

1 INT. NT. RESTAURANT AM, CLOSED*.

1

The gang is sitting around the table. The camera slowly pans to reveal each of their faces. The restaurant owner, Dom, begins addressing the gang.

DOM

Alright everyone sit down, We got things to talk about. {puts on fake Italian accent} This little restaurant of ours is running itself straight into the ground. Now w-

TOMMY

Mah-rone! Did I say that right?

DOM

Eyyy, shut up you googazz!

TOMMY

Che cosa?

DOM

(Angrily)

Alright cut it out with the fake Italian accent.

CODY

(Also in Italian accent)

You're one to talk boss, you sound like Sly Stallone's sideways cousin!

JESS

That's like, kind of fucked up that you just said that. What does that mean, sideways cousin? Like Reta-?

TOMMY

(Angry)

What? Are you callin' retar-

JESS

(Mocking Tommy, trying to calm him like a child)

Don't worry babe, we can still have kids, there's lots of resources available today, plus they can use DNA to figure out if it will come out like you or not.

DOM

(No longer speaking with accent)

Will the both of yous just shut da fuck up! I'll stick that extra chromosome so far up your ass-

JUMBO

whoaaaaa

TOMMY

Eyyyyyy!

AL

Yeah take it easy pal!

TOMMY

(With an accent)

Yeah, dis is no place for homophobia.

The entire gang laughs for a few seconds. Dom shouts indistinctly at the group. The bartender begins coughing heavily while laughing.

DOM

(Visibly exasperated, red in the face)

Fine. whatever. But the Italian accent thing is over, okay? Anyways, the reason I brought you all here tonight, is that we need to find a way to make some extra cash. We haven't paid any of our suppliers in months and they're gonna stop deliveries at the end of the week if we don't pay. No food, no restaurant.

TOMMY

So what are we gonna do?

AL

You could always do some illegal stuff, you know. Run a sports book,

traffick drugs, just like the real mob. {burps} It's easy.

DOM

Yeah you would know, Juice. You probably never put a single man behind bars you lazy sack of shit. Not even a kid diddler.

AL

Nahhh, really. You just act all cool, do the voice, Park your car wherever you want and most cops will just kinda let you do your thing. Too much effort to get involved anymore, plus the only mob guys left are like 80 years old

TOMMY

(Looking around at the gang)

Alright well I'm sold. Do I get to wear a tracksuit?

AL

Well actually these mafia types usually wear suits an-

DOM

Well if I'm gonna be in the mafia, I'm gonna want a tracksuit.

RONNIE ("JUMBO")

Yeah I'll take a tracksuit too

CODY

Same.

DOM

Okay so what's that... one, two, three, four, five... hey Juice you want one?

AL

Yeah, why not.

DOM

(Happily)
Okay so that's six tracksuits.

TOMMY
(Again in accent)
Eyyyyy!

JESS
Oooohh!

CUT TO BLACK

Re-enter scene in the same shot of gang around table, but they're all wearing matching tracksuits.

DOM
Now that that's settled, let's get
down to business

The back door to the restaurant swings open with a thud, and a sketchy-looking delivery man puts down a handcart of large boxes and walks back out the door.

CODY
Meat's here!

Cody gets up and excitedly runs towards the meat delivery.

TOMMY
Meat's here!

AL
Meat's here!

The bartender grumbles loudly from the other side of the room and begins coughing. It seems like he's attempting to say "Meat's here" The gang stares with concern at the Bartender.

DOM
(Frustrated)
What the fuck is wrong wit-

As Dom finishes speaking, the camera cuts to Cody, who is rifling through the meat delivery and pulls out a rectangular package the size of a safety deposit box. One corner of the brick is slightly torn and a small amount of off-white powder falls to the floor. DLC holds the package in front of his face with his mouth agape.

TOMMY
 (Offscreen.
 Enthusiastically)
 Sick!

{THEME MUSIC PLAYS}

2 INT. RESTAURANT DRY STORAGE AREA - DAY

2

Scene opens on the gang standing around the package staring down at it from the perspective of the package)

TOMMY
 So... what is it?

CODY
 (Snorting and holding nose
 shut)
 Fentanyl.

