

Low Budget Scarface Spoof

by

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INT. IMMIGRATION PROCESSING ROOM — DAY

TONY (40, Cuban) is seated near a desk in a small room. An IMMIGRATION OFFICIAL (male, 50) is sitting on the other side of the table.

IMMIGRATION OFFICIAL  
So, you want to live here in  
America.

TONY  
Absolutely.  
(points to an American  
flag up on the wall)  
Look at that flag over there.  
That's beautiful. I love it, man.  
It's got stars and stripes. You  
know what they put on a Cuban  
flag? Octopus. They got a fucking  
octopus on the flag. In Cuba,  
every morning, you pledge  
allegiance to an octopus. You get  
up, you say, "I pledge allegiance  
to the orange octopus of the  
Communist Republic of Cuba." Then  
you smoke a cigar. Only it's not a  
Cuban cigar. It's an Uruguayan  
cigar. In Cuba, nobody can afford  
Cuban cigars. Isn't it ironic?  
That's an actual case of irony.  
Maybe that fucking wasp whore  
Alanis Morissette should put that  
in her song, instead of singing  
about spoons and rain.

IMMIGRATION OFFICIAL  
That's a lovely story. Now, tell  
me this. What did you do for a  
living in Cuba?

TONY  
Bananas, man.

IMMIGRATION OFFICIAL  
What did you do with the bananas?

TONY  
I shoved them up my ass. What do  
you mean what did I do with them?  
I grew them and sold them.

IMMIGRATION OFFICIAL  
In what city?

TONY

Havana.

IMMIGRATION OFFICIAL

What part of Havana?

TONY

Montana.

IMMIGRATION OFFICIAL

So you sold bananas in Montana,  
Havana?

TONY

Yes.

IMMIGRATION OFFICIAL

Baloney.

TONY

Not baloney. Bananas.

IMMIGRATION OFFICIAL

Fuck you and your bananas! I'm not  
buying that story, buddy. I know.  
I know you're just another  
criminal that Cuba's trying to  
dump on us.

TONY

No I'm not.

IMMIGRATION OFFICIAL

Oh. Well. I guess you're not.

He hands Tony a green card.

IMMIGRATION OFFICIAL (CONT'D)

Here's your green card, Mr.  
Dakota. Welcome to America.

(Later)

Now MANNY (35) is being interviewed.

IMMIGRATION OFFICIAL (CONT'D)

Do you speak English?

MANNY

Si.

IMMIGRATION OFFICIAL

How well do you speak English?

MANNY

Mucho bueno, man. Like, I know a lot of words in English. For instance, obfuscate, quantification, and cocksucker.

IMMIGRATION OFFICIAL

Do you know what any of those words mean?

MANNY

Well. I know what cocksucker means. I'm not so sure about obfuscate and quantification. I mean, what kind of a cocksucker uses stupid words like obfuscate and quantification?

IMMIGRATION OFFICIAL

Okay. So, uh--what did you do for a living in Cuba?

MANNY

Pass.

IMMIGRATION OFFICIAL

What kind of a job is pass?

MANNY

No. I meant, I'd like to pass on that question. Move on to the next one.

IMMIGRATION OFFICIAL

... You can't pass on a question.

MANNY

Why not?

IMMIGRATION OFFICIAL

Because. This isn't the Family Feud bonus round. Now, what did you do for a living in Cuba?

MANNY

Uh. Let's say I was a doctor.

IMMIGRATION OFFICIAL

What do you mean let's say you were a doctor? Were you a doctor?

MANNY

I was a doctor. Like George Clooney.

IMMIGRATION OFFICIAL  
George Clooney is not a doctor.

MANNY  
But on TV, he pretended to be a doctor.

IMMIGRATION OFFICIAL  
... Are you pretending to be a doctor?

MANNY  
Uh. No. I'm a doctor. Like, um, let me show you. "Nurse! I need 300 CCs of, like, fucking medicine! Stat!" You know. I'm a doctor.

IMMIGRATION OFFICIAL  
(hands him a green card)  
Okay. Here's your green card, Dr. Fuentes. Welcome to America.

EXT. BUSY MIAMI STREET - DAY

Close up on Manny's face

MANNY  
Can you believe it, man? We're legal residents, and we already got jobs.

Manny is standing on the sidewalk next to a shopping cart filled with bananas. Tony is seated nearby working on a pencil sketch of two men standing next to two giant empty egg shell halves, one of which has a Cuban flag drawn on it. Tony looks up at Manny.

TONY  
... You call this a job? I didn't come to America to do this, man.

A car pulls up near them. The DRIVER pulls down his window.

DRIVER  
How much?

MANNY  
One bunch, one dollar.

The Driver hands him a one dollar bill, and Manny hands him a bunch of bananas. The Driver drives away.

TONY

I'm telling you, man. This city is like one great big chicken just waiting to get fucked.

MANNY

... What chicken? What are you talking about?

TONY

The point is, this is Miami. It's a land of opportunity. So why are we selling bananas? I mean, it's like they say in Cuba. "Los pantalones es alimony, las matafakas es cucaracha."

MANNY

... What does that mean?

TONY

You know what that means. You speak Spanish.

MANNY

Right. But maybe you should just say what it means, so everyone will understand.

TONY

It means, "Don't be selling bananas, when the streets are paved with gold."

MANNY

Listen, man. Bananas are delicious, and nutritious. Potassium. It's an electrolyte.

TONY

I don't give a fuck. Respectable businessmen don't sell no bananas. They sell drugs.

MANNY

We gotta take things one step at a time, Tony. As in, step one: bananas. Step two: drugs. Steps. You know? I mean, you don't start moving 50 keys of yayo the first day you get to the the Jooniteh Stay.

TONY

... Jooniteh Stay?

MANNY

Yeah, man.

TONY

... It's the United States. It's not the the Jooniteh Stay. Joo sound like jore fresh of the boat when joo pronounce it like that.

INT. SMALL CUBAN HOME - DAY (BLACK AND WHITE SCENE)

SUPERIMPOSE: "CUBA"

TONY 6 (Tony at age 6) is sitting on the floor, finishing up a large crayon drawing of Fidel Castro sitting on the toilet. Tony's brother BENNY 7 is dressed in a police officer costume, holding a couple of bananas as if they're guns, and playing cops and robbers with an imaginary robber. TONY'S MOTHER (30) and his AUNT (32) are seated at a kitchen table drinking coffee.

TONY'S MOTHER

(to Tony 6)

Tony--show your Aunt your drawing.

Tony picks up the drawing and shows it to his Aunt.

TONY'S AUNT

It's beautiful.

He puts the drawing back down and continues working.

TONY'S MOTHER

(to Tony's aunt)

You know, maybe one day Tony will become a famous artist, and Benny will become the chief of police.

TONY'S AUNT

Absolutely. By the way--I love it here in communist Cuba, and I hate America.

TONY'S MOTHER

Me, too. After all, I believe all the Cuban propaganda that says Cuba is great and the American Constitution is stupid.

TONY'S AUNT

Yes. I also believe that propaganda.

TONY  
Me and you--the two of us are  
sheep. The way the communist  
government wants us to be.

TONY'S MOTHER  
Si. We are communist sheep in  
Cuba. Baaaaaaa.

INT. APARTMENT ROOM - DAY

Manny is lying naked on top of a pile of bananas.

Tony enters.

TONY  
What are are you doing?

MANNY  
I'm practicing.

TONY  
For what?

MANNY  
I'm not sure.

TONY  
Well. Put on your clothes for a  
second. You can practice later.

MANNY  
Okay, man.

He puts on his clothes.

TONY  
Good news. I got us some real  
jobs.

MANNY  
Real jobs?

TONY  
Yeah.

MANNY  
As in, drug dealer?

TONY  
As in, killer. We're killers.  
We're killers who work for a drug  
dealer.



MANNY  
What drug dealer?

TONY  
Some guy named Goldy Goldenberg  
Goldenstein.

MANNY  
Oh. He's Pakistani?

TONY  
He's Jewish.

MANNY  
Oh. I was pretty close.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING HALLWAY - DAY

Tony and Manny walk through the hallway and stop in front of an apartment unit's front door.

MANNY  
You ready?

Tony looks at at his watch. It reads 12:58.

TONY  
Let's wait a little while.

MANNY  
Why?

TONY  
It's 12:58. It's bad luck to kill  
people during the last ten minutes  
of an hour.

MANNY  
That's an excellent point. But on  
the other hand, it's not a good  
idea to hang around for two  
minutes, outside the apartment of  
the guy you're about to kill.

TONY  
That's also an excellent point.  
... Okay. How about we go inside,  
chit chat with him for a couple of  
minutes, and then we kill him?

MANNY  
That's an excellent plan.

Tony knocks on the door.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Yeah.

TONY

We're Mr. Goldenberg's associates.  
We need to settle a few matters  
with you.

The door is opened by the MAN (30, white). Tony and Manny walk in.

INT. APARTMENT ROOM - DAY (CONT.)

TONY

Sit down.

The Man sits down on a sofa.

TONY (CONT'D)

That's a nice sofa.

MAN

Uh. Thank you.

TONY

... I want to sit on that nice  
sofa. You sit somewhere else.

MAN

Okay.

He gets up and sits in a chair.

Tony sits on the sofa. He notices a McDonald's bag lying on a table near the kitchenette.

TONY

What's in that bag?

MANNY

A Quarter Pounder with Cheese.

TONY

Let me ask you something. Do you  
know what they call a Quarter  
Pounder with Cheese in Cuba?

MAN

No.

TONY

They don't call it shit--'cause  
they don't have McDonald's in  
Cuba!

MAN

Right. Because of the metric system.

TONY

(to Manny)

Check out the brain on this idiot.

(to Man)

No. Not because of the metric system. Because of the communist system. But I'm not here to talk about cheeseburgers and communism right now.

Tony removes the shade from a lamp. He removes the lightbulb from the lamp. He takes a green lightbulb out of his pocket, and screws it into the lamp. He turns on the lamp.

TONY (CONT'D)

Do you know what that is?

MAN

Um. A green lightbulb?

TONY

Yeah. Do you know what it means?

MAN

No. What does it mean?

TONY

It means absolutely nothing. It's meaningless. It's a green lightbulb. It don't mean nothing, fucker!

MAN

Right. Because of the metric system.

