

Trash With Money

Episode 1.1

Maronna Mia!

by

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FLASHBACK 15 YEARS AGO: ANTONIO DEL PRINCIPE IS WITH HIS SISTER TERESA SITTING AT HER KITCHEN TABLE DISCUSSING HER SON RICHIE COMING TO WORK FOR HIM AT THE CITY CLUB. TERESA IS FIERCELY AGAINST HER SON BECOMING INVOLVED IN A FILTHY ENTERPRISE LIKE A GENTLEMEN'S CLUB, BUT ANTONIO TRIES TO CONVINCHE HER ANYWAY.

INT. TERESA'S KITCHEN.

Antonio and Teresa are sitting at her kitchen table. The entire exchange is in Italian.

ANTONIO

C'mon, Teresa, Richie is a good kid and I think he'd do well there. I'd teach him everything I know, and he could maybe take over the business one day. Can't have a boy out there with nothing to do, that's how they find trouble!

TERESA

What, like your boys, Tony? Michael out running around on some kind of motorcycle like some kind of punk, Joey looking in a mirror all day trying to be a big star instead of working. Nicky is a fucking queer and a disgrace to his family and the church and Baby Dominic is too young to know any better. The only son you have that's worth a shit is Angela, and now you want my boy? My sweet Richie around all of those whores?

ANTONIO

They're not whores, T. They're nice young girls classy guys want to look at. They're not even all the way nude, just topless. I run a respectable business completely above board, and I think Richie has what it takes to be good in business like me.

TERESA

You run a brothel dressed up to look fancy. It will never be good enough for my children. My children will be respectable!

(MORE)

TERESA (CONT'D)

My Rita will marry a good Italian boy who might own a restaurant where breasts aren't on the menu, and my Richie will get a good job with a company when he finishes school. Now don't talk to me about this again! You might have money, but it is no good here. Our parents would be ashamed of what you've built!

ANTONIO

Ashamed! Ashamed that I take care of my family! My ungrateful sister who passes judgment on me but doesn't bat an eyelash when she cashes the checks I write to keep her lights on, her Cadillac running, her boy in college, and her girl in beauty school?

Antonio gets up, puts on his jacket, and stands in the doorway facing his sister.

ANTONIO (CONT'D)

I'm not a schlub with a pizza place or a time clock puncher with a 9 to 5 job that makes me wish I were dead by the time I was 50, like your husband did, but I have no doubt our parents would be proud of how well I do by all of you and how I want your boy to carry it all on someday. But you're right, the only son I have worth a shit in business is Angela, so I will teach her instead.

Antonio storms off. Teresa jumps at the sound of the slamming front door.

THE DAY BEGINS WITH EACH OF THE DEL PRINCIPE CHILDREN ENGAGING IN THEIR VARIOUS MORNING ROUTINES, WHEN ANGELA GETS A CALL FROM A RELATIVE INFORMING HER THAT THEIR FATHER'S SISTER, AUNT RITA HAS DIED. IT'S NOW ANGELA'S JOB TO RELAY THE MESSAGE TO ALL OF HER SIBLINGS

INT. ANGELA'S CAR WITH HER DAUGHTER IN THE BACKSEAT ON THEIR WAY TO FENCING PRACTICE. ANGELA DIALS HER SISTER GINA FIRST.

(Int. Same Time. Gina takes the call from inside her kitchen as she gets her sons ready for school)

GINA  
Angela! What's going on.

ANGELA  
Just got a call from Richie, Aunt Teresa died last night.

GINA  
Well, that's sad, but she lived a long... um... colorful life.

ANGELA  
She was a rusty old cunt and I hope she's roasting in the pits of hell right now.

Angela looks into the backseat to see if her daughter, Lexi, has noticed her choice of language.

GINA  
C'mon Ang, don't speak ill of the dead. Tia went to church every Sunday so she's at least parked in purgatory until we pray her out.

ANGELA  
Can I pray to keep her in?

GINA  
I'm not sure how any of that works, ask Nicky. So have they made arrangements, yet?

ANGELA  
Nothing final, but I'm assuming the wake will be in a couple of days and the funeral the morning after. Might take a few days to get her upside down in the coffin as she's accustomed to.

GINA  
Angela!

ANGELA

You're right, I'll stop. Look, I gotta call everyone else, I'll let you know when I hear anything.

GINA

Ok bye.

Angela hangs up with Gina and calls her brother Michael. He's in his kitchen making breakfast.

