

GET BINGLES

Created and Written

by

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GET BINGLES

In a world...

FADE UP:

SFX: CITY NIGHTSOUNDS CRAWL OUT FROM THE CURBS...

FADE IN:

EXT. NEW ORLEANS WAREHOUSE / STREET-SIDE - NIGHT

The Big Easy is alive with hot, happy, half-dressed, NIGHTLIFE CREATURES stumbling the sidewalks.

Parked at the curb, a blacked-out, beat-to-hell SEDAN sits dead still.

On its mission for the night, a New Orleans Police Department (NOPD) CRUISER rolls down a slow path, passing the sedan in the opposite direction. Slowly away.

A CIGARETTE pops a glow from the driver's seat inside the sedan.

FOUR BLACKHOLE FIGURES sit still. Waiting. NOPD has passed.

TONY, (mid-40's), dark clothing, leather jacket, slicked-back hair, very mafioso, the driver and ring leader, flicks his cig out the window.

TONY

Let's go.

On cue, the doors clank open and out steps all four occupants. They are on a mission. A serious mission.

They neatly adjust their clothes. Slowly. Deliberately. Peering around for lurkers. Coppers.

BOBBY, (mid-40's), plaid jacket, perfectly quaffed hair, the backseat driver's passenger, looks around as he traverses the street to the curb.

TRIP!!! And down goes Bobby!

BOBBY

Oomppff!!!

Tumbling to the sidewalk over the curb.

CONTINUED:

A SEMI-AUTOMATIC HANDGUN jumps out of Bobby's jacket. The MAGAZINE goes skidding across the sidewalk. Clanking.

TONY
(measured anger)
You moron! What the hell is wrong
with you?!

BOBBY
Sorry Tony! I tripped.

TONY
I can see you tripped, dummy.
(to Mickey)
Hey? Dummy number two? Help dummy
number one up.

MICKEY, (mid-40's), goombah clothing, too, just stands
there.

MICKEY
Who? Me?

DANNY
You're dummy number two. Arn'tcha?

MICKEY
I'm Mickey, Tony.

DANNY, (mid-40's), pork pie hat, the lieutenant of the
bunch, steps-up to help Bobby to his feet.

DANNY
I got him.

Danny picks Bobby up and dusts him off. Fixes his jacket.

TONY
(to Mickey)
Get his gatt.
(to Mickey & Bobby)
Why can't you two dummies be more
squared-away like Danny here? Get
your ships together.

Tony looks around to make sure the knuckleheads haven't
been discovered.

DANNY
It's alright, Tony. I got 'em.

BOBBY
Sorry, Tony.

MICKEY
Sorry, Tony.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TONY

*Sorry, Tony. I'm gettin' tired of
Sorry, Tonies.*

(to Mickey & Bobby)

You two morons get your act
together or I'm not takin' you for
no more cannoli.

BOBBY

(childlike)

Sorry, Tony.

MICKEY

(childlike)

Sorry, Tony.

TONY

We're takin' this game down and no
one screws up unless I say so.
Capeesh?

BOBBY

Capeesh.

MICKEY

Capeesh.

TONY

(looking skyward)

Help me.

DANNY

Tony. We're good.

(to Mickey & Bobby)

Get your ships together.

Danny shoves Mickey and Bobby to 'get in line.'

TONY

Come on.

Tony leads them around the back of the warehouse, as they
look around for lurkers. Coppers.

EXT. NEW ORLEANS WAREHOUSE / REAR - NIGHT

The wrecked takedown crew turns the corner to the back of
the warehouse, away from the street and prying eyes.

They move towards a back door. Scanning. Looking.

TONY

Get the light.

Danny steps-up and shoves Mickey & Bobby into putting out a
light hanging above the entrance.

DANNY

Get the light.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Mickey struggles to buddy-lift Bobby up to unscrew the light bulb. They struggle. Boy, do they struggle.

MICKEY

You need to lay off the pasta,
Bobby.

BOBBY

I haven't had any pasta all day.

Tony and Danny look around for any unwanted onlookers.

Bobby slips and falls, taking Mickey down with him.

TONY

Mama mia. How you two morons are my
cousins is proof donkeys mated with
monkeys.

Mickey & Bobby, sprawled on the ground just look at each other. Look at Tony.

DANNY

Get up you dunkeys.
(to Bobby)
Give me your jacket.

The morons stumble to their feet.

BOBBY

But this is my Bing Crosby smoking
jacket.

TONY

It's gonna be a murder weapon. Now
give him your jacket.

BOBBY

I love this jacket.

Bobby slowly takes his jacket off. Reluctantly hands it over.

Danny tosses it over the light and darkness flips on.

BOBBY (cont'd)

I love that jacket.