RONNIE
 How can you tell that quickly?

CODY
 No, wait. It's just heroin-

DOM
 Okay well that's not much better.

CODY
 (interrupting Dom)
 But there's a shitload of fentanyl
 in there too

TOMMY
 Sick!

DOM
 Now hold on, I think what to do
 here... we'll sell it before someone

comes lookin' for it.

RONNIE

We can't sell this shit I mean we know there's fentanyl in it!

TOMMY

Shut up, pussy

RONNIE

Fuck you!

DOM

Alright everyone settle down. Now I used to sell weed before I went to prison, so I'll run the operation from here, and you're all gonna be the street dealers.

TOMMY

What about the restaurant?

DOM

Fuck the restaurant, we got a couple kilos of this shit. whoever owns it will be looking for it, but even with the heat we could still get 80, 90 thousand.

TOMMY

So we pay back the distributors and use the rest to buy some guns to protect ourselves

CODY

Yeah I'm gonna need a gun too, mafia guys have guns.

DOM

We're not the fucken mafia

TOMMY

Well we might as well be. We got a bunch of dope, an empty Italian restaurant

AL

All you need now is some guns, and I might be able to help you out...

Gang looks at IPO expectantly and screen cuts to black.

{END SCENE}

3 INT. SEEDY MOTEL ROOM NEAR RESTAURANT - DAY**3**

The gang files into a decrepid, moldy, unlit motel room. There are stains everywhere, the bedsheets are gone and a homeless looking man has an array of assault weapons and pistols sprawled across the mattress.

DOM

Juice what the fuck is this?

DIRTY MAN

I sell guns to dirty cops, dumbass

TOMMY

You?!

The stranger stares, one lazy eye drifts to the left.

TOMMY

Great.

JESS

This is no place to bring a woman

The stranger licks his lips suggestively.

TOMMY

Hey buddy, she's not interested

CODY

Yeah she's a lesbo

Jess smacks Cody in the nuts with the back of her hand.

CODY

Owie!

JESS

Fuck you bitch.

RONNIE

Let's just get the guns and get out of here.

DOM

(On edge)

Yes, let's!

Dom shoots an expectant gaze over to the stranger.

DOM

Hey buddy, do you accept heroin?

The stranger stares blankly. His other eye lists lazily to the right. Dom and the gang give him some of the heroin and slowly back out of the motel room, maintaining eye contact with the man.

{END SCENE}

4 EXT. SEEDY APT BUILDING - DAY

4

The gang walks out of the door to the stairwell, which shares an alleyway with their restaurant. They're all holding pistols and checking them out while walking back to the restaurant.

TOMMY

(To Al)

Dude what the fuck was that?

AL

Whaddya mean?

DOM

You buy 3D printed guns from a guy with no teeth.

AL

Nah he's alright his 2nd cousin does engineering at community college, makes em for cheap

TOMMY

Yeah, and he lives literally right around the corner! He had a literal bucket of hand grenades

CODY

Yeah I bought one

DOM

(Grabbing grenade)

Gimme that!

The grenade falls on the ground, bouncing around. The gang jumps back and covers their faces. They wait a few seconds for an explosion, but it never comes. Cody casually walks over to pick up the grenade.

CODY
Oh don't worry guys, he said I have
to load it myself.

TOMMY
(Squinting in confusion)
...Load it yourself?

{END SCENE}

5 INT. RESTAURANT - BANQUET ROOM - DAY

5

Gang is sitting around large table, Dom is at the head

DOM
Alright. We got the tracksuits, we
got the guns and we got the dope.
Tommy you and Jess head to the high
school.

TOMMY
Got it.

DOM
Al you take Jumbo over there and go
post up outside the welfare office.

RONNIE
Sure thing

DOM
Cody you're gonna get yourself
robbed on the streets so I want you
to sell out of the bathroom.

CODY
Our bathrooms?

DOM
Yes, our bathroom.

CODY
...the girls bathroom?

Dom looks at Cody like an insolent child. Cody squints back
at him. Tommy and Jumbo are talking between themselves on the
other side of the table.

TOMMY

(To Jumbo, talking quietly
and making hand gestures)
...and...looks like a Baja chicken
chalupa!