MICHAEL

Well if it isn't my favorite older sister, Angela.

ANGELA

Michael, I'm in the car taking Lexi to fencing, so watch your mouth, you're on speaker.

MICHAEL

Fencing? Like sword fighting? Do we need her ready for the next French Revolution or somethin'? Are they short a Musketeer?

ANGELA

Stop making fun, fencing is an Olympic sport and there are tons of college scholarships out there.

MICHAEL

She's 10.

ANGELA

It's never too late to plan for the future, Michael! And besides I can't stand all of the waspy cardigan wearing dance moms with sticks shoved so far up their asses their eyebrows don't move right.

MICHAEL

And you told me to watch MY mouth?

ANGELA

Shut up. Listen, I'm calling to tell you Tia Teresa died. Richie told me last night.

MICHAEL

Did they burn her for a witch finally?

(MORE)

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

I'd offer my condolences, but I can't say I'm sorry. When is this celebrating of the end of a terrorist happening?

ANGELA

I don't know yet. Plan on the wake happening in a couple of days and the funeral mass the next morning. I already called Gina, can you let the rest of the boys know?

MICHAEL

Yeah. I'll call them. I have no fucking clue where Dominic is, but I'll try.

ANGELA

Thanks. I'll talk to you later.

Angela turns to face Lexi in the backseat

ANGELA (CONT'D)

Tia Teresa is in a better place, honey. She was just crabby when she got older and sometimes old people are mean is all. I'm sure she's up in heaven having a good time.

LEXI

Probably not.

Angela arrives at the fencing school with Lexi and ushers her in.

INT. GINA'S HOME  
KITCHEN:

A rooster crows making Gina's two large dogs bark which causes her to spill coffee down the front of her suit. Aggravated because the neighbors new urban chicken farming hobby causes the rooster to crow constantly and Gina hasn't slept in days. She marches out to the fence that divides the yards between the Del Principe family home and the longtime neighbor and arch nemesis, Muffy Epstein.

EXT. BACKYARD AT  
FENCE:

GINA

Mrs Epstein! Mrs Epstein! Can you come outside, please?

Gina hears the creaking of the back door and the shuffling of old Mrs. Epstein as she makes her way to the fence.

MUFFY

Why are you yelling for me like you're in a hog calling contest, young lady! Where are your manners?

GINA

I'm sorry, Mrs. Epstein, but I'm in a hurry to get the boys off to school and myself to work, and I need to talk about this rooster situation with you. Is there a way to make it not so noisy? He crows before dawn every morning, and all day long, it riles up my dogs and I have a hard time sleeping through it.

MUFFY

Pablito? I hardly hear him. He sure isn't as loud as your ruffian boys and dogs.

GINA

Actually, ma'am, he is. I was looking up the code and I don't think you can have a rooster and this many hens in town. I'd hate to have to call the code enforcer over this, but it's really becoming a problem.

MUFFY

The code enforcer?! Here I have lived next to you trashy people with your gauche NUDE statues, yelling, uncouth behavior, undesirables coming in and out, and you want to report an old woman for having a rooster and a couple of chickens! Shame on you, Jenny. I thought maybe you were the saving grace of your family with a bit of class and respect!

Gina can see through the fence that Muffy has become bored with the conversation and begins shuffling back toward her house shaking her head and mubling about what trash they all are.

GINA

(Yelling) It's Gina, Mrs. Epstein, and all I ask is that there's maybe a way to make it less noisy maybe? I understand boys and dogs can be noisy, but they're not alerting the sunrise at 4:30am everyday!!!

Gina sighs and looks down at her high heels that have now sunk into the grass and then at her watch.

GINA (CONT'D)

Shit. Motherfucking Shit.

Gina stomps into the house calling her dogs in and yelling for her boys to get out the door before they miss the bus.

ACT 2

INT. RESTAURANT - ANGELA AND GINA ARE HAVING LUNCH TOGETHER

GINA

What do you think the wake is gonna be like tomorrow night? Do you think the Giordano family judgment will be out in full force?

ANGELA

Oh you know Rita and Richie will be there looking down their noses at us. Just keep me away from Rita if she stars. Dead mother or not, I'll pop that bitch right in the mouth.

GINA

Yeah, we're the trashy ones, but Richie's the only one in the paper with a mugshot and a scandal. Every time I think of Tia going on about, "he's a cop!" I laugh and laugh.

ANGELA

Yeah, he's a cop who fucked an inmate, the internal affairs guy got caught fucking Richie's wife, and then Richie ran off to Texas with his convict love.

