

SUNSET STRIPPED

(Pilot episode)

'UN-WHACKABLE'

(Written by)

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PILOT EPISODE: "UN-WHACKABLE"

SUPER: **BASED ON TRUE EVENTS...**

FADE IN:

SUPER: **NEW YEAR'S EVE, 1971**

INT. DARK ABANDONED LOS ANGELES PIER WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

A dozen MOB GUYS, a.k.a. "The Boys", congregate amongst stacked boxes that form a working office area. They all cringe as a massive man called THE CEMENT MIXER *SCREECHES* a chair through the crowd with an occasional spark flying off the metal heel. Tied to the chair is a hooded body. A TV in the background on a makeshift bar shows DICK CLARK hosting his annual New Year's Eve Countdown from Times Square.

SONNY (O.S.)

Bring the little prick over here.

The Cement Mixer delivers the chair with its hooded body to SONNY BELLO, the Under Boss. Dapperly dressed in a tux, he stands at the center of his "family" under a single hanging tin light.

Sonny puts a lit cigar in his teeth and holds his arms back. The Cement Mixer takes off Sonny's overcoat. The Boys crowd around as Sonny circles the chair.

SONNY (CONT'D)

So, Smart Guy, where's your Jew-friend now?

A *MUFFLE* comes from beneath the hood. GIAN CARLO a young Mob Guy wears a distinctive red rose in his tux lapel.

GIAN CARLO

(to Jimmy)

You lucky fuck, most guys would be in dirt by now.

SONNY

(appalled)

Who the fuck--?

Everyone steps back to single out the speaker who's face is shadowed. Sonny gives The Cement Mixer a look.

THE CEMENT MIXER

(to Gian Carlo)

Speak when spoken to or you'll end up in the box with this fuckin' scumbag.

The Cement Mixer walks to Gian Carlo and *SLAPS* him across the head with his baseball-glove-sized hand. Sonny yanks the hood off the victim revealing bruises and a duct-taped mouth.

SONNY

Well well, the famous Jimmy McNair. Let me ask you something.

(chuckling)

And don't answer till I'm done. What I don't understand is, you own a restaurant that serves Italian food. You are Italian, but a *Napali-don*, so it figures you're a jerk off and a degenerate gambler to boot.

(Puffs cigar)

I mean, you're from Brooklyn, right? One might think you'd have a fuckin' clue of how things work. So how the fuck did you think you'd get away with buying meat, seafood and liquor no less, from people outside of our--

(Thinking, puffing cigar)

Outside of our, uh, struc-ture, if you will. Huh?

Sonny rips the tape off of Jimmy's mouth.

SONNY (CONT'D)

You see, Jimmy, our structure is what keeps things together. Mess with it, and people wind up gettin' whacked. So, what? You think you're unwhackable? You do realize that without us, there is no restaurant.

(MORE)

SONNY (CONT'D)

Your name may be on the fuckin' sign, but the till is mine. And now you're three months behind on the juice. Showing no regard for who we are is like spitting in my face.

(Puffs cigar at Jimmy)

You know, I gotta say one thing -- you were never much of an actor but you've always made the most of what you had. You're friends with Sinatra, for Christ's sake, and for some reason, everybody loves you. Why?

JIMMY

(smug)

I'm a lovable guy?

SONNY (V.O.)

I'm about to put a bullet in your head and you're cracking wise?

The Cement Mixer smacks Jimmy's face with a forehand *WHACK* then a backhand *WHACK*.

FADE TO BLACK:

A *PIERCING RINGING IN THE EARS*.

FADE IN:

INT. LEVENWORTH PRISON, CORRIDOR - NIGHT

From behind, without ever revealing anyone's faces, TWO PRISON GUARDS escort a TALL HANDCUFFED INMATE toward a wood and glass door that reads: "**LEVENWORTH WARDENS OFFICE**".

SONNY (V.O.)

What I must make clear is that
Everyone pays.

Guard #1 opens the door for the other two to walk through.

SONNY (V.O.)
The Studios... Pay.

INT. LEVENWORTH PRISON, RECEPTION AREA - CONTINUOUS

The Tall Inmate proceeds to a wooden door that reads: "**WARDEN SHACKELFORD**".

SONNY (V.O.)
The Actors... Pay.

Guard #2 opens the door *AS HE KNOCKS*.

SONNY (V.O.)
The Politicians... Pay.

The Inmate enters boldly. Inside, WARDEN SHACKELFORD nervously scrambles to greet him.

SONNY (V.O.)
Everyone... Pays.

The Guard pulls the door closed and puts his ear to the door.

SONNY (V.O.)
For cryin' out loud, Jimmy, even We
fuckin' pay.

INT. WARDEN SHACKELFORD'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Still not showing his face, the Tall Inmate shakes hands with Warden Shackelford.

