

REVENGE IS A MUST

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. FLORIDA COAST AIRFIELD - NIGHT

It's 1965. The hangar is plagued with well-dressed Cubans and Vietnam soldiers, that surround a B-52 cargo plane, as the hatch opens to hundreds of wooden crates.

PHILIPPE MORALES, emerges into the light, watching the crates roll down the ramp with his ruthless eyes, smoking a cigar as the soldiers part to make way. He flips open his switchblade, poking the crate, the blade now covered in pure cocaine.

PHILIPPE MORALES  
Where's Gravane?

SOLDIER  
I don't know, Mr. Morales.

PHILIPPE MORALES  
Find out where he is. He's late.

On the outskirts of the airfield, a cavalry of FBI tactical vans converge on the aircraft hanger. Lights flash on.

MEGA PHONE (O.S.)  
(in Spanish)  
Philippe Morales, you are  
surrounded. You and your men need  
to come out peacefully.

INT. FLORIDA STATE PENITENTIARY - DAY

Years later, a PHILIPPE MORALES, now 65, in a freshly-pressed prison suit. He looks across the table, his piercing brown eyes stare at VICTOR, a gritty ex-hitman for the familia.

VICTOR  
Mr. Morales...

PHILIPPE MORALES  
Victor, it's good to see you.

VICTOR  
You too, Sir.

PHILIPPE MORALES  
Do you know why I asked you here?

VICTOR  
Yes.

PHILIPPE MORALEZ  
It's time.

VICTOR  
We are ready, sir.

PHILIPPE MORALEZ  
And my son?

VICTOR  
You already know what I think. I  
can do this alone.

PHILIPPE MORALEZ  
No. Ricky goes. He needs to be a  
part of this. He needs to see what  
makes this family what it is.

VICTOR  
Yes, Mr. Morales.

PHILIPPE MORALEZ  
You will need to be smart, where  
you are going. My reach is limited.  
No mistakes. But Victor... you use  
any measures necessary to get the  
job done. Understand?

VICTOR  
I understand, sir.

PHILIPPE MORALEZ  
Good.

Victor stands up straight like the good soldier he is.

PHILIPPE MORALEZ (CONT'D)  
And Victor. Take care of Ricky.

VICTOR  
Yes sir.

-- SURVEILLANCE FOOTAGE --

On the Florida coast, a shipping yard is swarming with Cuban  
immigrants, unloading kilos of cocaine from a metal cargo  
container into a BLACK VAN.

Victor stands alongside the rugged prince RICKY MORALEZ. He  
is handsome and refined, unseasoned, with a hint of  
innocence.

SUPER: NEW JERSEY. 1983

EXT. NEW JERSEY STREET - NIGHT

The black van drives through a calm project neighborhood.  
Snow falls onto the slushy roads.

INT. STASH HOUSE - BASEMENT - NIGHT

The operation. Several dome heating lamps are over a gallery of tables. Ricky Morales looks upon an abundance of cocaine.

The black van reverses into the garage.

Victor strong arms a half-beaten-to-death Italian man,  
CHRISTOPHER RELANO, over in front of Ricky.

RICKY

What is this?

CHRISTOPHER RELANO

Ricky. I introduced you to Jimmy.  
Ricky, please.

RICKY

What are you doing with him?

VICTOR

Mr. Morales wanted it this way...

EXT. BLACK VAN - NIGHT (MOVING)

Ricky appears nauseous, sweating, bouncing around in the passenger seat as Victor pulls over. Ricky looks across the street. The sign on the building reads: Ringside Gym.

RICKY

We don't belong here. This is a  
mistake.

VICTOR

But it's your father's mistake to  
make. We're just the soldiers.

INT. RINGSIDE GYM - DAY

Pictures of local legendary boxers are framed on the wall mixed in with Vietnam photos. A man swaggers down the hall. It's BOBBY MANCINI, 34, handsome, a presence, dressed well and fits his surroundings.

We concentrate on a childhood scar on his cheek. He is a prince amongst thieves, owning the room, but humble.

BOBBY (V.O.)  
Philippe Moralez... You'll want to remember that name. It's fair to say he wanted to expand and take over... and he thought in our back yard was the place to do it.

EXT. REMOTE BEACH - DAY

Blue skies and seagulls. A dead body is immersed in the high tied.

BOBBY (V.O.)  
At that time my neighborhood was referred to as the small Vietnam. Bodies were discovered, families mourned, and a closed casket became a common funeral arrangement.

EXT. RINGSIDE GYM - MAIN ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Heavy rain taps the overhang. RICHARD GRAVANE, 60, is in a chalk-black leather jacket, irregular from his executive attire. Dim light, and the gleam from his cigar, reveal his stern face from the shadows. He is the boss of New Jersey and he wears the title well.

BOBBY (V.O.)  
Al Capone... those days are over. Nowadays the families are smaller, the mob bosses are weaker, and just don't have the balls to make moves anymore. But, the streets of New Jersey became respected, built from blood, loyalty, and respect... and could be ripped away from you by the consequences of someone's actions.

EXT. FANCY HOTEL - DAY

MOB BOSSES sit at a table surrounded by food and wine.

BOBBY (V.O.)  
See, we had Brooklyn and Queens to worry about; I guess you could say we kept an arm's length away.

