

DA BEATZ!!!

An animated adult musical comedy

Written and created by:
Eli Batalion

WGA Registration # - 1662234

Eli Batalion
514-893-4401 / 310-435-8108
elibatalion@gmail.com

DA BEATZ!!!

1

INT./EXT. CLUB ROME - NIGHT

1

TONY, 27, a beefcake-y, fatheaded shades-wearing behemoth of a bouncer with a heart of gold, mans the door to Club Rome with folded arms, statuesque. In front of him, UNDERAGE GIRLS dip low to reveal cleavage, while BOYS with backwards baseball caps, dangling chains and wifebeaters grab at their backsides. We hear the not-so-faint sounds of a four-to-the-floor bass literally making the sound **DOUCHE - DOUCHE - DOUCHE - DOUCHE** as we pan to Tony's face in direct address. (Note: Tony may occasionally speak with faulty grammar or mix up expressions. That's just his way. Please forgive him.)

TONY

My name is Tony Salvatore. I used to be a bouncer, like this. But now I'm like, so much more fuck.

We follow over his shoulder and through the front door into the smoky slut-filled hallways of Club Rome.

TONY (V.O.)

This is Club Rome, c'mon in. Got ID? Just kidding. Club Rome is the top dance club in Montnoir and the jewel of Crescendo street - where everyone's gotta be Saturday night.

We snake past Tony's shoulder into Rome, catching a CLUBGOER knocking on a BATHROOM DOOR with a line of 10 WOMEN waiting in line with TINY PURSES. Finally, a GUY and GIRL step out ...and then another duo, and then another, sniffing, laughing, sloppily kissing.

TONY (V.O.)

I've been working at Rome for three years now, and trust me, I've seen it all. Sex, drugs, wheelchairs. But when I started here I didn't bounce, bro. I was here for my real passion - the music.

We continue to snake through a hallway into a massive dance hall all the way to its very back where we find a MIXER BOY, 19, fiddling with a mixer board.

TONY (V.O.)

I started doing the mix, riding levels. Loved that shit. It was my chance to get close to the music.

(MORE)

TONY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Back then we had some great DJ's in the house, not like today's house DJ, DJ Douche Mark. No seriously, that's his name, bro.

Crash zoom to the other end of the hall into DJ DOUCHE MARK, 28, greasy, sweat soaked undershirt, pumping up the crowd with his infamous "DOUCHE - DOUCHE - DOUCHE - DOUCHE"

TONY (V.O.)

I didn't realize back then, I was just being a bitch.

SMACK!

We zoom to the backside of SAMY, 53, bald, swarthy, fancy, who has just smacked Mixer Boy upside the head.

SAMY

What I tell you about playing levels? This is top class DJ. Go do bottle service, yaaala!

Mixer Boy nods fearfully and runs off.

TONY (V.O.)

Samy was the owner of Rome. He used to notice me every week at the club standing next to the speakers, dancing by my own. He kept telling me he could connect me with DJ's if I did favors. Y'know, *Quid Pro Bono*.

Samy takes out a rag and wipes down the faders, having fun playing with them for a brief moment. He looks up and catches VANESSA, 24, a gorgeous young thing dancing in front of him. He smiles to himself and heads her way, grabbing her behind.

TONY (V.O.)

So I did table service, bottle service, puke service. I got to mix here and there but not for long. Then one day he tells me it's time - a paying job. I was pumped! Turns out, he wanted me to bounce. I was cursed, cuz I was ripped, fuck. But I needed the money, soooo...

We creep up through a staircase to Rome's upper level, where Samy and Vanessa catch up to frame, hand in hand. We follow their POV as they part curtains labeled "THE CONFSSIONAL" and enter a modern speakeasy - MEN IN SUITS, ties loosened, screaming, smoking, and grabbing beautiful women around them.

TONY (V.O.)0

...That's what I've been doing for the last few. Don't get me wrong. I love giving da beats to an unrespectual punk. But I'll tell you what's the worse: Seeing corrupt bigwigs come in every night and not being able to give da beats to *them*. No morals, fuck.

Samy pushes Vanessa into the middle of the room.

SAMY

My friends!!! Fresh meat!!

The room erupts in howls. A SUIT forces Vanessa up against a wall and licks her face, she wincing but going with it. The screen freezes on his grimace.

TONY (V.O.)

Like, see that guy? That's Eddie Montebello. You want a construction contract? Talk to Eddie. And bring a fat envelope with you.

We pan to SUIT 2, chubby and sweaty, running his face through a STRIPPER'S ass, then rising and screaming. We freeze again.

TONY (V.O.)

That's Big Momma Bouchard. He always orders the Cracked Eggs - cocaine out of a woman's ass crack. Grossgusting, bro.

Samy screams for Mixer Boy to come in and signals to clean this all up with a sweeping gesture. He looks back at his VIP guests, folds his arms and smiles devilishly.

TONY (V.O.)

It's funny - Rome used to be about the music. Now the music is just a distraction from...something else.

We snake back outside to Tony, catching him in the midst of beating the Bejesus out of a YOUNG PUNK. He catches himself in the act and lays the young punk gently on the floor.

TONY

Excuse me. So that's where things were at. I was depressed too. My energy was low, my body fat went from 4 to 6%, fuck. Bad news. That was the night life. But there was also the day life...

2

INT. SALVATORE RESIDENCE - TONY'S BEDROOM - DAY

2

Tony sits up in bed and reads from a large volume entitled "THE MUSICAL GENIUS OF THE RENAISSANCE." He holds the book in one hand and in the other sketches on a CANVAS on an EASEL. He looks up to talk to us.

TONY

...Things were different. See, you can't judge a guy for his peccs. Sometimes he's got smarts in his brains too, right? Case on point: Christopher Langan - the world's smartest man. Guess what he does?

We pan to a picture of Christopher Langan on his wall

TONY (CONT'D)

He's a bouncer, fuck. For real bro, google it. He's my inspiration. Just like these guys.

We pan across the bedroom wall and see an array of caricatures of great names in the history of Italian music, all framed and titled accordingly: Paganani, Puccini, Vivaldi, Verdi, Morriconne and sure enough, Benny Benassi.

TONY (CONT'D)

Heroes. I've spent my days and nights philosophizing, thinking of questions like what's the sound of one hand clapping, bro? What it is about the right kind of music, the right kind of art, that hits me deep in the soul like a punch to my manbag...and gives me a hard on. Seriously. It's not normal.

We pan over to the looks of a black and white photograph of a man who looks like Aldous Huxley in his prime, a classy bespectacled intellectual.