Tony stands up, picks up the lamp, and throws it against a wall.

TONY

Say metric system again! I dare you! ... Let me ask you this. Have you ever heard of a man by the name of Mahatma Gandhi?

MAN

I think so. Is he that Indian guy on *The Big Bang Theory*?

TONY

No.

MAN

Right. 'Cause of the metric system.

TONY

You shut up! You shut your mouth! I'm trying to teach you about Mahatma Gandhi. ... You know, there's a quote of his I really like.

Tony takes a gun out of his pocket and points it at the Man.

TONY (CONT'D)

(meanly)

"Non-violence is the greatest force at the disposal of mankind!"

Tony fires three bullets into the Man.

MANNY

That's a good quote, man.

TONY

Yeah. Great quote.

MANNY

But, you know. You killed that guy.

TONY

So?

MANNY

Killing someone isn't non-violence. It's pretty much the opposite of non-violence. In other words, it's violence.

TONY

Well. You know. I was speaking in generalities. Generally speaking, non-violence is the greatest force at the disposal of mankind. But every once in a while, you gotta shoot some piece of shit.

MANNY

Did Gandhi say that?

TONY  
I don't know, man. I didn't read  
his whole biography.

INT. APARTMENT ROOM - DAY (LATER)

A couple of DETECTIVES are examining the Man's dead body  
while a FORENSIC PHOTOGRAPHER snaps photos.

DETECTIVE 1  
So, uh, should we dust for prints,  
look for hairs, interview  
neighbors?

DETECTIVE 2  
(casually)  
No--that doesn't seem necessary.  
This looks like an obvious  
suicide.

DETECTIVE 1  
But... no gun was found at the  
scene. And he was shot multiple  
times.

DETECTIVE 2  
Well. I'll just put down...  
(writes in a pad)  
...assisted suicide.

INT. BAR - EARLY EVENING

Manny is seated at a table drinking beer. Tony walks into  
the bar and sits down next to him.

MANNY  
So what happened?

TONY  
Mr. Golbenberg's guys--they gave  
me the next assignment.

MANNY  
Who do we have to kill this time?

TONY  
We're not killers anymore. We're  
drug dealers.

MANNY  
What drugs do we have to buy?

TONY  
Yayo. From a new supplier. Some  
Colombian guy.

MANNY  
... Fucking Colombians. I don't  
trust Colombians.

TONY  
Me neither. Fucking Colombians.

MANNY  
Seriously, man. These fucking  
Colombians.

TONY  
Exactly. Fucking Colombians. I  
don't trust Colombians.

MANNY  
Me neither. Fucking Colombians.

Tony spots an attractive WOMAN standing a few yards away.

TONY  
(to Woman)  
Hey. You wanna have a drink with  
me and my friend?

WOMAN  
No.

TONY  
... You wanna go to my apartment  
and have sex?

WOMAN  
Sure.

TONY  
But let's have a drink first.

WOMAN  
No! No means no!

TONY  
Well then fuck you! OK! I'm not a  
piece of meat. If you want to have  
sex with me, first you gotta have  
a drink with me. OK? Drink, then  
sex. I don't just hop into bed  
with some woman before having a  
drink with her.

WOMAN

Fine. OK. We'll have a drink.

She walks over to him and sits down.

TONY

Also, we're gonna have a conversation.

WOMAN

OK. So, uh--what do you do for a living?

TONY

I used to be a killer. Now I'm a drug dealer.

MANNY

(to Woman)

I'm a doctor.

EXT. MOTEL - DAY

Manny is standing at the end of a motel corridor.

Tony is several rooms down.

Tony walks up to a room and knocks on the door. Manny hides behind the corridor corner. An OLD LADY opens the door.

OLD LADY

Yes?

Tony looks at her and then glances into her room.

TONY

Hi. I'm here to buy drugs from some fucking Colombian.

OLD LADY

I see. Well. I'm not some fucking Colombian. I think you're looking for the gentleman next door.

TONY

Oh. ... OK. ... Sorry to bother you.

She closes the door. Manny reappears from around the corner, and watches as Tony walks up to the next room and knocks the door Manny once again hides behind the corner. A COLOMBIAN MAN (45) opens the door.

COLOMBIAN MAN

Hola.

TONY

Hola. I am Tony.

COLOMBIAN MAN

And I am some fucking Colombian.  
Entra.

INT. MOTEL ROOM – DAY (CONT.)

Tony walks in. The Colombian Man closes the door behind him.

They walk to the center of the room.

COLOMBIAN MAN

So. How are you doing?

TONY

OK. How are you doing?

COLOMBIAN MAN

OK.

A THUG bursts out of the bathroom holding a machine gun. He points it at Tony.

COLOMBIAN MAN (CONT'D)

OK! Enough small talk! Where's the  
money, you Cuban asshole!

TONY

(Points out the window)  
It's over...

COLOMBIAN MAN

Not talking, huh?! Tough guy,  
huh?!

(to the Thug)

Bring over the chainsaw!

THUG

We didn't get one.

COLOMBIAN MAN

Well, do you have a knife or  
something?

THUG

No. I don't got no knife.



COLOMBIAN MAN  
Well, can you at least get me a  
piece of paper!?

The Thug hands him a piece of paper.

COLOMBIAN MAN (CONT'D)  
(To Tony)  
Sit down!

Tony sits down on a nearby chair.

The Colombian Man grabs a rope and ties Tony to the chair. He then takes the piece of paper, and, with a sadistic look on his face, uses its edge to give Tony paper cuts on his forearm.

EXT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY (CONT.)

Manny is holding a stethoscope up to the door.

COLOMBIAN MAN (O.S.)  
Now are you ready to talk, or do  
you want more!

Manny throws the stethoscope aside and rings the doorbell.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY (CONT.)

The Colombian Man looks towards the door.

COLUMBIAN MAN  
(to the Thug)  
Who's that?

He walks towards the door, looks into the peephole, and sees Manny.

COLOMBIAN MAN  
Who is it?

MANNY (O.S.)  
Yeah--I'm here to deliver some ...  
free prostitutes.

COLOMBIAN MAN  
Free prostitutes? I didn't order  
any free prositutes.

MANNY (O.S.)  
I know. I'm from, uh... Free  
Prostitutes Incorporated.

(MORE)

MANNY (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 It's a company. We just go door to door, and we provide people with, um... prostitutes. Free prostitutes.

The Colombian Man thinks for a few moments, shrugs his shoulders, and then turns to the Thug and says

COLOMBIAN MAN  
 Hide the Cuban in the bathroom.

The Thug grabs Tony's chair and drags it and Tony into the bathroom. He then walks out of the bathroom and closes the door.

The Colombian Man opens the front door.

COLOMBIAN MAN (CONT'D)  
 (to Manny)  
 Uh... where are the prostitutes?

MANNY  
 They're... in my van. Uh... Would you guys mind turning around for a minute? I... need to give you an AIDS test.

COLOMBIAN MAN  
 An AIDS test?

MANNY  
 Yeah, man. That's one of the rules at my company. Free Prostitutes Incorporated. The rule is, first you get an AIDS test. After you get an AIDS test, you get the free prostitutes.

The Colombian Man and the Thug turn around Manny takes a gun and silencer out of his pocket, attaches the silencer to the gun, and then points and fires several shots into The Colombian Man and the Thug, causing both of them to fall to the floor and die.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY (LATER)

Two new DETECTIVES and a new FORENSIC PHOTOGRAPHER are examining the dead bodies of the Colombian Man and Thug.

DETECTIVE 1  
 I suppose they shot each other up.

DETECTIVE 2  
 Actually--it looks like they were  
 both shot in the back.

DETECTIVE 1  
 ... Yeah--that's right.

DETECTIVE 2  
 So, uh, should we start a murder  
 investigation?

DETECTIVE 1  
 ... What do I look like--Sherlock  
 Holmes? This is the Miami PD.  
 Around here, we don't do all that  
 murder investigation stuff.  
 (starts writing in pad)  
 I'll just put down double assisted  
 suicide.

INT. BAR - DAY

Tony and Manny walk in. Tony spots his MOTHER seated at a  
 table.

TONY  
 Mama?!

TONY'S MOTHER  
 (Coldly)  
 Rigatoni.

TONY  
 How you doing?

TONY'S MOTHER  
 (Coldly)  
 OK. Long time no see.

TONY  
 Si.

TONY'S MOTHER  
 What?

TONY  
 Si. That's Spanish for yes. You  
 said "long time no see." Then I  
 said si. As in, yes. Si means yes  
 in Spanish.

TONY'S MOTHER

Stop speaking Spanish, puto! This is an American movie! ... So. What have you been up to, Tony?

TONY

Computers. I do computers. You know. Like, um--you know those computers people have? My job is to, like, uh--computers. I do computers.

TONY'S MOTHER

Baloney.

TONY

Not baloney. Computers.

TONY'S MOTHER

Yeah. I'll bet you do computers. You're a computer engineer--and I suppose your friend here is a doctor. Let me ask you something, Tony. You know what I see every night when I watch TV?

TONY

Uh. *The Big Bang Theory*?

TONY'S MOTHER

I see animals like you on the news, doing crimes in Miami. I'm not like you, Tony. I'm an honest person. I work for my living.

TONY

What do you do?

TONY'S MOTHER

(proudly)

I am an embezzler.

TONY

Oh--excuse me, Mrs. Embezzler.

She stands up and slaps Tony on the face.

TONY'S MOTHER

You think you're tough?! Look at me when I'm talking to you!

TONY

I'm looking right at you.

TONY'S MOTHER  
Well then look at the floor!

He puts his head down and looks at the floor. She slaps on the face again.

TONY'S MOTHER (CONT'D)  
Now look at me again!

He looks at her She slaps him again.

TONY'S MOTHER (CONT'D)  
Shut up! ... Now what do you have to say for yourself?

TONY  
Well I...

She slaps him again.

TONY'S MOTHER  
I said shut up!

TONY  
Calm down.

TONY'S MOTHER  
I've had enough of your nonsense, Tony. Stay away from me.

She begins walking out of the bar. A MAN stares as her.

She stops, slaps the Man on the face, and resumes walking out.

(Later)

Tony and Manny are seated at a table with GOLDY GOLDENBERG GOLDENSTEIN (45, Jewish).