(MORE)

ANGELA (CONT'D)

You can't write a better Greek tragedy than that.

GINA

I don't know... Tia would argue we have her mess beat with our former priest gay brother. Her logic being that we offend God more, I guess. Oh, and I'm divorced which is also making the Holy Father blush, for I am a harlot.

ANGELA

None of us have made the papers, so we're winning. There will be a child there tomorrow who was conceived through the bars of a jail cell. I rest my case. If Rita wants to be smug, I have no problem reminding everyone.

GINA

Please don't. Can we get through one family function without fisticuffs? Just one?

The drinks arrive at the table. Gina and Angela raise their glasses to toast.

ANGELA

To bitter old cunts and the mess they leave behind.

The sisters laugh and toast their dead aunt.

GINA

Speaking of bitter old cunts...

ANGELA

I told you it was time to start dating again. You're gonna get cobwebs up there and start buying cats by the basket soon.

GINA

Not me, asshole, Muffy Epstein. She's decided to raise chickens. In Barrington. Not on a farm, but on her fucking back deck. She's got this rooster who crows constantly and like four hundred hens or something. It's making me insane.

(MORE)

GINA (CONT'D)

You ever hear chickens have sex?  
It's horrifying. I can't unhear  
it.

ANGELA

Well, she's playing with more cock  
than you are, that's for sure. The  
hell does that old bat need with  
chickens?

GINA

I have no idea, but I asked her if  
she could please find a way to at  
least keep the rooster quiet and  
she went bananas on me about what  
pieces of shit we are as a family  
and the hardship is all hers. I  
was like, whatever lady.

ANGELA

I told you we should have sold  
that house when Mom died. Muffy  
has been a pain in the ass for  
thirty five years and will  
probably outlive all of us, but I  
guess without her we wouldn't have  
all of these fun 'old lady and her  
loud cock' stories.

GINA

You laugh, but if it were you  
getting the 3:30am wakeup call..

ANGELA

I'd shoot the motherfucker from my  
window. Then I'd send over a  
bucket of chicken with my regards.  
Go full fledged frightening  
Italian on her presbyterian ass.  
Make her kiss my ring...

GINA

I'm hoping to go with a more  
diplomatic approach first.

ANGELA

That's adorable and you know it  
isn't going to work. These old  
ladies like Muffy and Teresa are a  
whole different breed.

(MORE)

ANGELA (CONT'D)

They went through the depression and world wars, you can't break them with anything other than what they know. You gotta go Pearl Harbor on their asses.

GINA

Jesus, Angela.

ANGELA

What, too soon? You know I'm right, watch. You can bring all the tea and crumpets to that octogenarian terrorist all you want, but we both know nothing is going to happen until Foghorn Leghorn is sleeping in a bucket of extra tasty crispy. You think if you had a dog that barked all day and night, she wouldn't feed it tainted meat? You think your cat 'ran away' when you were a kid?

GINA

Ugh. Why do the old ladies hate us so much? Are we going to become them someday?

ANGELA

Yes. Our husbands will die and we will hate everything, especially younger women, and turn our rage outward to those around us. It's the way of the world. When I die, I'm sure Richie's convict baby will call me a cunt, too. Hell, it was probably his first word. Circle of life, little sister.

LATER IN THE  
EVENING:

INT. ANGELA'S KITCHEN TABLE. MICHAEL HAS COME OVER AFTER DINNER TO TALK ABOUT A NEW BUSINESS VENTURE WITH ANGELA IN HOPES SHE WILL GIVE HIM MONEY TO GET HIS IDEA OFF THE GROUND. ANGELA HAS LITTLE PATIENCE WHEN IT COMES TO MICHAEL'S BUSINESS VENTURES SINCE NONE OF THEM HAVE SUCCEEDED.

ANGELA

No, Michael. No more money for these things. If it's a job you need, I have several with the businesses, pick one. But, I can't keep sinking money into things that always fail.

MICHAEL

See? You're being negative. These oils are going to change the world. Holistic medicine is booming and people are looking for alternative therapies every single day.

ANGELA

Do you hear yourself? It's fucking coconut oil, Michael. If we were going to cure cancer, it already would have done the job. I'm not trying to shit all over your dreams, I'm just saying you're not getting any money for this. If you need a loan, go to the bank. I'm still waiting for extra absorbent microfiber towels to bring peace to the middle east or whatever life changing thing you promised with those. Come run one of the clubs, get a nice salary, and maybe do this on the weekends.