TONY (CONT'D)

Truth is, I get it from my pops: Enzo Salvatore. He passed before I could get to know him. But he was a professor of, uh, aesthetical philosophy. My Nonna's told me all the stories about his greatness.

NONNA, 87, shining white hair, glasses, and no-nonsense approach reminiscent of Sophia Petrillo from the Golden Girls but rounder, barges in with a massive laundry basket.

NONNA
WAKE-UH UP YOU BUM!!!

TONY
Nonna, please, I'm up, I'm up.

NONNA
Well how come you no go to work?

TONY
Nonna, I work at a *night* club.

NONNA
You go early, make-ah a good
impression. When ah you gonna make-
uh someting wit ya life, Tony? Wut
a kind of a guy sit and-uh reada
whole day?

TONY
Poppa.

NONNA
Pshhhhh. When a you gonna be a man,
go out, bring-ah home-ah da bacon?

TONY
Nonna, I do. For you!

NONNA
I mean find a nice-ah girl, and
move in with her-a family? WHEN?

She starts to slap him this way and that. He can't dodge her.

NONNA (CONT'D)
Wake up Tony. You gotta change-ah
yo life. Stop-ah trying to use-ah
yo brain and start-ah trying to use
yo *musculare*. Be a man. I folded
your laundry.

Nonna slams the door behind her.

TONY
Nonna was probably right. I could
sense change coming. But not the
kind she was thinking of, fuck.

NONNA (O.S.)
Watcha ya mouth!!!

TONY
Sorry fuck. Sorry.

3

EXT. CRESCENDO STREET - NIGHT

3

A bird's eye view of bustling Crescendo street, emanating sounds of DOUCHE reverberating throughout. Girls screaming and laughing, guys fighting, beggars screaming.

TONY (V.O.)

That night would be the beginning of my megamorphosis. I said that right, right? Megamorphosis? Fuck, I love mythology. It all started when the most beautiful girl I ever saw in my life came up to the door.

VANESSA

Hi.

TONY

Haaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa.....

VANESSA

Do you...need to card me?

Tony can't talk. Instead, a small tear streams slowly down his face.

VANESSA (CONT'D)

So you *don't* need to card me?

TONY

D'uhhh.....

VANESSA

Are you okay? I'm just going to go in, thanks.

A street CHOOCH yells out.

CHOOCH

Hey, look at that bouncer's pants!

Sure enough, Tony has an erection that looks like it's about 130 degrees up from the ground.

TONY (O.S.)

I was possessed by her bounciful beauty. I had to get to know her. So I followed soot.

Tony gesticulates for a dim-witted BEEFCAKE in the crowd to "take over" as he heads on in, the beefcake immediately knocking out the next in line. We snake through until we arrive at the VIP curtains where we recognize Vanessa going in by the outline of her ankle.

Tony approaches and tries to sneak a peak. We see from his POV Vanessa bending over on a table as an emaciated, acne-ridden MAN performs the "cracked eggs" routine on her. Tony becomes livid, and, unable to control himself, runs to Vanessa and lifts the man by his neck up against the wall. Sammy runs in in the commotion.

SAMY

Sorry!! My guys, sometimes they're
a bit crazy!!!!

Sammy pulls Tony away, then pins him to the same wall.

SAMY (CONT'D)

(whispering)

Ju know who that is? That's Franco.
Ju never fuck with Franco. He is a
very important associate. What the
hell is da matta wit ju? Why you no
out front? I tell you Tony, I seen
dis before - you on drugs, right?

TONY

Sammy, I swear, no.

SAMY

You know my policy - I don't
tolerate *no* drugs.

Pan to the entire room doing every imaginable drug.

SAMY (CONT'D)

From *any* of my employees. Da matta
wit you? You different now, isss
not lookin' good for you, Tony. I
even noticed your tits are a bit..

Sammy squeezes Tony's nipple.

SAMY (CONT'D)

...bitch.

TONY

I'll work on that, Sammy.

SAMY

Ju better. Go downstairs, I gotta
try this new DJ out, some son of
some Jew lawyer for da club, I try
him out when iss less busy, do the
Jew a favor, he keep ah bugging me.

TONY

Sorry, you keep saying Jew and I don't know if you mean me or the Jew?

SAMY

Ju, ju fucking idiot! Go down and help the Jew, ju fucking get it?

Tony walks away in utter confusion.

TONY (V.O.)

So there I was, thinking oh well, least I'd get a chance to meet a new DJ. But then I realized - he was just another douche.

DJ, 19, spiked hair, shades, arrogant smirk, waits at the front door with arms folded, looking at the gear by his feet waiting for muscle to lift it. Tony sighs, deadlifts TURNTABLES and RACKS and drops the gear on-stage. Tony wanders outside to find our beefcake has already pummelled a neat pile of bodies. Tony in turn quickly pummels the beefcake, adding him to the neat pile. A BEGGAR approaches and starts hounding the entire pile for change.

TONY (V.O.)

I thought that was enough adventure for the night. But don't catch your breath...

All of a sudden, the sound of some very phat musically complex electronic dance music starts pumping.

TONY (V.O.)

I guess I judged a book by its cupboard. Cuz this DJ had da beats, bro. It was music I hadn't heard before - incredible. And that's when it happened. Total megamorphosis, fuck.

Tony stares at his forearms. GOOSEBUMPS start popping up one by one causing the hairs on his arms to rise up so erect they pierce through his skin-tight black T and create hundreds of swiss-cheese holes. Tony starts gyrating to the beat, possessed, gravitating into the club towards the speakers to an empty dance floor - most of the people are walking out - and does a phenomenally agile trance dance. Right in the middle of a full body flip the music shuts off, causing Tony to crash head first to the ground. We cut to Samy with an unplugged cord in hand, screaming at the DJ.

SAMY

What kind of crazy shit music is this? You call yourself DJ? Getju out of here. And leave the gear!

DJ

Hey, but that's my stuff...

One look at Samy's face and the DJ realizes it's best to walk out the way he came. Samy makes his way to Tony, recovering on the floor, his shirt in pieces, and kicks him senseless.

SAMY

You no good lame brain. You take da pot, yeah? YOU TAKE DA POT!!!

TONY

Samy, I swear I'm clean as a bell.

Samy unfurls a sketch of something like a Da Vinci blueprint.

SAMY

So tell me - wat da hell you call this I find falling out of your pants? Crazy hashish drawings!

TONY

No, no, you don't understand, that's the Fibonacci sequence!

A close-up on a sketch of the Fibonacci sequence, or the Golden Mean ratio, the sketch Tony had been tracing earlier.

SAMY

I don't care what kind of POT dat is, you gonna take da POT, you gonna take da week off - unpaid. Don't come back until you clean!