DOM

God dammit shut up! Alright.
everyone know what they're doing?
Good. Let's get out there and sell
this heroin

{END ACT ONE}

6 INT. HIGH SCHOOL, BATHROOM

6

{Tommy flings open bathroom door, walks up and starts kicking
in stall doors}

TOMMY

Heroin for sale!

{Kicks in another door}

TOMMY

Heroin for sa-

The bathroom door slams open and a small high school kid with
bowl cut flanked by 2 football players struts in and whips
out a switchblade.

HIGH SCHOOL KID

(Trying to sound tough)
You selling dope in my bathroom
bitch?

The high school goons slowly walk around the back of Tommy

TOMMY

Uh, yeah. You're like, 14 you can't
sell heroin

HIGH SCHOOL KID

You're not my mom

TOMMY

Oh yea says who?

HIGH SCHOOL KID

Says me. Plus, you're a dude.

TOMMY

Well, that's what you think, but I
fucked your dad last night and it
was great. Im gay with your dad.

HIGH SCHOOL KID

No you're not

TOMMY

Yes I am!

The High School Bully begins smirking at Tommy, who doesn't
seem to notice what's about to happen.

HIGH SCHOOL KID

No you're not.

TOMMY

Yes I a-

One of the goons gives Tommy a charlie horse which causes him
to drop the bag of heroin on the floor. He reaches for it but
the bully puts his switchblade through the bag, nearly
stabbing Tommy

TOMMY

(Recoiling)

Whoa! Whoa! Okay pal

The goons grab Tommy by the shoulders and shove him into the
stall. One opens the toilet lid while the other lowers Tommy
slowly into the bowl.

TOMMY

(Starting to gurgle water)

Well hold on a second... stop!...
get your hands off me fat ass! oh
no...no!... Nooo!

The goons give Tommy a swirly while the small kid laughs and
plays with his switchblade.

{END SCENE}

The scene opens with a panorama of the people in the busy kitchen making school lunch. Jess is standing in the corner of the kitchen with the dishwasher. The pair are hunched over quietly trying to make a discrete exchange.

JESS

(Whispering)

Oookay so it's sixty bucks a gram
but I'll give you a slice for 150.

DISHWASHER

What? A slice?

JESS

Yeah, like an 8th.

DISHWASHER

You know this isn't weed, right?

JESS

(At normal speaking volume
now)

Yeah I do, okay? I get it I'm not
very good at selling heroin!

DISHWASHER

Sh Sh Shhh!

JESS

So do you want it or not? I don't
ha-

A very tall, intimidating polish woman in a big cook's hat
walks over and begins screaming at Jess in Polish}

POLISH WOMAN

(insert polish swearing and
chastising about selling heroin at
school)

JESS

MDG: speak English bitch!

The woman continues screaming in polish and walking towards
Jess. As Jess backs away, the woman begins smacking her with
a wooden spoon}

JESS

Ow! Ow! Stop! You bitch!

While Jess is backing away from the lunch lady, she trips on a milk crate on the ground and inadvertently flings the bag of heroin against the wall as she flails. The entire kitchen groans in frustration.

POLISH WOMAN
(In English)
Get! Out!

JESS
Ok! Ok!

Jess starts frantically scraping chunks of powder off the table back into the torn bag and then quickly backs out of the kitchen. The camera then pans to shot of small heroin rock in a bowl of similarly-colored chopped vegetables, which we see get dumped into the soup}

{END SCENE}

8 {INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY}

8

Jess and Tommy see each other running down the hall and stop to talk. Jess notices Tommy's wet hair.

JESS
MDG: what the hell happened to you?

TOMMY
(Sheepishly)
Uhh...

JESS
(Beginning to laugh)
Oh... oh my god you got a swirly!

TOMMY
Shut up!

JESS

Ohhhhh my god!

JESS
 (Trying to collect
 herself)
 Did... did you manage to sell any
 heroin first?

TOMMY
 Uhhhhhhh...

Jess turns around and rolls her eyes, placing her palm on her forehead. She chuckles lightly.

JESS
 Ohhhh my god you fucking looser!

TOMMY
 Fuck off!

Jess begins laughing harder, ignoring Tommy.

