Whiskey".

(beat)

The poor bastard's got a tooth missing too, so he's always got this sticky rot gut dribbling down his chin and you'd be staring at him, and he'd be staring right back at you, the way only a guy with no eyelids can.

Chickenhead chuckles evilly. Flush is amazed by Chickenhead's inhuman callousness.

FLUSH

What a beautiful story. Chickenhead, can I ask you a question? Were you born, or did lightning strike you?

CHICKENHEAD

Hey that's pretty funny. You know what I did to the last guy that asked me that? I laid him out behind O'Riordans.

FLUSH

You're kidding me.

CHICKENHEAD

Yeah just fooling.

(beat)

(MORE)

CHICKENHEAD (cont'd)

I ripped his fucking head off instead.

FLUSH

O.K... So, uh speaking of O'Riordan's, did you get that business sorted out?

CHICKENHEAD

Are you kidding me? They don't call me Chickenhead for nothing. After I was done with those two gavones, the poor boob was skidding in his own brand trying to cough up the kale.

FLUSH

Are you on the level? Both of em? I don't want to get pointed but; you're not shuffling a little off track are you?

CHICKENHEAD

What do you want from me? Turn around and take it on the heel and toe? Let me tell you something buster, Chickenhead don't make trips for biscuits.

FLUSH

What's the matter with you! That's for the Baumes rush- not the profile work, none of us needs that kind of attention, not over a couple of stinking rattler rats.

CHICKENHEAD

Hey! Don't give me no lectures on keeping low profile. What about the cathouse on 34th? You put a coons age of candles on that birthday cake and broke every window glass on the block!

FLUSH

That! My friend was a faulty gas main, just ask anybody. What ain't so easy to explain is a couple of punks in four easy pieces, buckling O'Riordans floorboards!

CHICKENHEAD

It was a tough rumble, you ain't got no lay.

FLUSH

Are you kidding me? You should have just tossed them out on their ear and let them fade away; but no! You go bing and there ain't no corking you.

CHICKENHEAD

You're damn straight, not when the twins are involved.

FLUSH

Forget about it, you know this thing we have, they'll want for nothing.

CHICKENHEAD

Yeah, but you have to be quick about it. They was waiting outside while I was getting fitted for a New York overcoat.

FLUSH

Great, now I'm real damn sorry I asked. Look, just do us both a big favor and stop it with the anecdotes, you're killing me here.

CHICKENHEAD

Why? Am I bothering you?

FLUSH

No, I've just got this irrational fear that your naïveté might be contagious.

CHICKENHEAD

My what?... What?

FLUSH

Let me get this straight. You dragged your whole family along to a bag job?

(beat)

Just forget about it, I don't want to know, I don't know why the hell I'm surprised anymore.

CHICKENHEAD

What can I say? I thought I had O'Riordan doped a right number.

(MORE)

CHICKENHEAD (cont'd)

I was so damn comfortable with it I left my twin girls outside in the Flivver. I just needed to fill a couple of school lunch pails and maybe a dime to top up the heap.

Flush chokes a little bit.

FLUSH

School lunches!?!? Are you some kind of a nut? That joint is the only speakeasy in town that uses a landfill as a front! I wouldn't go in there for dog soup, I might actually get dog soup!

CHICKENHEAD

It ain't that bad, and I know what's good for my kids, I got a knack for watching people's backs.

FLUSH

Sure, you got more muscle than a chopper squad and in this business that's enough. You know it, I know it. The problem is, they don't got no clue. Those poor bastard immigrants got off the boat and never lost sight of the dock because they've got no place else to go and there ain't nothing more dangerous than a bunch of hopeless people with big ideas, don't you forget it, don't you ever.

(long beat)

CHICKENHEAD

Yeah. You're right. I must have rocks in my head!

FLUSH

Rocks or not, bottom line. Don't put your babies right in the middle of a stinking Hooverville just begging for some bindle stiff to pull a Lindbergh on you, because you're not going to like it when it happens.

(beat)

CHICKENHEAD

Walk in, grab the swag, walk out
eggs in coffee. I put one foot in
the rat's nest and I knew I'd done
it again, it felt like losing Roxie
all over, I didn't like that one
bit.