4

EXT. CRESCENDO STREET - NIGHT

4

Tony hobbles out the front of Rome, despondently treading through the pile-up of bodies, now making out with each other in a horizontal street orgy. Suddenly, Tony spots the DJ walking half a block in front of him, kicking a can in anger. Tony runs after him.

TONY

HEY! HEY!!!! KID!!!!

The DJ, freaked out more than ever, starts sprinting away and starts yelling in a surprisingly nerdy voice.

DJ

Stop, STOP!!!! My father's the top corporate lawyer in Montnoir, you don't want beef with me man.

TONY

NO WAIT!!!! WAIT!!!!

Tony gains on the DJ, who becomes more anxious and whimpers to his Mercedes. He starts trying to open the door but it jams. Meanwhile Tony, with a crazed look and mild salivation grabs the DJ and pins him to his car.

TONY (CONT'D)

AAAAARRRRRRRGHHHH!!!!!!!!!!

DJ

(whimpering)
Holy shit!!! Please don't hurt me. Take whatever you want. You want money? My jacket? My watch? Whatever you want, just don't touch the car, my dad will kiiillllll me.

TONY

GIVE ME YOUR SUNGLASSES, FUCK!

Tony yanks the DJ's sunglasses to uncover...a pair of nerdy glasses under them. Interesting.

TONY (CONT'D)

WHAT'S YOUR NAME?

DJ

DJ KUE!

TONY

WHAT'S YOUR REAL NAME?

DJ

...Alan Kunitz. I'm...a geek okay. I'm a music geek. I study psychoacoustics.

TONY

Like when you hear crazy voices?

DJ

Sort of. No, not at all. I study music and sound. I need a place to test my theories, so like...

TONY

So that was just, like, a scientific experiment right now?

DJ

Sort of. I also kind of wanted to get laid, but... what do you want from me, man? Can't we just forget-

TONY

The music? Where did you get that?

DJ

That? That's my shit, guy.

TONY

For real, bro?

DJ

Yeah. You want a mix tape?

TONY

Yeah, man. Holy shit, bro.

DJ Kue senses the tables turning.

DJ

Alright, that'll be fifteen bucks.

TONY

I only have a twenty.

DJ

For you, fine. Best twenty you'll ever spend.

Tony passes the cash and Kue produces a cassette mixtape that glimmers in the moonlight, then races off in his car. Tony chokes on the exhaust, stares at the tape in wonder and walks to his own Civic nearby. He takes a deep breath and inserts it into his player.

TONY (V.O.)

And that's when it became clear:

Tony continuously jabs the tape into his player. A CD player.

TONY

I was an idiot. But also, I was onto something big. Real big. Like, not now, but coming up.

5 INT. SALVATORE RESIDENCE - DAY

5

On a computer screen, we see a collage of window tabs, and we pan from search result page to search result page:

"Who is DJ Kue, bro?"

"How do I digitize cassettes, fuck?"

"Small Juish DJ's in Montnoir, please"

TONY (O.S.)

Well, I don't need to tell you that what had happened last night stayed last night...in my memory. I was pumped to the max. It didn't matter that Samy put me on leave from the stupid club. All the more time to research my megamorphosis.

Tony arrives at a page and stops dead in his tracks.

"Alan Kunitz, PhD Candidate

Publications: "The Low End Theory: Benefits of Low Frequency Bass Response on Neurotransmitter Facilitation of Human Growth Hormone."

TONY (CONT'D)

Hoooooly fuuuuuuuuck, is that even English? Maybe that's old English. Shit, maybe it's new English?

Nonna, who's been banging on Tony's door, bangs it down to the floor. Tony immediately picks up his DESKTOP COMPUTER and holds it to his chest to hide what's on it. Nonna enters with oversized LAUNDRY BASKET in hand.

NONNA

Eh, whatta da hell you doing here Tony? You late-ah for da club?

TONY

No, it's uhhhhh a holiday.

NONNA

Whatta da hell-ah you mean holiday?

TONY

No, it's Samy's holiday. It's...Halal.

NONNA

You gonna go straight to Halal you lazy BUM! Whatta da hell on da bigga box?

TONY
The computer?

NONNA
(pauses, then starts sniffing) You
take-au the pot!?!?!?

TONY
(breaking) No, Nonna, I'm not
taking the pot, sheeez. OK, look,
Samy told me to take some time off
from the club, so I don't have to
go in but that's great because I
can do more research.

NONNA
Whatta research?

TONY
Research, Nonna, about the
phenomenomena taking place on my
body. Check out these meatballs.

Tony lifts his shirt and we can see bruises in and around the
places where his goosebumps were. Interestingly, his pecs
twitch ever so often - nervous habit.

NONNA
Look, Tony, I donno wassa gottin
inno you or if you onna or offa da
pot butta you gotta job and you
gotta do whatta da boss want no
matta what.

TONY
NO!

Tony cups his mouth. Nonna is shocked.

NONNA
Antony Michaelangelo Salvatore! I
ah nevah evah seen you like this!

TONY
Nonna, I'm sorry, but, no, this is
bigger than that stupid bouncer
job. This is even bigger than us.
This is about...papa -

NONNA
- Mama mia -

TONY

Papa mio! Papa left a body of work that needs to be finished and it is cucumbent amongst me to finish it, as his son. The anus is mine.

NONNA

You no know whatchu talking about!

TONY

I do too!

NONNA

You no know!

TONY

You no know!

NONNA

Nonna know!

TONY

Nonna know no!

NONNA

Tony no know!

TONY

Tony NO no know!

NONNA

No Tony, you nooooooooooooo....

Nonna collapses. Tony kneels and tries to fan her with extremely fast pec contractions. Finally, Nonna comes to.

NONNA (CONT'D)

Tony, you gotta know-a something because-a now you act-a like you know-ah, but-ah you-ah no-ah know. Tony, you ainna have-a no papa.

Tony's jaw drops. Nonna passes out again. Tony fans again vigorously with his pecs, causing her to come to again.

TONY

Nonna!!!

NONNA

Where did I-uh leave off?

TONY

I have-ah no papa.

NONNA
That's a right-ah. Also, you ah
from outta space.

TONY
WHAT?!?!?!?

Nonna starts crying. She pulls herself up and pushes her back
against Tony's bed, wiping her eyes of tears.

NONNA
Tony, issa time to tell you ah-
something I been holding isside me
for a longah longah time. I know
all-ah these years, I tell you that
ah you come from that ah man.

Nonna points to the picture of Enzo Salvatore on the wall.

TONY
You mean to tell me...

NONNA
Enzo is not-ah my son. He's a guy
to whom I once ah make ah very
passionate love.