TONY

You'll get your jacket back once we
leave, Bobby. Okay?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOBBY

Okay, Tony.

TONY

We're going in. We're getting out.
No one gets killed. Capeesh?

DANNY

Yeah. We're going in. We're getting
out. No one gets killed. Capeesh?

Tony just looks at Danny. Danny looks back 'yeah, I told
them.'

MICKEY

Tony, I--

TONY

No one gets killed, Mickey.

PPFFUURR!!! Suddenly a fart escapes.

DANNY

Holy crap!

TONY

Which one of you morons crapped
your drawers?!

BOBBY

I didn't crap my drawers, Tony.

MICKEY

Holy hell, Bobby!

Tony, Danny and Mickey slowly back away from Bobby. Waving
their hands.

BOBBY

(whimpering)

I'm sorry. I get the farts when I'm
nervous.

DANNY

You need to get your butt fixed.

TONY

Listen. No one gets killed, Bobby.
Now fix your butt. We're going in
and getting out. Got it?

They all nod in agreement. Bobby fans his butt.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TONY (cont'd)

Danny? You get the door. You two morons cover anything that moves.

(pointed)

Do. Not. Shoot. They gotta check-in their gatts to play. Only the big mook at the door is armed. Got it?

They all answer 'yeah.'

TONY (cont'd)

Bobby? Your butt fixed?

BOBBY

(fans butt, smells his hand)

Yeah, Tony.

TONY

Everybody ready?

They all nod 'yes.' Tony just stares at them.

TONY (cont'd)

(shoves Danny)

You morons! Get your gatts out.

They all 'oh, yeah, right' and pull out their guns.

TONY (cont'd)

Hurry up.

Danny walks up to the door and lightly grabs the knob.

They start to whisper.

TONY (cont'd)

We go on three. Capeesh?

DANNY

Tony? Is it one, two, three and go?

Or, one, two and we go on three?

Tony just stands there. Mickey and Bobby look, too.

TONY

Danny. Remind me when we're done...

To stab you in the eye with a pickle fork.

DANNY

Tony? I'm serious.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TONY

I'm serious, too. You morons. It's one, two, three, and go.

(to Danny)

You yank the door and dummy number one and dummy number two go in.

Bobby fix your butt.

Mickey don't shoot anybody.

MICKEY

You got it, Tony.

BOBBY

You got it, Tony.

TONY

Danny? You ready?

DANNY

Ready, Tony.

TONY

You dummies?

MICKEY

Ready, Tony.

BOBBY

Ready, Tony.

TONY

(measured)

One. Two. Three. Go!

The dummies bust through the door, Danny and Tony right on their tails.

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

The door bursts open and in comes the wrecked takedown crew. Gatts pointed at everyone and everything.

TONY

Show me your hands you mother friggin melon farmers! Gettum up!

The crew is frozen. Gatts pointed. Something's off, a little.

AT THE POKER TABLE...

Sitting around the card game, filled with CARDS, CHIPS, CIGS, DRINKS, and a MOBILE PHONE, are FOUR LESBIANS and a LITTLE PERSON DEALER. All with hands in the air.

A BIG LESBIAN MOOK, (mid-30's), black leather clad, stands frozen with a CHOCOLATE DONUT hanging out of her mouth. A SHOTGUN rests next to her. Her hands in the air.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TONY (cont'd)

What the hell?

LIL-T, (mid-30's), a little person, decked out as a green biker poker dealer, cig hanging, hands in the air staring at the crew.

LIL-T

Who the hell you calling melon farmers, you fat friggin pasta-eatin' rigatoni?

TONY

(to Lil-T)

Who the hell are you?

LIL-T

You must be the brains of this crew.

TONY

Yeah? I am the brains. Keep your mouth shut pinky.

LIL-T

That's all you got? My size? Pinky?

(pause)

Not why the hell you pasta-eatin' melon farmers are here?

TONY

Now that we got all the niceties outta the way, where's Mister Bingles?

LIL-T

Who?

TONY

What are you an owl? Where's Mister Bingles?

DANNY

(to Mook)

Look at that shotgun one more time and I'll blast that donut outta your pie hole.

PINKY, (mid-20's), British pop lipstick lesbian, spilling out of her top, dressed in pink, sits to the left of Lil-T.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PINKY

Mister Rigatoni? Can we put our hands down now? We don't have no guns.

TONY

Who the hell are you?

PINKY

Pinky.

LIL-T

Yeah. He's the brains alright.

TONY

Shut up you!

PINKY

Ain't no Mister Bingles here, Mister Rigatoni.

TONY

My name ain't Rigatoni.

(pause)

Put your hands down on the table where I can see them. Danny? Anyone moves, blast them.