FLUSH

Hey! Quit living in the past, what
happened to Roxie was... it was a
damn shame. I was there I ought to
know, and I know there wasn't a
damn thing anyone could have done.

CHICKENHEAD

One thing's for sure. If I didn't
walk out of O'Riordan's dump, we
would have been one big happy
family- all face down on the
Hudson.

FLUSH

Don't give me that, with those
rocks in your head, you would have
been on the bottom having a chat
with Jimmy Greco.

Chickenhead's frown crumbles into a small smile.

FLUSH

Take it from me, You get too worked
up about what *might happen*, what
could have been. It doesn't matter
who you are, we all toss the rats-
and-mice just the same, you just
got to learn to pick your tables.

CHICKENHEAD

Hell of a learning curve for those
Kikels.

FLUSH

What? You're actually feeling low
over those deadbeats?

CHICKENHEAD

No, they're dust to me, I just hope
everyone get's the message.

FLUSH

Believe you me Chickenhead Blood speaks all languages. They won't give you trouble no more.

CHICKENHEAD

Tell me about it. Just between you and me, that was a long day! I barely had the gristle to talk to my new drycleaner, what with the old one getting nosy and all. He got the message loud and clear.

FLUSH

Not the little Chinese guy! Why can't you just play nicely with the other children?

Chickenhead smiles that vicious grimace.

FLUSH

Mother was right, you're a bad influence on me.

They laugh.

CHICKENHEAD

(laughing)

I'm a bad influence on you?! I'll tell that to Jimmy Greco when I'm down there. Where'd that come from anyways?

FLUSH

Ahh, just reminiscing of better days when jobs like that didn't bother me so much.

CHICKENHEAD

That's a luxury I can't afford. Not in this business, not when it's all I got.

FLUSH

It's the life of an associate.

CHICKENHEAD

Yeah, forget about it, I got a beef the size of Brooklyn with the administration. Button or not, we're wiseguys!

(MORE)

CHICKENHEAD (cont'd)
But the Mustache Pete's are
treating us like a couple of
guappos. I'm still waiting to get
straightened out!

FLUSH
I got no kick. But maybe if we
weren't so hot to trot we'd get
made, how does that grab you?

CHICKENHEAD
Alright, I'll buy it, put me wise.

FLUSH
We're just a couple of palooka
enforcers, we ain't no hard-on with
a briefcase or nothing! All's we
need to do is grab the cabbage,
pocket some dough and we'll have
the bees. Come back enough with
nothing but a dirty look...

CHICKENHEAD
The Chinese Squeeze? Sorry compare,
you're tooting the wrong ringer.

FLUSH
60-40 dib?

CHICKENHEAD
You got a deal. Now what's this
business about?

FLUSH
It's a whitewash job, plain and
simple, we got this chump flexing a
bit of muscle, and putting the
frighteners on our cugines.

CHICKENHEAD
That don't look good.

FLUSH
No, it don't. That's why we've been
sent to meet and greet this
individual, put the screws on and
generally tighten up the joint.

The car comes to a stop at the curb.

FLUSH
That's the squat over there, just
let me do the talking.

He says while flicking open the chamber of his revolver and giving it a spin to make sure all the bullets are there, before snapping it closed.

EXT. COCK AND PULLET. LATE EVENING.

The two men get out of the car and make their way to a rather posh restaurant in typical Art Deco style. The neon sign says it's "The Cock and Pullet" accompanied by matching neon chickens.

CHICKENHEAD

So what's the wire on this gout farm? Ain't no shinebox that's for sure.

FLUSH

They're running numbers out of the kitchen.

CHICKENHEAD

Oooh, naughty. I smell trouble-boys.

FLUSH

Don't I know it, could be talking through my hat, but might end up talking to the mattress instead. Until it hit's the fan, we're all silk, got it?

CHICKENHEAD

Hitting on all eight, Flush. Let's show them how an enforcer does it.

INT. COCK AND PULLET. LATE EVENING

The boys enter the restaurant bold as brass wearing a hard face. It's interiors are lavishly appointed in typical Art-Deco style, there's no one in there but the staff who are cleaning up after the evening meal amongst a handful of lingering patrons sipping cocktails.