TONY
Oh my god...

NONNA
And he-ah good, he know how to push
ah all da right buttons...

TONY
Nonna, please!

NONNA
Tony, Nonna never have a chance to
have kids of-ah own. But then one-
ah fine-ah day...

6 EXT. MONTNOIR STREET WITH TRAFFIC JAM - DAY

6

A paved street full of pylons and congregating workers, all
of whom are just chatting and eating lunch.

NONNA (O.S.)
I'm ah waiting in a traffic-ah jam
and ah doing nothing. Okay, fine-
ah, I was-ah whistling at-ah da
construction guys.

We see Nonna with her open window whistling at a guy drilling a hole who blushes in embarrassment.

NONNA (CONT'D)

Then all of a sudden. BABOOM! I see-
ah like an asteroid coming from ah-
space falls right-a into a pot-a-
hole.

A spark of light as a comet whizzes through the air and into a massive pothole. Out of it comes a naked Tony as a very small child (*a la* Superman), with twitching junior pecs.

CONSTRUCTION WORKER 1

Hey, that guy's not union!

CONSTRUCTION WORKER 2

Fuckin' scab!

NONNA (O.S.)

I took-ah one-ah look at you and I
knew you needed not just a mama but
a Nonna. And so I took ah you in.

Nonna gets out of her car amidst honking, and right up through an mob of construction workers screaming at the boy.

NONNA (CONT'D)

Dass a-mah boy. Tony, less-ah go!

Nonna bends over to pick Tony up out of the pothole. The construction workers whistle at her, but she turns to them.

NONNA (CONT'D)

Eh! I'm a whistle at-ah you, you no-
ah whistle at-ah me!

She takes Tony back to her car, and pulls off a parking ticket from her windshield.

NONNA (CONT'D)

Vaffanculo!

7

INT. SALVATORE RESIDENCE - TONY'S BEDROOM - DAY

7

Tony gets up and shakes everything off. He moves to the window in his bedroom and stares out into the distance.

TONY (V.O.)

And that's when my life came to a
standalone. What was real? What was
truth? What was family? What was
love?

(MORE)

TONY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Baby don't hurt me, don't hurt me,
no more? I think I finally get that
song - I'm having an epitaph. But
seriously bro, if Enzo wasn't my
father, and Nonna wasn't my
grandmother, then where did I come
from? And I don't mean, like sex,
cause like duh, but I mean, why am
I on earth, fuck?

NONNA

Tony! Don't-ah swear and don't-ah
make-ah internal monologue out-AH
loud.

TONY

I'm sorry, Nonna. If that's your
real name...

NONNA

Don't ah be like ah-dat Tony. I
love you from the second I saw you.
I knew you my bambino. Oh Tony, you
crying? I know, issa beautiful.

We see that Tony is now staring at her, sobbing.

TONY

I know, but it's not that, it's...

Right behind Nonna lies a laundry basket full of IMPECCABLY
FOLDED LAUNDRY. We see that with CSI-like forensic animation
Tony's brain superimposing the golden mean ratio onto his
perfectly folded undershirts.

NONNA

You like-ah da shirts? I bring you
something special Tony. Ta-da!

Nonna whisks off the shirts to reveal a saran-wrapped LASAGNA
CASSEROLE at the bottom, and Tony sees that this casserole is
also of the exact same golden mean dimensions. This leads to
even more detailed CSI forensic calculations
(1.6180339887498948482 : 1), leading him to a state of
uncontrollable weeping.

TONY

It's so assthetic, fuck.

NONNA

Tony! You not right, you gotta go
back to da gym or something.

TONY

You're right Nonna. I gotta to get
some fresh air, tear some fibre,
and grow it back stronger with a
select set of amino acids, bro.

Tony reaches for a gym bag on the floor - noticing the
cassette from DJ Kue.

TONY (CONT'D)

Nonna, you got a Walkman to listen
to an old cassette?

NONNA

Walkman? What's ah walkman?

Tony looks disappointed.

NONNA (CONT'D)

I gotta-ah ghattoblaster?

8

INT. GYM - DAY

8

From overhead, we see Tony prepare to bench press. He winces
but can only pull off two measly reps. He looks disappointed -
maybe he really *is* bitch? Then, he reaches behind him, pulls
out a huge pair of 70's recording studio "can" HEADPHONES
plugged into a massive ghattoblaster, and hits a huge PLAY
BUTTON with a thunk.

The beats begin. This stuff is even more powerful than the
other night, a higher paced distorted bass driving *oom ts*
oom ts with a nice groove to it. "Da bumpz" start come out
of his shirt and the weights become almost weightless, like
he's weightlifting in outer space.

In a montage sequence:

- Tony keeps putting on more and more weight on the bar
- It's getting frustrating how little of a workout he's
getting. He now moves to two bars at a time.
- A gaggle of BODYBUILDERS crowds around him - HOLY SHIT BRO.
- Tony goes from machine to machine, working each one in ways
not meant to be worked, bodybuilders being asked to sit on
the weights for more resistance.
- Tony pauses to order a shake from a SHAKE PREPARER DUDE,
and everyone immediately throws money on the counter to order
the same shake.

- In a closed shower stall, we hear Tony washing and mouthing the latest track's beat and the sounds of what appear to be other people in the stall.

BODYBUILDER 1

Holy Shit Bro, look how fucking ripped he is?

BODYBUILDER 2

Yo, his fucking arms are jacked!

TONY

Guys, enough, fuck.

BODYBUILDER 3

Seriously, this is pretty gay.

Murmurs of acknowledgement. Pause. Sounds of some impassioned kissing. Pause. Groans of disgust as we see ten bodybuilders file out like a clown car.

Tony exits the change room with gym bag and special ghettoblaster bag (it's covered in transparent plastic like furniture from the 50's). He's about to leave when out of the corner of his eye he spots Vanessa, the girl from the Cracked Eggs, short, curly dark hair, olive complexion, curvy and buxom, accentuated perfectly by her tight DuDuDemon outfit. She is the gym yoga instructor. Vanessa's poses become more and more ridiculously sexual. In each pose he catches through glass panes of the yoga studio, his mind superimposes the geometry of the golden mean. Tony yells from across the gym.

TONY

YO, WHAT'S YOUR NAME!

She clearly can't hear him through the glass wall.

SHAKE PREPARER DUDE

It's Vanessa.

TONY

I want to know *her* name. Maybe if I were stronger, I could protect her. And know her. Publicly.

Vanessa turns and waves at Tony - she remembers him from the club, where he tried to protect her. He waves back, crying, panning to his implied massive erection. We see all the bodybuilders from before in the middle of sipping on their shakes, confused as to whether they should drink more or immediately throw them out...