TOMMY
 (Interrupting Jess)
 Well... well... what have you got?
 Let's see it!

Jess confidently pulls out three \$20 bills and waves them in Tommy's face.

TOMMY
 (Shoving Jess' hands away)
 Sixty fucking dollars?! Not much of
 a dope dealer yourself!

JESS
 Well at LEAST I didn't get a swirly
 from some punk kid.

TOMMY
 (Looking defeated)
 Whatever. Either way we better go
 back to the restaurant and get some
 more heroin, seeing as we lost ours.

Jess makes a "Lin-Manuel Miranda" face at Tommy, who blows a raspberry back at her. The camera moves to Tommy, out of breath, staring off into the distance where he sees the small high school goon smirking at him and flicking his switchblade as he walks by. Tommy's face turns white.

JESS
 Tommy? What's wrong?

TOMMY

Yeah... uhh, we should get out of here

A teacher shouts at them from a distance, and then begins running towards them. Tommy and Jess sprint down the hallway and out the front door of the school. As Jess and Tommy walk out of the school, we see a black 2005 Cadillac DTS drive by slowly. The car windows roll down and we see two very old Italian men staring at Jess and Tommy menacingly.

END SCENE

9 EXT. PARK ACROSS FROM WELFARE OFFICE - DAY

9

The camera opens on Ronnie and Al. Jumbo is rapping as Al beatboxes poorly.

RONNIE

Brain smooth like a titty, I got big titties. No cash, fat ass, I got big titties.

A small crowd of people starts to gather around Al and Ronnie, interested but skeptical of the rap performance.

RONNIE

(Continuing to rap)

Brain genius on the track, 'bout to have a heart attack, posted up in the park, and we're selling smack, ohh!

As Ronnie finishes, the crowd shuffles closer, excitedly shoving wads of money and various government subsidized food cards at Ronnie.

RONNIE

Sorry ma'am, no WIC accepted, go buy the kid some milk instead. No, no sir, you can't have it for free. Sir, you're wearing a suit Im gonna have to charge you double, cool?

Alright alright, everybody calm down
an form a nice orderly line

AL

(Shouting)

Everyone shut da fuck up, we're
trying to sell Fentanyl here!

The crowd begins murmuring in discontent and slowly shuffling
away, leaving only a few customers.

JUMBO

(To Al)

Yo Al what the fuck man? You're not
supposed to tell em its fent. It's
Boston they can get that shit
anywhere.

AL

It's not a big deal man

RONNIE

(Angrier)

Not a big deal?! How is that not a
big deal. If one of these people
dies we don't want em tracing it
back to us, you see what I mean?

AL

(Getting worked up)

We're selling junk outside the
welfare office in a public park! I
mean, how much more obvious could
you be? I swear if I see cops I'm
leaving your fat ass here, bitch.

RONNIE

(Shouting)

Hey fuck you buddy!

AL

No fuck y-

Ronnie takes Al's head and motorboats his man boobs. Julian
struggles to breathe. As the pair are fighting, an old
Italian man--Valentino DiNotto--wearing a cane and a white
suit walks up and interrupts them.

VALENTINO DINOTTO

(in an Italian accent)

Gentlemen, I believe I heard you
were selling heroin.

RONNIE

(Removing Al's head from
his chest)
Dude, your like 90 fucken years old
I'm not feeling you this shit, you
will literally die.

VAL
Three ounces, per favore

RONNIE
Three ounces?! That's-

AL
(Quietly, covering his
mouth)
Yo Juice shut the fuck up, he can
buy heroin if he wants to.

RONNIE
I don't want his blood on my hands.
Dude could be a holocaust survivor
or something

AL
The Italian Holocaust?

As Ronnie and Al are arguing quietly, Valentino slowly reaches into his breast pocket and pulls out a checkbook, scribbles in it, and hands Al a check for \$10,000.

AL
Jesus Christ dude a check? Does this
looks like a bank? How fucking old
are you anyways? God dammit who
fucking cares? Will this even clear?
Whatever just make it out to
DiNottos restaurant. And don't write
"heroin" in the memo line

Valentino stares at Al as Ronnie hands over a bag of dope.