They reach the lectern near the door and a man with a thin moustache wearing a tightly fitting black suit crosses their path. (MAITRE'D)

MAITRE'D

Can I help you?

FLUSH

We're here to see Mr. Wellesley,
straighten a few things out.

MAITRE'D

I'm sorry but Mr. Wellesley is very
busy at the moment and can't be
disturbed.

CHICKENHEAD

Oh, is that so?

FLUSH

Let me tell you something buster,
he don't know the meaning of the
word disturbed yet.

MAITRE'D

Excuse me gentlemen. But if you
don't have a reservation then I'm
going to have to ask you to leave.

FLUSH

Look at this guy, he thinks we
don't have a reservation, like
we're not good enough to eat out of
this dumpster.

CHICKENHEAD

The nerve.

FLUSH

Yeah, we're reserved alright,
cough's the name.

The Maitre'd looks at his book.

MAITRE'D

I don't see-

FLUSH

First name, Fuck!

He says as he forcibly shoves the man away like he were
nothing, he goes crashing through a china display case.
SMASH! The wait staff are startled and freeze like statues as
a security man runs up, but Chickenhead grabs him by the face
with one hand and throws him through a table.

CHICKENHEAD

Anybody else want to be a hero?

Flush roughly picks up the Maitre'd by the collar and holds him face to face.

FLUSH

Why don't you do yourself a favor
and tell me where the big mouth is.

MAITRE'D

He's in the back! In the kitchen!

FLUSH

Much obliged.

He lets the man fall out of his hands onto the broken glass. The gangsters adjust their pinstripes and look extra mean as they begin to move.

INT. KITCHEN. DAY

BANG! The gangsters kick the door in to the kitchen. The kitchen is a long narrow room tiled from floor to ceiling with island tables and stoves, deep-fryers, and other cooking paraphernalia lining the walls.

The kitchen staff are piling out the back door and WELLESLEY is trying to get out behind them. Again, there is a RADIO tinkling quietly in the background.

FLUSH

Hey, where do you think you're
going Wellesley?

WELLESLEY

Nowhere, I was just...

FLUSH

You was giving me the distinct
impression you don't want to talk
to us. You wouldn't want to hurt
Chickenhead's feelings now would
you?

Chickenhead stands like a solid block of mean.

CHICKENHEAD

I'm glassing up.

FLUSH

Would you?!

WELLESLEY

No, I wouldn't want to do that.

FLUSH

Of course you don't. Why don't you come over and have a little chat with us? You know, all friendly like.

Wellesley is thinking about making a break for it.

FLUSH

Get over here!

Wellesley jumps as Flush's sharp voice stabs him in the back. He yields and comes back.

FLUSH

That's the way! Pull up a pew.

They all sit on stools around one of the island tables.

CHICKENHEAD

Sorry about the door, I think there must have been something wrong with the lock.

FLUSH

Doesn't matter! Doors can be replaced. It's friendship that I'm concerned about. Now, a broken friendship, that's a lot harder to fix up. You know what I mean, Chickenhead?

CHICKENHEAD

Yeah, real hard.

FLUSH

And that's why we're trying so hard! We're even willing to overlook the tickets you're shuffling.

WELLESLEY

You know about that?

CHICKENHEAD

We know lots a things.

FLUSH

Relax, that's small potatoes, what's really bothering us is the cold reception you gave to one of our boys when he just dropped by to say hello.

CHICKENHEAD

That was real unfriendly like.

FLUSH

And well, I don't know quite how to interpret that. How do you think I should interpret that?

WELLESLEY

That's not how it happened Flush-

Flush slaps him across the face, which nearly knocks him off his stool.

FLUSH

That's Mister Boscio to you pal!
And don't you forget it!

WELLESLEY

Mr. Boscio I've always been loyal
to the family, you know that!

Chickenhead slaps him and nearly knocks him off his seat in the other direction.

CHICKENHEAD

You've got a funny way of showing
it pal, do you beat up on your own
family too?! Why I aughta!