The poker table crew freezes. Hands still in the air.

LIL-T

So what you're saying is if we move our hands, ole Danny boy is gonna blast us?

DANNY

Oh, wise guy, eh?

BLUEY, (mid-20's), black lesbian, rough, androgynous, dressed in blue, sits to the left of Pinky.

BLUEY

Y'all some pasta-eatin' melon farmers. Ya he'rd me?

BOBBY

I haven't had pasta all day.

TONY

Danny? Let 'em put their hands down.

Danny motions them to put their hands down.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Mook walks over and puts her hands on the poker table, like the rest of them. Donut still hanging out of her mouth.

Lil-T hovers his hands over the poker table.

TONY (cont'd)

What's wrong with you? Alligator arms?

LIL-T

You got real anger issues, Rigatoni.

BLUEY

(indignant)

They ain't gonna shoot us.

TONY

Who the hell are you?

BLUEY

Bluey. Dat's my name. Ya he'rd me?

Mickey and Bobby laugh.

TONY

Hey! Back there. Pipe down!

(pause)

Great. We got half a dealer psychologist here and the rainbow connection. Where the hell Mister Bingles is?

DANNY

Y'all Lebanese?

LIL-T

Maybe he's the brains.

TONY

No! I'm the brains, Al. Er, pinky.

PINKY

No. I'm Pinky. He's Lil-T.

TONY

(surprised)

Oh... Lil-T? Well, how 'bout you take your Lil-T ass and tell me where Mister Bingles is?

LIL-T

Where is Mister Bingles.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TONY

Yeah. That's right. That's what I said.

LIL-T

No. You said, *where Mister Bingles is.*

DANNY

Tony? I think they're Lebanese.

TONY

Oh... Great, moron. Now we have to whack them all.

PPFFUURR!!! Suddenly another fart escapes.

MICKEY

Holy crap, Bobby!

TONY

Christ, Bobby!

BOBBY

It wasn't me. I fixed my butt before we came in. I swear.

Everyone starts to wave their hands to disperse the stench.

RED, (mid-50's), hard core biker leather lesbian, red bandana on her head, sits to the left of Bluey.

RED

(whimpering)

I'm sorry. I gets the farts when I'm nervous. Please, don't kill us Mister Tony Rigatoni. Please.

BLUEY

Holy hell, Red!

TONY

Great. Red. Rainbow connection.

(to Lil-T)

Hey, Kermit? One last time. Where--

LIL-T

(interrupting)

Is...

TONY

(measured)

Where... Is... Mister Bingles?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LIL-T

Good. We'll work on rocks and sticks later.

DANNY

Hey, Tony? I think they're Lebanese.

PINKY

No. Asshat. Sod off. We're lesbians. We're gay.

MICKEY

(confused)

When you say gay... Do you mean you wear loud-colored clothing, or you know all the words to Broadway musicals?

Everyone just stops and looks at Mickey. Staring.

MICKEY (cont'd)

What?

TONY

Mickey? I'm just gonna shoot you right here.

MICKEY

I'm serious, Tony.

TONY

I am, too!

BLUEY

No. Pinky be sayin' we like women. Ya he'rd me?

MICKEY

We like women, too!

TONY

Mickey? I'm gonna rip your tongue out with an egg beater, then I'm gonna shoot you.

MICKEY

Sorry, Tony.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LIL-T

(to Tony)

You ever considered anger management? It starts with the first call.

TONY

Very funny, Tiny Tim.

LIL-T

Always with the short jokes.

TONY

Speaking of first calls, you better call Mister Bingles' ass and get him down here or we're gonna start mixing-in a whole lotta red into this rainbow connection.

RED

(crying)

I'm sorry Mister Tony Riga--

TONY

Tony! It's...! Ah, forget it.

LIL-T

They don't mean you, Red.

RED

Oh.

TONY

Danny? Check them for gatts. You two dummies cover them.

Danny moves around the table, (wo)man-handling the poker players.

Danny man-handles Pinky's breasts.

PINKY

Hey, ya git! Those are real.

BLUEY

We ain't got no heaters, yo. This is our weekly poker game and y'all done jacked us up. Ya he'rd me?

Danny man-handles Bluey's breasts.

BLUEY (cont'd)

Yo! Mine real, too.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PINKY

Yeah! I'm about to take this pot.
Next thing we know is you blokes
come guns blazing and it's all
Bob's Your Uncle with you.

Danny moves to Red. Grabs her's.

RED

(sniffling)

Only action I'm getting tonight.

Danny moves to the Mook and she offers her breasts. The
doughnut breaks out of her mouth. She smiles. He passes.

LIL-T

And y'all got poor Red all upset.

