

CONSEQUENCES DRFT 1

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INT. GANGSTER'S OFFICE - DAY

Mob boss, EMILIO LA GRASSA, sits at his desk going over the accounts of his many front businesses when ANDREA, enters the room and closes the door behind him. He walks over to the desk and takes a seat.

EMILIO

Boy, you have got some brass balls coming in here like that. Who the hell are you?

ANDREA

My name doesn't matter. Not right now.

EMILIO

Alright, so you don't wanna tell me your name. How about you tell me why I shouldn't have my boys come in here and arrange a quick meeting between you and the ground floor?

ANDREA

Yea, about your boys. Your boys are currently bleeding out on your nice red oak floors in the lobby, for one. And for two, I only came here to chat. I tried telling them that but they didn't want to listen. So, I let *my* boys, Smith and Wesson, do the talking.

EMILIO

You son of a-

ANDREA

Aht, aht! Come on, Emilio. No need to bring mothers into this. Though, if i'm being honest, that can't be avoided at this point. Some things can't be changed. Some lines can't be uncrossed.

EMILIO

What the hell are you talking about?

ANDREA

I'm talking about consequences, Emilio. My mother always used to tell me that everything you do in life comes with consequences.

(MORE)

ANDREA (CONT'D)

From the toilet paper you use to wipe your ass to the people you hurt, there are always repercussions. Sometimes you can anticipate them, maybe even hope that the outcome is the one you want. On the other hand, there are the consequences you don't ask for. These are the consequences you deserve. So, you gotta ask yourself, Emilio, when you decided to have your goons shoot up that church during Mass last month, the church you knew belonged to the Bianchi family, did you consider the consequences?

EMILIO

(eyes widening)

You? Th-they said you were dead.

ANDREA

Me? Dead? Seems like you forgot about one of us.

(standing)

But don't worry, Emilio. Your actions won't be forgotten. And they won't be forgiven. I'll be in touch.