WELLESLEY

I never even touched the guy!

Flush slaps him again from the other side.

FLUSH

Are you trying to tell me that
those boot marks in his head are a
figment of his imagination?

WELLESLEY

Please don't slap me anymore!

CHICKENHEAD

That can be arranged.

Chickenhead rams one of his enormous fists clean into Wellesley's face, knocking him across the room laying him flat, taking out a stack of PLATES on his way down. The gangsters get up from their table and stand over him menacingly.

FLUSH

You start throwing your weight
around and you didn't think we'd
catch wise?! Huh!?

Chickenhead places his huge leather shoe with spats directly
on Wellesley's chest. He begins to press down and the BROKEN
PORCELAIN begins to crack under him.

WELLESLEY

It wasn't me! I didn't...

FLUSH

If you didn't do it! Then who did!

WELLESLEY

They did!
(he squeaks, pointing past
them toward the door.)

The gangsters turn around to see a couple more wise guys
standing in the doorway, just as bold and just as mean. They
are FRANKIE FINGERS and MANNY SALLS.

FRANKIE FINGERS

Well, well, well, look what the cat
dragged in.

MANNY SALLS

Hey Wellesley, you aught-a clean up
better back here. You're attracting
pests.

FLUSH

If it isn't Frankie Fingers and
Manny Salls, what a coincidence! We
was just talking about you. What
was it we was talking about
Chickenhead?

Chickenhead takes his foot off Wellesley who gasps for
breath.

CHICKENHEAD

We couldn't decide who was a bigger
rat, Frankie Fingers, or a big rat.

FRANKIE FINGERS

You calling me a rat?

FLUSH

Oh, bad luck Frankie, Deaf, Dumb
and Ugly.

(MORE)

FLUSH (cont'd)

Unfortunately for you it's the only trifecta in town that won't pay through the nose. Unless you're talking about blood. You want to cash out Frankie? You've come to the right place.

MANNY SALLS

I think you're forgetting this is our turf now, and we're not going no-place.

CHICKENHEAD

Is that so?
(rubbing his fist)

FRANKIE FINGERS

Yeah! That's so. I thought it would have painted a nice little picture for you when we put your boy away for trespassing.

CHICKENHEAD

Now that's just fascinating, it really is. I'll tell you what, if you don't make yourself scarce, you're going to be blowing your next story through broken teeth. Savvy?

Chickenhead steps forward. Flush holds him back.

FLUSH

Now there ain't no need in getting gashouse, Chickenhead, we can handle this little dispute all gentlemanly like.

(beat)

I think what my associate is trying to say is, we're giving you two gavones the professional courtesy to just walk right out of here before we break your fucking head.

MANNY SALLS

You can't talk to me like that!

FLUSH

You know what Manny, I'm getting really tired of looking at your ugly mug. Why don't you and your gungel here, go climb up your thumb, because I don't talk to empty shirts, I wear them!

FRANKIE FINGERS
Why you little!

A fight breaks out in the kitchen, they're wailing on each other like there's no tomorrow.

During the fight, Frankie grabs a long butchers knife off the wall and runs at Flush with the knife over his head, he's about to drive the knife into Flush, when Flush suddenly opens an oven door in front of Frankie, the knife hits the metallic door at full speed and Frankie's fingers slide right down the long blade, cutting them off. He falls to the ground in agony, holding his bloody stumps.

Meanwhile Chickenhead knocks Manny to the ground and he crashes over a butcher's block filled with cutlery, he emerges from the other side of the butcher's block with a revolver and fires rounds at Chickenhead who dives behind a counter as Flush dives behind it with him. Frankie feebly goes for his gun, but Flush sticks his revolver in his face, throwing the hammer back.

FLUSH
Don't get no big ideas Frankie, it
ain't good for you.

The occasional bullet whizzes overhead. Chickenhead WHINES in pained frustration, taking some of Flush's attention away from Frankie.

FLUSH
Hey, How you faring big guy?

He whines in PAIN again, but not physical pain.

CHICKENHEAD
Are you kidding me? You don't just
spit lead at a joe togged to the
bricks! This is a 15 dollar suit!

