

THE CHINESE ANGLE

an original screenplay by

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SCRIPT SAMPLE

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INT. ANDERSON'S CAR - OUTSIDE I.F. HOUSE -- NIGHT

The car lights are off. McCloy is behind the wheel; Anderson in the passenger seat. He looks out his window through a small pair of binoculars at a large brownstone down the street.

DETECTIVE MCCLOY

I don't think this is a good idea.  
We should get back up or talk this  
over with the captain.

DETECTIVE ANDERSON

We wait 'til morning and he hears  
we've been scouring his local joints  
for Knuckles, he'll know our move  
before we do. This city is full of  
rats.

McCloy moves uncomfortably in his seat.

DETECTIVE MCCLOY

Well, we should at least call for  
back up.

DETECTIVE ANDERSON

No goddamn way! This isn't exactly  
by the books.

DETECTIVE MCCLOY

Then we shouldn't be doing this.

Anderson puts down his binoculars and looks at McCloy.

DETECTIVE ANDERSON

Christ McCloy, a nervous sissy like  
you has no business becoming a cop.

They both look silently out the front window for a moment.

DETECTIVE ANDERSON (CONT'D)

(trying to convince)

The only way you can hook a Carstazzi  
is to catch 'em with his pants down.  
We wait 'til morning and Iron Face  
will have his brother shipped outta  
town until the dust settles. We  
corner him tonight, before he can do  
any clean up and he'll cut a deal.

Anderson gets out of the car. He shuts the door and leans  
back in through the window. \*

DETECTIVE ANDERSON (CONT'D)

You comin'?

EXT. I.F. HOUSE - DOORSTEP -- NIGHT

Anderson pulls out a lock pick and fiddles with the lock.

DETECTIVE MCCLOY

NICK (V.O.)  
 Tony 'Iron Face' Carstazzi.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM -- DAY

Nick leans forward in his seat to study Greggor.

NICK  
 (accusing)  
 I'm sure you know Iron Face Tony.  
 Head of the Carstazzi Family.  
 Frankie's younger brother.

Detective Greggor tries to hold Nick's glare but his uneasiness is apparent. He leans back in his seat, crosses his arms, realizes his weak position and leans forward.

DETECTIVE GREGGOR  
 Everyone's heard of Iron Face but I  
 wanna know what you know, so get  
 talkin.

Nick pulls a cigarette out of his pack, taps the butt end on the table.

INT. I.F. HOUSE - BEDROOM -- NIGHT

BACK TO FREEZE FRAME of Iron Face shooting back the scotch.

NICK (V.O.)  
 Iron Face has more sense than Knuckles  
 ever did.

BACK TO SCENE

Iron Face lowers the glass from his lips.

NICK (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 So his father named him Boss on his  
 death bed.

A PROSTITUTE (20s young, sexy) takes the glass from Iron Face's hand and leads him towards the bed.

INT. I.F. HOUSE - HALLWAY -- NIGHT

Anderson leads the way through the large well decorated hall. They grip their guns, arms outstretched. McCloy nervously looks over his shoulder. He aims at every shadow as they move towards the large French doors of the master suite.

Anderson presses his ear to the bedroom door. There are FAINT SCREAMS coming from the room. He turns the doorknob slowly. The door quietly opens.

INT. I.F. HOUSE - BEDROOM -- NIGHT

The bedroom--masculine, expensive. Iron Face Tony lies on his back, a sheet pulled halfway up him. The prostitute bounces up and down on him, SCREAMING and MOANING.

Anderson pulls back the hammer on his gun. The gun CLICKS. Iron Face throws the prostitute off him onto the floor, quickly pulls the covers up to his waist and sits up.

IRON FACE TONY

What the fuck! You gotta be kiddin' me!

The prostitute scrambles to the wall, huddles in a ball and watches in fear.

DETECTIVE ANDERSON

It's been a long time, Carstazzi.

IRON FACE TONY

Not long enough, Detective.

DETECTIVE ANDERSON

Really? 'Cause I was thinking it was too long.

Iron Face and Anderson size each other out for a still moment.

IRON FACE TONY

Now, I know detective, you and your little girlfriend didn't come all the way over here to see how a real man gets some ass. So, what do I owe this untimely visit?

Anderson smiles coolly. McCloy watches nervously.

DETECTIVE ANDERSON

I want your no-good brother. He's on the hook for two murders with lots of evidence.

(smirks)

You really should have sent your maid to do the job. At least she would have cleaned up.

Iron Face slowly reaches under the sheet. McCloy, who's closer to Iron Face, shakily points his gun not noticing. Anderson arrogantly takes a seat in a chair across the room and dramatically talks with his hands to Iron Face.

DETECTIVE ANDERSON (CONT'D)

Now we both know your brother is not going to go to jail without you, which means you're gonna fix his shit to keep his mouth shut.