MICHAEL

Ugh, Angela! I'm not a desk job guy, I'm an entrepreneur.

ANGELA

I hardly think running a gentlemen's club qualifies as a soul sucking desk job. Besides, I need the help, and you would be good at it.

MICHAEL

No, Angela. I know I've failed a lot, but I have a really good gut feeling about this. I know this one is the winner.

The two sit in silence for a moment as Angela thinks about what Michael has said.

ANGELA

Ok. Here's what. If you raise the capital to open your location, and keep it open and in the black for a month, you will have your money.

Excitedly, Michael jumps up to hug his sister.

MICHAEL

Deal. You have a deal. But I'm not working in the club. I have to focus on my business.

ANGELA

I look forward to the cure for cancer.

NEXT EVENING

INT. NARTHEX OF ST. ISIDORE CHURCH. AUNT TERESA'S WAKE. FAMILY BEGINS TO GATHER IN THE NARTHEX AND PAY THEIR RESPECTS TO TERESA.

Gina arrives with her sons, and sees her younger brother Nicky milling around mixing with people. Gina lets her boys run off with their cousins and heads over to have a word with her brother.

GINA

Hey there, Nicky. Are the only Del Principes here?

NICKY

So far. I paid my respects to our dearly departed Tia, and gave my regrets to Richie and Rita.

Nicky motions over to Teresa's grieving adult children. Richie is bouncing a baby in his arms, while his new wife chews gum and looks bored.

GINA

Maronna Mia, if Aunt Teresa knew someone with a neck tattoo was front row at her wake...

NICKY

Sometimes justice is poetic. She hated everyone, so it's only fitting her son ruined his life for a latina ex con with 'Frankie' tattooed on her neck.

GINA

That has to make things awkward during sex... to look at another man's name on your wife's neck. Like, you think he's jealous that Frankie got a spot on the neck? Does she have Richie's name anywhere? I have so many questions...

NICKY

I mostly want to know how fucking someone through jail cell bars works. Does she just back up and present her ass like a baboon and he goes to town through the bars? Are the bars cold? Or do you get extra freaky and do it through the slot where they pass meal trays? I have to admire the sheer amount of game that girl has. He ruined his life for her. Literally threw everything away to fuck a chick with a neck tatt through steel bars.

GINA

And we thought romance was dead.

Angela enters the narthex with her husband and Lexi

GINA (CONT'D)

Oh look, Ang is here. Let's keep her away from Rita, lest we have a repeat of the 'Great Christening Brawl of 2012'

NICKY

Good call.

Nicky waves Angela over after she pays her respects.

ANGELA

Undertaker didn't glue her right eye shut all the way, so it looks like she's blinking. Fucking creepy.

NICKY

Only you would notice that.

ANGELA

So Nicky, is it possible to pray someone into hell? Like, do we really want this soul out of purgatory? I'd bet she'd haunt the shit out of us, too. Mostly Nicky for giving God the middle finger. Twice.

GINA

I don't know, I think Tia Teresa has her hands full with what she's witnessing now front row at her wake.

Gina gestures over to Richie and his new wife. Angela stifles a laugh when she notices the neck tattoo and general attitude of the newest member of the family.

ANGELA

Oh I love it. Thug life in the first row. I'm sitting third row, because I have to see this trainwreck up close. You know the ex-wife is going to be here with the other kids in a while. What a fucking goat rodeo. I love it.

Joey and Michael arrive joining their siblings, and the family mills around catching up with everyone. Nicky and Gina are making sure to keep Angela and Rita separated. Richie's ex-wife, Pam, has arrived with their three teenagers, and Pam sees Richie's new wife, Marisol for the first time, causing obvious tension.

JOEY

You know, at least Pam doesn't have to feel bad that Richie went out and upgraded to a hot 22 year old or anything.

GINA

I don't know... don't you think it's worse to have your husband leave you for an embarrassing scandal involving an ex-con?

MICHAEL

Wouldn't have been a scandal if Pam hadn't revenge-boned the internal affairs investigator.

(MORE)

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

It only became a news story when they had to drop the charges against Richie because she did that.

ANGELA

Are you kidding? If Bobby banged a solid 4 in a jail cell and got arrested for it? I'd revenge fuck every warm body around me in a 25 mile radius. Mailman? Fucked. Dog Catcher? Fucked. Pool boy? Fucked twice on a Tuesday. Hot cop investigating my husband's misconduct? Fucking him on camera and sending the pictures to everyone I know. I want to hug her it's so brilliant. He didn't go to jail, but he had to leave town and now he's raising a midlife baby with a walking neck tatt. I have never seen a sweeter revenge.