GOLDY  
Tony. Manny. I want to thank you for all the good work you've done for me.

TONY  
It's our pleasure, Mr. Goldenstein. I kill people for fun.

MANNY  
Me, too. And you know what else I do for fun? Sudoku puzzles. You put numbers in boxes.

(MORE)

MANNY (CONT'D)  
 I do Sudoku puzzles. For fun. And  
 I kill people. Also for fun.

A WAITER walks up to the table holding a bottle of  
 Manischewitz wine.

GOLDY  
 Pour it for all of us.

The Waiter pours wine for Goldy, Tony, and Manny.

GOLDY (CONT'D)  
 This is Manischewitz's best wine.  
 \$4.98 a bottle. Plus CRV.

Tony and Manny drink some wine.

GOLDY (CONT'D)  
 It's good, isn't it?

TONY  
 No.

GOLDY  
 Yeah. It's not that good.

Goldy points to ABRAHAM SILVERSTEIN (40, Hasidic Jew, fat),  
 who's eating a sandwich several tables away.

GOLDY (CONT'D)  
 See that guy over there? That's  
 Abraham Silverstein of the Glatt  
 Kosher Mafia. He gets paid five Gs  
 a month just to walk into a few  
 restaurants and certify that  
 they're kosher. It takes him ten  
 seconds. He just walks in and  
 glances around. \$5,000 a month.  
 He's a thief. Like, I go to a  
 kosher deli, I buy a pastrami  
 sandwich, it costs \$12 instead of  
 \$11, because that extra dollar is  
 used to line the pockets of that  
 fat fuck. In fact, the way I  
 figure it...

He takes a calculator out of his pocket and begins punching  
 in some numbers.

GOLDY (CONT'D)  
 ...over the years, his kosher  
 certification fees have taken over  
 two thousand dollars out of my own  
 pocket.

He continues typing data into his calculator.

GOLDY (CONT'D)

Figure in twelve and a half percent interest compounded hourly, and the number is up to... \$38,400.

He thinks for a few seconds, and then gets out of his seat and makes his way towards Salvatore.

Tony and Manny watch as Goldy confronts Salvatore and exchanges some angry words with him (that we [as well as Tony and Manny] cannot hear). Goldy then takes a handgun out of his jacket and points it at Salvatore, who, quite terrified, nervously takes out his wallet, opens it, takes out about a dozen bills, and hands them to Goldy. Goldy, still not satisfied, angrily yells and points at Salvatore's watch, prompting him to remove it from his wrist and hand it over as well. Goldy calmly walks back to his table and sits down next to Tony and Manny.

GOLDY (CONT'D)

That brings us to rule number one: "You want money? Don't wait for people to give it to you. Go out there and get it!"

TONY

That's a good rule.

GOLDY

Rule number one kind of reminds of something my grandmother used to say: "Meshuggannah ken bubbeleh yentl shikse bubkus pickle, boca raton shtup tuchis goyim fiddler on the roof."

TONY

What does that mean?

GOLDY

"For every one honest man, there are five assholes who you should treat like assholes, because they're assholes."

TONY

That kind of reminds of a saying we have in Cuba: "Dos Feliz Navidad mi Speedy Gonzalez, la tortilla el platano esta beunos noches Alberto Einstein."

GOLDY

What does that mean?

TONY

"In business, you gotta watch out for two kinds of people: Jews, and Gentiles."

MANNY

Tony. They don't say that in Cuba.

TONY

Well they should start saying it! It's a good saying!

GOLDY

Absolutely. And moving on to rule number two.

He takes a small bag of cocaine out of his pocket, sticks his pinky finger in, takes it out, and snorts some cocaine off of it.

GOLDY (CONT'D)

"Never get high on your own supply." And then there's rule number three. Rule number three is, "Don't follow rule number two." So, yeah. Rule number three invalidates rule number two.

MANNY

That's good. And there I was, sitting around like an asshole, thinking that I'm not supposed to get high on my own supply.

GOLDY

Listen, fellas. I really like you two, and I want make you my Senior VPs in charge of operations and beating the living shit out of people. ... So. ... What do you say?

Tony looks at Manny.

TONY

I say, play a montage. You've got yourself a couple of VPS.

MONTAGE



INT. ROOM - DAY (CONT.)

Tony and Manny are counting money.

INT. TONY'S APARTMENT - DAY (CONT.)

Manny is lying face down on the floor while Tony walks barefoot on top of his back.

INT. TONY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT (CONT.)

Tony is sitting in the dark in his underwear, using a plastic spork to eat beans out of a can.

INT. TONY'S APARTMENT - DAY (CONT.)

Tony and Manny are watching television. They suddenly get up and begin celebrating (slapping hands, smiling, jumping, etc.)

We look at the television, and see a key scene from a popular chick-flick.

EXT. PARK - DAY (CONT.)

A blindfolded Tony hits a pinata with a bat. It breaks open, and cocaine comes pouring out of it.

He takes off his blindfold, gets on all fours, and snorts cocaine off the ground.

END MONTAGE

INT. SMALL CUBAN HOME - DAY (BLACK AND WHITE SCENE)

TONY 12 is holding a paintbrush, and working on a variation of Van Gogh's Potato Eaters featuring Tony and his family, and rice in place of potatoes. BENNY 13 walks in holding two buckets of water, singing the theme to Cops.

BENNY 13

Bad boys, bad boys / Watcha gonna  
do? / Watcha gonna do when they  
come for you? / Bad boys, bad boys  
/ Watcha gonna do? / Watcha gonna  
do when they come for you?

Tony's Mother is seated at a kitchen table containing three plates of rice and beans.

TONY'S MOTHER  
Tony! Benny! Lunchtime!

Tony and Benny make their way to the kitchen. They sit down.

TONY'S MOTHER (CONT'D)  
OK. Be a good communist, and eat your beans and rice!

TONY 12  
How come in communist Cuba, we have beans and rice, and that's it?

TONY'S MOTHER  
Because, Tony. It's delicious. Beans and rice.

TONY 12  
Or maybe it's because the Cuban economy is not as strong as the government is making it out to be. One day, I'm going to Miami. Miami is like one great big chicken just waiting to get...

TONY'S MOTHER  
Shut your mouth, Tony! Stop talking about chickens, and start being a good communist. Baaaaaa.

INT. APARTMENT LIVING ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

Manny is sitting on a sofa watching TV. Tony walks out of the bedroom wearing a sharp outfit and looking well groomed and ready to go out.

MANNY  
Where are you going, man?

TONY  
Goldy is in Bolivia. He wants me to take out his wife, and keep her company.

MANNY  
... So are you going to try to have sex with her?

TONY  
Yeah. By the way, do you have any more of those condoms with the holes in the tips?

MANNY

Of course I do. That's my preferred method of birth control. It's the only one that's 99.9% ineffective.

EXT. GOLDY'S HOUSE - EARLY EVENING

Tony rings the doorbell. Goldy's wife ANITA (25, white) opens the door.

TONY

You ready?

Anita sees Tony's car--a Chevy Chevette that looks like it's been through a few dozen hurricanes--parked on the street.

ANITA

Is that your car?

TONY

Yeah. You like it?

Tony takes out his keys, points the keyless entry remote towards the car, and presses a button. The car horn plays the hook to "Guantanamera".

ANITA

It looks like a piece of garbage.

TONY

You know, that's a actually a common misinterpretation of the car's abstract expressionist style.

ANITA

And what exactly is it trying to express abstractly?

TONY

That I drive a piece of garbage.

ANITA

Well. I'm not getting into that car.

TONY

(calmly)

... OK. Go back inside for a few minutes. I'll take care of this.

Anita looks at him, walks back in the house, and closes the door.

EXT. GOLDY'S HOUSE — EARLY EVENING (MINUTES LATER)

Tony is standing next to the door. He rings the bell, and then runs back to the car and ducks behind it.

Anita opens the door.

ANITA

Hello?

She looks around, spots some cocaine on the ground. She gets on her knees and sniffs it. After doing so, she looks forward and spots some more cocaine on the ground a few feet away. She walks over to it and snorts it. This pattern continues until she closes in towards Tony's car parked in the street. The car door is open, and there is some cocaine on the front passenger seat.

She crawls up onto the passenger seat and snorts the cocaine on it.

Tony closes the door behind her and gets into the car. He pours some cocaine on his lap. She begins snorting it. He drives off.

INT. DINER - NIGHT

DINERS are seated in a medium sized 50s style diner.

Tony and Anita are at a table, studying their menus.

Their WAITER walks over.

WAITER

What do you want?

ANITA

I'll have a veggie burger.

WAITER

And how do you want the cow killed?

ANITA

Cow? I ordered a veggie burger.

WAITER

Here at Shenanigan's Diner, our veggie burgers contain an all-beef patty, and no vegetables. That's the shenanigan. We always give you the opposite of what you order.

ANITA

Well then.

(looks at her menu)

I guess I'll have the porterhouse steak.

WAITER

And to drink?

ANITA

Uh. Tap water from a dirty hose.

He turns to Tony.

WAITER

How 'bout you, you Cuban asshole?

TONY

Let me have a Caesar salad. And a Pepsi Free.

WAITER

If you want a Pepsi, you're gonna have to pay for it. It's five dollars.

Tony stands up and slams the Waiter's head against a table.

Tony takes out a huge sack of cocaine, pours some of its contents onto the table, and snorts up some of it.

TONY

(to Anita)

Feel free to help yourself.

ANITA

Thanks.

Anita snorts some.

TONY

So--I heard you're an actress.

ANITA

Yeah. I was on a TV show called *Fox Force Five*.

TONY

OK. Enough about you. Let's talk about me.

ANITA

OK. ... Uh--my husband tells me you kill people and deal drugs.

TONY

Well. I prefer to say I'm in non-life solutions and coca derivative distribution.

ANITA

So, you're part of the Cuban crime wave.

TONY

Hey. That's fucking, um, you know... offensive.

ANITA

But is it accurate?

TONY

Absolutely. Very accurate. Cuban crime wave. I'm leading the wave.

He gets up and does the "wave." A few CUBAN MEN in the restaurant follow suit.

ANITA

So. Why'd you leave Cuba?

TONY

Well--there's a saying. "Vamos a bailar, compra una car, Neiman Marcus mucha dressy, Uncle Joey Uncle Jesse."