VAL
(Grinning)
You fellas, have a nice day, I'll
see you again real soon.

Valentino walks away and the pair begin to argue again.

RONNIE
What the fuck man that guy just paid
with a check.

The camera focuses in on the check.

AL

Huh...

RONNIE

What?

AL

Check this out, that guy's name is
Valentino DiNotto.

RONNIE

DiNotto like the restaurant?

AL

Yeah, but not our restaurant. I
think there's a place over in the
North End called DiNotto's too.

RONNIE

Maybe he's the owner?

AL

Yeah, maybe, dumbass. And if its
true that means he's got money, the
check will clear--thats 10 grand
right there

RONNIE

Are you sure we charged him enough
Jules? I mean if he's some old rich
asshole...

AL

Who the fuck cares. As long as we
kick up to the boss he'll be happy,
right?

RONNIE

(Shrugging)

Yea, I guess

Valentino walk out of the park and back towards the
restaurant. In the background of the shot we see Valentino
getting into a black Cadillac with two other old men inside
watching through an open window.

END SCENE

DLC is sitting on a stool near the sink with an array of powder-filled bags and toiletries sprawled across the counter. An older, Italian man is standing at the sink washing his hands

CODY
 Hey buddy you want some gum?
 Mouthwash? Smack? What'll it be?

Customer angrily looks at Cody, rips paper towel from his hands and leaves bathroom shooting glances back at him. Cody spits towards the door casually.

CODY
 (intimidating)
 Oookay, buddy.

Another customer enters the bathroom, visibly intoxicated with tie undone, vomit on shirt, stumbling and grunting quietly to himself.

CODY
 (friendly)
 Hey buddy, you look like you could
 use some dope. Only the best!

The customer drunkenly grunts as he pees, ignoring Cody

CODY
 (louder now)
 Hey! Buddy! You want some heroin?

Customer finishes peeing and turns around. As he is turning he sticks his hand far down into his crotch and pulls out a wad of soggy, mixed bills. He begins singing a showtime as he shows his wad of bills to DLC

CODY
 (handing the man a small
 bag)
 Okay, buddy here ya go

The customer opens the bag and starts cutting up lines on top of the hadn't dryer

CODY
 Whoa buddy what are you doing!
 You can't snort that much heroin!

The customer snorts three full lines and collapses to the ground in front of DLC

CODY
 Oh shit...

Cody runs out of the bathroom to get O, yelling loudly and flailing his arms hysterically

CODY

Dom! Dom! Some old guy just OD's in the bathroom! He tried to do three rails of dope and he just fell over

DOM

Three Rails?! Why do you guys keep selling heroin to the oldest people you can find?

Dom walks towards the bathroom quickly with Cody following him

CODY

Well... maybe they want to die?

DOM

...Good point

Dom opens the bathroom door and looks down upon customer groaning on the floor, covered in piss

DOM

Shit. Looks dead. I tell ya I wouldn't want to go out like this though. Pissed on yourself... just sad

CODY

Actually, I pissed on him

DOM

(angrily)

You pissed on him? Why the hell did you piss on him?

CODY

I dunno, always wanted to I guess. Kinda... thought he was dead, so, you know...

DOM

No I don't know!

CODY

That's not what your wife said

DOM

My wife has diabetes!

CODY

And you let 'er piss on you?

DOM

Fuck you! god damn it fuck you-

Dom and Cody proceed to get into a little catfight over the customer's body. After a few seconds the customer lets out a huge fart and then burps. Cody and Dom stop fighting and look at the man, then at each other. Dom reaches into the janitors closet and throws a fire blanket over the customer. Dom and Cody stand there with their hands on their hips looking at the man.

END SCENE

11 INT. RESTAURANT - BAR - DAY

11

Dom and Cody sit at the bar drinking and watching the TV. A breaking news broadcast comes on: "Over 200 students from Harbor North High School admitted to hospital with vomiting, drowsiness, and and delirium." Dom and Cody look closer at the TV. "Blood tests on the majority of the children found traces of the drugs heroin and fentanyl. Police are currently on there scene investigating, we'll have more on this story as it develops."

DOM

(to Cody)

Shiiiiiiiiit

CODY

Well that's gotta be our heroin
don't it?