GINA

Anyone hear from Dominic? Is he coming?

JOEY

Fuck that kid.

ANGELA

Fuck that kid.

NICKY

Yeah, fuck that kid.

MICHAEL

I called and left him a message. Who even knows where that kid is at. My guess is a trap house on the West Side.

GINA

Well, maybe he will show up.

From across the room, Richie sees the Del Principe kids talking and makes his way over to the group.

RICHIE

If it isn't my good for nothing, degenerate cousins.

MICHAEL

Hey Richie, how you holding up, man?

RICHIE

Oh, fine. Fine. She lived a long life. I think Marisol and I are gonna move back up here and into Mama's house. Have you guys met Marisol, yet?

The group all look over to Marisol who is snapping her gum and cracking her knuckles while jostling the baby stroller with her foot.

GINA

Not yet! But she seems lovely.

ANGELA

Yeah, I noticed Pam and the kids are here. Kind of awkward, right?

An awkward pause falls among the group as Richie now looks physically uncomfortable.

RICHIE

A little... look I wanted to talk to you guys about something. With Marisol and I moving back up here from Texas, I was hoping that maybe you had work for us at The City Club or any of the other businesses. I can't exactly get back into police work now that I'm married to Marisol, but I was hoping I could maybe manage one of the clubs or security or somethin. Maybe find something for Marisol, too?

ANGELA

Now I know your mother is gonna start spinning the second they put her in the ground...

RICHIE

What?

ANGELA

Nothing. It's just your mother wasn't really a fan of the family business and didn't want you guys involved in any of it. So what special skills does Marisol have? Chain gang? License plates? Shivs?

RICHIE

Hey. We all make mistakes. She did her time and deserves a chance to turn her life around. Once you meet her you'll love her. She's incredible.

The group again looks over at Marisol who is now picking her teeth with a Swiss Army knife.

ANGELA

I'm sure she's lovely, but what skills does she have?

RICHIE

Well she's so sexy, how about being a dancer or cocktail girl or something.

Nicky bursts out laughing, and Gina shoots him a look. Joey and Michael stifle their smirks.

ANGELA

A dancer? At The City Club? Has she danced before?

MICHAEL

Anywhere besides a lunch time truck stop buffet?

GINA

Michael!

RICHIE

Are you saying my wife is ugly? That she isn't good enough to dance at the club?

GINA

Oh Richie, no one is saying that. I think we're just confused about you being okay with your wife dancing at the club. Wouldn't that make you uncomfortable?

JOEY

I know I'd be uncomfortable with that much woman on my lap.

GINA

Joey!

RICHIE

I know she's a bigger girl, but she's beautiful and sexy! All those girls at the club are skin and bones with bolt on fake tits.

MICHAEL

Yeah, the idea is for guys to spend time with hot women who DON'T look like their wives.

RICHIE

What's wrong with Marisol? Beautiful girl, sexy as hell...

ANGELA

I'm sure we can find something for her to do, I don't think she's a good fit for a dancing position, though.

RICHIE

How is she not a good fit to be a dancer?

ANGELA

Well... she... um... we have a certain aesthetic at the club...

RICHIE

I see. Skinny white girls only. Bunch of racist assholes.

ANGELA

Oh for fucks sake, Richie, she has a goddamn neck tattoo! I can't have Shawshank Redemption over there dancing for high rollers!

A hush falls over the room as Angela raises her voice to make her point. Rita sees this exchange and walks over to the group.

RITA

Angela, I'm so sorry my mother's death has upset you. I never knew you cared so much for her.

ANGELA

I'm sorry for your loss, Rita. Now fuck off. I'm talking to Richie about a job at the club. We were discussing a position for the newest Mrs. Giordano.

RITA

Oh no, no, no. Richie, you are not going to work for them. What about getting back on the force like we talked about? You have a clean record, no reason to act desperate.

ANGELA

So you have to be desperate to work in our clubs, Rita?

RITA

Desperate among other things... there's also a lack of moral character, ethics, religion, self respect...

ANGELA

Because you're the patron saint of all of those things, right? Is that why your middle daughter is as blonde as the North Star and looks just like your tennis coach?

GINA

Angela...

RITA

We have blonde genes in the family! They're recessive!