ANITA

What does that mean?

TONY

It means, "Cuba is not a good country. Fuck Cuba." ... But, I will admit, I do miss some things about Cuba. Some of the little things.

ANITA

Like what?

TONY

Like, uh--you know what they call a Quarter Pounder with Cheese in Cuba?

ANITA

They have McDonald's in Cuba?

TONY

No.

Tony spots ERNESTO (Cuban, 60) bussing tables. He looks at him.

ANITA

Um. Do you know that guy?

TONY

That's my father. I haven't seen him in ten years.

EXT. DINER - NIGHT

Tony and Ernesto are standing outside of the diner.

TONY

When did you move to the United States?

ERNESTO

A year ago. What about you?

TONY

Well. let's see. The montage denoted the passage of two years.

ERNESTO

Montage?

TONY

Yeah. Montage. This is a movie.

ERNESTO

Whatever. Listen, Tony. I know I haven't been the best father in the past. But now that we're together again, I want to make the best of this opportunity.

TONY

You've already had a million opportunities. You didn't use none of them.

(MORE)

TONY (CONT'D)

You weren't there for my first tap dance recital, my first murder, my bar-mitzvah.

ERNESTO

Tony. We're not Jewish.

TONY

Whatever, man. The point is, I hardly even know you. And now that you see wearing a \$550 suit, you suddenly decide you want to be part of my life?

ERNESTO

Well. To a certain extent, yes.

INT. TONY AND MANNY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Manny is once again lying naked on a pile of bananas. Tony enters the room.

MANNY

Good morning.

TONY

Good morning, man.

MANNY

How did your date go last night?

TONY

Pretty good. I gotta go sell some yayo now.

MANNY

OK. I'll just hang out here with the bananas.

TONY

Yeah. You do that, you sick fuck.

INT. TEXTILE STORE - DAY

Close Up on Tony

TONY

They tell me you buy from McLaugherty.

Close Up on OWNER (male, 40)



OWNER

Yeah. McLaugherty. That's my main supplier.

TONY

Well--not anymore. From now on you buy from us. Five keys a month.

OWNER

Five keys?

TONY

Yeah. We deal the best Bolivian yayo in all of Bolivia. The yayo we got is so good, you take one hit, and you start thinking your name is Engelbert Humperdink and you drive an electric vehicle. Okay? Bolivian yayo. You buy five keys a month from us.

OWNER

Um. I'm sure that you guys have some great... Bolivian yayo. But... there seems to be some confusion here.

Pan Out to reveal that they're in a textile store.

OWNER (CONT'D)

I'm in the textile business. I'm not in the yayo business.

Tony pulls out a gun and points it at the Owner.

TONY

I'm Tony Dakota, man! I don't give a fuck what business anyone's in! I sell everyone five keys of yayo a month! If you run any kind of business in Miami, that's what you buy from me! Five keys a month!

OWNER

(scared)

OK. I'll buy from you. Five keys. But, I mean, who do I sell it to?

TONY

This is Miami, man! 99% of the people here use cocaine. Sell it to some of them.

INT. GOLDY'S HOME - DAY

Goldy is standing near his doorway talking to a person that has yet to be revealed to us.

GOLDY

I'm telling you--Tony is out of control. He's acting like he runs my operation. I can't trust him. I can't have a maniac like that making moves. I just want to move a hundred, two hundred keys a month, and that's it. I'm not looking to control half of the yayo in this town.

The camera pans out to reveal a young GIRL SCOUT standing outside Goldy's open front door.

GIRL SCOUT

... So do you want buy any cookies or not?

GOLDY

No! Now get lost!

The Girl Scout walks away.

Goldy closes the door and calls someone.

GOLDY (CONT'D)

(on phone)

Yeah. I want you to keep an eye on Dakota. ... What do you mean North or South? .. No--not the state. The guy. Tony Dakota. Watch him like a hawk. See what he's up to.

INT. PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE - DAY

Tony is sitting across from a PSYCHIATRIST (male, 50).

TONY

So how many keys are we talking about, man?

PSYCHIATRIST

We're not talking about any keys, Tony. I'm your psychiatrist. I'm trying to diagnose you.

TONY

OK. Do your thing, Ziggy.

PSYCHIATRIST

Well, Tony. Based on what you've been telling me about yourself, such as your belief that it's bad luck to kill people during the last ten minutes of an hour, your recitation of Gandhi quotes before each of your killings, and your habit of snorting coke lines in multiples of three, I think you have OOCDD, or Oddball Obsessive Compulsive Coke Dealer's Disorder.

TONY

... No. That's not it. That's not a good diagnosis.

Tony takes out a pistol and points it at the Psychiatrist.

TONY (CONT'D)

And now I'm gonna cancel your fucking contract.

PSYCHIATRIST

Tony--wait a second. I have a couple of great alternate theories. One has to do with manic-depression, and the other...

TONY

Shut up!

Tony looks at his watch. It says 2:59. He calms down and rests the gun on his lap.

TONY (CONT'D)

So uh... you know what they call Chicken McNuggets in Cuba?

PSYCHIATRIST

Um. Chicken Los Nuggets?

TONY

No. They don't even have McDonald's in Cuba.

PSYCHIATRIST

Oh. Right. Because of the metric system.

TONY

Metric system my ass! Why does everyone keep on bringing up the metric system?

## PSYCHIATRIST

Tony. There's this fantastic new drug called mefahexacor. Studies have shown...

Tony glances at his watch again.

## TONY

Oh--I'm sorry, but looks like you're out of time, psychiatrist.

He points his gun at the Psychiatrist.

## TONY (CONT'D)

(meanly)

"Happiness is when what you think, what you say, and what you do are in harmony."

Tony fires three bullets into the Psychiatrist's body.

## TONY (CONT'D)

Mahatma Gandhi.

## INT. GOLDY'S OFFICE - DAY

Goldy is seated at his desk. His ASSISTANT (male, early thirties, tall) is standing across from him.

## GOLDY

OK. So you spied on Tony all day?

## ASSISTANT

All day, boss.

## GOLDY

What did he do?

The Assistant takes a piece of paper out of his pocket, unfolds it, and begins reading.

## ASSISTANT

He got up. He snorted some coke. He did some push ups. He snorted some coke. He showered, dressed, and ate breakfast. He snorted some coke. He left the house and got into his car. He went to the library. He got into an argument with the librarian over the Dewey Decimal System. He went to see a psychiatrist. He shot the psychiatrist. He drove home.

(MORE)

ASSISTANT (CONT'D)

He worked on a painting. He snorted some coke. He had sex with your wife. And he went to sleep.

GOLDY

He had sex with my wife?

ASSISTANT

Right.

(looks at the paper)

He had sex with your wife, right between when he snorted some coke and he snorted some coke.

Goldy looks furious. Seconds later, there is a knock on the door.

GOLDY

Who the hell is that?!

The Assistant walks over to the door and looks through the peephole.

ASSISTANT

It's Bill Bullshitstein.

GOLDY

Send that asshole in!

The Assistant opens the door to reveal BILL (50, Jewish). Bill walks into the office. He looks at Goldy.

BILL

Goldy. I thought about what you said, and, you know, I'd be willing to sell you my deli for three hundred thousand dollars. Ordinarily, I wouldn't go this low. But, you know. We're friends.

Goldy stares at him with a mean look on his face.

BILL (CONT'D)

... OK. Two hundred fifty thousand. But that's as low as I'll go.

Goldy still looks pissed.

BILL (CONT'D)

... OK. Two hundred thousand. But I can't go any lower at all, no way.

Goldy's expression remains the same Bill walks towards the door.

BILL (CONT'D)

I already have a foot out the door. One hundred ninety thousand, and that's it.

GOLDY

... You know, word on the street is, you take care of problems. And by "take care of problems," I mean "kill people."

Bill walks back to Frank's desk.

BILL

... Well, between me and you, I have a stable of some of the finest hitmen in Miami. And rest assured, all of our hits are one hundred percent glatt kosher.

Goldy gives him another ice cold stare.

BILL (CONT'D)

... OK, maybe they're not a hundred percent kosher. But, you know. We never mix meat with dairy.

GOLDY

... Well... it just so happens I'm in the market for a new hitman. And I already have a first assignment: ... Kill... Tony ... Dakota!

INT. SMALL CUBAN HOME - NIGHT (BLACK AND WHITE SCENE)

TONY 18 walks into the house and is met by his Mother.

TONY'S MOTHER

(angry, concerned)

It's 12:30. Where were you?

TONY 18

Uh... Computers. I was doing computers.

TONY'S MOTHER

You think I don't know what's going on, Tony?!

(MORE)

TONY'S MOTHER (CONT'D)  
 You think I don't know you're a  
 criminal, and you hang out with  
 that no good Manny Fuentes?!

TONY 18  
 Hey--he's a nice guy.

TONY'S MOTHER  
 He kills people for a living!

TONY 18  
 Not always. Sometimes he kills  
 people just for fun.

TONY'S MOTHER  
 Why can't you be more like your  
 brother? Ughhh. I can just see it  
 now. I'll have one son on the  
 police force, and another son in  
 prison.

TONY 18  
 Which one will I be?

TONY'S MOTHER  
 The one in prison!

INT. ROOM - EARLY EVENING

Ernesto (Tony's father) is finishing up a performance of  
 "Santiago Chile" in front of a couple of MEN and Tony.

ERNESTO  
 (Singing and playing the  
 guitar)  
 De Santiago Chile / De Santiago  
 Chile / De Santiago Chile / Te  
 Chile Ooooh

MAN 1  
 (to Man 2 & Tony)  
 Yup--he's everything you guys  
 said.  
 (to Ernesto)  
 Mr. Dakota--you can start  
 performing at the Tropicana next  
 week. We'll be in touch.

He shakes Ernesto's hand, and he and Man 2 leave the room.  
 Ernesto turns to Tony.

ERNESTO

Tony. After all the times I ignored you when you were growing up, why did you help me get a job?

TONY

Well, it's like they say in my country: "Mis huevos son muchos rancheros, Jennifer Lopez para bailar La Bamba." ... .. Don't you want to know what that means?

ERNESTO

Tony--I know what it means. I'm from your country.

TONY

Oh. ... Well, I'll translate it anyways. "If a good person is unwilling to help out an asshole, then the good person might not really be a good person." ... By the way, I'm the good person in this equation.