DOM

I mean, yeah, it's gotta be right?
Who else is selling Fentanyl at the
high school?

CODY

I know a guy.

DOM

(angrily)

You know a guy?!

CODY

Yup.

DOM

And you didn't think to tell me this
earlier?

CODY
 Didn't ask.

DOM
 God Dammit!

CODY
 (mocking)
 Gahd Dammit!

As Cody and Dom are bickering, Ronnie casually walks in the front door. As he walks past the host stand his giant gut brushes against a customer, who is visibly repulsed.

RONNIE
 Hey boss we got any more of that heroin? I'm out

DOM
 What do you mean you're out?

RONNIE
 I mean I don't have any more heroin

DOM
 What the fuck happened? Did you sell it all? Where's the money?

RONNIE
 (handing over a small wad of money)
 sold a few dime bags in the park, and some Crusty Dago bought an 8 ball.

DOM
 crusty dago? You sold dope to an old man?

Ronnie shrugs and Dom turns away in frustration. As he turns his back Tommy bursts through the front, sweating and out of breath. Followed by a cop, who asks to use the bathroom - Dom lets him, waiting till the bathroom door is closed before turning to see what Tommy has to say.

TOMMY
 Hey boss... (panting)... got any more of that heroin? I'm out.

DOM
 Oh, now eeeeeeverybody's out of dope! How convenient! You got money?

Tommy sheepishly hands Dom a small wad of 20's, which Dom grabs forcefully.

DOM
(full Boston accent)
Jesus Christ!!!

TOMMY
What?

DOM
(still furious)
120 bucks?! That's it?

TOMMY
Well, Dom you didn't give us that much heroin. Plus I mean we lost some.

Jess sneaks in the back door carefully as they are talking.

DOM
Where, in the school lunch?

TOMMY
(surprised)
What? No!

Jess hears the conversation that Tommy and Dom are having, and starts to slowly and quietly back out of the restaurant back door. However, Tommy notices her with a guilty look plastered on her face.

TOMMY
(yelling)
Aye! Jess! Come back here! Did you put heroin in the kid's lunch?

Jess finishes backing up to the door and quickly turns around and sprints out into the alley and down the block out of sight. Tommy and Dom begin arguing loudly again when they are interrupted by Cody, who is walking out of the dry storage area with a paper bag, followed by the dishwasher, who returns to the kitchen.

CODY
Hey, boss I-

DOM
(irate)
God dammit! God dammit! You little ba-

Cody drops paper bag of non sequential unmarked bills on the table. The bag opens when it falls, spilling a few bands of 100 dollar bills on the table in front of Dom.

CODY

120 thou, non sequential bills.
You're welcome

DOM

120 thousand?! Holy shit, I mean,
thank you! That's our bills for,
like, the rest of the year, even
after we pay back the distrib-

The door swings open and a crew of old Italian guys walks in and up to the table where Dom and Cody are sitting. Ronnie remains standing to the side. The head goon stands in front and is flanked by two more very old Italian men.

VALENTINO DI NOTTO

(Squinting nefariously)

Pay back what?

DOM

Uhh, who the fuck are you buddy?

MOB GUY 1

you don't know who this is?

VAL

My name is Valentino DiNotto. I
represent the DiNotto family.

RONNIE

ohhhhhhhhhh shit

MOB GUY 2

We believe that you have come into
possession of something that may or
may not be ours, friends.

Dom looks around the room as if expecting one of the crew to come up with something to get rid of the mob.

DOM

(scrambling for words)

I uhh.. well, you see... uhhh. Are
you guys really the mob? Thought all
you guys died or whatever

VAL

You know, we elders have much to
contribute to society.

Bartender coughs loudly and drops some glasses behind the bar. Owner raises his eyebrows skeptically.

MOB GUY 1

(trying to intimidate Dom)

The boss here believes it might be in your best interest to return our "product" to us, seeing it was delivered to your restaurant on accident

MOB GUY 2

And of course, it goes without saying that the police cannot get involved.

DOM

(dismissively)

We don't have your shit man. Get lost!

TOMMY

Yeah, get lost you greasy Wop!

VAL

(menacingly)

I'm going to warn you one more time...

