(Printed with the demonstration version of Fade In)

Business Partners

Written by

Starr Williams (Patrick Hollingsworth)
Brendan Mackenzie

Copyright (c) 2023

Draft
information

Contact
information

(Printed with the demonstration version of Fade In)

FADE IN:

EXT. PARK BENCH -DAY

We see FRANK and TONY OMBRA sitting on a PARK BENCH together it is next to a RIVER. Both men seem to have LUNCH BOXES that are metal. They are eating SANDWICHES for their weekly meeting. There are BRIEFCASES on either side of them.

FRANK
Ain't it just a lovely day Tony.

Tony looks over.

TONY OMBRA
Yeah, quite the lovely day Frank, ya wanna go frolicking through the roses? That would be soooo LOVELY.

FRANK
Ah come on Tony, I was only using the word to describe our day, don't be like that.

TONY OMBRA
What's the point of being friends if I can't be FRANK with you.

FRANK
(laughs)
Fuck you Tony, I shoulda seen that coming. Of course we should probably talk business now.

TONY OMBRA
Straight down to the brass tax eh? Well, that suits me just fine. So, what're you bringing to the table today.

FRANK
Well Tony, it would seem that some of the boys on the ground level have seen fit to skim a little off the top. I was hoping that you could bring a few of them around to Pop’s Paninis to have a… discussion with those fine gentlemen. See to it that they understand how our business works.

TONY OMBRA
Hoo boy, the rookies never learn do they? They come in thinking they're hot shit, that somehow they're clever enough to get away with whatever they want. I'll see to it that I straighten them out. These types have never had a real scare in their lives and I'll be damned if I can't give them one.

FRANK
Thanks Tony, I know I can always rely on you. But honestly, how dumb do you gotta be to cross me?

TONY OMBRA
Real dumb Frank. Rea--l dumb.

The two men continue eating their sandwiches and talking.

CUT TO:

INT. FRANK'S CONFERENCE ROOM -DAY

Frank sits at a fine DESK with his feet up on it, simply whiling the hours away. His fine afternoon is interrupted by one of his UNDERLINGS busting in through the DOOR.

UNDERLING

Boss! Boss! You gotta hear this.

FRANK
What is it? What am I hearing that could warrant this amount of yelling in my face from the likes of you.

UNDERLING
It's Tony boss I saw him! He was talking with some of the guys from the Stocks and Bonds group.

FRANK
(Extremely Serious)
Now. I'm a lenient man. I would say that I'm a fairly kind boss. If you tell me right now that this is a rather ill-conceived joke, I'll consider letting you leave this office with all your fingers intact.

UNDERLING
N-No, I swear, this ain't no joke. Tony's Going Behind your back on somethin'. I swear I ain't just messin' with ya boss.

Frank Stands up.

FRANK
GET OUT! DON'T COME BACK. I DON'T WANNA SEE YOUR GROVELLING LITTLE FACE AGAIN!

Underling runs out of the joint.

FRANK (cont'd)
This guy thinks 'cuz he works for me that he can just come in here and accuse my Business Partner. Ain't no way my best friend is bein' crooked with me. I better make a call.

Frank picks up the phone.

FRANK (cont'd)
Christine, can you send Vince up here.

CHRISTINE
Right away boss.

Later in the day, Vince a taller more bulky well dressed man, walks to the door and knocks on it.

FRANK
It's open.

Vince walks in arms wide.

FRANK (cont'd)
Hey-, if it ain't the convincer himself.

Frank and Vince hug briefly

VINCE
How's it cuttin' Frankie, Business is well at the shop?

FRANK
Well I'm sharp as ever and yeah, business is fantastic.
(MORE)

FRANK (cont'd)
Although unfortunately this ain't no social call. I need you to do somethin' for me.

VINCE
Of course, anything.

FRANK
I'm not puttin' to many dimes into it but one of the guys accused Tony of bein' a crook, If you could just watch the shop tonight that'd be grand.

VINCE
No problem boss, if I see anythin' I'll call.

Vince starts walking out as Frank says one last thing.

FRANK
Thanks Vince, I owe ya, stop by for a sammy sometime.

CUT TO:

EXT. OUTSIDE POP'S PANINI'S - AFTERNOON

Vince sits around the corner from where Tony and a BROKER will be talking.

VINCE
Alright, let's see what he's up to.

Tony walks out of the shop with the Broker.

TONY OMBRA
What the hell were you thinking? You think Frank is that dumb to not notice some zero's missing.Just because my last name is Ombra, doesn't mean I wanna look shady.

BROKER
I'm sorry boss, I thought th-

TONY OMBRA
Don't call me boss and I don't pay you to be stupid, I pay you to be smart. Fix this or it's your head on a platter.

Vince picks up the phone. Tony walks to his car and drives away.

VINCE
Hey boss. Looks like we have a problem.

FRANK
Thanks Vince, I'll call ya later.

CUT TO:

INT. FRANK'S OFFICE -EVENING

Frank dials a phone number, the dial tone plays for a moment.

MAN ON PHONE
Ciao.

FRANK
Ciao Boss, it's Frank. I need to talk to you about something.

MAN ON PHONE

Go ahead.

FRANK
(hesitantly)
It's Tony, He seems to be doing some shady business and I don't know what to do.

MAN ON PHONE
You know what you gotta do. Next time ya see him, bam, kapeesh.

FRANK
I understand boss. Ciao.

Frank hangs up the phone, visibly distraught.

FRANK (cont'd)
I guess with a last name that means shade, I should have expected Tony to pull this someday.

Frank throws everything off of his desk in rage.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARK SWINGS -DAY

Frank is on the swing just in the park where he will be having his weekly meeting with Tony. He inspects a gun and throws it into his lunch box. Tony walks up to the swing.

TONY OMBRA
Hey Frank, ya gonna sit here all day or are ya gonna get up off your ass to get to our bench.

FRANK
Shit Tony! Ya scared the crap outta me.

TONY OMBRA
Well come on Frank, It's almost 12:30, and you know this park gets busy. If we are gonna stay outta the public eye our time is runnin' out.

FRANK
Alright Alright, I'll come with ya. What kind of sandwich you got today?

TONY OMBRA
I got a plain ole grilled cheese today Frank. Nothing fancy, just greasy. What do you got Frank?

Frank looks down at his Lunchbox.

FRANK
I have a sandwich that's high in iron. At least that's what I've been lead to believe.

Tony looks away and Frank draws his gun.

TONY OMBRA
I gotcha, a steak and cheese, sounds goo-

Frank shoots Tony through the side of his chest.

FRANK
I'm sorry Tony.

Frank throws his head down in shame.

FADE TO: BLACK