ERNESTO

(somewhat annoyed)

Uh. Yeah. I figured you were.

TONY

... And you're the asshole.

ERNESTO

(annoyed)

Yeah--I get it.

INT. LOBBY - EARLY EVENING

Tony walks into a Men's Restroom.

A HITMAN (25) covertly watches from several yards away. After a few seconds, he walks into the Restroom.

INT. MEN'S RESTROOM - EARLY EVENING (CONT.)

Tony is standing at a urinal. The Hitman slowly walks towards Tony's back. He makes his way behind Tony and reaches for a handgun. As he does this, Ernesto walks into the Men's Room and sees the Hitman and his gun.

(In Slow Motion)

Ernesto yells out to Tony.



ERNESTO

Tony! Turn around!

Tony turns, sees the Hitman and his gun, grabs his wrist, and pulls his shooting arm up and away. As he does this, the Hitman pulls the trigger, sending a bullet in Ernesto's direction. The bullet hits Ernesto. He yells "Ah", and falls to the floor.

Tony and the Hitman struggle for the gun that is still in the Hitman's hand. Ernesto gets up, runs over, and punches the Hitman in the face, sending him to the floor, and allowing Tony to pry the gun from his hand.

(End Slow Motion)

Tony points the gun at the fallen Hitman, and with his eyes on the Hitman, says to Ernesto,

TONY

Are you alright?

HITMAN

Well. My jaw kind of hurts. But other than that, I'm OK.

Tony points/tilts his head towards Ernesto.

TONY

I was talking to him!

HITMAN

Then why were you looking at me?

TONY

Because I'm pointing a gun at you!  
... Ernesto, are you alright?

ERNESTO

I'm fine. The bullet barely grazed my arm.

TONY

(to Hitman)

So I suppose you're a hitman.

HITMAN

Are you talking to him, or are you talking to me?

TONY

I'm talking to you!

HITMAN

When you say you, do you mean him,  
or me?

TONY

You, motherfucker! You, the guy  
I'm pointing a gun at. You're a  
hitman.

HITMAN

Uh. Yeah.

TONY

OK, hitman. You want a job?

HITMAN

Uh... sure.

TONY

How much do you charge per hit?

HITMAN

Ten to forty Gs.

TONY

And how much for you to hit  
yourself?

HITMAN

Well. That sounds pretty simple.  
... Ten Gs.

TONY

OK.

Tony pulls five thousand dollars cash out of his pocket and  
throws it and his gun at the Hitman.

TONY (CONT'D)

Here's five. I'll give you the  
rest when you finish the job.

HITMAN

OK.

TONY

(to Ernesto)

Let's go.

Tony and Ernesto walk out of the Restroom...

INT. LOBBY - EARLY EVENING (CONT.)

...and back into the Lobby. Seconds later, they hear a single gunshot from the Bathroom.

TONY  
That fucking dumbass. The second he comes to collect the other five thousand, I'm gonna shoot that piece of shit.

EXT. STREET PAYPHONE - NIGHT

Tony is using a street payphone.

He inserts a quarter into the slot and dials a number.

TONY  
(imitating the Hitman)  
Yeah--we got him. He's finished.  
... Uh... sorry. Wrong number.

He hangs up the phone He then glances down at a piece of paper that reads "People Who Might Want to Kill Me" on top, and contains a list with the following names: the Diaz Brothers (Groucho, Harpo, and Chico), Benny Blanco, Beverly D'Angelo, Johnny Lovo, Goldy, Jack Valenti, Nancy Reagan, Pikachu. He crosses off one of the names, and then picks up the phone, inserts a quarter, and dials another number.

TONY (CONT'D)  
(imitating the Hitman)  
Yeah--we got him. He's finished.  
... Uh... sorry. Wrong number.

He hangs up the phone and crosses off another name. He looks at his watch. It says 7:16.

[Later]

Tony's watch now reads 7:22. He puts another quarter in the payphone and dials a number.

TONY (CONT'D)  
(imitating the Hitman)  
Yeah--we got him. He's finished.  
... Uh... sorry. Wrong number.

He hangs up the phone and takes out his list, which now has about ten names crossed out. He crosses out another name, puts another quarter into the phone, and dials another number.

TONY (CONT'D)  
 (Imitating the Hitman)  
 Yeah--we got him. He's finished.  
 ... OK. I'll tell him.

He hangs up with a furious look on his face.

TONY (CONT'D)  
 Goldy!

INT. GOLDY'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Goldy is sitting at his desk. Manny and Tony walk into the office with guns in hand.

TONY  
 Beunos noches, motherfucker.

GOLDY  
 Uh. No thanks. I didn't order any nachos.

TONY  
 I'm not delivering nachos. I'm speaking Spanish, culero. Spanish. As in, "Donde esta la biblioteca?" You know what that means?

GOLDY  
 No. What does it mean?

TONY  
 It means "where is the library!" People say that all the time in Spanish-speaking countries. That's why in every Spanish class in America, the first thing they teach you is "donde esta la biblioteca!" And the second thing they teach you is "me gusta la manzana roja!" I like the red apple. You fucking cockroach.

GOLDY  
 Wait a second. "Me gusta la manzana roja" means "I like the red apple, you fucking cockroach?"

TONY  
 No. You're the fucking cockroach. "Eres una puta cucaracha!"

GOLDY  
 And what about the red apple?

TONY  
I like the red apple.

GOLDY  
Uh... What's with the gun?

TONY  
Gun? What gun?

GOLDY  
The gun in your hand?

TONY  
Oh. That? That's nothing. You know. I'm in the computer business.

A cell phone on a table rings. Tony immediately takes aim and fires several bullets at it. He turns to Goldy.

TONY (CONT'D)  
Someone in this room is a cocksucking traitor motherfucker. ... Guess who I'm talking about?

GOLDY  
... You?

TONY  
No.

GOLDY  
... Manny?

TONY  
No.

GOLDY  
... You?

Tony points the gun at Goldy.

GOLDY (CONT'D)  
Tony! You've got me all wrong! You're not thinking straight! It's that time of the month. I mean, listen. Whatever you think I did--I didn't do it!

A (land line) phone rings a few times. Tony looks at it The answering machine picks up.

Music from a Jewish folk song plays in the background, while the greeting plays

GOLDY (ANSWERING MACHINE)  
 You've reached Goldy Goldenberg  
 Goldenstein. Please leave a  
 message after the beep.

The machine beeps.

BILL (ANSWERING MACHINE)  
 Yeah, Goldy. Are you there? I  
 tried calling you on your cell.  
 Anyways, I got some bad news: we  
 weren't able to take care of  
 Dakota. But don't worry--we'll  
 finish the job ASAP. Although we  
 can't do it tomorrow. Or the day  
 after that.

The message ends. Tony looks at Goldy.

GOLDY  
 What? ... Oh--you must think he  
 was talking about killing you.  
 No--that guy was talking about  
 taking care of Dakota--and in,  
 pushing for legislation to  
 preserve the environment in North  
 and South Dakota. I'm actively  
 involved in the conservationist  
 movement.

The phone rings again. The answering machine picks up.

GOLDY (ANSWERING MACHINE)  
 You've reached Goldy Goldenberg  
 Goldenstein. Please leave a  
 message after the beep.

The machine beeps.

BILL (ANSWERING MACHINE)  
 Yeah--I just realized that last  
 message was kind of vague. Just to  
 be totally clear, when I said  
 "take care of Dakota," I meant  
 "kill Tony Dakota." The guy you  
 called a dirty rat motherfucker  
 the other day. ... OK. So uh--I'll  
 talk to you later. ... Unless, of  
 course, Tony's in your office  
 right now, about to blow your  
 fucking brains out. ...

(MORE)

BILL (ANSWERING MACHINE) (CONT'D)  
And if that's the case, I'd just  
like to say, I've always hated  
you, and I think you're a complete  
piece of shit. ... And if that  
isn't the case, I'd like to wish  
you and your lovely wife a Happy  
Passover. ... OK. Bye.

The caller hangs up, and the machine stops recording. Tony  
looks at Goldy.

TONY  
You know, they have a saying in my  
country. "Dos Equis que Don  
Quixote, es mi Honda Civic con tu  
Toyota Corolla.

GOLDY  
What does that mean?

TONY  
It means, there are two  
certainties in life: taxes, and  
being killed by Tony Dakota. ...  
That reminds me: I've got some  
good news, and some bad news.

GOLDY  
What's the good news?

TONY  
The good news is, your tax rate is  
0%.

GOLDY  
What's the bad news?

Tony fires three bullets into Goldy, instantly killing him.

TONY  
The bad news is, you're fucking  
dead.

MONTAGE

INT. ROOM - DAY

Tony and Manny are standing near a table. A money counting  
machine on the table is counting hundred dollar Monopoly  
bills.

INT. TONY'S APARTMENT - DAY (CONT.)

Tony and Manny are dancing in tandem to the montage's music.

INT. DINER - NIGHT (CONT.)

Tony and Anita are seated at a table.

EXT. PARK - DAY (CONT.)

Tony is playing paddleball.

INT. TONY'S APARTMENT - DAY (CONT.)

Tony and Manny continue dancing.

INT. DINER - NIGHT (CONT.)

Ton slams a Waiter's head into the table.

INT. TONY AND MANNY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Manny is lying naked on top of a pile of bananas.

EXT. DINER - DAY

Tony is eating a meal with Anita. He slams a WAITER's head into the table.

END MONTAGE

INT. BOWLING ALLEY - DAY

(A lower budget version of this scene can be shot in a bar. It will exclude the bowling sequence at the beginning.)

Tony is up to bowl, while Manny is seated in the area adjacent to his lane. Tony bowls his ball. It knocks nine pins down, leaving one in the back left corner. Tony takes a handgun out of his pocket, aims towards the remaining pin, and shoots it down. He puts his gun away. He walks back towards Manny, and sits down. Manny gets up and grabs a ball.



He walks up to bowl, makes his way towards the lane, and bowls his ball. It goes into the gutter He grabs a machine gun off of the floor, points it towards the pins, and guns them all down. He walks back.

Seconds later, COPY COPPERSON (age 50, white) walks up to them.

COPY

Well--if it isn't Tony Dakota and his good friend Manny Fuentes.