SONNY (V.O.)
We pay Judges. We pay Cops.

Without speaking, the Warden opens a wooden door that reads: "**PRIVATE**", to reveal a small room with a two-way radio on a small desk next to a RED PHONE.

SONNY (V.O.)
We pay Lawyers, those fuckin'
snakes.

The Warden watches the Inmate pick up the phone and closes the door on him.

SONNY (V.O.)

We even pay the Catholic Church.

The Warden breathes a heartfelt *SIGH* of relief.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. DARK ABANDONED LOS ANGELES PIER WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

SONNY

You think you're bigger than God?

Sonny looks to the heavens and crosses his heart. Several other Mobsters follow with crosses. Jimmy rolls his eyes.

SONNY (CONT'D)

We own the Strip, Asshole. Who the fuck do you think you are?

(drops cigar, cocks gun)

Any last words Smart Guy?

Jimmy gives another defiant look to Sonny and then *SPITS* a bloody glob on Cement Mixer's shoes. He steps forward to kick Jimmy with that same shoe, but Sonny holds him back still aiming gun to Jimmy's head.

A loud *PHONE RINGS* twice. LOUIE "PISS EYE", Mobster whose left eye always tears, picks up phone and listens.

SONNY (CONT'D)

Avan-Goul, who the fuck is it?

Louie "Piss Eye" is scared to answer Sonny. He remains silent.

SONNY (CONT'D)

(losing patience)

Hey, *Stunad*, I'm talkin' to you.

LOUIE "PISS EYE"

(pointing to the phone)

Well, Boss, ah -- He says pick up the fuckin' phone. Now.

Sonny storms over. Louie "Piss Eye" hands over the phone.

SONNY
 (grabbing phone)
 Hello? This better be good.
 (pause)
 Oh, I had no idea it was you.
 Excuse me.
 (ego deflating)
 Okay, I understand. But--

Sonny holds the phone away as he gets yelled at.

SONNY (CONT'D)
 (back into phone)
 No Uncle, I'm not questioning your
 decision. I just--

Suddenly a Lincoln Continental car *CRASHES* through a glass panel of the warehouse wall. Sonny *SLAMS* the phone down. The entire Mob draws their weapons aimed at the car.

END TEASER, FADE
 TO BLACK:

ACT I, FADE IN:

SUPER: **TWO WEEKS EARLIER**

INT. JIMMY'S NEW 1971 CONVERTIBLE CADILLAC - DAY

Jimmy and JOEY-G (early thirties, Jimmy's *Gumba* and best friend) roll through rows of iconic palm trees down the famous Sunset Strip on a perfect California day. They are greeted by VALET as they pull up to Jimmy's Restaurant.

EXT. JIMMY MCNAIR'S RESTAURANT, SUNSET STRIP - NIGHT

The Valet drives off. Joey-G and Jimmy embrace. They button their jackets and check each other's looks.

JOEY-G
 Remember... you are Jimmy Fucking
 McNair... You own the most
 happening nightspot in all of
 Hollywood and you are in charge.
 Time to do what you do.

Joey-G opens the door for Jimmy who takes a dramatic deep breath and then enters.

The CAMERA follows them through the doors.

INT. JIMMY MCNAIR'S, SUNSET STRIP - NIGHT

Jimmy makes his routine grand entrance. The music is loud, and so is the *NOISE OF THE CROWD*. A PIANO PLAYER plays only slightly louder than the *ROAR* of the Golden Age's CAFE SOCIETY. Joey-G chooses the bar over Jimmy and positions himself tightly between TWO MODELS.

JOEY-G

See ya, Jimmy.

Jimmy is greeted with a handshake and a kiss, respectively, by the head waiter DOMINIC (thirties, cousin of Jimmy's from New York) and the hostess DIANNE (thirty-three and sexy, secret ex-muse of Jimmy's).

JIMMY

Hi, Dominic. Dianne.

Dianne hands Jimmy a list that reads: **V.I.P.'S FOR THE NIGHT. #1) Frank Sinatra, #2) LEWIS "LEW" WASSERMAN - President of MCA, #3) ROBERT EVANS - Paramount Studios.** Jimmy looks through the list and scans the room. The VIP GUESTS sit at adjacent tables and anxiously watch to see who Jimmy schmoozes first. Everything freezes. Jimmy breaks the fourth wall and addresses the camera.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Every night I'm given a list. It's my cheat-sheet of who's who and what's what. Always number one is Old Blue Eyes -- If he's here you better believe I'm gonna see to him first. Then it's the Power Players of Hollywood, then Politicians, Actors and then Sports Figures. Unfortunately tonight I have two mistresses in the house, and this could cause trouble. My job is to work the room and make everyone feel like family.

(MORE)