11 EXT. CRESCENDO STREET - NIGHT

11

Tony walks up to Club Rome, sizing it up.

TONY (V.O.)

That night I finally returned to the club. I knew I had to make a clean impression, so I was going to pretend to be on Sammy's side while at the same time spy on him. That's right - I was a double Asian.

Tony approaches the front door where Sammy is out having a cigarette, pacing nervously. Sammy spots Tony, hesitates, looks at his watch and, surprisingly, smiles.

SAMMY

Tony. You're back. You're early.

TONY

That's right, Sammy, I'm clean as a baby's ass.

SAMMY

Hey, looks like you lost the bitch in your tits. Muscle Tov! Yala.

Sammy waves Tony in and whispers in his ear.

SAMMY (CONT'D)

Tonight is a big night for Rome. We have some Very. Important. People in the Confessional. So if anyone disturbs them, it's Very. Important. That you disturb the disturbers. Kapish?

TONY

4-1-1.

Sammy extinguishes his smoke and returns inside. Tony takes his bouncer position and from his POV we see the crowd crowding as usual to rush in. Tony nods to himself and confidently produces a DEFLATED BALLOON from his pocket, then with one giant gust of breath blows up a life-size balloon version of himself that he ties to a fire hydrant. The crowd clearly cannot tell the difference.

12

INT. CLUB ROME - NIGHT

12

Tony retreats to the Confessional area, peering through a slit in the curtain to see Samy in an ARMCHAIR enjoying a cigar lit by an ESCORT and next to him in an ARMCHAIR, eyeing the escort's backside - a portly man in a disheveled suit.

TONY

I couldn't believe it. Our very own Mayor Pierre, here at Rome. Mayor Pierre was popular in the city - an ex-game show host who rode his fame all the way to city hall. And then parked, and went in. Wait, shhh, I don't wanna miss this.

Samy lights up Mayor Pierre's Stogie.

SAMY

Mayor Pierre, it is my honor to have you here at Rome. I want to celebrate with you the new Montnoir and the new alliance. As you know, all our roles are of equal importance. You will make sure all is kosher at city hall, give everyone a free bicycle and excite the voters with a "green initiative." I will maintain all order on Crescendo, with the police force, and across town. And all of this will set the stage for the business opportunity.

MAYOR PIERRE

(with French accent)
Designer contraband.

SAMY

I like hearing that out your mouth.

MAYOR PIERRE

(again, with thicker French accent)
Designneuurr contrabaaaaande

SAMY

Funny you should say it two times, because this isn't just one drug. It's two. Which is why *two* shall present to you. Franco...

Franco enters from behind a set of curtains.

SAMY (CONT'D)
 ...And Anglo.

Anglo, looking like Franco's identical twin, enters from behind the opposite set of curtains.

MAYOR PIERRE
 I love it. You must be evil twins.

FRANCO
 (with French accent)
 Technically, we are evil twins.

ANGLO
 (with English accent)
 But not to each other, we just each are twins to other twins.

FRANCO
 Yeah, they're really nice guys.

ANGLO
 Super nice guys, decent guys.

SAMY
 Franco and Anglo have made a special proposal presentation.

Escort pulls a curtain back from the wall and reveals a screen and PowerPoint.

ANGLO
 We all know what drugs can do to a city - bring out the seediest elements to a point of desperation.

FRANCO
 Which is great, but what happens when you combine the power of two drugs into one?

ANGLO
 Introducing...

ANGLO AND FRANCO
 Cocagne!

The slide show reads COCAGNE, displaying a glass of white, milky champagne split screen with a fine dark brown powder. Mayor Pierre nods in approval.

ANGLO

It's a mixture between champagne and cocaine - in two distributable forms.

FRANCO

One is sniffable champagne, which gets you drunk instantaneously. I will handle sales on the streets.

ANGLO

The other is drinkable cocaine. Sold exclusively at Club Rome, handled by me.

SAMY

You see, once you have champagne on the streets, you have to have the cocaine in the club. It's addictive as hell. In time, it will create a population so obsessed with themselves, they will be incapable of voting, and you will be able to win every single election by casting your own singular vote.

Pierre Mayor contemplates and nods.

MAYOR PIERRE

And how do we execute, messieurs?

ANGLO

We're going to bring in a massive shipment of champagne and cocaine tomorrow at the Four Petunias Flour Refinery - everyone of course will mistake the cocaine for flour, and mistake the champagne for the polluted bubbling water of the St. Lucian river.

FRANCO

Your role is to make sure the pigs are held at bay and we have safe carriage tomorrow night.

MAYOR PIERRE

We don't call the police pigs here in Montnoir, sir.

Awkward.

MAYOR PIERRE (CONT'D)
 We call them striking idiots! Don't
 worry, they're on strike until
 July. No problems.

Tony observes the whole thing, mouth agape.

SAMY
 So gentlemen - do we have a deal?

MAYOR PIERRE
 No.

Awkward.

MAYOR PIERRE (CONT'D)
 We have a drug deal.

The room lightens up again.

MAYOR PIERRE (CONT'D)
 Seriously guys, lighten up, you had
 me at cocaine!

SAMY
 Fantastic! Let's make it kosher.
 Vanessa!!!

Escort pulls yet another curtain and Vanessa comes out,
 carrying a glass of liquid cocaine and a baggie of sniffable
 champagne.

SAMY (CONT'D)
 Well, come on, Vanessa, aren't you
 going to share with us?

Vanessa approaches and gyrates, but looks like she's under
 the influence. Tony, still staring through the slit, can't
 help himself and in a moment of lack of control blurts:

TONY
 YO, WHAT'S YOUR NAME?

He immediately cups his mouth and runs out to the front door.
 Samy chases afterwards and comes out to find...

13 EXT. CLUB ROME ENTRANCE - NIGHT

13

...Tony beating the shit out of his own inflatable self.

TONY
 Don't worry, got it under control.

Samy smiles - Tony's taking out the trash again.

14 INT/EXT. TONY'S CAR IN MONTNOIR STREETS - NIGHT 14

Tony drives home, his mind ablaze.

TONY (V.O.)

Bro. What happened to Montnoir? My childhood home? And who am I? I'm not the son of Enzo Salvatore, I'm from outer space...what does it all mean? Bro?

Tony spontaneously crosses five lanes, only to get honked at by a PASSING CAR crossing five lanes in the opposite direction at the same time. We linger on a street sign clearly reading: NO 5 LANE CROSSING.