TONY

Well. If it isn't "who the fuck are you?!"

COPY

I'm Copy Copperson. US Narcotics Officer. And I think we need to have a talk.

Tony gets up.

TONY

And what if I don't feel like talking?

COPY

And what if I told you that I know everything about Goldy Goldenberg Goldenstein, and a psychiatrist who shot himself three times without a gun, and a guy who didn't finish his Quarter Pounder with Cheese.

TONY

What you talking, man? I'm in the computer business.

MANNY

Really? Can you show me how to put videos on Instagram?

COPY

(to Tony)

Listen up. I know about every crime you've committed since you got to Miami. But, uh--there is something that can make me look the other way.

TONY

... Oh yeah? ... What?

COPY

Well. It starts with an M and ends in a Y.

TONY

OK. Well. How many games of Monopoly are we talking about?

COPY

We're not talking about Monopoly. We're talking about money.

TONY

OK. How much money are we talking about?

Cop y takes out a pen and paper, writes "\$200,000" on the papaer, and hands it to Tony.

Tony looks at it.

TONY (CONT'D)

\$200,000?

COPY

Yeah.

MANNY

I'm a doctor.

TONY

(to Copy)

Listen, man. OK. \$200,000. No problem.

COPY

Alright. You come back here tomorrow at 8 pm, with a suitcase. You give me the suitcase in the parking lot. I'll drive away, and then verify that the suitcase contains what it's supposed to contain.

TONY

What is it supposed to contain?

COPY

You know. It starts with an M and ends in a Y.

TONY

(to Manny)

Nhat the fuck is this asshole talking about?

MANNY

Uh. I think he wants you to put a monkey in a suitcase.

COPY

Not a monkey! Money! Put \$200,000 cash in the suitcase.

TONY

Okay. \$200,000 cash in a suitcase.

COPY

Yeah.

TONY

Anything else?

COPY

1989 Donruss Craig Biggio rookie card. 400 of them.

TONY

Fine. 400 Craig Biggio rookie cards. \$200,000 cash. Is that it?

COPY

Yes. That's it.

TONY

Okay.

Copy walks away.

EXT. COPY'S HOME - NIGHT (LATER)

Copy unlocks the door to his home, opens it, and walks in.

INT. COPY'S HOME - NIGHT (CONT.)

Copy flicks on the lights. He walks to his den, flicks on the den lights, and sees Tony and Manny standing in the middle of the room holding guns.

TONY

I bet you're wondering what I'm doing here. ... I'll give you a clue. I'm here to kill you. Do not pass Go, do not collect \$200,000.

MANNY  
(to Copy)  
And do not feed bananas to the  
monkey.

COPY  
There's no monkey.

MANNY  
I thought there was a monkey in a  
suitcase.

COPY  
There's no monkey, you spic  
asshole!

TONY  
What--you got something against  
Hispanic people? Hispanic people  
are great. You should have the  
utmost respect for Hispanic  
people.

MANNY  
Except for Colombians. Fucking  
Colombians.

TONY  
That's right. Fucking Colombians.  
I don't trust Colombians.

MANNY  
Me neither. Fucking Colombians.

TONY  
Fucking Colombians.

COPY  
Fuck you!

TONY  
Fuck you.

Tony points his gun at Copy.

TONY (CONT'D)  
"The best way to find yourself is  
to lose yourself in the service of  
others."

He fires three bullets into Copy's body.

TONY (CONT'D)  
Mahatma Gandhi.

INT. TONY'S CAR / EXT. STREET - DAY

Anita is driving. Tony is in the passenger seat and talking on his phone.

TONY

Yeah--you fucking tell that motherfucker that if he doesn't fucking finish the fucking job by fucking Friday, I'm gonna fucking take a fucking kitchen knife and fucking stab his motherfucking heart so many fucking times that even after he fucking dies, he's still gonna be fucking feeling it! ... Yeah ... I love you too. ... OK. ... Bye grandma.

Tony ends the call.

ANITA

(annoyed)

Tony. Do you really need to use the word "fuck" so much?

TONY

... Why the fuck shouldn't I? It's not like we're going for a PG fucking 13 rating.

He opens his window and yells to the car next to them.

TONY (CONT'D)

Hey--fuck you, man!

(to Anita)

Oh. By the way. Will you marry me?

ANITA

Yes.

TONY

Okay. We're engaged. And in order to celebrate our engagement, let's drive to the nearest Holiday Inn, and have sex.

ANITA

Uh. Can you try to be a little bit more romantic, Tony?

TONY

Okay. We'll go to a Motel 6 and have sex.

Someone honks. Tony puts his head out the window.

TONY (CONT'D)  
Hey--fuck you, man!

EXT. RICO'S HOME - DAY

SUPERIMPOSE: BOLIVIA

Tony and Manny are seated with RICO (40, Hispanic). The three of them each have a plate of bread in front of them, and a glass of water.

RICO  
So Tony, Manny. Are you enjoying your lunch?

TONY  
What lunch?

RICO  
Lunch. You know. What's on your plate.

TONY  
This is bread. We're having bread and water.

RICO  
Exactly. Lunch. Manny--how's your lunch?

MANNY  
It's fucking great, man.

RICO  
Yes. Only the best. This is how I do things here at my Bolivian estate slash cocaine factory. So, gentleman. Shall we discuss some business during our lunch?

TONY  
Okay.

RICO  
You see, my cocaine production is at a very high level right now. Around here, we've got more cocaine than we know what to do with.

(touches his hair)  
Look at my hair. You like it?

TONY  
Yeah, man.

RICO  
I wash it with pure cocaine. ...  
And look at my wife.

RICO'S WIFE is holding up a compact and applying blush to her face.

RICO (CONT'D)  
That blush she's using is pure cocaine. ... And see that Native American guy who's salting fish?

A NATIVE AMERICAN MAN is salting fish.

MANNY  
Is he using cocaine?

RICO  
No--he's using salt. What kind of a crazy person would use cocaine to salt fish?

MANNY  
And there I was, sitting there like an asshole, thinking that that guy was using cocaine to salt fish.

RICO  
Anyways, let's talk price. If you buy in quantity, I can sell you our Grade A genuine Bolivian yayo for as little as seventeen hundred a key.

TONY  
... Well, we'd still have to move the stuff, and that's a lot of risk. I mean, it's like they say in Cuba: "El Pollo Loco no es Taco Bell, pero dos Chipotles es un Domino's Pizza."

RICO  
What the fuck does that mean?!

TONY  
It means, "A bird in the hand isn't two chicken until the eggs have hatched. So don't count your chickens that are in the bush. After all, two birds in the hand are worth more than a bush, as long as the two chickens aren't working for George W. Bush."

RICO  
Okay. What's your point?

TONY  
My point is, there's no guarantee  
I'll be able to move the yayo to  
Miami.

RICO  
Well, what do you suggest we do?

TONY  
How about we split the risk: you  
deliver to Australia, and I'll  
take it from there.

RICO  
Australia? That's not even between  
Bolivia and Miami.

TONY  
That's the beauty of it: no one  
will ever expect it.

RICO  
... Well, if I got to deliver the  
stuff to Australia, I'm upping my  
price to seven Gs a key.

TONY  
Seven Gs a key? You must be high!

RICO  
Of course I'm high. I'm always  
high. I'm high, and the price is  
seven Gs a key.

TONY  
How about four Gs a key?

RICO  
That sounds good. I'll take a  
hundred thousand keys.

TONY  
You're the seller! I'm the buyer.

RICO  
Fine. Six Gs a key.

TONY  
How about five Gs?

RICO  
Come on Rico, I have kids to feed.



TONY  
You're Rico. I'm Tony.

RICO  
Well, right know I'm a little too high to figure out who's who.

TONY  
How about five and a half Gs a key?

RICO  
... OK. ... Deal. ... Now let's finish our lunch.

They eat bread and drink water.

MANNY  
This is delicious. What do you call this?

RICO  
I call it bread and water.

EXT. SMALL HOME - DAY

Tony walks up to a small house and rings the doorbell. Seconds later, Tony's Mother opens the door. She slaps him in the face.

TONY'S MOTHER  
What the hell do you want! Didn't I tell you to stay away from me?!

TONY  
I just want you to be part of my life.

TONY'S MOTHER  
I'm an honest person. I work for my living.

TONY  
Yeah. I know. You mentioned the embezzlement. But listen. I've changed. I do computers now. Really. I mean, you know. I do, like, those fucking apps, and Facebook. Anyways. Here's a hundred thousand dollars. My gift to you.

He picks up a briefcase and opens it to reveal several stacks of hundred dollar bills. A few seconds pass.

TONY'S MOTHER

Oh. You think you can just waltz  
in here, with your fancy clothes,  
and your suitcase full of money?

TONY

Yeah.

TONY MOTHER

Well maybe you can.

TONY

So can I?

TONY'S MOTHER

Yes. Yes you can.

TONY

Okay. I will.

INT. TONY AND MANNY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Manny is once again lying naked on a pile of bananas.

Tony enters.

MANNY

Hey. How's it going, man?

TONY

Okay. I gotta go to court. They're  
gonna question me about cocaine.

MANNY

What are you gonna tell them?

TONY

I'm gonna lie.

MANNY

That's an excellent plan.

TONY

I think so. It's legal strategy.

MANNY

Let me ask you something, man. How  
come we still live together in  
this apartment?

TONY

Are you calling me gay?

MANNY

No.

TONY

I'm not gay. Yesterday, I had sex with my wife three times.

MANNY

I'm not gay, either. The other day, I had sex with your sister.

TONY

You had sex my sister?!

MANNY

Did I say your sister? I meant to say... uh, my sister.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

Tony is on the witness stand.

TONY

Cocaine? What do you mean cocaine? I don't sell cocaine. I'm in the computer business.

The camera reveals an average sized courtroom. A JUDGE, PROSECUTOR, and DEFENSE ATTORNEY are on hand.

PROSECUTOR

(confused)

Well, Mr. Dakota. I haven't asked you any questions yet. You just walked up there and said, "Cocaine? What do you mean cocaine? I don't sell cocaine?" Now, uh, let me ask you this. Do you know Rico Fukmeeko of La Paz, Bolivia?

TONY

Never heard of him.

PROSECUTOR

And what about the Diaz Brothers, of Yonkers, New York?