Jumbo blows a raspberry towards Val. Cody laughs. The camera pans over to show police officer standing in the back doorway, having heard the entirety of the exchange.

VAL

(Irate)

ALRIGHT MOTHERFUCKERS (coughs heavily) GIVE ME BACK MY MOTHERFUCKING HEROIN!
ITS MY HEROIN, ITS NOT YOUR HEROIN!

Dom notices the police officer standing behind the Mafia guys and instantly changes his tone.

DOM

(Kindly, staring at police officer)

Buddy, if I had any heroin I'd give it to you, but I don't!

Mob Guy 2 sees Dom staring behind him and turns around to see the police officer.

MOB GUY 2

uhhh, boss?

The entire gang and Mafia group turn to look at the cop, wide-eyed.

POLICE OFFICER

Sirs, we have reports of fentanyl-laced heroin being distributed in the area, including the local high school. Over 200 students were sent to the hospital today, all of the toxicity reports showed a small amount of fentanyl-laced heroin in the bloodstream.

VAL

(kindly)

Well, sir, surely there's been some kind of mistake

POLICE OFFICER

We have reason to believe a shipment of heroin was delivered earlier to one DiNotto's restaurant, is this not DiNotto's restaurant?

Valentino puffs his inhaler.

POLICE OFFICER

Sir, may I see your ID

Val hands over the ID

POLICE OFFICER

Little bit old to be selling smack, huh?

Val stares angrily at the gang, who all smile back mischievously. The officer turns Val around by the soldiers and places handcuffs on him.

POLICE OFFICER

I'll send a bus to take your pals here to the nursing home.

VAL

(Muttering angrily in Italian)

E anche ho potuto farlo, se non fosse per queste ragazze ritardate

WHOLE GANG

(All talking at once)

Eyyy! Ohhhh! C'mahhhn buddy! Not cool!

POLICE OFFICER

(To gang)

Sorry for this disturbance guys.
Gotta get the scum off the streets,
and out of your restaurant

DOM

Thank you SO much officer, I mean we
couldn't be more grateful

TOMMY

Yeah thanks bitch

POLICE OFFICER

(Looking confused)

Uhh.. okay? You all have a nice day.
And try not to let those other guys
leave, sendin' someone down to talk
to 'em, see if we can get him to
squeal.

The officer escorts Valentino out of the front door in handcuffs and the camera pans over to show the gang looking at each other in amazement, mouths agape. Screen cuts to black.

(END SCENE)

12 INT. RESTAURANT BANQUET ROOM - DAY

12

The gang is sat around the banquet room table just as they were in the beginning of the episode. They are all wearing their tracksuits but now have gold chains around their necks, which they are playing with.

DOM

So Cody, you never told me how you
managed to sell all that heroin.

CODY

It was easy, sold it to the
dishwasher.

DOM

Like our dishwasher?

CODY

Yeah like our dishwasher

DOM

Where did he get all that money? I mean we don't even pay him minimum wage!

CODY
(Matter of factly)
His dad sells heroin, duhh.

TOMMY
What a piece of shit!

CODY
I know, right?

Al, wearing his tracksuit, stumbles in the back door and walks up to the table.

AL
Eyyyy! What's up guys, saw a couple badges outside wanted to check out what's goin on.

The whole gang happily says what's up to Al and compliments him on his tracksuit. They excitedly recount the events of the last two days to Al for about 30 seconds, who seems thoroughly entertained.

AL
Heh heh, well listen, guys. I got a tip on a job for yous if you want it. Not big money but it's easy. Just a little scam, low heat.

The gang all looks at each other and shrugs.

TOMMY
So what, are we the mob now?

RONNIE
Seems like it. The real mob boss just got arrested in here 2 minutes ago.

DOM
All in all, the last two days... that was fun right? I mean that was fun for me.

TOMMY
Same.

CODY
(With a fake Italian accent)

Eyyy!

AL

All right! Love to hear it.

DOM

(Squinting and tenting his
fingertips like a mob
boss, putting on an
Italian accent as the
camera pans and zooms in
on him)

Now, my friend. What can we do for
you?

(THEME MUSIC PLAYS)

(END)