Tony winds up the mountain of Montnoir and up to a lookout point. From there, he sees the mellow lights of the city. His mind imposes the golden mean everywhere - the streets, the architecture. He sees a young couple around him kissing in love. He sees a morbidly obese man enjoy an ICE CREAM SUNDAE all on his own, clearly in love with it, in the moment. He looks up at the sky and sees a twinkle as though his home planet is giving him a sign. From that twinkle a light shines down directly onto the city below him. Tony then has an epiphany - he may not know where he's from. But this is his city. And he will be damned if he does not protect it.

Tony peels off but this time he heads to the suburban strip of the Hamptowns past a sign that says:

**WELCOME TO THE HAMPTOWNS
POPULATION: WELL-OFF**

It's late but he's determined to find his Kue. He cruises around looking for Alan's father's Mercedes. Sure enough, he spots the gorgeous luxury car he pushed Alan up against the other night and comes to a screeching halt.

15 EXT. KUNITZ RESIDENCE - NIGHT 15

Tony, now on foot, picks up a rock and flings it towards what would seem to be the bedroom of a kid who lives with his parents in the Hamptowns. No response. He flings another. Yet another. The rebound noise is starting to create a beat. He sniffs something and turns to his side - it's Alan Kunitz, smoking a joint and watching him throw rocks at the window.

DJ KUE
That sounds so cool, dude, keep
going!

TONY
Holy shit you scared me!

DJ KUE
Sorry. You should probably stop
throwing rocks at the maid's. Let
me sneak you into the lab.

16 INT. KUNITZ RESIDENCE - NIGHT

16

The pair tiptoe to the house's backdoor entrance, immediately
overhearing a terrifying voice that causes Tony to jump:

MA KUNITZ
ALLLLLLLAAAAAAAAAAAAAN, DIDJA LEAVE
THE LIGHTS ON???

DJ KUE
NOOOOO, MAAAAAAAAAAAA

They continue to tiptoe downstairs and Alan hits a light to
reveal: the office of an accountant.

TONY
So...this is your lab?

DJ KUE
Wait for it...

Alan approaches a bookcase and pulls out a book called
GENERALLY ACCEPTED ACCOUNTING PRINCIPLES. All of a sudden the
bookcase spins around to reveal a SUPER STUDIO with near
limitless shelves of RECORDS and MUSICAL GADGETS in encasing.

DJ KUE (CONT'D)
I have to hide things from my
father, he thinks I'm studying
Commerce.

TONY
That's crazy you've got to hide
yourself when you're so virtuoso,
bro-so.

DJ KUE
So you listened to the tape?

TONY

Listened? I benched 1000 pounds in 4 sets and 15 reps each! As a warm-up! Bro, whatever you made...it tapped into something deep in my inner self. I mean, that's not just music, bro. That's like... megaphysical.

Alan looks delighted.

TONY (CONT'D)

Hold on, are you really smoked up or like this makes sense?

DJ KUE

Both! This is what my research is all about. You proved it! Did you ever hear that fact about only being able to use 3% of our brains?

TONY

Yeah but did you ever hear the fact that we only use 3% of our pecs?

DJ KUE

No.

TONY

Well it's true. Listening to your music made me realize my physical potential, to a level I never knew. A level that's like...inhumane.

DJ KUE

That's so cool.

TONY

Bro, it's not about cool. Wake up. This city is about to go to shit because of Samy and his plans.

DJ KUE

My dad probably has something to do with that...

TONY

Maybe, but why is it that we have to suffer as innocent guystandards? What you have, with your inspiration, and me with my megaphysicals, we can fight back against these bullies that hold us back. Me. You. Montnoir.

DJ KUE
You sound like a superhero.

TONY
Well then maybe I am.

DJ KUE
So what are you going to go by?

Tony ponders.

TONY
I like Da Beatz. Cuz every time you
play Da Beatz, like, you make me
wanna give someone Da Beatz. You
know what I mean, fuck?

Alan and Tony give each other a pound. Cut to a montage
sequence as they prepare for their night at Four Petunias:

- Alan slows and speeds up a record waiting for Tony to
detect the right beats-per-minute (BPM).

- Alan waxes Tony's chest with one giant adhesive mat - Tony
tries to scream but he realizes he can't wake anyone up so he
cups his mouth and tears sprinkle out of his eyes.

- Tony runs shirtless on a treadmill with electrodes all over
his bare chest as a feedback machine measures his vitals in
response to the beat as Alan fiddles with tempos and sounds.

- Tony and Alan work on Tony's car in Alan's garage and start
detailing it. Fuzzy dice are hung.

- Tony and Alan wake up the maid and have her start sewing
the letters "d" and "b" onto a black T-shirt.

- Tony and Alan watch and mimic instructional videos and copy
what they see - these range from kung fu to Krav Maga to
thighmaster with Suzanne Somers.

- They electrically screw the giant ghetto blaster into the
dashboard of Tony's car.

- Tony starts cracking wooden blocks in half, karate style.
He does one after the other in a horizontal row, and then
goes to a final small wooden Jenga set and removes a block
and it doesn't fall down. High fives.

- Tony takes the "db" shirt off of his chest and gives it
back to the maid, who folds the shirt perfectly and Tony
superimposes the golden mean ratio upon it. It's kosher.

The montage ends as we see 6:59 AM on Tony's dashboard. We pan up to Tony and Alan on top of Alan's dad's car sipping on orange drink in front of Orange Tulip, a fast food roller skate drive thru institution. They then they pass out lying on the car windshield.

We time lapse forward to 4:59 PM, watching them shift on the car windshield like an old couple tossing and turning in bed while the hustle bustle of passing traffic runs loudly behind them. Suddenly, as the clock turns 5:00 PM, Tony's phone goes off and the two wake up in a spooning position.

TONY (CONT'D)

Oh fuuuck, the shipment is coming in right now and I gotta get over there!

DJ KUE

Oh fuuuck, my dad's car! I knew I shouldn't have taken it. He's going to kiiiiiiiiiiii me.

TONY

But we do look pretty cool on it.

DJ KUE

Right?

17

EXT. CRESCENDO STREET - ENTRANCE OF ROME - NIGHT

17

Tony approaches the club as Samy awaits him with welcome arms. They embrace, and Samy cops a feel of Tony's muscles.

SAMY

You're a beast! And Rome is a beauty. Tonight is a night to celebrate. The club is going to be huuuge from now on. Huge. And you're going to get *more* huge. To protect us. From the ugly people.

Tony nods, Sammy gives him a pat on the ass and walks off. Tony peers at the approaching thong. In a huff and a puff he produces what looks like an easel with a picture on it. We pan in to see that it's a detailed portrait of Tony under which is written says:

CECI N'EST PAS UN BOUNCER

The crowd immediately quiets down and starts to thoroughly examine it, perplexed, contemplating fine art. Success.