(leans forward)

Except the Fox left me a sweet little trail that ties this whole mess-up back to you.

(sighs, leans back)

So, unfortunately, you're a little late on fixin' his shit.

IRON FACE TONY

You're blowin' smoke. You have

McCloy freezes. He looks at Anderson who has his gun pointing straight back at Iron Face. McCloy shakes so bad with fear he can't hold his gun still.

DETECTIVE ANDERSON  
Drop your gun, Carstazzi.

IRON FACE TONY  
(gestures with hand)  
After you.  
(to the prostitute)  
I told you I was a gentleman.

The prostitute looks fearfully at Iron Face who stares down Anderson.

IRON FACE TONY (CONT'D)  
I suggest backing out of this room  
and crossing your fingers that I  
wake up thinking this was all just a  
bad dream.

DETECTIVE ANDERSON  
And, I suggest dropping your gun.

PROSTITUTE  
Tony--

IRON FACE TONY  
Shut up!

McCloy looks towards the door.

DETECTIVE MCCLOY  
Ander--

DETECTIVE ANDERSON  
Shut up!

Anderson and Iron Face remain locked in their stare.

DETECTIVE ANDERSON (CONT'D)  
I'm gonna tell you how this is gonna  
go, Carstazzi. You're gonna come  
downtown with me tonight-- "for  
questioning" 'cause I'm gonna keep  
you in my sight until your brother  
shows up. You ain't gonna get the  
chance to cover up his shit.  
(smiles)  
This time, a Carstazzi is doing time.

Anderson and Iron Face challenge each other in a stare until Iron Face LAUGHS. McCloy glimpses at Anderson over his shoulder, questioning 'what do we do?'

Iron Face stops laughing; he pulls back the hammer on his gun--a LOUD CLICK. The room is deathly silent.

SLOW MOTION:

BACK TO SCENE

Anderson falls to the floor--dead. A pool of blood forms underneath him.

The doorway is empty. McCloy is gone.

Iron Face whips the sheet off of his legs, revealing a holster strapped to his calf.

IRON FACE TONY

(to the prostitute)

You see. That is exactly why I never  
take off my gun!

The prostitute CRIES profusely against the wall in a huddle.

IRON FACE TONY (CONT'D)

Now, come over here and finish what  
you started!

The prostitute looks at Anderson. She crawls hesitantly on her knees towards Iron Face. Iron Face grabs her head and pushes it in his crotch. The prostitute SOBS but complies.

Iron Face lets out his orgasm with a MUFFLED GROAN and HEAVY BREATH. He tightens his grip on the prostitute's hair, thrusts her head from him, points the gun at her temple and shoots. He lets her go; the prostitute falls to the floor in a bloodied mess--dead.

MUSIC FADES OUT

INT. I.F. HOUSE - KITCHEN -- DAY

Iron Face leans against a counter, sips coffee, reads the newspaper. Eddie walks into the kitchen.

EDDIE

You lookin' for me?

Iron Face sets down the cup and paper, gestures for Eddie to come closer. As soon as Eddie steps close to I.F., Iron Face clamps his hand on the back of Eddie's neck and squeezes.

IRON FACE

What do I pay you to do? Huh?

(beat)

I pay you to follow that knuckle  
head cousin of yours around and keep  
him outta trouble. So tell me, why  
you're both in a lot a fuckin'  
trouble?

EDDIE

He don't listen to me Tony. What am  
I supposed to do?

IRON FACE

(imitating)

He don't listen to me Tony.

IRON FACE TONY

I want this place crawlin' with security like they're roaches in the fuckin' ghetto! I don't wanna take a shit without havin' to ask someone to leave my bathroom!

There's a KNOCK on the door. Pauly opens it. Fat Mickey hands him an envelope and waddles away.

Detective Anderson's body is carried past the door behind Pauly by RIP (20s, Italian, cocky) and RED (20s, Irish-Italian, hot-tempered). Stick follows with the prostitute slung over his shoulder.

Pauly closes the door, walks to the desk and drops an envelope down on it.

PAULY

Two all-inclusive tickets to the Dominican like you asked.

Iron Face pulls the tickets out of the envelope, checks them, slides them back in. He hands the envelope back to Pauly.

IRON FACE TONY

You make sure Knuckles and Eddie get on this flight with no money. I'll send them their return tickets when I decide to have them back.

PAULY

Vacation, huh? I should mess up so I could get one of those.

IRON FACE TONY

He's lucky he's my brother or he'd be bumped.

Pauly puts the envelope in his pocket, heads to the door.

IRON FACE TONY (CONT'D)

Eh, Pauly-- Before you go, make sure Anderson is replaced with a cop we can buy.

PAULY

What about his partner?

IRON FACE TONY

That fuckin' coward? Make sure he stays a fuckin' coward and keeps his lips tight.