Chickenhead pokes a huge finger through a smoking bullethole. Flush smirks, seeing he's alright.

FLUSH
I'd say you got taken.

CHICKENHEAD
Would you look at this mess? Now I
got's to go to my nosy tailor and
lay down the charms.

Chickenhead's got two large holes in his suit, he pulls it away slightly exposing a bullet-proof vest underneath.

FLUSH

Looks like it's another one of them days you love so much.

CHICKENHEAD

Yeah, forget about it. At least this time I got a hole waiting, I got a hole for everybody.

FLUSH

Everybody?

CHICKENHEAD

Wouldn't want to feel left out would you?

Another bullet whizzes overhead smashing a cup, showering Chickenhead's fedora in little white porcelain pieces.

CHICKENHEAD

What the hell is this guy shooting at anyway? You think he's trying to scare me? I'll give him something to be afraid of.

He reaches into his double breasted suit and pulls out two black Colt 1911's he reaches over the counter and begins to fire rapidly. Manny takes cover from the lead barrage as Chickenhead stands up, still pumping rounds into the splintering butcher's block.

Chickenhead see's Manny's knees exposed under the block and puts a bullet into both of them. Manny falls over backward in pain, as Chickenhead marches forward and kicks the heavy block on top of him, pinning him to the ground, a small spurt of blood leaps from his mouth.

The gun slips from Manny's hand and skids a short way across the floor, Manny reaches out and grabs the gun, but not before Chickenhead's black leather shoe comes down on both of them, crushing Manny's gun and hand into the floor, he screams in pain.

CHICKENHEAD

You shouldn't play with guns, someone could get hurt.

Chickenhead kicks the gun under an ice-block refrigerator and wrenches the butcherblock aside before grabbing Manny by his double-breasted suit and hoisting him clear off the ground, slamming him up against the wall, a line of blood drips from Manny's mouth.

FLUSH

Oh! Lookie what we have here!

Flush picks up Frankie's severed fingers off the ground and inspects them, looking closely at a jeweled ring on one of them.

FLUSH

It's Frankie Fingers, Fingers! I guess that just makes you plain old Frankie from now on huh?

He uses the opportunity to steal Frankie's ring, dropping it into his pocket with Jimmy Greco's.

CHICKENHEAD

Hey Flush, if you treat em real good, he could probably get them sewn on again.

A smile creeps across Flush's face. As Frankie goes green with fright.

FLUSH

You know, you're right Chickenhead. I'd better be real careful with em' then.

Flush "accidentally" drops them into the deep fryer.

FLUSH

Oops! I'm such a butterfingers.

FRANKIE FINGERS

No!

MANNY SALLS

You bastard! I'll kill you!

FLUSH

No you won't! You had your chance and you blew it! And now unfortunately for you, you're a problem.

CHICKENHEAD

A problem, problem?

FLUSH

Don't go getting any big ideas
Chickenhead, I know you're itching
to off these bastards, and it
couldn't happen to nicer guys, but
then we'd be back here next week
doing the same thing.

CHICKENHEAD

So?

Flush takes his revolver and puts it right between Frankie's eyes.

FLUSH

So how about it Frankie? You want
to get out of here with your
remaining body-parts?

FRANKIE FINGERS

Sure thing Flush, anything you say.

Flush puts a gash in Frankie's forehead with the barrel of his gun.

FLUSH

That's Mr. Boscio to you chump!

Flush looks over to Manny, still pressed against the wall.

FLUSH

What do you say Manny, you want to
leave with your buddy here?

MANNY SALLS

You're going to let me go whether
you like it or not.

FLUSH

Oh yeah? Now why would I do a thing
like that?

MANNY SALLS

Use your fucking head! How do you
think we got here so quick?

Flush's face goes very grim.

MANNY SALLS

Yeah, now you're getting the plan.

CHICKENHEAD

What's he talking about Flush?

MANNY SALLS

You remember "Breakwall" Bennet don't you? Yeah of course you do, if he doesn't see us walk out those doors, the next time you see Mona is going to be in the morgue.

FLUSH

Oh Bravo, Bravo! That's a great plan Manny, but there's one thing you didn't count on.