TONY

I don't know them.

PROSECUTOR

What about Anita Jennings of Miami, Florida?

TONY  
I have no idea who that is.

PROSECUTOR  
She's your wife.

TONY  
I never heard of her.

PROSECUTOR  
(skeptical)  
Mr. Dakota...

TONY  
I don't know Mr. Dakota. I never  
heard of him.

PROSECUTOR  
You are him. May I remind you that  
you're under oath?

TONY  
Are you calling me a liar?

PROSECUTOR  
Not exactly.

TONY  
May I remind you that you're under  
oath?

PROSECUTOR  
May I remind you to kiss my ass!

JUDGE  
(slams his gavel)  
Order in the court!  
(to Tony)  
Mr. Dakota. Just answer the  
questions.

PROSECUTOR  
Thank you your honor.  
(turns to Tony)  
Mr. Dakota. On your last five  
years worth of tax returns, you  
reported a total net income of  
thirteen dollars and twenty two  
cents. And yet, last week, a  
police officer found ten million  
dollars cash in your car trunk.

TONY  
So?

PROSECUTOR  
So where did you get the ten  
million dollars cash?

TONY  
I was holding it for a friend.

PROSECUTOR  
Which friend?

TONY  
My friend. You don't know him.  
He's dead. I met him at a place.  
The place where you do that thing.  
That's where I met my friend.  
Who's dead. You don't know him.

PROSECUTOR  
... Mr. Dakota...

TONY  
He's dead too.

PROSECUTOR  
For the last time--you are Mr.  
Dakota.

TONY  
I'll have to check my records.

PROSECUTOR  
(to the Judge)  
Your honor. I'd like to be removed  
from this case.

INT. TONY'S AND MANNY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Tony and Anita are sitting on a couch in front of a TV.  
Tony is working on a variation of American Gothic featuring  
a cigar-smoking Tony as the man, Anita as the woman, and a  
machine gun in place of the pitchfork. Anita is reading a  
Fidel Castro Biography. Tony puts his paintbrush down.

TONY  
Okay. Let's have sex.

Anita hardly even looks away from her book as she says,

ANITA  
I'm not in the mood right now.  
Maybe later.

She continues reading her book.

TONY

Well then can you go to the other room?

ANITA

Why?

TONY

Because I'm gonna, you know. I'm gonna defragment my hard drive in here.

ANITA

Tony. We're a married couple. You shouldn't tell me to leave a room so you can defragment you hard drive.

TONY

Fine. I'll go to the closet and defragment my hard drive there.

ANITA

Closet? At least do it in the bathroom.

TONY

Listen. In Cuba, we having a saying. "No contamos con John Travolta, y...

ANITA

Enough with the Cuban sayings!

TONY

The point is, if you keep on rejecting all my sexual advances, I'm gonna have to defragment my hard drive every once in a while.

ANITA

Rejecting your sexual advances? We just had sex two hours ago.

TONY

Listen. In Cuba, we have a saying.

ANITA

Shut up, Tony! In America, we have a saying. And the saying is, "An apple a day keeps the doctor away, and having sex three times a day is enough!"

TONY

Are you calling me gay?

Manny enters holding a jar of jelly and two slices of bread.

MANNY

Hey, guys. Do any of you know how to make a peanut butter and jelly sandwich? I'm being trying to make one, but I keep on ending up with a jelly sandwich.

ANITA

Well, Manny. If you want a peanut butter and jelly sandwich instead of a plain old jelly sandwich, you need peanut butter in addition to jelly and bread.

MANNY

Oh. And, uh, do any of you know how to make a ham sandwich?

ANITA

Tony--can we please get our own place, instead of living here in this apartment with your friend who doesn't understand the basic concept behind sandwiches?

INT. LAWYER'S OFFICE - DAY

Tony is seated across from his LAWYER (50). Tony is wearing a t-shirt that says "I Buy and Sell Cocaine."

TONY

Okay, lawyer. Talk to me, man.

LAWYER

Well, Tony. The government is trying to charge you with possession and distribution of cocaine.

TONY

Okay. So what's our plan?

LAWYER

Well. First of all, I would advise you to stop wearing that t-shirt that says "I Buy and Sell Cocaine."

Tony removes the t-shirt and throws it at a wall.

TONY

Okay. That's good advice. No wonder I'm paying you thirty five hundred dollars an hour. What else?

LAWYER

Well.

(opens a newspaper)

You might want to stop running this ad in the *Miami Herald*, where you offer to buy and sell cocaine.

TONY

Okay. Good idea. No more ads. What else?

LAWYER

Well. You know--I can get you off of most of the charges. But the thing is, the Feds--they got a lot of info on you. They got enough to get a guilty verdict on the money laundering charge.

TONY

Right. But, I mean, what is guilty? I always get "guilty" and "not guilty" confused. I also mix up "fiction" and "non-fiction." Is Harry Potter fiction, or non-fiction?

LAWYER

Harry Potter is fiction.

TONY

Right. Okay. So, non-fiction means a book that is not about Harry Potter.

LAWYER

No, Tony. Non-fiction means a book that isn't made up.

TONY

Okay. Then what is not guilty? If I'm not guilty, does that mean I'm not Harry Potter?



LAWYER

No. It has nothing to do with Harry Potter. Not guilty just means that you're not a criminal.

TONY

Right. Okay.

LAWYER

So, yeah. The prosecution has so much info on you, that they're gonna get a guilty verdict. I think you should just take their plea deal. You'll do two years in prison.

TONY

And how many years will you do in prison.

LAWYER

Uh. Zero.

TONY

How about you do one, I do one?

Tony points a gun at the Lawyer.

TONY (CONT'D)

How about I cancel your fucking contract.

LAWYER

Well. I guess I can do a year in prison.

INT. TONY'S LIVING ROOM - EARLY EVENING

Tony is talking to Manny.

TONY

I'm telling you, man. These feds. They got too much info on us. Someone is giving them that info.

MANNY

Who?

TONY

I don't know, man. But, we gotta get rid of our head of distribution. He knows too much.

MANNY

But... you're our head of distribution.

TONY

Yeah--I know.

MANNY

So... you wanna get rid of yourself?

TONY

Yeah, man.

MANNY

But... you're you.

TONY

Hey! I don't give a fuck who I am! I know too much!

MANNY

But you can trust yourself. After all--you're not Colombian. Fucking Colombians.

TONY

Excellent point. Fucking Colombians. I don't trust them.

MANNY

Fucking Colombians. I don't trust them, either.

TONY

Anyways--what are you doing tonight? You wanna go to that French restaurant with me and Anita?

MANNY

We just got back from that French restaurant.

TONY

Then why isn't that scene in the movie?

MANNY

I don't know, man.

Tony walks towards a DIRECTOR who's standing near a CAMERAMAN, and small CREW.

TONY  
Hey! Why isn't that scene in the  
movie?

The director turns to the Crew.

DIRECTOR  
(annoyed)  
Cut, cut.

He turns to Tony.

DIRECTOR (CONT'D)  
Tony baby--we couldn't fit it in.

TONY  
It's a fantastic scene.

DIRECTOR  
Tony, there's just not enough time  
for it.

TONY  
Well--let me look at the script.  
Maybe there's some bullshit in  
here that I can take out, so we  
can include the restaurant scene.

The Director hands Tony a script.

Tony looks through it and begins reading it. Something  
catches his attention.

TONY (CONT'D)  
Who wrote this?

DIRECTOR  
I did. I'm the writer and  
director.

Tony points to an open page in the script.

TONY  
(angrily)  
So you put that narcotics officer  
on me?

DIRECTOR  
Tony baby, it was nothing  
personal. Just part of the movie.

TONY  
Part of the movie, huh? Let me  
tell you something, man.  
(MORE)

TONY (CONT'D)  
"Nonviolence is the greatest force  
at the disposal of mankind."

He shoots the Director three times.

TONY (CONT'D)  
Mahatma Gandhi.  
(to the Crew)  
We need a new director. Do any of  
you guys know Steven Spielberg?

INT. RICO'S MIAMI HOME - DAY

Tony and Rico are seated across from one another, and  
eating bread and water.

RICO  
Tony. Are you enjoying your lunch?

TONY  
This is bread and water.

RICO  
Yes. For lunch.

TONY  
Right. Yeah. Lunch.

RICO  
This is Miami tap water.  
(drinks some)  
Fantastic. I bought this home in  
Miami two months ago, and I come  
here all the time, mainly for the  
tap water.

TONY  
And how are things in Bolivia?

RICO  
Fine. We're producing plenty of  
cocaine. Bolivia is the ideal  
place to produce cocaine. But it's  
not a great place to drink tap  
water. Bolivian tap water isn't  
that crisp and clean. That's why I  
spend more time in Miami than  
Bolivia.

TONY  
Because of the tap water.

RICO

Yes. The tap water. I'm Rico Fukmeeko. I have a net worth of \$100 million, and I only drink the best tap water with my lunch.

TONY

Okay. Good for you and your lunch.

RICO

Anyways, Tony. May I discuss some business with you in the middle of lunch?

TONY

This isn't lunch, you fucking nutcase. It's bread and tap water. That doesn't constitute lunch.

RICO

Be that as it may. Let's talk business for a second. Tony--have you ever heard the saying, "Tu Tapatio es caliente, mi tia Maria es es el Presidente?"

TONY

What the fuck does that mean?

RICO

It means, "You scratch my back, and I'll scratch yours."

TONY

Okay.

RICO

Well, Tony. I've heard that you have a little something itching you right now. In other words, you have some legal problems in the US. That is your itch. Metaphorically.

TONY

Yeah.

RICO

Well. I know some people who can take care of your itch. And by "itch," I mean legal problems.

TONY

... OK. ... So what's your fucking itch, Rico?

Rico stands up.

RICO  
Well, Tony. This is my itch.

He takes off his shirt and turns his back to Tony.

RICO (CONT'D)  
It's on the top of my back. Can you, like, scratch it for me?

Tony gets up and scratches Rico's back.

RICO (CONT'D)  
Do you see what's going on here? I have a literal itch, you have a metaphorical itch. You scratch my back, I scratch yours. This is fantastic. Keep scratching.

INT. TONY'S MANSION (OFFICE) - NIGHT

Tony enters. His phone rings. He puts the caller on speakerphone.

