

FULL HOUSE

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FADE IN:

Interior. Shabby room. Night.

Around the table sit four Mafiosi who came to Chicago for the mob convention. They stay at the cheap hotel to keep a low profile. They play poker. The fifth man at the table is the hotel owner. First we see an overhead lamp wrapped in billowing clouds of cigar smoke.

RICKY

. . . and now, sis, I want my five back.

JACK

Outta twenty?

RICKY

She's like, what!

Now we see the players. Drinks, etc. SAM is shuffling the deck.

COKE

The broad didn't know, huh.

RICKY

That's right, I says. The other ten we split, five goes to your shrimp, five to Ricky. That's me, baby. In New Orleans Ricky sniffs his twenty-five percent off every pussy.

JACK

No fuck.

SAM is dealing the cards.

RICKY

I'm zipping my pants and she goes, do you accept one-dollar bills, Mr. Ryan?

(COKE chortles nearly losing his cigar.)

I tweaked my fucking balls off. Five hundred.

He throws in five chips, each worth a hundred dollars, without looking at his cards. JACK briefly glances at his hand and raises RICKY. SAM raises further. COKE answers SAM'S bet. All this happens routinely, as they speak, until it comes to BALDUCCI, the hotel owner. He has two pairs but is afraid to jump in.

JACK

The broad takes home fifty percent? Your five and two over.

SAM

I raise: ten.

COKE

Ricky, you're a fool. I'm in--your ten.

JACK

I get half of the proceeds. And it's garbage. The *Bronx* garbage, which is good as gold.

The game has come to a halt, they all turn to BALDUCCI who forces a smile.

RICKY

And what's this Prince Charming doin' here?

JACK

I think he owns the joint.

COKE

No shit. A penny for your thought, turd face.

BALDUCCI carefully collects his chips and puts them forth. There are some cheers. RICKY looks at his cards, leaves one. During the following exchange SAM distributes the second round cards.

RICKY

Gimme four.

JACK

Two cards. How 'bout you Sam?

SAM

Three here. How 'bout me what?

COKE

Two.

JACK

What's *your* slice o' the pie?

SAM

In L.A. we don't believe in slicing no pie. No fun watching movies with someone sitting next to you.

(He stares at BALDUCCI who gets rid of one.)

When you control the operation you control the operation.

RICKY

Hear Uncle Sam talking. One hundred, for starters.

COKE

I'll be damned. They call me Coke and the shit *I* get don't even smell right been passed around as it was.

JACK

Movie theaters--are you kidding me? I raise you two hundred. Guys on your payroll or somethin'?

BALDUCCI is slowly spreading his cards eager to get to the last one.

SAM

Ask around, Jack. I raise you five. Why don't you just ask around.

JACK
Hey, I saw you slip this card!

SAM
Did you.

SAM pulls the gun. Angle: BALDUCCI'S pallid face. Sound of shots. We see JACK thrown back off his chair. BALDUCCI drops his hand and ducks under the table.

COKE
I'll call.

SAM
Where's that asshole?

BALDUCCI reappears and picks up his hand.

RICKY
How about calling the Big Guy first?

Angle: BALDUCCI closing his eyes shut. Gunshots. BALDUCCI ducks.

RICKY (V.O.)
He'll teach you cocksucker to pay your debts.
Sam, your five and ten over.

BALDUCCI is crouched under the table ruing that he is not David the gnome.

SAM (V.O.)
Fuck you, Ricky. Who do you think you're trying to impress?

RICKY (V.O.)
Try me.

SAM (V.O.)
Oh yeah?

RICKY (V.O.)

Sam. You and your dunghill of ego.

Double gunshot is heard. Then silence. BALDUCCI'S hand reaches out, fumbles for cards, disappears. He slowly opens his hand, it is a full house. He jumps to his feet, very agitated.

BALDUCCI

Full house! I have a full house! Whoa!

There is no response. BALDUCCI is suddenly very upset. He grabs COKE, who is lying face down on the table, and shakes him vigorously, refusing to believe that they are all dead.

BALDUCCI (V.O.)

You son of a gun. Look. It's a full house, right? You can see it can't you? You scumbags, you. Look! You can see it, huh?

Camera pans the room. SAM prostrate on the floor, still clutching his cards. RICKY, at the opposite end, in an awkward position, his gun pointing heavenward. JACK blasted against the wall, his broken chair lying nearby.

FADE OUT