Meanwhile, Tony starts walking down Crescendo, nervously. He asks a PASSERBY.

TONY

Hey, know where I can find a phone booth?

PASSERBY

They got rid of those years ago. Do you need to use my cell?

TONY

No, I have to change into an outfit, fuck, what do I need a cellphone for? Stupid.

18

EXT. SIDE STREET - NIGHT

18

Pissed, Tony makes his way back to his car where he begins to change in very unslick style (e.g. wrestling to remove his pants in the backseat of the car). Finally, dressed up in his Da Beatz suit, with cologne dabbed on, he gets in the driver's seat and presses a dashboard button labeled H-KUE.

OPERATOR VOICE

Calling DJ Kue

MA KUNITZ

Yaaaa haaaaaallllooooooooooo?

TONY

Hi, is DJ Kue around?

MA KUNITZ

Ya want Alan? Hold on? Alllllaaaan. It's someone for the DJing...

DJ KUE

Dee Bee?

TONY

You ready?

DJ KUE

Listen, I can't go out tonight.

TONY

WHAT? Bro, what about last night? We had a superpac. You and me bro.

DJ KUE

Yeah, but I'm grounded.

TONY

Aren't you a bit old to get grounded?

DJ KUE

You don't understand - my dad had to take a *bus* to work today. Look, you're going to be great. I've got your back.

TONY

Yeah, right. So much for pac men.

Tony hits the H-KUE button. He moves his finger to press another button - NONNA.

OPERATOR VOICE

Calling Nonna.

After a few rings it goes to message.

NONNA (ANSWERING MACHINE)

It's-a Salvatore residence, what's a good a for you is-ah to leave-a a message. Gratzie. BEEP.

TONY

Nonna, it's me, Anthony. You know, Tony. I just wanted to say... no matter what happens...or wherever I'm from, you'll always be the best Nonna in the world. And I should know, cuz I'm from outer space, so I have like bird's eye coordination. K, god bless.

Tony turns the ignition and *boom*: the car transforms a la Transformers into a fluorescent tank - neon lights lining the bottom, screwdriven in with massive subwoofers consuming the back seat, a rear spoiler - with its own spoiler - and a golden cupholder. They have built not just any car - this is indeed the Technomobile (the vanity plate reads TCNOMOBL).

TONY (CONT'D)

GIMME DA BEATZ!

With that cue, a previously unheard DJ Kue beat begins, this time even more hype and intensely epic than before (like the Knight Rider theme if remixed by Daft Punk).

19 INT/EXT. - STREETS OF MONTNOIR - NIGHT

19

Tony's goosebumps explode like popcorn in a microwave, his hair going full Mohawk and breaking out of gelled formation. He slams on the gas and, whiplash and all, flies through the city, down Crescendo to everyone's ooh's and aah's, masterfully dodging every pothole, pylon-filled construction site and crumbling overpass the nick of time.

20 EXT. - MONTNOIR PIERS - NIGHT

20

Tony rolls up slowly to the edge of a pier and takes in the scene - under the moonlight, porters work quickly and quietly to roll barrels off of a ship and into a nearby truck.

TONY

Lightbulb!

Tony zips off in the Technomobile and heads in the opposite direction from whence he came. Seconds of silence on a still view of the highway and then, Tony crashes off the top of a nearby elevated expressway and, in Dukes of Hazard slow motion, lands on the upper deck of the ship.

He gets out and dusts himself off, immediately after which a red City of Montnoir hatchback pulls up behind him, a clerk gets out and prints him up a PARKING TICKET.

TONY (CONT'D)

What the fuck, I'm only going to be here for like five minutes?

CLERK

Not my problem.

Tony rips up the ticket in rage. The clerk sees this, shakes his head and drives back off.

Meanwhile, Tony tiptoes his way to the shipment - a stack of WOODEN BARRELS. He opens one and takes out the powder and tastes it with his pinky. Yup, high grade cocaine. He opens another one up and dips his pinky in it, then sucks on his pinky. Yup, high grade champagne. He opens up another one and sticks his pinky in it, only for us to pan and reveal he's stuck it in the ear of a trafficked Russian prostitute. He apologizes profusely for disturbing her and, misunderstanding her rescue pleas, stuffs her back in the barrel.

Tony moves hastily to bash out barrels and empty them out over the deck into water, like prohibition all over again. But soon, a group of DRUNKEN PARTIERS come around, see him, and catch him in their phone flashlights.

Like a deer in the headlights, Tony freezes as they watch him dump a barrel of champagne out the side of the ship when... PAR-TAY! They start dumping their champagne in the water as well. Tony smiles guiltily, playing along, partying up the dumping of the alcohol.

Anglo and Franco soon appear from around the deck with scantily clad ladies flanking them. They quickly realize what's going on.

ANGLO

IDIOTS! What are you doing? No, no,
no stop him! Kill him!!!

Tony senses danger and yells back towards the Technomobile.

TONY

GIMME DA BEATZ!

The car blasts some high BPM kung-fu themed techno, inspiring Tony into a perfectly choreographed rhythmic ballet of roundkicks and martial artistry, sending the multicultural henchmen into color-coordinated piles.

He finishes off the last one and advances on Anglo and Franco and their concubines. Frightened by this unknown choreographed killing machine, Franco and Anglo retreat upwards by LADDER to the captain's deck. Tony grabs the slower Franco in mid-climb and tosses him off the ship, deep into the river all the way down to the river bed, where he awakens in a veritable museum's worth of DEAD MEN IN CEMENT BOOTS. Franco floats upwards, stops off for a quick drug package pick up from the hull of a nearby ship, and passes a SHARK, with whom he shares a mutual nod of respect.

Meanwhile, Tony advances up the ladder towards Anglo who has retreated to the deck. All of a sudden Anglo reappears right above him - with Vanessa.

ANGLO

If you take one more step, the girl
gets dunked!!

Tony waits, infuriated. Anglo pulls out his cellphone and starts whispering, and within seconds the sound of Tony's Kung-Fu techno dissolves as a red City of Montnoir hatchback tows the Technomobile away, the clerk relishing his revenge. Meanwhile, Franco, emerging from the river, puts in a call from his dripping wet cellphone.

FRANCO

Plan B.

Anglo, retreating, scurries upwards towards a helicopter hovering above him (it's a red City of Montnoir helicopter manned by the same clerk, delighted again, who just can't help but make tickets rain on Tony). Anglo pulls Vanessa with him as he climbs onto the helicopter, but Tony by this time has climbed up, reached out and grabbed Vanessa's foot. It's a tug of war between Anglo and Tony, with in between. Anglo realizes there's no use in tugging and he lets her go, Da Beatz holding her just by one dangling foot.