RED

(whimpering)

I'm sorry. I gets--

BOBBY

It's okay. I gets a little farted
too, when I'm nervous.

TONY

(frustrated)

There's not gonna be anymore
farting in here! The next person
that farts...

Everyone is waiting for Tony to finish his thoughts.

LIL-T

Oh, not so talkative now are we?

Tony just stares at Lil-T. Lost for words.

TONY

You two need to get your butts
fixed.

DANNY

No gatts.

Lil-T is testing.

LIL-T

You not gonna search me?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TONY

You're not big enough to hide a water gun.

MICKEY

Hey, Tony? Maybe we got the wrong place?

LIL-T

Yeah, Tony. Maybe you got the wrong place?

TONY

Shut up half-wit! We don't have the wrong place. Mister Bingles is close by and his marker is due. And if someone don't start calling Mister Bingles to get his merry lil ass down here, we're gonna start whacking people.

BOBBY

But, Tony? You said--

TONY

Hey? Moron.

BOBBY

I know. Pickle fork.

DANNY

(to Bobby)

No. That was me.

BOBBY

Oh, right.

On the poker table, Lil-T's MOBILE PHONE rings. The incoming caller ID says MISTUH BINGLES.

Tony looks down at the phone.

TONY

(to Lil-T)

Oh, wise guy, eh?

LIL-T

What?

TONY

(to Pinky)

Ain't no Mister Bingles here Mister Rigatoni?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PINKY
What?

TONY
Danny?

DANNY
What?

TONY
Blast the dealer if he starts
singing.

Mickey, Bobby, Bluey, Red and the Mook chime in, "What?!"

TONY (cont'd)
What's with all you's?
(to Lil-T)
Keep the phone on the table and
answer it.

LIL-T
What?

Tony stares Lil-T down.

Lil-T presses answer.

LIL-T (cont'd)
Yeah, Bingles. We got a problem.

MISTER BINGLES
(on the phone)
Then fix it.

SFX: POP!!!

The light bulb outside the backdoor explodes like a gun
shot.

Tony's crew ducks like a gun shot over their heads and they
all look back at the door.

Smoke starts rolling inside underneath the door.

BOBBY
My jacket!

SFX: GUNS BEING READIED.

The crew slowly turns back around to the poker table crew.

Somehow they have all their guns pointed at Tony's crew.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Tony looks at Danny, 'What the hell?' Danny's all, 'I don't know.'

SFX: LIGHTS BUZZING AND THEY GO OUT.

PITCH. BLACK.

TONY (O.S.)
We got a problem.

SFX: HAIL OF GUNFIRE.

Flashes of gunfire explode through the blacked-out warehouse!

EXT. NEW ORLEANS WAREHOUSE / REAR - NIGHT

The backdoor flies open and the wrecked takedown crew comes barreling out. Running for their lives. No bullet holes in them.

Bobby stops. Looks down.

His Bing Crosby smoking jacket is ablaze.

BOBBY
(crying out)
My jacket!

PPFFUURR!!! Bobby unloads the mother of all farts.

TONY
Holy crap! Come on Bobby!

DANNY MICKEY
Bobby! Bobby!

The takedown crew runs off fanning their faces from the fart bomb.

The poker crew busts through the backdoor, in pursuit. Amazingly no one is shot.

They hit the brick wall of Bobby's fart bomb as it repels them back inside.

Desperately trying to close the door.

The poker crew gasps!

'Oh!' 'Gawd!' 'I cain't breathe!'

CONTINUED:

'Close the door!' 'Don't let that thing in!'

The backdoor slams shut.

EXT. NEW ORLEANS WAREHOUSE / STREET-SIDE - NIGHT

The takedown crew comes around the warehouse and reaches their getaway car.

TONY
Get in! Get in!

They pile into the car as Tony drives it away.

Danny, Bobby and Mickey hanging halfway out the doors.

WS: THE DOORS SHUT. THE GETAWAY CAR PULLS AWAY. SLOWLY.

TONY (O.S.) (cont'd)
Look out for the cops.

They drive down the street and away.

TONY (O.S.) (cont'd)
You morons had one job.

BOBBY (O.S.)
Sorry, Tony.

MICKY (O.S.)
Sorry, Tony.

DANNY (O.S.)
Yeah. You morons had one job.

TONY (O.S.)
(perturbed)
Danny?

DANNY (O.S.)
What?

MICKY (O.S.)
Pickle fork.

BOBBY (O.S.)
Pickle fork.

Pause.

TONY (O.S.)
One job. Get Bingles.

And, away the getaway car drives. And, drives.

CUT TO BLACK:

CONTINUED:

PPFFUURR!!! Suddenly a fart escapes.

FADE OUT.

-- THE END --