MANNY SALLS

(superior)

Yeah? What's that?

FLUSH

I couldn't give a fuck.

In less than a second, Flush, still pointing the gun at Frankie, reaches into his suit with his other hand and grabs a double barreled sawn off shotgun sewn into the lining of his suit. He flips it up and BANG the shotgun reduces Manny's head to a red mist coating the walls and Chickenhead.

FLUSH

Arrivederci (goodbye) Manny

CHICKENHEAD

Jesus Flush, What part of "15 dollar suit" don't you understand?

Chickenhead drops the corpse on the ground and tries to scrape the chunks off of his suit.

FLUSH

Look at him Frankie, have a good look! There's a guy who jumps to conclusions, there's a guy who can't take me at my word! Now look at the state he's in, just because I don't like some Bruno beating up my whore!

(beat)

You're not going to jump to conclusions are you Frankie?

FRANKIE FINGERS

No Flush, I mean Mr. Boscio.

FLUSH

That's great. Isn't that great Chickenhead?

CHICKENHEAD

Yeah, Great.

FLUSH

And If I were to say, oh, I don't know... If you ever lay a hand on Mona, I'll get Chickenhead here to butcher your whole family. Would you take me at my word?

FRANKIE FINGERS

Yes Mr. Boscio.

FLUSH

Good, because everything you've heard about this guy is true and then some. He scares the living Bejesus out of me. We drink out of the same bottle because I don't want him to be my enemy, you don't want to be his enemy do you?

FRANKIE FINGERS

No Mr. Boscio.

FLUSH

Good, get the fuck out of here.

Frankie starts hobbling for the door.

FLUSH

Hey Frankie, get back here, you forgot something.

He comes right back out of pure terror. Flush takes the basket out of the deep fryer and empties the little fried fingers into Frankie's coat pocket.

FLUSH

(smiling)

There you go, something for you to chew on the long ride to the hospital. Now beat it!

Flush grabs him by the collar and throws him over a table, scattering more kitchen utensils.

FLUSH

Give my regards to "Breakwall".

Frankie runs out the door as best he can. Wellesley crunches some PORCELAIN to whom Flush redirects his rage.

FLUSH

Now what are we going to do with good old Wellesley?

WELLESLEY

Please don't hurt me! I swear I didn't see anything!

FLUSH

You didn't? Not a thing? Alright let me bring you up to speed. I'm Flush Boscio. This is Chickenhead Panetti. And you! If I ever, have to come back to this lousy, stinking, clip joint, I'm going to put cream of nance on the menu!

(beat)

Come on Chickenhead, this place is giving me the gyp.

EXT. COCK AND PULLET. LATE EVENING

They walk out of the place toward the street, Chickenhead has blood all over him.

FLUSH

Can you believe the nerve of those guys trying to muscle in on our turf like that? They had so much front, they could have been a canned ham.

Chickenhead stops

FLUSH

Hey, what's the matter?

CHICKENHEAD

In all that excitement, we forgot the swag.

Flush clicks his fingers, knowing he forgot something. They turn around and begin to walk back. Flush Laughs.

CHICKENHEAD

What's so funny?

FLUSH

That daisy, Wellesley is going to take one look at us and throw an ing-bing.

Chickenhead laughs as well, suddenly there is a VOICE coming from the street behind them.

MEATEATER

Hey boys!

Then there is what sounds like AUTOMATIC GUNFIRE, the wise guys instinctively hit the street, diving for cover into some garbage nearby, knocking some trash-cans around like bowling pins.

A period black and white police car slowly rolls by as a policeman hangs out of the window, drumming loudly on the side of the car as it travels down the road. When he see's them on the ground, he starts laughing and drives off, his laughter echoes around the quiet streets. The wise guys, still buried in garbage look at each other for a moment.

FLUSH

You know what, Chickenhead?

CHICKENHEAD

What's that, Flush.

FLUSH

That meateater is starting to become a problem.

CHICKENHEAD

A problem, problem? I thought we were going to give him a month.

FLUSH

So did he.

Chickenhead's vicious shark grin flashes in the night.

FADE OUT.