TONY  
Rico.

RICO (ON SPEAKERPHONE)  
Tony. It's Rico.

TONY  
Que paso, man?

RICO (ON SPEAKERPHONE)  
(Angrily)  
Tony--my fucking back is still itching.

TONY  
That's Okay. I'll come back there tomorrow, I'll take care of it.

RICO (ON SPEAKERPHONE)  
No. That's not how I do things, Tony. The saying says that we scratch each others' backs once. Not twice. You scratch my back, and I'll scratch yours. There's no twice in the saying.

TONY  
Well then fuck the saying.

RICO (ON SPEAKERPHONE)  
No, Tony. You don't fuck the  
saying. The saying fucks you.

Tony is now eating a banana.

TONY  
Um. What the fuck are you saying?

RICO (ON SPEAKERPHONE)  
I'm saying, consider yourself  
dead, you fucking monkey!

TONY  
... Listen. There's something I  
need to tell you. Put the receiver  
against your good ear and listen  
closely.

RICO (ON SPEAKERPHONE)  
OK.

Tony puts the phone on the table, pulls a pistol out of his pocket, points it towards the phone receiver, and fires several bullets into it.

He looks towards a surveillance camera screen showing five INTRUDERS with guns entering the living room.

TONY  
(to himself)  
That was quick.

He gets up and grabs a machine gun off the floor. He walks out of his office...

INT. TONY'S MANSION LOBBY - NIGHT (CONT.)

...and to the indoor balcony at the top of his stairway. He hides behind a large pillar.

The Intruders kick in the home's front door and come in. Tony immediately opens fire on them, and a gunfight ensues.

Tony uses the pillar as his shield, and does his best to fight off the intruders. He shoots two of them and they go down.

A doorbell rings several times. Everyone stops shooting.

One of the Intruders walks up to the door and looks into the peephole.

INTRUDER  
 (to everyone involved in  
 the gunfight)  
 It's the cops, man.

The doorbell rings again.

INTRUDER (CONT'D)  
 (to the person or  
 persons on the other  
 side of the door)  
 Who is it?

COP 1 (O.S.)  
 Miami PD. Open up.

INTRUDER  
 Uh... One moment, please.

Tony and the Intruders hide their guns behind their backs. Two Intruders drag the dead bodies of the other two Intruders out of sight.

The other Intruder opens the door. It reveals a COP.

COP 1  
 Yeah--we got some reports of some  
 gunshot noises going off around  
 here.

The Intruders look like they aren't sure how to handle this situation.

Tony speaks up.

TONY  
 Oh--we was just popping popcorn.

COP 1  
 What kind of popcorn?

TONY  
 Jiffy Pop.

COP 1  
 And what are you gonna drink?

TONY  
 Orange Gatorade.

The Cop looks around and examines the room, as if he is not entirely sold on Tony's story yet. After a few seconds, however, his expression of seeming suspicion turns to one that indicates everything looks fine.



COP 1  
Okey dokey. Sorry to bother you.

TONY  
No problem, man.

The Cop walks out. The Intruders look at each other. They look at Tony. After a few seconds, they take out their guns and resume the gunfight.

TONY (CONT'D)  
Come on!

Tony shoots his machine gun. One more Intruder is shot.

Tony, now with two machine guns in his hand and a Cuban cigar in his mouth, makes his way to the staircase, sits on the stair rail, and slides down it while shooting the remaining two Intruders.

He pulls out his phone and dials a number.

TONY (CONT'D)  
(into phone)  
Manny. You know shirt you were wearing yesterday? ... No. The blue one. .. Yeah. That's nice. I want to get one. ... Brooks Brothers? ... Yeah. ... Oh. One more thing. We gotta go to Rico's house, and shoot that piece of shit.

INT. RICO'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Tony and Manny creep into a dark bedroom. Rico is lying on top of the bed in his underwear, and eating ice cream out of a carton while watching cartoons.

Tony flicks on the lights.

TONY  
How you doing, Rico?

RICO  
Tony. Uh... What a pleasant surprise. Can I get you some lunch?

TONY  
No--I'm okay.

MANNY  
I'm a doctor.

Tony pulls out a gun and points it at Rico.

RICO

Tony. Come on. I'm a nice guy.

TONY

You're a nice guy?! You produce cocaine, asshole!

RICO

And you sell cocaine, asshole.

INT. RICO'S BEDROOM - DAY

BENNY DAKOTA (Tony's brother)--now in his early thirties--is examining the crime scene with another DETECTIVE. He glances over Rico's dead body.

BENNY

Let's see. It looks like he was shot three times in the midsection.

DETECTIVE

So what's your point?

BENNY

What do you mean what's my point? I'm conducting a murder investigation.

DETECTIVE

Why?

BENNY

Because. I'm a detective.

DETECTIVE

Well so am I. But you don't see me conducting a murder investigation. I think you're taking this job a little too seriously.

BENNY

The hell I am! I am sick and tired of these animals running around shooting people and destroying our city. It's no wonder our suicide rate is so high!

DETECTIVE

Buddy. You're working a little too hard right now.

(MORE)

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)  
I think you need to slow down,  
take a break, and watch some  
pornography.

INT. TONY'S MANSION (OFFICE) - NIGHT

Tony is sitting at his desk working on a painting.

Anita storms through Tony's door with an angry look on her face.

ANITA  
I'm leaving you, Tony.

TONY  
What? Why?

ANITA  
... You know, I could look past  
the cheating, the drug dealing,  
the murders... even the chronic  
masturbation. But I just cannot  
stand the way you blow your nose  
into pieces of scrap paper. ...  
Goodbye, Tony.

TONY  
What if I wear a woman's hat? Will  
you stay?

ANITA  
No.

TONY  
What if I give you a diamond ring?

ANITA  
Well. I do like diamonds. Get me  
the ring, and then we'll talk.

She walks out of the room. Seconds later, Tony's phone rings. He takes the call.

TONY  
Hello?

MAN  
Tony. Our coke storage was cleaned  
out last night. Some crackhead got  
in and snorted all ten thousand  
keys, and then he ODeD on the  
coke.

TONY

Listen. You have that crackhead cryogenically frozen. Then maybe one day we'll be able to bring him back to life, so I can fucking kill him.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Benny Dakota is seated at a desk. A DETECTIVE walks up to him.

DETECTIVE

Good news. A security camera spotted two men going into the Rico Fukmeeko home the night of the murder. And we found about a dozen foreign prints in his bedroom. They belong to that suspected coke dealer. Tony Dakota.

BENNY

Tony Dakota?

DETECTIVE

Yeah. Have you head of him?

BENNY

Yeah. ... He's my brother.

INT. TONY'S MANSION (OFFICE) - NIGHT

Tony calls someone.

MANNY (ON PHONE)

Hello?

TONY

Manny. Some crackhead snorted up all of our coke. We need to get rid of our head of security. He didn't do a good job of guarding our coke. He was probably in cahoots with the crackhead. I need you to go get our head of security, and shoot that piece of shit.

MANNY

Tony. You're our head of security.

TONY

I don't give a fuck who I am! We gotta get rid of me.

Tony snorts a massive amount of cocaine off of his desk.

Tony hears Benny's megaphone-enhanced voice coming from another room.

BENNY (O.S.)

Tony Dakota. This is Ben Dakota of the Miami Police Department. Come out with your hands up.

TONY

(to himself)

Benny?

He glances at his security camera and sees Ben in his lobby. He walks out of his office...

INT. TONY'S LOBBY

...and into his home's lobby area at the top of a staircase. Benny is downstairs.

BENNY

Long time no see, Tony.

TONY

What the fuck are you doing here, man?

BENNY

I'm here to take you in. You're under arrest for the murder of Rico Fukmeeko.

Tony walks behind a pillar.

TONY

Listen. You want to arrest me, it's not gonna be so easy. I'm Tony Dakota! My body runs on cocaine, man! I don't even eat food anymore! Fuck food! Only yayo!

For no reason, a DOCTOR is standing somewhere in the room.

DOCTOR

Well. In my medical opinion, you should eat food.

TONY

Well. In my medical opinion, fuck you.

BENNY

Tony. I'm taking you in.

TONY

Now, I'm not fucking around Benny! I have a shitload of weapons hidden in this pillar. You can walk away right now. But if you stay, one of us will be leaving in a body bag! ... Now, what's it gonna be?

BENNY

I'm not going anywhere, Tony. I came to make an arrest.

TONY

(angry, emotional)  
... Okay! Okay! You want a war?!  
You got one!

Benny takes refuge behind a pillar.

Tony opens a secret door in his pillar, revealing a variety of weapons. He grabs a machine gun and begins firing at Benny. The bullets bounce off of Benny's pillar.

Benny answers back with his machine gun, and sends a few bullets bouncing off of Tony's pillar.

They exchange another round of gunfire. Tony grabs a grenade out of his pillar. Benny grabs a grenade out of his pocket. Tony pulls the pin out of his grenade and launches at Benny. Benny pulls the pin out of his grenade and tosses it up to Tony.

Tony glances down and spots Benny's grenade near his feet.

Benny glances down and spots Tony's grenade near his feet.

Tony and Benny both dive out of the way a split second before their grenades explode. A second later, they take aim at each other and begin firing. Benny takes a couple of shots to the arm. Tony takes a couple of shots to the midsection. Another bullet hits his gun, causing it to fall out of his hands. He stumbles around for a few seconds and then falls down near the top of his staircase. Benny gets up and, with his gun pointed at Tony, cautiously makes his way up the stairs. He reaches Tony, who is badly wounded, and appears to be on the verge of dying.

BENNY  
(concerned, upset)  
Tony. Tony. Say something.

TONY  
It's like they say in Cuba. "Eso  
es eso o no es eso, pero no es eso  
es eso no es eso."

BENNY  
What does that mean?

TONY  
I have no idea.

Tony dies.

INT. TONY'S OFFICE - NIGHT (CONT.)

Tony's phone rings three times.

TONY (VOICEMAIL GREETING)  
Yeah--it's Tony. Talk to me.

The machine beeps.

MAN  
Tony. It turns out that crackhead  
is actually in a coma. The doctor  
says he has about a ten percent  
chance of coming out of it. So  
uh--let me know if you want to  
kill him now, or wait for a  
recovery, and then kill him after  
he recovers.

THE END