VANESSA
AHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!!

TONY
YOOOOOOOOOO, WHAT'S YOUR NAME?

VANESSA
AHHHHHH, VANESSA!!!

TONY
NO, THAT'S YOUR STRIPPER NAME.
LIKE, WHAT'S YOUR REAL NAME?

VANESSA
IT'S EMBARRASSING!!!!

TONY
IT'S FINE, JUST TELL ME!!!

VANESSA
....MONA!!!!!!!!!!

TONY
YEAH, BUT WHAT'S YOUR FULL NAME?

VANESSA
...MONA...LISA!!

We can see from Tony's POV that indeed, this whole time, she has kind of looked like the Mona Lisa, made all the more obvious in this moment, and the golden mean ratio he superimposes over her face and arms.

TONY
YEAH, THAT'S WHAT I THOUGHT.

A glint in Tony's eye - he has found his destined beauty. Tears start to form and gush on Vanessa, who wards off the ridiculous spray.

TONY (CONT'D)
SORRY, I'M JUST REALLY EMOTIONAL
RIGHT NOW!!!!

VANESSA
IT'S OKAY!!!!

TONY
I NEED YOU TO REALLY FOCUS ON YOUR
ABS, OKAY? YOU'RE GOING TO PULL
RIGHT UP TO ME!!

She bends up towards him and from a master wide in the moonlight we see her pull her torso up to be perfectly perpendicular with the legs Tony's holding. We see the outline of the Golden Ratio forming between her legs and her arms. Perfection under the moonlight.

TONY (CONT'D)
OK, THAT'S GREAT, NOW JUST GIVE ME
FOUR MORE.

She attempts four reps but stalls on the fourth, fatigued.

TONY (CONT'D)
C'MON, DON'T BE A FUCKING PUSSY,
LET'S DO THIS!!!!

She makes it up to his toes and he simply flips her around and up to him on his rung of the ladder.

VANESSA
What's *your* name?

TONY
They call me Da Beatz.

VANESSA
Israeli?

TONY
You doubting me?

VANESSA
It doesn't matter to me. My best friend went out with a Jewish guy for like five years. It only ended because it turned out he was gay. Really nice guy. Solid guy. Hey, where did you go?

Tony has left a trail of "vapors" and is nowhere to be found.

Meanwhile, a CORPORATE LAWYER emerges with a half naked concubine on his arm, both of them sniffing uncontrollably, partying obliviously to the beat. The lawyer stares out to the boat and does a double take.

MORRIS "MOISHE" KUNITZ
ALAN!????????!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

DJ KUE
(yelling from the other boat)
NO DAD, IT'S DJ KUE!

MORRIS "MOISHE" KUNITZ
DJ WHO? DOES YOUR MOTHER KNOW WHERE
YOU ARE RIGHT NOW?

DJ KUE
NO. DOES SHE KNOW WHERE YOU ARE
RIGHT NOW?

Morris looks at what's on his arm. He then extends his other arm for a truce:

MORRIS "MOISHE" KUNITZ
QUID PRO QUO?

DJ KUE
DE FACTO!

They "shake" on it from a distance. Morris turns to the concubine.

MORRIS "MOISHE" KUNITZ
My son's a TOP disc jockey. Best in
the city. Name a song, he'll play
you any of the top numbers!

DJ Kue continues to spin in the distance as the ship full of garbage continues to float across the river.

CUT TO:

EXT. ELSEWHERE IN MONTNOIR - NIGHT

The Technomobile zips past gigantic potholes, construction sites and clusters of police officers "chilling" up Mont Noir, making it all the way to the top. We see the mellow glowing city from up high, then pan back to Tony, now parked, dismantling pieces of the Technomobile. He pilgrimages to the nearby giant crucifix atop the city, with a great deal of huff and puff. Suddenly, Tony lets out a victorious scream, and a light shines from outer space breaking through the crucifix, reflecting a shadow onto the backdrop of the sky.

We see Tony making a figure lifting vertical muffler pipes in front of the cross, producing the reflection of a giant "M" composed out of a "d" and a "b" and Tony and his outstretched arms. As a skylight cycles ever few seconds, this figure appears like a blinking signal in the sky.

TONY

Fuuuuuck, this is pretty good for my delts. Next time I gotta bring shakes, note to sell.

CUT TO:

21 EXT. OLD PIER - NIGHT 21

Samy steps out of a limousine and takes a look at the scene - a ripped up ship with barrels pissing out into the water. He looks up and catches the blinking signal in the sky. He then spits in disgust and shakes his head.

22 EXT. SALVATORE RESIDENCE 22

Tony pulls up to his house and tiptoes slowly past Nonna, sleeping. She has left beautiful folded laundry for him, on top of which is a perfectly-placed birth certificate.

BIRTH CERTIFICATE - CITY OF MONTNOIR
 NAME: ANTONY MICHAELANGELO SALVATORE
 FATHER: UNKNOWN
 MOTHER: NINA SALVATORE
 EYES: BROWN
 HAIR: BROWN
 PECS: YES

Tony smiles, shuts the lights and pulls the covers over him.

TONY (O.S.)

All in a day's word.

EPILOGUE

23 EXT. CRESCENDO STREET - DUSK 23

An air of calm *joie de vivre* on the streets. Tony, from his spot outside Rome, watches passerby in their summer outfits. SLAP. A hand clamps down on Tony's shoulder - Samy. Gulp.

SAMY

Tony, you wouldn't happen to know anything about this little *pest* in town trying to bring Rome down?

TONY

Nuh uh.

SAMY

Whoever it is gonna learn that screwing with Samy is a very, very, very bad idea. Samy don't get mad.

(MORE)

SAMY (CONT'D)
He get even. And there's no escape,
cuz all roads lead to Rome.

Samy slaps Tony in the face.

SAMY (CONT'D)
Mosquito.

Samy shows Tony a crushed mosquito on the palm of his left hand. Samy then smacks him with his right.

SAMY (CONT'D)
Fruit fly.

Tony reveals a freshly crushed fruit fly with his other hand. Samy then slaps Tony again with the original hand.

SAMY (CONT'D)
What I tell you about wearing
fragrances that attract flies?

TONY
Sorry. Just wanted to smell pro.

SAMY
Think about what I say, Tony. You
help me - this can be *our* town.

Samy pats Tony hard on the shoulder, then walks off, opening the door to Rome, from which we hear the crescendoing sounds of DJ Douche Mark's - DOUCHE - DOUCHE - DOUCHE - DOUCHE. Off Tony, smiling slyly, his eyes to the sky.

THE END