Angela looks around the room

ANGELA

When the fuck has there ever been a blonde in this family? I mean, one time we had a red headed cousin, but I think we drowned him for being a genetic anomaly. The only thing recessive in this room is your husband's hairline. So knock it off with the holier than thou bullshit. You're not better than us. You just stuff your shit in closets next to your husband's sexuality.

GINA

Angela, enough.

RITA

Say what you want about me, Angela, but we all know you're as trashy as they come. You're proof that money can't buy you a shred of class. You run your father's titty bars. Quit acting like it's anything more than that.

ANGELA

It is more than that. We help single mothers, students...

RITA

Yes, I forgot - upward mobility through nipple tassles. Such a noble cause.

ANGELA

Gina, get her away from me before I hit her.

Gina gets between Angela and Rita, and gently tries to lead Rita away from the group. Rita pushes Gina away a little too hard and she loses her footing a bit, crashing backwards into Joey.

JOEY

Hey! That's enough!

ANGELA

Don't fucking touch my sister, you cow!

A mele ensues as the families converge into a huge brawl. Everyone is fighting, even the kids, while the priest looks on in horror as he stands next to the casket. Chairs are flying, punches are thrown, and the fight shows no signs of letting up.

THE NEXT MORNING

INT. ST. ISADORE CHURCH SANCTUARY

IT'S TERESA'S FUNERAL, AND THE FAMILIES ARE SITTING IN THE PEWS DURING THE SERVICE. THE GIORDANOS ON ONE SIDE, AND THE DEL PRINCIPES ON THE OTHER. EVERYONE IS WORSE FOR WEAR AS THEY SIT IN THEIR SUNDAY BEST WITH BLACK EYES AND BRUISES FROM THE FIGHT THE NIGHT BEFORE. RITA AND ANGELA CONTINUE TO EXCHANGE HEATED GLANCES WITH ONE ANOTHER DURING THE FUNERAL MASS

## EXT. GINA'S HOUSE:

Gina returns home from the funeral mass, and lets herself in the gate. One of her dogs comes up to greet her in the yard, but the other one is missing. Gina calls out to the dog, and starts looking for him. She notices him under her back porch and goes over to investigate. On her hands and knees now, she sees that the dog has something dead under the porch with him. Muffy's rooster.

GINA

Oh shit oh shit oh shit. Shit shit  
shit shit shit.

Gina jumps to her feet and runs into her kitchen looking for rubber gloves and a broom. She can't find any rubber gloves, so she puts two plastic grocery bags over her hands, grabs the broom and heads back out to the yard.

She tries to coax her dog out from under the porch, but he's growling at her and guarding his kill. She starts to shoo him out with the broom, which works, but then the other dog picks up the dead rooster and starts running around the yard. Gina chases the dog until she catches it and has the dead rooster in her hands.

Panicking, she lobs the dead bird over the fence into Muffy's yard and quietly brings her dogs into the house. Later that day, when Muffy is working at her desk, she hears the old woman scream next door upon making her gruesome rooster murder discovery. Gina grimaces and feels guilty about what happened, until the next morning when she sleeps in until 7am without interruption, and gives her dogs treats for a job well done.

## SUNDAY EVENING:

## INT. ANGELA'S DINING ROOM

It's Sunday night, which is the standing family dinner night where all of the siblings get together at Angela's house. Gina is telling the rooster story...

MICHAEL

(Hysterically laughing) So you  
just Godfathered that thing over  
the fence? That's so wrong!

GINA

I panicked! I picked it up, looked  
at it, and freaked out! I just  
wanted it away from me.

ANGELA

I like it. You sent a message.  
Fuck with me, and the rooster gets  
it.

JOEY

It's really a next level cock  
block. Of course Gina didn't know  
what to do with a stiff cock in  
her hands.

The table groans and laughs.

GINA

What if I get arrested for chicken  
murder?

NICKY

Technically, you didn't murder the  
chicken, you just disposed of the  
body, so it's a lesser offense.  
But I'm sure if it comes to that,  
Marisol can give you a few tips.

GINA

God, no. So Ang, are Richie and  
Marisol working in the club?

ANGELA

Yeah, Richie is running security  
at all the Chicago clubs, and I  
have Marisol doing purchasing for  
the Old Town club. She's actually  
an ok gal. I take great  
satisfaction in knowing it pisses  
off Rita to no end, and Teresa is  
horrified in the hereafter. Point,  
Del Principes.

The room raises their glasses and toasts.

FADE TO BLACK:

END