(MORE)

BOBBY (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Of course there were guys like Leo  
Smiley and Angelo Casso, who were  
men, old timers; they'd seen the  
changes.

Across the street we see a squad car with detectives running  
surveillance.

BOBBY (V.O.)  
You used to get away with paying  
off the pigs once a month, maybe a  
few hundred here or there; you  
scratch their backs they scratch  
yours, that type of thing. But  
somewhere along the line them cock  
suckers got greedy; actually  
everyone got greedy; that was the  
problem.

INT. MANCINI'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY

A mirror shows the reflection of ELLIOT MANCINI, 55, Italian  
man, dressed in a well-ironed shirt and loosened tie. He  
wedges a nine millimeter between his midsection and kisses a  
Catholic cross and chain.

Next to him, slighter in stature, his older brother, EDWARD  
MANCINI. His eyes are unforgiving. He shares the same values  
as his brother, just not as polished.

BOBBY (V.O.)  
My pops and Uncle Ed were the  
backbone and muscle behind Richard  
Gravane's operation since they were  
kids.

INT. RINGSIDE GYM - DAY

The back door OPENS. TWO MEN enter through the doorway  
(Elliot and Edward) with their faces unrevealed from the  
sunlight pouring in. Each step, the ceiling lights begin to  
expose their faces. A silhouette of the men is what we are  
left with.

BOBBY (V.O.)  
My dad Elliot Mancini told me once  
"Enjoy yourself... every day above  
ground is a good day." He told me  
that when I was seven years old.

EXT. RINGSIDE GYM - NIGHT

The place is calm. It's late. Bobby sits at a table, isolated. He lights a cigarette and glances through the smoke at Richard Gravane, Elliot Mancini, and Edward Mancini discussing business. Bobby idolizes these men.

BOBBY (V.O.)

The family business, lays heavy on the crown. At times it made you feel uneasy, but that, you learned how to deal with. A man's hand can shake... but you put a gun in it... and the man's hand becomes steady.

We hear outside, CAR TIRES PEEL AWAY.

A TEENAGE FIGHTER runs in.

TEENAGE FIGHTER

Bobby. There's somethin' outside.

Bobby follows the Teenage Fighter...

EXT. RINGSIDE GYM - NIGHT

Bobby opens the engraved "RINGSIDE GYM" doors, stepping out into the fresh snow finding the Teenage Fighter pointing to a WOODEN CRATE in the middle of the street. Bobby hesitates.

Elliot and Edward run out.

ELLIOT (O.S.)

Bobby, wait.

Bobby continues. He squats down. Blood leaks from the crate.

EXT. RINGSIDE GYM - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Richard Gravane has his sleeves rolled up covered in blood, lighting a cigar. Bobby moves through the smoke, passing Gravane's wrath.

BOBBY (V.O.)

The weight of it all, was a constant reminder that we all had to make a choice, and when you choose to live this life... there was no turning back.

Bobby's eyes widen. The crate is pried open, broken in pieces. We see Elliot and Edward pale but stern, stuffing body parts inside a plastic bag.

EDWARD

Who has the balls do something like this? Drop a fucking body outside. Right the fuck outside.

ELLIOT

See Bobby... now your friends are dying. Dumb fucking kids. You sure this is the life you want, hot shot?

Richard Gravane puts his bloody arm around Bobby.

GRAVANE

Bobby, I'm sorry. I really am. But this won't be the first time you see a dead body, and it won't be the last. The trick, the trick is finding a way to stomach it all.

Bobby stays solid.

BOBBY (V.O.)

Gravane... was like a grandfather to me. It was simple: I became a product of my environment. I was meant to be a gangster ... it was inevitable.

Edward hoist the bags over his shoulder. Elliot looks back at Bobby, disgusted...

SUPER: REVENGE IS A MUST

EXT. UNDERNEATH A BRIDGE - DAY

The headlights of a Lincoln Town Car shine across a secluded lot. Edward is shoveling a shallow grave. Elliot stands overhead trying not to gag.

EDWARD

Why don't you wait by the car. I know you don't have the stomach for this shit.

ELLIOT

Just hurry up so we can get out of here.



They heave body parts into the ditch.

ELLIOT (CONT'D)  
So, were you going to tell me about Bobby?

EDWARD  
Tell you what?

ELLIOT  
That Richard was bringing him in this close.

EDWARD  
What did you expect? Bobby's seen a lot. He's watched us. Where else did you think he'd end up? I mean, come on.

ELLIOT  
Richard's given him a lot of responsibility lately.

EDWARD  
And what's wrong with that?

ELLIOT  
Everything's wrong with that.

EDWARD  
I mean, what the fuck are you going to do? Bobby's a grown man.

ELLIOT  
Grown up enough to watch his uncle and father toss pieces of his friend into a bag? He's man enough for all that? None of us are man enough for that.

EDWARD  
The kid probably deserved it. He was probably a fucking rat.

ELLIOT  
We don't know that.

EDWARD  
All I know is that crate was put there for a reason.

ELLIOT  
And what if it's Bobby in that crate next time?

EDWARD

Bobby can handle himself, he's torn from the same cloth. He's a fucking Mancini.

ELLIOT

Yeah... names don't mean shit, when they're in the ground.

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